

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

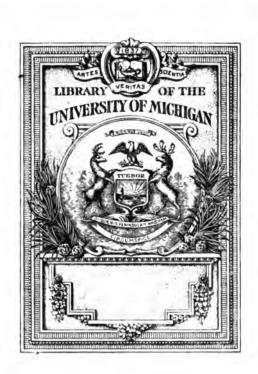
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/





M163

•

					`	
				·	÷ .	
					•	
	•				•	
					·	
		·				
	•					
			-			

			•	
				ı
	-			
		•		
•			·	

	,		
•			

Rudyard Kipling's New Serial PRICE IO CENTS

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER.



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE S. S. McCLURE CO., 141-155 E. 25TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY of Merials, 5th, Strand, Landon, Eng. Copyright, 1896, by The S. S. McClure Co. Entered at N.Y. Past-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter



Paints and Powders for the Make-up but afterwards

Pears' Soap

BERNHARDT'S SECRET OF YOUTH

Those who had the pleasure of meeting Madame Sarah Bernhardt at the reception given to her in Brooklyn last winter were impressed by the beauty and expressiveness of her hands, and above all with the delicate softness and whiteness of the skin. As remarkable, perhaps, as the youthfulness which clothes as a seemingly imperishable mantle the real age of Madame Bernhardt, making her appear as a woman of thirty, is the fact that the important conservator of it is of English make. France has for centuries been famous for the production of the more exquisite articles for the toilet—her perfumes, her cosmetics and her soaps comprise one of her glories. And yet the greatest of her actresses joins with the royalty of England and the most refined people of all countries in saying that Pears' Soap is the most pleasing and satisfying of any. "It is simply perfect." This indeed is a remarkable tribute from the most remarkable woman in France to one of England's most celebrated products.—

Brooklyn Life.





The Ease

Simplicity

> with which





can be used are among its chief attractions.

'Anyone can make delicious Soup or really palatable Beef Tea, and at a minimum expense, with Armour's Extract. No trouble or mystery about it.

Send for our little book, "Culinary Wrinkles;" mailed free upon application.

Armour & Company Chicago.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

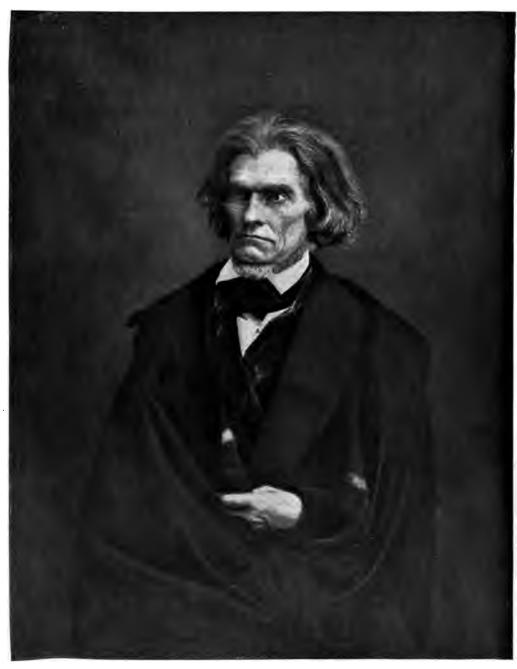
CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1896

I.	John C. Calhoun. A Portrait from a Rare Daguerreotype
II.	The Daguerreotype in America Mrs. D. Davis
III.	"Captains Courageous." A Story of Adventure among the Gloucester Fishermen. Chapters III
IV.	Alma-Tadema and his Home and Pictures Ethel Mackenzie McKenna . 32 With pictures of Mr. Tadema's house and reproductions of paintings
v.	The Story of Lincoln's Nomination in 1860. Based on the Personal Reminiscences of the Men who were Most Instrumental in Securing the Nomination
VI.	Herr Dolle's Diamonds. A Story
VIÌ.	Two Modern Prodigals. A Thanksgiving Story
VIII.	A Novelist's Views of Novel-writing Elizabeth Stuart Phelps 77 With picture.
IX.	Aspirations—Explanations. Two Dialogues. Anthony Hope 85 With pictures by W. Granville Smith.
X.	The Battle of the Snow-Plows. A True Story of Railroading in the Rocky Mountains. Cy Warman 92 With pictures by W. L. Sonntag, Jr.
XI.	Home from the City. A Poem Hamlin Garland 96
the Nov have th and Ju	B.—So many of the important features and series of articles in the magazine begin in either vember or May numbers that it is deemed advisable, for the convenience of subscribers, to be volumes of the magazine begin with those numbers also, instead of with the December one numbers, as heretofore. This number, accordingly, will be the first of Volume VIII. WIII, by reason of this change, consists of but five numbers.

Terms: \$1.00 a Year in Advance; 10 Cents a Number. Subscriptions are received by all Newsdealers and Booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publishers.

BOUND VOLUMES in dark green linen and gold, post-paid, \$1.25 per volume; in buckram and gold, \$1.50 per volume. Back numbers, returned post-paid, will be exchanged for corresponding bound volumes in linen at 75 cents per volume, and in buckram at \$1.00 per volume, post-paid. Missing numbers will be supplied, when volumes are returned to us for binding, at the regular subscription price of 84 cents a copy, excepting the numbers from August, 1893, to December, 1894, inclusive, which are 15 cents a copy. Indexes will be supplied to those who wish to do their own binding.

8. S. McCLURE, President JOHN S. PHILLIPS, Treasurer ALBERT B. BRADY, Secretary THE S. S. McCLURE CO. 141-155 East Twenty-fifth Street, New York City



JOHN C. CALHOUN.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

McClure's Magazine.

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

No. 1.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE IN AMERICA.

By Mrs. D. T. Davis.



fessor S. F. B. Morse scientific men of the day. became deeply interested

whose genius and perseverance had just thing that had been theretofore known; brought to perfection one of the most and the striking mystery about them was important and astonishing discoveries of that they should have been produced by a the age. An artist, as well as a scientist, clever manipulation of the forces of nat-Professor Morse was naturally anxious to ure rather than by the artist's pencil. hear more of this new art of painting with Except in the absence of color, they presunbeams, especially as he himself had sented, on a highly polished plate, absomade experiments to ascertain if it was lutely perfect images of the objects reprepossible to fix the image of the camera obscura, and had given the matter up as and fidelity, that, on examining them by impracticable.

regard to his telegraph, Professor Morse eye in the original object, but which, when had already made his plans to leave Paris searched for with optical instruments, were for home, when, in conversation with the found in complete accordance with those American Consul, Mr. Robert Walsh, he of the picture. The pictures were mostly one morning remarked, "I do not like to go views of streets, boulevards, and buildhome without first having seen Daguerre's ings, those of the Louvre and Notre Dame results." The consul thought the matter being especially fine. Interiors, still life, might be easily arranged, and suggested groups of plaster casts, and other works that Professor Morse invite M. Daguerre of art were also most successfully treated to see his telegraphic apparatus, in return by the new process. Daguerre had not for which courtesy M. Daguerre would succeeded in making portraits as yet, and doubtless invite Professor Morse to see his he told Professor Morse that he doubted

The plan was, of course, entirely suc-

HILE in Paris in the spring wonderful results of the new discovery at of 1839, engaged in secur- the Diorama, where M. Daguerre had his ing a patent on his tele- laboratory, and where he gave frequent graphic apparatus, Pro- exhibitions of his pictures to the foremost

These pictures, the extreme beauty of in what he heard of the which had surprised and delighted all who brilliant experiments of M. Daguerre, beheld them, bore no resemblance to anysented. In fact, such was their perfection microscopic power, details were discovered Having completed all arrangements in which were not perceivable to the naked if it could be done.

Professor Morse's enthusiasm over these cessful. Morse and his marvellous scien- daguerreotypes was scarcely less than that tinc achievements were already matters of which he felt for his beloved telegraph. European reputation, and M. Daguerre He wrote concerning them, that the exquinaturally lost no time in responding to the site minuteness of the delineation could distinguished request. Immediately fol- not be described; that no painting or enlowing this exchange of civilities, Profes- graving ever approached them; and that sor Morse had the pleasure of seeing the the impressions of interiors were Rem-

Copyright, 1896, by the S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved.



From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.



HORACE GREELEY

From an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

day before.

charming exponents of the new art, as M. to catch the images of the camera obscura, invention and make it a royal gift to the civilized world,—a point then under con- Niepce substituted iodine for the varnish sideration.

discovery. For many years the search for Niepce, became the foundation of Da-

brandt perfected. Unfortunately, the very a method of fixing the image of the camera next day, while Daguerre was with Pro- obscura—an instrument known for nearly fessor Morse, witnessing the operations of two centuries—had been diligent and perhis telegraph, the Diorama burned to the sistent. The most important experimentaground with all the beautiful specimens tion latterly had been that done in France that Professor Morse had seen there the by Niepce and Daguerre. For at least fifteen years Niepce, in entire ignorance of Professor Morse had been obliged to what Daguerre and other scientists had content himself with the mere sight of these been doing, had been vainly endeavoring Daguerre was keeping the process a pro- when, in 1829, he met Daguerre, and they found secret until such a time as it should decided to reveal to each other the secrets be definitely decided whether or not the of their individual methods and share alike French Government would purchase the in whatever material benefits might accrue.

On the recommendation of Daguerre, which he had evolved, after years of ex-There was a loud demand from the periment, to use on the silver plate. This scientific public for an explanation of the film of iodine, which failed in the hands of



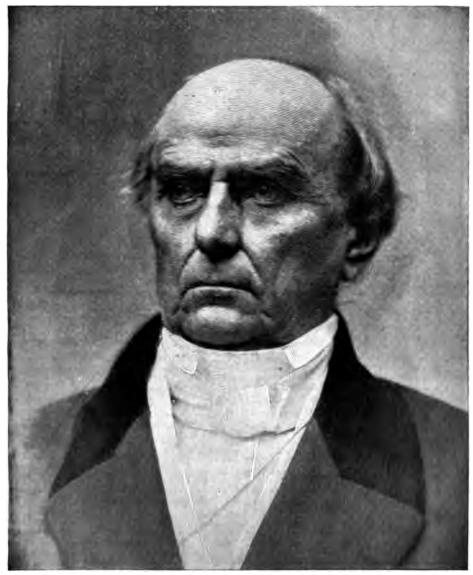
I.A. ID LAYIOR.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq.,

a material so sensitive to the action of light, ploiting the subject, and certain issues the French artist overcame all other diffi- were delayed, in order to obtain more culties with which he had been surrounded. complete accounts of the famous "sun In the midst of these interesting researches pictures." As an invention it was ranked Niepce died, in 1833, and his son after- in importance with the steam engine, and wards succeeded to the partnership. He, the most exaggerated panegyrics from poet however, pursued his father's process, and scientist alike were the order of the without making any essential improved ay. ments, while Daguerre brought his own to upon a life of continued triumph.

guerre's success, and having once obtained nals and periodicals were given up to ex-

M. Arago, the famous astronomer whose such perfection that, after twenty years of great discoveries on light entitled him to unceasing labor, he was enabled to enter the confidence of the inventor, was intrusted with Daguerre's secret, and with No sooner were Daguerre's pictures ex- that ardent devotion to science and to the hibited than scientific men the world over interest of its cultivator which so often hastened to examine them, and it is safe and splendidly characterizes scholars, he to say that no previous discovery had resolved that while France had the honor awakened a more universal interest. Jour- of so great a discovery, it should also have



DANIEL WEBSTER.

From an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

one of 4,000 francs (\$800) on condition of the Institute. that they publish their process.

the higher glory of rewarding and honor- published the discovery, in a paper read ing the discoverer and of making the dis- before the Academy of Sciences, every covery a present to the entire world; and place was taken two hours before the time he succeeded in persuading the French announced for the reading to begin, and Government to give Daguerre an annual upwards of 200 persons who could not obpension of 6,000 francs (\$1,200) and Niepce tain admittance remained in the courtyard

As soon as the resolution to purchase The bill received the unanimous assent the invention and make it public had been of both houses, and was signed by King passed by the French Chamber, Daguerre Louis Philippe on the 15th of June, 1839. hastened to put Professor Morse, who in So great was the public interest in the the meantime had returned to America, in event that when, in August, 1839, Arago possession of all the knowledge necessary to manipulate the delicate process, and the and 'sheep.' periment practically with the art. His mankind ought to be! brothers Sidney E. and Richard C. Morse time of exposure was fifteen minutes.

was the summaries of this address published in the London newspapers. The in full, which was, of course, at once translated; and at the same time came the descriptive letters of the Paris correspond-

ents.

These descriptions were so clear that any one could follow them, and hundreds bocker," in commenting again on the dawere doing so, when in the fall of 1839 a teacher direct from M. Daguerre himself arrived in New York, M. François Gouraud the companion of every man of taste, par-by name. M. Gouraud, having come over ticularly in his travels"—a prophecy which expressly to give lectures on the process, brought with him the most improved French apparatus, as well as many pictures made by the master and his follow- ing through his course of lectures. Many ers. These pictures were placed on exhibition, and on opening day the élite of the large number with apparatus for the praccity were invited to view them. All who tice of what he had been teaching. In saw them were enraptured. Philip Hone March, 1840, he went to Boston, and his wrote a long paragraph in his diary on season there was very successful: Finally the marvel of the discovery. "It ap- he published a pamphlet: "A Description pears to me not less wonderful," said he, of the Daguerreotype Process, or a Sumoperating power in this manner than that according to the principles of M. Daguerre; some such effect should be produced by with a description of a provisory method sound; and who knows whether, in this for taking Human Portraits.' age of invention and discoveries, we may

How greatly ashamed of professor lost no time in beginning to ex- their ignorance the bygone generations of

The "Knickerbocker" - Washington had a room with a glass roof erected on Irving's magazine—came out with nearly the roof of their new building at the north- two pages of its December number dewest corner of Nassau and Beekman voted to the daguerreotype. "We have Streets, New York, and in this "palace seen the views taken in Paris by the daof the sun," as they called it, made an guerreotype," the editor says, "and have American home for the new art. Until no hesitation in avowing that they are the this room was ready for occupancy, Pro- most remarkable objects of curiosity and fessor Morse continued his experiments admiration in the arts that we ever beheld. with great success at the University of Their exquisite perfection almost tran-New York, in Washington Square. His scends the bounds of sober belief. Let first entirely successful picture was a view us endeavor to convey to the reader an of the Unitarian Church, from the window impression of their character. Let him on the staircase of the third story of the suppose himself standing in the middle University. This was taken in September, of Broadway, with a looking-glass held 1839, and was without doubt the first da- perpendicularly in his hand, in which is reguerreotype ever taken in America. The flected the street, with all that therein is, for two or three miles, taking in the hazi-By the time Morse was fairly started, the est distance. Then let him take the glass process as published in Paris had reached into the house, and find the impression of the United States. Arago had read his the entire view, in the softest light and paper to the Academy of Sciences in shade, vividly retained upon the surface. August, and the first published description This is the daguerreotype. The views of the Daguerre process which came to us themselves are from the most interesting points of the French metropolis. Who would throw up their business and their Paris journals soon arrived with the paper dinners, on a voyage to see Paris or London, when one can sit in an apartment in New York and look at the streets, the architectural wonders, and the busy life of each crowded metropolis?"

A few months later the "Knickerguerreotype, pronounced it "an instrument destined ultimately, we believe, to be we now see fulfilled in the later photo-

graph.

M. Gouraud had little trouble in carrypeople attended them, and he fitted out a that light should be made an active mary of M. Gouraud's Public Lectures,

This "provisory method" of taking not be called upon to marvel at the exhi- portraits was not a simple method, as one bition of a tree, a horse, or a sheep pro- can see from Gouraud's directions for duced by the human voice muttering over preparing the room and the subject: "In a metal plate, prepared in the same or some the first place, you will begin by preparing other manner, the words 'tree,' 'horse,' a room exposed to the sun, the southeast



J. FENIMORE COOPER.

From an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

if possible. You will give to this room the of lime plaster. Those who cannot disform of a truncated pyramid lying down, pose a room in this manner, can fix the of which the base will be the whole breadth sides of the room with sheets, or other of the window—which window you will cloth of perfect whiteness. The focus of make as large as possible, and extending the room must be covered with a tapestry from the floor to the ceiling. The floor, of white cotton, with knotted or raised the ceiling, and the two sides of the room figures, which is designed from the drapshould be plastered with the whitest kind ery. Those are always agreeable to the

that views I he must on which the person the intelligent class, and far and near they sits must be of yourse wood. The person, fell to daguerreotyping. if a man, must be dressed in a clear gray cost, pantalogue of a little deeper hue; a put the description of the process to test vest of a fancy ground, -yellow, orange, if at once is charmingly told in a private possible, -with figures of a color to make a letter to the author of this article by the contrast, the whiteness of the shirt contracting with a cravat of a gray ground either a little less dark or more deep than Samuel Longfellow (who died last year), the coat. The toriet of a lady should be of the same shades, and in all cases black must be constantly avoided, as well as green and red "

hirst person to attempt portraits in the a little camera made for the convenience United States. sceptical attitude of Daguerre in regard to inch and a quarter. We were delighted, the application of the art to living objects, Morse soon began to experiment with portruits, though it is interesting to note that out' so distinctly as it did. It came out in all his early attempts the subject's dark brown—all the lights and shades eyes are closed, that being considered one of the conditions essential to success. Morar's hist experiments were with his guerre a handsome sum for his invention. daughter, taken singly or in a group with and the whole detail was at once published her young friends, in the full sunlight, with in the 'Journal des Debats.' My father the system (losed). The time of exposure published the 'Boston Daily Advertiser,' was from ten to twenty minutes. He soon so that he received the 'Debats' reguafter made arrangements to experiment larly, and my mother at once translated with his minimal friend and colleague, this article for the 'Advertiser.' You will Professor John W. Draper, building for find it a few weeks after the official pubthe purpose a photographic studio on the lication in Paris. I now have the machine, trapeled the University, and here Professor or part of it, which I made, with my trapele thrims to have made the first suc- cousin, the late Mr. Francis A. Durivage, these ful protect ever made in America, a well-known litterateur of New York, from this distinction is, however, often ac- these descriptions. to brod to Mr. L. A. Wolcott, who was working along the same lines. Neither world, or they came with his authority. producted any knowledge of the labors of François Gouraud came to Boston, and the other, but could similar in character brought letters to my father. Mr. Francis while griffeld at by each operator, under Colby Gray, a leader in affairs of art in stightly difficing the unistances. Before Boston, one of the directors of Harvard of Transpul helt for America a method College, interested himself greatly in Gouhad been bound for taking the ever fairly rand, and arranged for him a class which will and it was this he applied in his met in the sacred precincts of the Massa-

m out, tout must recall the means of pors said the class met in the queen's private tentions than in existence, the brush, the a sartments at Windsor. Gouraud impen it and the suggester's tools were all ported the apparatus and sold it. He had in them. And as the operation of these specimens of Daguerre's work, two of if pen belong a killful human hand, the which, I believe, I still own. He arproduct was fluitted and correspondingly ranged, I think, in Connecticut, for the top nation. The digneriestype, however, manufacture of plates. are importation mexpensive, and any and may the process who would give suspect that my father used to lend him it its attent. The simplicity of the operas money. I wish now that he had bought tion the mystery course to the beauty of amaratus instead. Instead of that, we the count the employed described to it vollegaters had to make our apparatus, it is a fitting upon test to the agencies and did. Mr. Durivage and I made at

eye, and should a 4 1/2 be shown in inte- and imagination of young Americans of

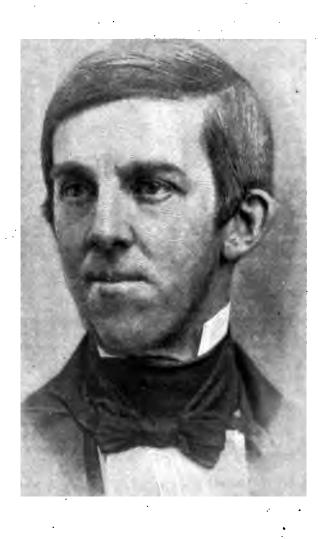
The way in which intelligent young men Rev. Edward Everett Hale:

"My classmate and near friend, Mr. and I were both much interested, and he repeated Talbot's experiments at once. I took from my window in Massachusetts Hall a picture of the college library—Har-M Gourand was not by any means the vard Hall—opposite me. The camera was Notwithstanding the of draughtsmen, with a common lens of an because, in a window of the building which 'sat for us,' a bust of Apollo 'came being marked.

"The French Government paid Da-

"Daguerre sent agents all over the chusetts Historical Society. To say this I complete to day what the discovery in the Boston of that day, was as if you

"M. Goerand was impecunious, and I



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

From an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

of still.

Ţ.

which, queerly enough, I became a minisis true, that this was the first photograph ter sixteen years after. It must have been of a man in Boston. I think Dr. Draper in 1840 that, as soon as my work as a had taken many before this in New York. teacher in the Latin School stopped, I ran I am very sorry that I have not this plate. up to the corner of Castle Street and But plates cost us two dollars each. I was rowed a room. I prepared my plates a had shown it to my friends, it took its turn the camera, and then went on to the church ready for another picture.

least two sets, one of which I have a print and stood-eight minutes expired, I think -while my cousin took off the lens and put "My first picture was of the church of it on. I have often said, and I think it Washington Street, where we had bor- impecunious, as I have said, and after I little larger than this sheet. I adjusted under pumice stone and putty, and was



LOUIS KOSSUTH,

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

I sat with a mirror in my hands, in full flocked to them for instruction. nostrils (no mouth, alas!), and the chin from below taking its place. So far as I of us ever attempted.

and Draper themselves first gave the hint. number in New York.

"This picture may have been a special As soon as it was known that they were portrait of myself. Early in the business making daguerreotypes many young men sunshine. The mirror threw up the sun they began to make portraits everybody from below to abate the shadows. I sat wanted to sit. As both men had spent conin this light five minutes. The picture came siderable money in experimenting with the out a capital portrait of my hair, ears, and process, they decided, finally, to charge for chin. Alas! I had tipped my head too far instruction and for portraits until they had back, and all that appeared were my pro- recovered the outlay. But this was only for jecting eyebrows and the orifices of both a short time, and as soon as the day of experiment was over, both took up other work.

By the end of 1840 the methods were know, this was the first portrait proper any sufficiently improved to justify practising them as a means of livelihood. Numer-The commercial possibilities of the new ous galleries were opened in the cities, and invention were at once evident, and with the travelling-car penetrated into all parts Yankee shrewdness scores of young men of the country. By November, 1841, there learned the new art as a business. Morse were six studios in Boston, and a larger

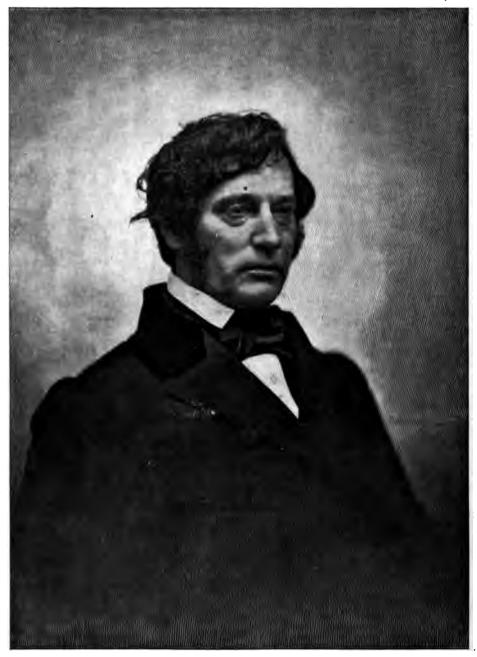


From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

by nature's own hand is not to be de- and soon thereafter "skylight pictures" half dozen pictures exhibited at door or vertisements of the day. window was constantly surrounded by and casual call.

The interest and curiosity of the general Chambers Street, New York, on the top of public in regard to these pictures painted the Granite Building, still standing there; scribed. A small frame containing a became a distinguished feature in the ad-

Monday was looked upon as the best crowds of eager spectators, and the guesses day for business, a fact owing almost hazarded as to the method of their pro- wholly to the Sunday night courtship, the duction were interesting to a degree, first outcome of which was the promise to Families vied with one another as to exchange daguerreotypes. No less sure which could show the most finely executed than Monday itself came the gentleman and elaborately finished portraits, and the escorting his sweetheart. He selected the collection of daguerreotypes on the most expensive cases, and paid for both ubiquitous centre table formed the leading pictures. And it was a happy man in topic of conversation at social gathering these instances that put the maiden's picture into his pocket, for he knew At first nearly all pictures were taken by there was but one "counterfeit present-side windows. The first skylight was ment" of her in existence, and he had erected at the corner of Broadway and it.



CHARLES SUMNER,

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Eq., New York.

fill out the hollow cheeks.

The discreet daguerreotyper was never a great boon to the daguerreotyper, as without his bit of sticking-wax to keep every embryo miner embarking for the wing-shaped ears from standing out, nor golden shore must have several portraits his wads of cotton, called "plumpers," to taken to leave with his family and friends. l out the hollow cheeks.

And whether he was going across the The discovery of gold in California was Isthmus or around the Horn, he must be



JENNY LIND.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

and the invariable two revolvers in his respectively. belt. He must also carry with him pictures of parents, wife, children, and to a few seconds, and the price had settled friends, destined often to become his sole into a regular scale of from one dollar and companions in his rough mountain cabin, a half to fifteen dollars, depending upon the from which he would hardly part for all the gold in California.

the discovery, American daguerreotypers quarters by three inches, the price for it were the acknowledged leaders of the varying from two to three dollars. world, and numbered over 10,000. At the

pictured with his entire kit—kettle, frying- guerreotypers in both London and Paris pan, knife, fork, cup, pick-axe, shovel, were Americans, Mayal and Thompson

The time of exposure had been reduced size—which varied from the locket size to thirteen by fourteen inches—and the case. Within eleven years from the time of The most ordinary size was two and three-

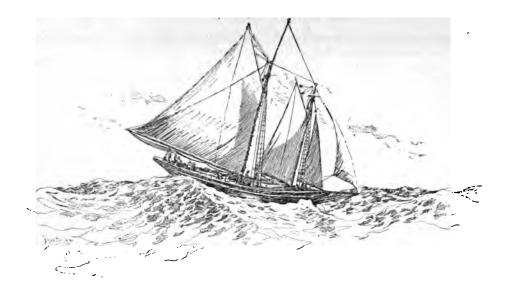
Some of the early daguerreotypers at-World's Fair in London in 1851 they were tained a national, even world-wide, repuawarded the first prize for their unparal- tation for the noble contributions they lelled exhibition; and it was a common made, not only to the art, but to the histhing in England, France, and Germany to tory of the country. Conspicuous among advertise to take daguerreotypes by the such is the late M. B. Brady, a full record American process. Indeed, the best da- of whose life would read like a romance.

His first studio was located in New York, ing where Southworth and Hawes took in Fulton Street, at that time one of the their quarters, Greenough and Story both principal thoroughfares. He afterwards had studios, and in this same building moved to Broadway, near Prince Street; Harriet Hosmer worked. All of the fraand, later still, "Brady's Famous National ternity up and down the Row were deeply Gallery," at the corner of Tenth Street interested in the new discovery and were and Broadway, became widely known, constant visitors at the gallery. Traversing He had also a studio in Brooklyn, and in Tremont Row to-day one would not dream 1860 opened a branch gallery on Penn- that it had ever harbored skilled craftsmen sylvania Avenue, Washington, which he and artists. finally made his headquarters. In 1861 crowded from it every sign of the finer Washington was thronged with men who pursuits of life. The most melancholy of were helping to make the history of Amer- commercial undertakings monopolize itica. Mr. Brady was far-seeing enough to cheap bargain stores, employment bureaus, realize this, and aimed to secure portraits sweater shops. One remnant only of its of the most distinguished. In conse- former life remains, the ancient daguerreoquence he soon made his Washington type studio at the top of No. 19. Here gallery a celebrated rendezvous. He also are a half-dozen rooms furnished with sent out wagons for photographic use, ancient apparatus and appointments, and which followed the army from place to cluttered with the daguerreotypes and

less reputation than Brady, and his da- has practised his art in this place. Here guerreotypes are still considered the finest specimens of the art in existence. Meade Brothers were distinguished as having, in the second story of the Astor House, the rison and Sumner, Wendell Phillips and most spacious galleries in New York, and Jenny Lind, Charlotte Cushman and enjoyed the further distinction of being Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mr. Hawes has the only daguerreotypers in the world who in the specimens of his work an almost had taken a portrait of Daguerre himself. complete gallery of the eminent residents Bogardus, Powelson, and Rickwell were of Boston in the 40's and 50's, and also among the many well-known New of the prominent people who visited the York daguerreotypers of the early day, city in the same period. The collection while Hale and French, Whipple and is of rare historical interest, and should Black, Plum, and Southworth and Hawes be kept intact in some Boston museum, were influential in giving Boston a leading though it is doubtful if any one else would position in the new art.

ies still exists, a dusty relic of the number of daguerreotypes made recently, 40's. Any one who will take the trouble for he is one of the few operators who reto climb three flights of stairs, at 19 main loyal to the old process, and he would Tremont Row, will find there the origi- gladly see it take its place again as a nal studio of Southworth and Hawes, method of portraiture. There are signs, opened in 1841, and still presided over by too, that it may do this. During the last Mr. Hawes, now a white-haired man of year there has been, indeed, a distinct renearly ninety. In the old days, when this vival of interest in the daguerreotype in studio was opened, Tremont Row was the this country. And with the much better centre for the artists of the city. Here knowledge we now have of all the scienfully one-third of the portrait painters of tific and mechanical principles involved, it Boston lived; here, too, were most of the could hardly be taken up again as a seri-

Traffic and noise have photographs of a half century of active In the early days Gurney enjoyed no work. For fifty-four years Mr. Hawes have come to him for portraits the great men and women of his day in every profession and art-Webster and Pierce, Gargive it the reverent care that its white-One of the earliest of the Boston galler- haired owner does. Mr. Hawes has also a sculptors, several engravers, and a goodly ous pursuit without being carried to even number of art-supply stores. In the build-finer execution than it formerly attained.



"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,"

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

CHAPTER I.



smoking-room had been either." left open to the heavy North Atlantic fog, as the German. big liner rolled and lifted ing-fleet.

aboard," said a man in a frieze overcoat, the money," the Philadelphian went on, shutting the door with a bang. "He isn't lazily. "The West don't suit her, she says. wanted here. He's too fresh."

sandwich, and grunted between bites: "I him. Florida, Adirondacks, Lakewood, Hot know der breed. Ameriga is full of dot kind. I dell you you should imbort ropes' ends isn't much more than a second-hand hotel free under your dariff."

"Pshaw! There isn't any real harm to he'll be a holy terror." him. He's more to be pitied than anything," said a man from New York, as he attending to him personally?" said a voice lay at full length along the cushions under from the frieze ulster. the wet skylight. "They've dragged him around from hotel to hotel ever since he want to be disturbed, I guess. He'll find was a kid. I was talking to his mother this out his error a few years hence. Pity, bedon't pretend to manage him. He's going could get at it." to Europe to finish his education."

"Education isn't begun yet." This was the German.

a Philadelphian, curled up in a corner. "That boy gets two hundred a month HE weather door of the pocket-money, he told me. He isn't sixteen

"Railroads, his father, ain't it?" said the

"Yep. That and mines and lumber and through the greasy seas, shipping. Built one place at San Diego, whistling to warn the fish- the old man has; another at Los Angeles; owns half a dozen railroads, half the lumber "That Cheyne boy's the biggest nuisance on the Pacific slope, and lets his wife spend She just tracks around with the boy and A white-haired German reached for a her nerves, trying to find out what'll amuse Springs, New York, and round again. He clerk now. When he's finished in Europe

"What's the matter with the old man

"Old man's piling up the rocks. Don't She's a lovely lady, but she cause there's a heap of good in him if you

"Mit a rope's end, mit a rope's end," said

Copyright, 1806, by RUDYARD KIPLING

slim-built boy about fifteen, a half-smoked as the next man.' cigarette hanging from one corner of his mouth, leaned in over the high footway. His pasty yellow complexion did not show well on a person of his years, and his look very cheap "smartness." He was dressed in a cherry-colored blazer, knickerbockers, whistling between his teeth, as he eyed the company, he said in a loud, high voice: "Say, it's thick outside. You can hear the a man said. "I didn't see her at lunch." fish-boats squawking all around. Say, wouldn't it be great if we ran down one?"

"Shut the door, Harvey," said the New Yorker. "Shut the door and stay outside. You're not wanted here.'

"Who'll stop me?" he answered deliberately. "Did you pay for my passage, Mis-



Once more the door banged, and a slight, ter Martin? Guess I've as good right here

He picked up the dice from a checkerboard and began throwing, right hand against left.

"Say, gen'elmen, this is deader'n mud. was a mixture of irresolution, bravado, and Can't we make a game of poker between

There was no answer, and he puffed his red stockings, and bicycle shoes, with a red cigarette, swung his legs, and drummed on flannel cap at the back of the head. After the table with rather dirty fingers. Then he pulled out a roll of bills as if to count them.

"How's your mamma this afternoon?"

"In her stateroom, I guess. She's most always sick on the ocean. I'm going to give the stewardess fifteen dollars for looking after her. I don't go down more'n I can avoid. It makes me feel mysterious to pass that butler's pantry place. Say, this is the first time I've been on the ocean.

"Oh, don't apologize, Harvey."

"Who's apologizing? This is the first time I've crossed the ocean, gen'elmen, and, except the first day, I haven't been sick one little bit. No, sir." He brought down his fist with a triumphant bang, wetted his finger and went on counting the bills.

"Oh, you're a high-grade machine, with the writing in plain sight," the Philadelphian vawned. "You'll blossom into a credit to your country if you don't take care.'

"I know it. I'm an American-first, last, and all the time. I'll show 'em that when I strike Europe. Pff! My cig's out. I can't smoke the truck the steward sells. Any gen'elman got a real Turkish cig on him?"

The chief engineer entered for a moment, ted, smiling, and wet. "Say, Mac," cried Harvey cheerfully, "how are we hitting it?"

"Vara much in the ordinary way," was the grave reply. "The young are as polite as ever to their elders, an' their elders are e'en tryin' to appreciate it."

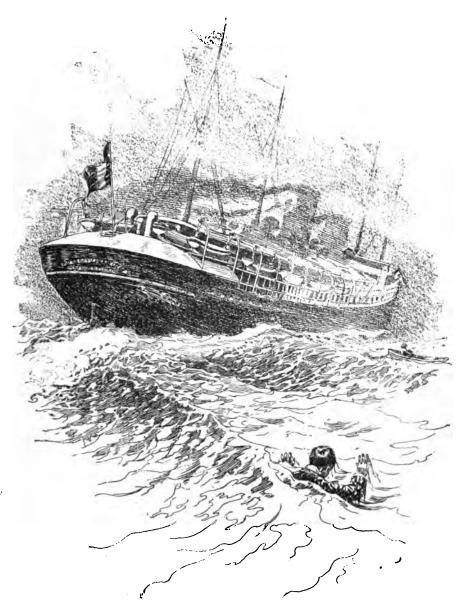
A low chuckle came from a corner. The German opened an old cigar-case and handed a skinny black cigar to Harvey.

"Dot is der broper apparatus to smoke, my young frient," he said. "You vill dry it? Yes? Den you vill be efer so happy.

Harvey lit the unlovely thing with a flourish: he felt that he was getting on in grown-up society.

"It would take more'n this to keel me over," he said, not knowing that he was lighting that terrible article, a Wheeling "stogy."

"Dot we shall bresently see," said the "Where are we now, Mr. Mac-German. tonal?"



"THEN A LOW, GRAY MOTHER-WAVE SWUNG OUT OF THE FOG, TUCKED HARVEY UNDER ONE ARM, SO TO SPEAK, AND PULLED HIM OFF AND AWAY TO LEEWARD."

" Just there or thereabouts, Mr. Schaefer," said the engineer. "We'll be on the Grand boat-head on to a foamless sea that lifted her Bank to-night; but in a general way o' speak- twenty full feet only to slide her into the in', we're all among the fishing-fleet now. We've shaved three dories an' near skelped

that's close sailin', ye may say."
"You like my 'stogy,' eh?" the German asked, for Harvey's eyes were full of tears.

"Fine, full flavor," he answered through "I was sick," said Harvey; "sick, and shut teeth. "Guess we've slowed down a couldn't help it." little, haven't we? I'll skip out and see

what the log says."

the nearest rail. He was very unhappy; but dreeft to me, and I make big fish of you; he saw the deck-steward lashing chairs so you shall not die this time.' together, and as he had boasted before the man that he was never seasick, his not see that life was particularly safe where pride made him go aft to the secondsaloon deck at the stern, which was finished in a turtle-back. The deck was deserted, and he crawled to the extreme end of Here' of Gloucester. I live to Gloucester it by the flag-pole. There he doubled up By and by we go to supper. Eh, wha-at? in limp agony, for the Wheeling "stogy Harvey under one arm, so to speak, and to sleep.

He was roused by the sound of a dinnerhorn such as they used to blow at a summer-school he had once attended in the

dead, sure enough, and this thing is in charge.'

head. He could see a pair of little gold rings hidden in curly black hair.

"Aha! You feel some pretty well now?" it said. "Lie still so we trim better."

With a swift lerk he sculled the flickering glassy pit beyond. But this mountain-climbing did not interrupt blue-jersey's the boom off a Frenchman since noon, an' talk. "Fine good job, I say, that I catch that's close sailin', ye may say." Eh, wha-at? Better good job, I say, your boat not catch me. How you come to fall so?"

"Just in time I blow my horn, and your boat she yaw a little. Then I see you come "I might if I vhas you," said the German. all down. Eh, wha-at? I think you are Harvey staggered over the wet decks to cut into baits by the screw, but you dreeft-

"Where am I?" said Harvey, who could

he lay.

"You are with me in the dory-Manuel. my name, and 1 come from schooner 'We're Here' of Gloucester. 1 live to Gloucester.

He seemed to have two pairs of hands joined with the surge and jar of the screw and a head of cast-iron, for not content to sieve out his soul. His head swelled; with blowing through a big conch shell, he sparks of fire danced before his eyes; his must needs stand up to it, swaying with the body seemed to lose weight, while his heels sway of the boat, and send a grinding, wavered in the breeze. He was fainting thuttering shriek through the fog. How from sea-sickness, and a roll of the ship long this entertainment lasted, Harvey tilted him over the rail on to the smooth, white could not remember, for he lay back terrified lip of the turtle-back. Then a low, gray at the sight of the smoking swells. He mother-wave swung out of the fog, tucked fancied he heard a gun and a horn and shouting. Something bigger than the dory, pulled him off and away to leeward; the but quite as lively, loomed alongside. green closed over him, and he went quietly Several voices talked at once, and he was dropped into a dark, heaving hole, and they gave him something hot, and took off his clothes, and he fell asleep.

When he waked he listened for the first Adirondacks. Slowly he remembered that breakfast-bell on the steamer, wondering he was Harvey Cheyne, drowned and dead why his stateroom was so small. Turning, in mid-ocean, but was too weak to fit things he looked into a narrow, triangular cave, lit. together. A new smell filled his nostrils; by a lamp hung against a huge square wet and clammy coldnesses ran down his beam. A three-cornered table within arm's back, and he was helplessly full of salt water. reach ran from the angle of the bows to He opened his eyes, and perceived that he the foremast. At the after end, behind a was still on the top of the sea, for it was run- well-used Plymouth stove, sat a boy about ning round him in silver-colored hills, and he his own age, with a flat, red face and was lying on a pile of half-dead fish, looking a pair of twinkling, gray eyes. He was at a broad human back clothed in a blue dressed in a blue jersey and high rubber boots. Several pairs of the same sort "It's no good," thought the boy. "I'm of foot-wear, an old cap, and some wornout woollen socks lay on the floor, and black and yellow oilskins swayed to and fro He groaned, and the figure turned its beside the bunks. The whole place was ad. He could see a pair of little gold packed as full of smells as a bale is of cotton. The oilskins had a peculiarly close flavor of their own which made a sort of background to the smells of fried fish, burnt

were no sheets on his bed-place. He was pay him.' lying on a piece of dingy ticking full of neither sliding nor rolling, but rather wriggling herself about in a silly, aimless way, you're anxious that way. Hear, dad?' like a colt at the end of a halter. Waternoises ran by close to his ear, and beams voice Harvey had ever heard from a human creaked and whined about him. All these things made him grunt despairingly and to me." think of his mother.

'Tain't bad coffee. I made it."

Harvey drank in silence, and the boy handed him a plate full of pieces of fried pork which he ate ravenously.

"I've dried your clothes. Guess they've shrunk some," said the boy. "They ain't our style much—none of 'em. Twist round a piece back an' forth an' see ef you're boats. hurt any."

tion, but could not report any injuries.

to see you. I'm his son—Dan, they call me serted. —an' I'm cook's helper an' everything else aboard that's too dirty for the men. There You've nigh slep' the clock around, young ain't no boy here 'cep' me since Otto went overboard—an' he was only a Dutchy, an' to fall off in a dead flat ca'am?'

"'Twasn't a calm," said Harvey, sulkily.
"It was a gale, and I was seasick; guess I must have rolled over the rail."

"There was a little common swell yes'day an' last night," said the boy. "But ef thet's your notion of a gale—" He whistled. "You'll know more 'fore you're through. Hurry! Dad's waitin'."

Like many other unfortunate young people, Harvey had never in all his life received a direct order—never, at least, without long, and sometimes tearful, explanathe reasons for the request. Mrs. Cheyne name. lived in fear of breaking his spirit, which, He could not see why he should be ex- even, that falls overboard from that kind o'

grease. paint, pepper, and stale tobacco; pected to hurry for any man's pleasure, and but these again were all hooped together said so. "Your dad can come down here by one encircling smell of ship and salt if he's so anxious to talk to me. I want water. Harvey saw with disgust that there him to take me to New York at once. It'll

Dan opened his eyes, as the size and lumps and nubbles. Then, too, the boat's beauty of this joke dawned on him. "Say, motion was not that of a steamer. She was dad," he shouted up the foc'sle hatch. "He says you kin slip down an' see him ef

> The answer came back in the deepest chest: "Quit foolin', Dan, and send him

Dan sniggered, and threw Harvey his "Feelin' better," said the boy, with a warped bicycle shoes. There was somegrin. "Hev some coffee?" He brought thing in the tones on the deck that made a tin cupful and sweetened it with molasses. the boy dissemble his extreme rage and con-"Isn't there any milk?" said Harvey, sole himself with the thought of gradually looking round the dark double tier of unfolding the tale of his own and his father's bunks as if he expected to find a cow there, wealth on the voyage home. This rescue "Well, no," said the boy. "Ner there would certainly make him a hero among his ain't likely to be till 'baout mid-September. friends for life. He hoisted himself on deck up a perpendicular ladder, and stumbled aft, over a score of obstructions, to where a small, thick-set, clean-shaven man with gray eyebrows sat on a step that led up to the quarter-deck. The swell had passed in the night, leaving a long, oily sea, dotted round the horizon with the sails of a dozen fishing-Between them lay little black specks, showing where the dories were out Harvey stretched himself in every direc- fishing. The schooner, with a triangular riding-sail on the mainmast, played easily at "That's good," the boy said heartily, anchor, and except for the man by the cabin "Fix yerself an' go on deck. Dad wants roof—"house," they call it—she was de-

> "Mornin'—Good afternoon, I should say. feller," was the greeting.

"Mornin'," said Harvey. He did not twenty year old at that. How d'you come like being called "young feller;" and, as one rescued from drowning, expected sympathy. His mother suffered agonies whenever he got his feet wet, but this man did not seem excited.

> " Naow let's hear all abaout it. It's quite providential, first an' last, fer all concerned. What might be your name? Where from (we mistrust it's Noo York), an' where bound (we mistrust it's Europe)?"

Harvey gave his name, the name of the steamer, and a short history of the accident, winding up with a demand to be taken back immediately to New York, where his tions of the advantages of obedience and father would pay anything anyone chose to

"H'm," said the shaven man, quite unperhaps, was the reason that she herself moved by the end of Harvey's speech. "I walked on the edge of nervous prostration. can't say we think special of any man, or boy packet in a flat ca'am. Least of all when his excuse is that he's seasick.'

"Excuse!" cried Harvey. "D'you supboat for fun?'

"Not knowin' what your notions o' fun may be, I can't rightly say, young feller. But if I was you, I wouldn't call the boat which, under Providence, was the means o' savin' ye', names. In the first place, it's blame irreligious. In the second, it's annoyin' to my feelin's—an' I'm Disko Troop o' the 'We're Here' o' Gloucester, which you don't seem rightly to know."

saved and all that; but I want you to under-

New York the better it'll pay you."

shaggy eyebrow over a suspiciously mild

blue eve.

impression. "Cold dollars and cents." He stuck one hand into a pocket, and threw you pulled me in. I'm all the son Harvey dolls." Cheyne has."

"He's bin favored," said Disko, dryly. "And if you don't know who Harvey

Cheyne is, you don't know much—that's all. Now turn her around and let's hurry."

Harvey had a notion that the greater part of America was filled with people discussing and envying his father's dollars.

a reef in your stummick, young feller. It's

full o' my vittles.'

do you suppose we shall get to New first weeks o' September." York?"

ton. We may see Eastern Point abaout September, an' your pa—I'm real sorry I dollars efter all your talk. Then o' course he mayn't.'

of bills. All he brought up was a soggy

packet of cigarettes.

"Not lawful currency, an' bad for the lungs. Heave 'em overboard, young feller, an' try agin."

"It's been stolen!" cried Harvey, hotly. with a vicious nod, murmuring vague threats

"You'll hev to wait till you see your pa. to reward me, then?"

"A hundred and thirty-four dollars-all pose I'd fall overboard into your dirty little stolen," said Harvey, hunting wildly through his pockets. "Give them back,"

A curious change flitted across old Troop's hard face. "What might you have been doin' with one hundred an' thirty-four dollars, young feller?"

"It was part of my pocket-money—for a month." This Harvey thought would be a knock-down blow, and it was-indirectly.

"Oh! One hundred and thirty-four dollars is only part of his pocket-money for "I don't know and I don't care," said one month only! You don't remember Harvey. "I'm grateful enough for being hittin' anything when you fell over, do you? Crack agin a stanchion, less say? Old man stand that the sooner you take me back to Hasken o' the 'East Wind'"- Troop seemed to be talking to himself—"he "Meanin'—haow?" Troop raised one tripped on a hatch an' butted the mainmast with his head-hardish. 'Baout three weeks afterwards, old man Hasken he would hev "Dollars and cents," said Harvey, de- it that the 'East Wind' was a commerce-lighted to think that he was making an destroyin' man-o'-war, an' so he declared war on Sable Island because it was Bridish, an' the shoals run aout too far. They sewed out his stomach a little, which was his way him up in a bed-bag, his head an' feet apof being grand. "You've done the best pearin, fer the rest o' the trip, an' now he's day's work you ever did in your life when to home at Essex playin' with little rag

> Harvey choked with rage, but Troop went on consolingly, "We're sorry fer you. We're very sorry fer you—an' so young. We won't say no more abaout the money, I guess.'

"Course you won't. You stole it."

"Suit yourself. We stole it ef it's any comfort to you. Naow, abaout goin' back. "Mebbe I do, an' mebbe I don't. Take Allowin' we could do it, which we can't, you ain't in no fit state to go back to your home, an' we've jest come on to the Banks Harvey heard a chuckle from Dan, who workin' fer our bread. We don't see the was pretending to be busy by the stump- ha'af of a hundred dollars a month, let foremast, and the blood rushed to his face. alone pocket-money; an' with good luck "We'll pay for that too," he said. "When we'll be ashore again somewheres about the

"But—but it's May now, and I can't stay "I don't use Noo York any. Ner Bos- here doin' nothing just because you want to

fish. I can't, I tell you!"

"Right an' jest; jest an' right. No one hain't heerd tell of him-may give me ten asks you to do nothin'. There's a heap as you can do, for Otto he went overboard on Le Have. I mistrust he lost his grip in a "Ten dollars! Why, see here, I—" gale we fund there. Anyways he never Harvey dived into his pocket for the wad come back to deny it. You've turned up, plain, plumb providential for all concerned. I mistrust, though, there's ruther few things you kin do. Ain't thet so?"

"I can make it lively for you and your men when we get ashore," said Harvey, about "piracy," at which Troop almost—not

quite—smiled.

"Excep' talk. I'd forgot that. ain't asked to talk more'n you've a mind to afternoon light. aboard the 'We're Here.' Keep your eyes open, an' help Dan to do ez he's bid, an' sechlike, an' I'll give you—you ain't wuth It's a matter o' jedgment.' it, but I'll give—ten an' a ha'af a month; say thirty-five at the end o' the trip. A elbow. "Don't go to tamperin' with dad

little work will kind o' ease up your pore head, an' you kin tell us all abaout your dad an' your ma an' your money afterwards."

"She's on the steamer." said Harvey, his eyes filling with tears." "Take me to New York at once.'

" Poor woman — poor woman! When she has you back she'll forgit it all, though. There's nine of us on the 'We're Here,' an' ef we went back naowit's more'n a thousand mile -we'd lose the season. The men they wouldn't hev it, even ef I wuz agreeable."

"But my father would make it all right."

"He'd try. I don't doubt he'd try," said Troop, "but a whole season's catch is eight men's bread; an' you'll be better in your health when you see him in the fall. Go forward an' help Dan. It's ten an' a ha'af a month, ez I said, an', o' course, all f'und, same ez the rest o' us."

"Do you mean that I am to clean pots and pans and things?" said Harvey.

"An' other things. You've no call to shout, young feller."

"I won't! enough to buy this dirty little fish-kettle" by me anyway.'

"Ha-ow?" said Troop, the iron face darkening.

" How? You know how, well enough. On top of all that, you want me to do menial work "-Harvey was very proud of will not. You hear?"

Troop regarded the top of the mainmast with deep interest for awhile, as Harvey You harangued fiercely all around him in the

"Hsh!" he said at last. "I'm figurin' out my responsibilities in my own mind.

Dan stole up and plucked Harvey by the

any more," he pleaded. "You've called him a thief two or three times over, an' he don't take that from any livin' bein'."

"I won't!" Harvey almost shrieked, and still

Troop meditated.

"Seems kinder unneighborly," he said at last, his eye travelling down to Harvey. "I don't blame you, not a mite, young feller, nor you won't blame me when the bile's out o' your systim. Be sure you sense what I say? Ten an' a ha'af fer second boy on the schooner-an' all f'undfor to teach you an' fer the sake o' your health. Yes or no?"

" No!" said Harvey. "Take me back to New York or I'll see you-"

He did not exactly remember what followed. He was lying in the scuppers, holding on to a nose that bled, while Troop looked down on him serenely.

"Dan," he said to his son, "I was sot agin this young feller when I first saw him, on account o' hasty jedgments. Never you be led astray by hasty jedgments,

My father will give you Naow I'm sorry for him because he's plumb distracted in his upper works. He ain't re--Harvey stamped on the deck-"ten times sponsible fer the names he's give me, nor over, if you take me to New York safe; fer his other statements—ner fer jumpin' and-and-you're in a hundred and thirty overboard, which I'm abaout ha'af convinced he did. You be gentle with him, Dan, 'r I'll give you twice what I've give him. Them hemmeridges clears the head. Let him sluice it off!'

Troop went down solemnly into the cabin, where he and the older men bunked, leavthat adjective-" till the fall. I tell you I ing Dan to comfort the luckless heir to thirty millions.



"HE MUST NEEDS STAND UP TO IT, SWAY-ING WITH THE SWAY OF THE BOAT. AND SEND A GRINDING, THUTTERING SHRIEK THROUGH THE FOG."

CHAPTER II.

"I WARNED ye," said Dan, as the drops fell thick and fast on the dark, oiled plank-"Dad ain't noways hasty, but you fair earned it. Pshaw! there's no sense takin' on so." Harvey's shoulders were rising and falling in spasms of sobbing. "I know the feelin'. First time dad laid me out was the last-and that was my first trip. Makes ye feel sickish an' lonesome. I know."

"It does," moaned Harvey. man's either crazy or drunk, and—and I can't do anything.

made you call him a thief? He's my dad."

not crazy," he wound up. "Only-your marvels. father has never seen more than a five dolup this boat once a week and never miss it."

shake out a straight yarn. Go ahead."

"In gold mines and things, West."

"I've read o' that kind o' business. Out meditating an early revenge, West, too? Does he go around with a pistol on a trick-pony, same ez the circus. hates to be mistook in his judgments.' heard that their spurs an' bridles wuz solid silver.'

"You are a chump!" said Harvey, amused in spite of himself. "My father hasn't any use for ponies. When he wants to ride he takes his car."

"Haow? Lobster-car?"

"No. His own private car, of course. You've seen a private car some time in your life?"

"Slatin Beeman he hez one," said Dan, run." [Dan meant cleaning the windows.] say he's bought 'baout ha'af Noo Hampshire an' run a line-fence round her, an' filled her up with lions an' tigers an' bears thought he had found a sympathizer. an' buffalo an' crocodiles an' such all. Slatin Beeman he's a millionnaire. I've seen his car. Yes!"

for my mother, the 'Constance.''

"Hold on," said Dan. "Dad don't ever let me swear, but I guess you can. 'Fore we go ahead, I want you to hope you may die if you're lying.'

"Of course," said Harvey.
"Thet ain't 'nuff. Say, 'Hope I may die if I ain't speakin' truth.

"Hope I may die right here," said Harvey, "if every word I've spoken isn't the cold truth.'

"Hundred an' thirty dollars an' all?" said Dan. "I heard ye talkin' to dad, an' I looked you'd be swallered up, same's "That Jonah."

Harvey protested himself red in the face. Dan was a shrewd young person along his "Don't say that to dad," whispered Dan, own lines, and ten minutes' questioning "He's set agin all liquor, an'—well he told convinced him that Harvey was not lying me you was the madman. What in creation much. Besides, he had bound himself by the most terrible oath known to boyhood, Harvey sat up, mopped his nose, and told and yet he sat, alive, with a red-ended nose, the story of the missing wad of bills. "I'm in the scuppers, recounting marvels upon

"Gosh!" said Dan at last from the very lar bill at a time, and my father could buy bottom of his soul when Harvey had completed an inventory of the car named in "You don't know what the 'We're Here' his honor. Then a grin of mischievous de-'s worth. Your dad must hev a pile o'money. light overspread his broad face. "I believe How did he git it? Dad sez loonies can't you, Harvey. Dad's made a mistake fer once in his life."

"He has, sure," said Harvey, who was

"He'll be mad clear through. Dad jest They call that the Wild West, and I've Dan lay back and slapped his thigh. "Oh, Harvey, don't you spile the catch by lettin' on.'

> "I don't want to be knocked down again. I'll get even with him, though.'

> "Never heerd any man ever got even with dad. But he'd knock ve down again sure. The more he was mistook the more he'd do it. But, gold mines and pistols-'

> "I never said a word about pistols," Harvey cut in, for he was on his oath.

"Thet's so; no more you did. Two pricautiously. "I saw her at the Union De- vate cars, then, one named fer you an' one pot in Boston, with three niggers hoggin' her fer her; an' two hundred dollars a month pocket-money, all knocked into the scuppers "But Slatin Beeman he owns 'baout every fer not workin' fer ten an' a ha'af a month! railroad on Long Island, they say; an' they It's the top haul o' the season." He exploded with noiseless chuckles.

"Then I was right?" said Harvey, who

"You was wrong; the wrongest kind o' wrong! You take right hold an' pitch in r. Yes!" 'longside o' me, or you'll catch it, an' I'll "Well, my father's what they call a multicatch it fer backin' you up. Dad always millionnaire; and he has two private cars. gives me double helps 'cause I'm his son, One's named for me, the 'Harvey,' and one an' he hates favorin' folk. Guess you're gives me double helps 'cause I'm his son, kinder mad at dad. I've been that way

time an' again. But dad's a mighty jest man; all the fleet says so."

"Looks like justice, this, doesn't it?" Harvey pointed to his outraged nose.

"Thet's nothin'. Lets the shore blood outer you. Dad did it for yer health. Say, though, I can't have dealin's with a man 'We're Here' 's a thief. We ain't any common wharf-end crowd by any manner o' means. We're fishermen, an' we've shipped together for six years an' more. Don't you make any mistake on that! I told ye dad don't let me swear. He calls 'em vain dunno what was in your pockets when I dried your kit, fer I didn't look to see; but I'd say, using the very same words ez you used jest now, neither me nor dad—an' we was the only two that teched you after you was brought aboard-knows anythin' about the money. Thet's mv say. Naow?"

of the sea had something to do with it. "That's all right," he said. Then he looked down confusedly. "Seems to me that for a fellow just saved from drowning I

Dan."

Dan. "Anyway, there was only dad an' me aboard to see it. The cook he don't an hour." count."

"I might have thought about losing the bills that way," Harvey said half to himself, "instead of calling everybody in sight a thief. Where's your father?"

"In the cabin. What d' you want o' him overhead.

again?'

rather groggily, for his head was still singing, to the cabin steps, where the little ship's clock hung in plain sight of the wheel. Troop was busy in the chocolate and yellow painted cabin with a note-book and an enormous black pencil, which he sucked hard from time to time.

"I haven't acted quite right," said Harvey, surprised at his own meekness.
"What's wrong naow?" said the skipper.

"Walked into Dan, hev ye?"

" No; it's about you.

"I'm here to listen." "Well I—I'm here to take things back," said Harvey, very quickly. "When a man's saved from drowning—" he gulped.

"Ey? You'll make a man yet ef you go on this way."

"He oughtn't begin by calling people

"Jest an' right-right an' jest," said Troop, with the ghost of a dry smile.

"So I'm here to say I'm sorry." Another

Troop heaved himself slowly off the locker that thinks me or dad or anyone on the he was sitting on and held out an eleven-inch hand. "I mistrusted 'twould do you sights o' good; an' this shows I weren't mistook in my judgments." A smothered chuckle on deck caught his ear. "I am very seldom mistook in my judgments." The eleven-inch hand closed on Harvey's, numbing it to the oaths, and pounds me; but ef I could say elbow. "We'll put a little more gristle to what you said about your pap an' his that 'fore we've done with you, young feller; fixin's, I'd say that about your dollars. I an' I don't think any worse of ye fer anythin' thet's gone by. You wasn't rightly responsible. Go right abaout your business an' you won't take no hurt.'

"You're white," said Dan, as Harvey re-

gained the deck.

"I don't feel it," said he.

"I didn't mean that way. I heard what The blood-letting had certainly cleared dad said. When dad allows he don't think Harvey's brain, and maybe the loneliness the worse of any man, dad's give himself away. He hates to be mistook in his judgments too. Ho! ho! Onst dad has a judgment, he'd sooner dip his colours to the Bridish than change it. I'm glad it's haven't been over and above grateful, settled right cend up. Dad's right when he an." says he can't take you back. It's all the "Well, you was shook up and silly," said livin' we make here—fishin'. The men'll be back like sharks after a dead whale in ha'af

"What for?" said Harvey.

"Supper, o' course. Don't your stummick tell you? You've a heap to learn."

"Guess I have," said Harvey, dolefully, looking at the tangle of ropes and blocks

"She's a daisy," said Dan, enthusiasti-"You'll see," said Harvey, and he stepped, cally, misunderstanding the look. "Wait till our mainsail's bent, an' she walks home with all her salt wet. There's some work first, though." He pointed down into the darkness of the open main-hatch between the two masts.

"What's that for? It's all empty," said Harvey.

"You an' me an' a few more hev got to fill it," said Dan. "That's where the fish goes."

" Alive?" said Harvey.

"Well, no. They're so's to be ruther dead an' flat an' salt. There's a hundred hogshead o' salt in the bins; an' we hain't more'n covered our dunnage to now."

"Where are the fish, though?

• "In the sea they say; in the boats we pray," said Dan, quoting a fisherman's proverb. "You come in last night with baout forty of 'em.'

He pointed to a sort of wooden pen just

in front of the quarter-deck.

"You an' me we'll sluice that out when they're through. 'Send we'll hev full pens to-night! I've seen her down ha'af a foot with fish waitin' to clean, an' we stood to the tables till we was splittin ourselves instid

"I've never seen the sea from so low down," said Harvey. "It's fine."

The low sun made the water all purple and pinkish with golden lights on the barrels of the long swells, and blue and green mackerel shades in the hollows. Each schooner in sight seemed to be pulling her dories towards her by invisible strings, and the little black figures in the tiny boats pulled like clockwork toys.

"They've struck on good," said Dan, between his half-shut eyes. "Manuel hain't room fer another fish. Low ez a lily-pad

in still water; ain't he?'

"Which is Manuel? I don't see how you new.

can tell 'em 'way off, as you do.'

"Last boat to the south'ard. He f'und hind ye!" you last night," said Dan, pointing. "Manrows—is Pennsylvania. Loaded with saleratus by the looks of him. East o' himsee how pretty they string out all along with the humpy shoulders—is Long Jack. He's a Galway man inhabitin' South Bosthem Galway men are good in a boat. North, away yonder—you'll hear him tune up in a minute—is Tom Platt. Man-o'-war's Harvey ran it into Manuel's hands. He man he was on the old "Ohio"-first of our slipped it through a loop of rope at the navy, he says, to go araound the Horn. He dory's bow, caught Dan's tackle, hooked it never talks of much else, 'cept when he to the stern-becket, and clambered into the sings, but he has fair fishin' luck There! What did I tell you?'

A melodious bellow stole across the water from the northern dory. Harvey heard something about somebody's hands and

feet being cold, and then:

" Bring forth the chart, the doleful chart, See where them mountings meet! The clouds are thick around their heads, The mists around their feet.

"Full boat," said Dan, with a chuckle. "If he gives us 'O Captain' it's toppin' full, sure enough.'

The bellow continued:

"And naow to thee, O Capting, Most earnestly I pray, That they shall never bury me In church or cloister gray.'

"Double game for Tom Platt. He'll tell you all about the old 'Ohio' to morrow. See that blue dory behind him? He's my o' them we was so sleepy. Yes, they're uncle-dad's own brother-an' ef there's comin' in naow." Dan looked over the any bad luck loose on the Banks she'll fetch low bulwarks at half a dozen dories row- up agin Uncle Salters, sure. Look how ing towards them over the shining, silky tender he's rowin'. I'll lay my wage and share he's the only man stung up to-dayan' he's stung up good.

"What'll sting him?" said Harvey, get-

ting interested.

"Strawberries mostly. Punkins sometimes, an' sometimes lemons an' cucumbers. Yes, he's stung up from his elbows down. That man's luck's perfectly paralyzin'. Naow we'll take a holt o' the tackles an' hist 'em in. Is it true what you told me jest now, that you never done a hand's turn o' work in all your born life? Must feel kinder awful, don't it?'

"I'm going to try to work anyway," Harvey replied, stoutly. "Only it's all dead

"Lay a holt o' that tackle, then. Be-

Harvey grabbed at a rope and long iron uel rows Portugoosey; ye can't mistake hook dangling from one of the stays of the him. East o' him—he's a heap better'n he mainmast, while Dan pulled down another that ran from something he called a "topping lift," as Manuel drew alongside in his loaded dory. The Portuguese smiled a brilliant smile that Harvey learned to know well later, and with a short-handled fork ton, where they all live mostly, an' mostly began to throw fish into the pen on deck. "Two hundred and thirty-one." he shouted.

"Now give him the hook," said Dan, an' schooner.

"Pull!" shouted Dan, and Harvey pulled, astonished to find how easily the dory rose.

"Hold on, she don't nest in the crosstrees!" Dan laughed; and Harvey held on, for the boat lay in the air above his head.

"Lower away," Dan shouted, and as Harvey lowered, Dan swayed the light boat with one hand till it landed softly just behind the mainmast. "They don't weigh nothin'empty. Thet was right smart fer a - passenger. There's more trick to it

in a sea way."
"Ah ha!" said Manuel, holding out a brown hand. "You are some pretty well



"'EXCUSE!' CRIED HARVEY, 'D'YOU SUPPOSE I'D FALL OVERBOARD INTO YOUR DIRTY LITTLE BOAT FOR FUN?"

now? This time last night the fish they was something he could do for the man who fish for you. Now you fish for fish. Eh, had saved his life. wha-at?

to his pocket once more, but he remembered foot-boards; they slide in them grooves," knew Manuel better the mere thought of the mistake he might have made would cover him with hot uneasy blushes in his bunk.

"There is no to be thankful for to me!" said Manuel. "How shall I leave you the tables. Harvey, clear Manuel's boat. dreeft, dreeft all around the Banks? Now you are a fisherman-eh, wha-at? Ouh! stiffly from the hips to get the kinks out of head. himself.

busy. They struck on queek. Danny, my into the other. son, clean for me."

Dan threw him a swab, and he leaned over "I'm-I'm ever so grateful," Harvey the dory, mopping up the slime, clumsily, stammered, and his unfortunate hand stole but with great good will. "Hike out them that he had no money to offer. When he said Dan. "Swab 'em an' lay 'em down. Never let a foot-board jam. Ye may want her bad some day. Here's Long Jack.'

A stream of glittering fish flew into the pen from a dory alongside.

"Manuel, you take the tackle. I'll fix Long Jack's nestin' on the top of her."

Harvey looked up from his swabbing at Auh!" He bent backwards and forwards the bottom of another dory just above his

"Jest like the Injian puzzle-boxes, ain't "I have not cleaned boat to-day. Too they?" said Dan, as the one boat dropped

"Takes to ut like a duck to water," said Harvey moved forward at once. Here Long Jack, a grizzly-chinned, long-lipped

Galway man, bending to and fro exactly as Manuel had done. Disko in the cabin growled up the hatchway, and they could hear him suck his pencil.

"Wan hunder an' forty-nine an' a halfbad luck to ye, Discobolus," said Long Jack. "I'm murderin' meself to fill your pockuts. Slate ut for a bad catch. The Portugee has bate me."

more fish shot into the pen.

"Two hundred and three. Let's look at the passenger!" The speaker was even larger than the Galway man, and his face was made curious by a purple cut running slantways from his left eye to the right corner of his mouth.

Not knowing what else to do, Harvey swabbed each dory as it came down, pulled out the foot-boards, and laid them in the bottom of the boat.

"He's caught on good," said the scarred man, who was Tom Platt, watching him critically. "There are two ways o' doin' everything. One's fisher-fashion—any end forty-five," said Uncle Salters. "You first an' a slippery hitch over all—an' the other's-'

"What we did on the 'Ohio '!" Dan interrupted, brushing into the knot of men with once," he said in the tone of authority. a long board on legs. "Git out o' here, Tom Platt, an' leave me fix the tables."

He jammed one end of the board into nin." two nicks in the bulwarks, kicked out the leg, and ducked just in time to avoid a swinging blow from the man-o'-war's man.

"An' they did that on the 'Ohio,' too, Danny. See?" said Tom Platt, laughing.

"Guess they was swivel-eyed, then, fer it boots on the main-truck ef he don't leave us alone. Haul ahead! I'm busy, can't ye see?"

day," said Long Jack. "You're the hoight the hook into the stern rope as Manuel made av impidence, an' I'm persuaded ye'll cor-

rupt our supercargo in a week."

"His name's Harvey," said Dan, waving two strangely shaped knives, "an' he'll be 'fore long." He laid the knives tastefully and admired the effect.

"I think it's forty-two," said a small voice overside, and there was a roar of my luck's turned fer onct, 'caze I'm fortyfive, though I be stung outer all shape."

"Forty-two or forty-five. I've lost inboard and treated like "Pennsylvania."

count," the small voice said.

catch. This beats the circus any day," said too!" Dan. "Jest look at 'em!"

"Come in -come in!" roared Long Jack. "It's wet out yondher, children.'

"Forty-two, ye said." This was Uncle Salters.

"I'll count again, then," the voice replied meekly.

The two dories swung together and bunted into the schooner's side.

" Patience o' Jerusalem!" snapped Uncle Whack came another dory alongside, and Salters, backing water with a splash. "What possest a farmer like you to set foot in a boat beats me. You've nigh stove me all up.'

"I am sorry, Mr. Salters. I came to sea on account of nervous dyspepsia. You advised me, I think." The men looked down with deep enjoyment on the skirmish.

"You an your nervis dyspepsy be drowned in the Whale-hole," roared Uncle Salters, a fat and tubly little man. "You're comin' down on me agin. Did ye say fortytwo or forty-five?"

"I've forgotten, Mr. Salters. Let's count." "Don't see as it could be forty-five. I'm count keerful, Penn."

Disko Troop came out of the cabin. "Salters, you pitch your fish in naow at

"Don't spile the catch, dad," Dan murmured. "Them two are on'y jest begin-

"Mother av delight! He's forkin' them wan by wan," howled Long Jack, as Uncle Salters got to work laboriously; the little man in the other dory counting a line of notches on the gunwale.

"That was last week's catch," he said, didn't git home, and I know who'll find his looking up plaintively, his forefinger where

he had left off.

Manuel nudged Dan, who darted to the "Danny, ye lie on the cable an' sleep all aftertackle, and leaning far overside slipped her fast forward. The others pulled gallantly and swung the boat in—man, fish, and all.

"One, two, four-nine," said Tom Platt, worth five of any Sou' Boston clam-digger counting with a practised eye. "Fortyseven. Penn, you're it!" Dan let the on the table, cocked his head on one side, aftertackle run and slid him out of the stern on to the deck amid a torrent of his own fish.

"Hold on," roared Uncle Salters, boblaughter as another voice answered, "Then bing by the waist. "Hold on, I'm a bit mixed in my caount."

He had no time to protest, but was hove

"Forty-one," said Tom Platt. "Beat "It's 'Penn' an' Uncle Salters caountin' by a farmer, Salters. An' you sech a sailor,

"'Twern't fair caount," said he, stumbling

out of the pen; "an' I'm stung up all to The young an' handsome men—like me an" pieces."

purply white.

"Some folks will find strawberry-bottom," said Dan, addressing the newly-risen moon, "ef they hev to dive fer it, seems to me."

"An' others," said Uncle Salters, "eats the fat o' the land in sloth an' mocks their

own blood-kin.'

"Seat ye! Seat ye!" a voice Harvey Disko Troop, Tom Platt, "Long" Jack, and Salters went forward on the word. reel, which was in tangled confusion. Man-full o' niggers whose folk run in there Dan dropped into the hold, where Harvey ers—all huffy-chuffy." heard him banging with a hammer.

we're through we git to dressing down. You'll pitch to dad. Tom Platt an' dad arguin'. We're second ha'af, you an' me an' Manuel an' Penn - the youth an' beauty

o' the boat.'

"I'm hungry.

"They'll be through in a minute. Snff! She smells good to-night. Dad ships a pointed at the pens piled high with cod. "What water did ye hev, Manuel?"

"Twenty-fife father," said the Portuguese o' aour folk." sleepily. "They strike on good an' queek.

Some day I show you, Harvey."

still sea before the elder men came aft. The cook had no need to cry "second half." Dan and Manuel were down the Dan, with an awful contempt. hatch and at table ere Tom Platt, last and most deliberate of the elders, had finished wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Harvey followed Penn, and sat down before a tin pan of cod's tongues and sounds, mixed with scraps of pork and fried potato, a loaf of hot bread, and some black and powerful coffee. Hungry as they were, they waited while "Pennsylvania" solemnly asked a blessing. Then they stoked in silence till light; and the pile of fish by the stern shone Dan drew breath over his tin cup and de-like a dump of fluid silver. In the hold manded of Harvey how he felt.

another piece.'

The cook was a huge, jet-black negro, and, unlike all the negroes Harvey had met, rough table, where Uncle Salters was drumdid not talk, contenting himself with smiles ming impatiently with a knife-haft. A tub and dumb-show invitations to eat more.

"See, Harvey," said Dan, rapping with his fork on the table, "it's jest as I said. the hatch, an' take keer Uncle Salters don't

Pennsy an' you an' Manuel—we're second His thick hands were puffy and mottled ha'af, an' we eats when the first ha'af are through. They're the old fish; and they're mean an' humpy, an' their stummicks has to be humored; so they come first, which they don't deserve. Ain't that so, doctor?'

The cook nodded.

"Can't he talk?" said Harvey in a

whisper.

"Nuff to git along. Not much o' anyhad not heard called from the foc'sle, thing we know. His natural tongue's kinder curious. Comes from the innards of Cape Breton, he does, where the farmers Little Penn bent above his square deep-sea speak home-made Scotch. Cape Breton's uel lay down full length on the deck; and durin' aour war, an' they talk like the farm-

"That is not Scotch," said "Pennsyl-"Salt," he said, returning. "Soon as vania." "That is Gaelic. So I read in a

"Penn reads a heap. Most of what he they stow together, an' you'll hear 'em says is so-'cep' when it comes to a caount o' fish-eh?"

"Does your father just let them say how the boat." many they've caught without checking "What's the good of that?" said Harvey. them?" said Harvey.

"Why, yes. Where's the sense of a man

lyin' fer a few old cod?"

"Was a man once lied for his catch," good cook ef he do suffer with his brother. Manuel put in. "Lied every day. Fife, It's a full catch to-day, ain't it?" He ten, twenty fife more fish than come he say there was.'

"Where was that?" said Dan. "None

"Frenchman of Anguille."

"Ah! Them West Shore Frenchmen The moon was beginning to walk on the don't count anyway. Stands to reason they can't count. Ef you run acrost any of their soft hooks, Harvey, you'll know why," said

> " Always more and never less, Every time we come to dress,"

Long Jack roared down the hatch, and the "second ha'af" scrambled up at once.

The shadow of the masts and rigging, with the never-furled riding-sail, rolled to and fro on the heaving deck in the moonthere were tramplings and rumblings where "Most full, but there's just room for Disko Troop and Tom Platt moved among the salt-bins. Dan passed Harvey a pitchfork, and led him to the inboard end of the of salt water lay at his feet.

"You pitch to dad an' Tom Platt down

cut yer eye out," said Dan, swinging down. away backbones, and the flap of wet, opened "I'll pass salt below."

Penn and Manuel were knee deep in the pen, flourishing drawn knives. Long Jack, a basket at his feet, and mittens on his hands, faced Uncle Salters at the table, and

"Hi!" shouted Manuel, stooping to the the thought, and held on sullenly. fish, and bringing one up with a finger under fish, slit from throat to vent, with a nick on bulwarks.

Jack's feet.

"Hi!" said Long Jack, with a scoop of in the basket. Another wrench and scoop lips. sent the head and offals flying, and the empty fish slid across to Uncle Salters, who snorted fiercely. There was another sound of tearing, the backbone flew over the bulopen, splashed in the tub, sending the salt water into Harvey's astonished mouth. After the first yell, the men were silent. The cod moved along as though they were alive, and long ere Harvey had ceased wondering at the miraculous dexterity of it all, his tub was full.

"Pitch!" grunted Uncle Salters, without Tom Platt. turning his head, and Harvey pitched the fish by twos and threes down the hatch.

"Don't splatter! Uncle Salters is the best splitter in the fleet. Watch him mind his book!"

round uncle were cutting magazine pages from the hips, stayed like a statue; but his the—" long arms grabbed the fish without ceasthat is one of the many reasons the Glouces- vania." ter boats despise the Frenchmen.

salt rubbed on rough flesh sounded like the sleep. "But I think it is my duty to help whirring of a grindstone—a steady under-clean." tune to the "click-nick" of the knives in

bodies falling into the tub.

At the end of an hour Harvey would have given the world to rest; for fresh, wet cod weigh more than you would think, and his back ached with the steady pitching. But Harvey stared at the pitchfork and the he felt for the first time in his life that he was one of a working gang, took pride in

"Knife oh!" shouted Uncle Salters at its gill and a finger in its eye. He laid it last. Penn doubled up, grasping among the on the edge of the pen; the knife-blade fish, Manuel bowed up and down to supple glimmered with a sound of tearing, and the himself, and Long Jack leaned over the The cook appeared, noiseless either side of the neck, dropped at Long as a black shadow, gathered up a mass of backbones and heads, and retreated.

"Blood-ends for breakfast an' headhis mittened hand. The cod's liver dropped chowder," said Long Jack, smacking his

"Knife oh!" repeated Uncle Salters, waving the flat, curved splitter's weapon.

"Look by your foot," cried Dan below. Harvey saw half a dozen knives stuck in warks, and the fish, headless, gutted, and a cleat in the hatch combing. He dealt these round, taking over the dulled ones.

"Water!" said Disko Troop.

"Scuttle-butt's forward an' the dipper alongside. Hurry, Harve," said Dan.

He was back in a minute with a big dipperful of stale brown water which tasted like nectar, and loosed the jaws of Disko and

"These are cod," said Disko. "They ain't Damarskus figs, Tom Platt, nor yet silver "Hi! Pitch' em bunchy," shouted Dan. bars. I've told you that every single time sence we've sailed together.'

"A matter o' seven seasons," returned Tom Platt coolly. "Good stowin's good Indeed, it looked a little as though the stowin' all the same, an' there's a right an' a wrong way o' stowin' ballast even. If you'd against time. Manuel's body, cramped over ever seen four hundred ton o' iron set into

"Hi!" With the yell from Manuel the Little Penn toiled valiantly, but it work began again, and never stopped till was easy to see he was weak. Once or the pen was empty. The instant the last fish twice Manuel found time to help him with- was down, Disko Troop rolled aft to the cabin out breaking the chain of supplies, and once with his brother. Manuel and Long Jack Manuel howled because he had caught his went forward. Tom Platt only waited long finger in a Frenchman's hook. These hooks enough to slide home the hatch ere he too are made of soft metal, and are rebent after disappeared. In half a minute Harvey use; but the cod very often get away with heard deep snores in the cabin, and he them to be hooked again elsewhere; and was staring blankly at Dan and "Pennsyl-

"I did a little better that time, Danny," Down below, the rasping sound of rough said Penn, whose eyelids were heavy with

"Wouldn't hev your conscience fer a the pen, the wrench and schloop of torn thousand quintal," said Dan. "Turn in, heads, dropped liver and flying offal; the Penn. You've no call to do boy's work. "caraaah" of Uncle Salters's knife scooping Draw a bucket, Harvey. Oh, Penn, dump Kin you keep awake that long?

Penn took up the heavy basket of livers, emptied them into a cask with a hinged top day. Sn-orrr!" lashed by the foc'sle; then he too dropped out of sight in the cabin.

"Boys clean up after dressin' down, an' first watch in ca'am weather is boy's watch an' seventeen brass-bound officers, all gen'elon the 'We're Here.'" Dan sluiced the men, lift their hand to it that your lights pen energetically, unshipped the table, was aout an'there was a thick fog. Harve, set it up to dry in the moonlight, ran the I've kinder took to you, but ef you nod onct red knife-blades through a wad of oakum. and began to sharpen them on a tiny grindoverboard under his directions.

bolt upright from the oily water and sighed seventy-ton schooner, while behind him, a weird whistling sigh. Harvey started waving a knotted rope, walked, after the back with a yell, but Dan only laughed. manner of an executioner, a boy who yawned "Grampus," said he. "Beggin' fer fish- and nodded between the blows he dealt. "Grampus," heads. They up-eend thet way when they're Sleepy?'

forward.

"Mustn't sleep on watch. Git up an' see berths.

these in the gurry-butt 'fore you sleep, ef our anchor-light's bright an' shinin'. You're on watch now, Harve.'

"Pshaw! What's to hurt us? Bright's

"Jest when things happen, dad says. Fine weather's good sleepin', an' 'fore you know mebbe you're cut in two by a liner, more I'll lay inter you with a rope's end."

The moon, who sees many strange things stone, as Harvey threw offal and backbones on the Banks, looked down on a slim youth in knickerbockers and a red jersey, stag-At the first splash a silvery-white ghost rose gering around the cluttered decks of a

The lashed wheel groaned and kicked hungry. Breath on him like the doleful softly, the riding-sail slatted a little in the tombs, hain't he?" A horrible stench of shifts of the light wind, the windlass creaked, decayed fish filled the air as the pillar of and the miserable procession continued. white sank, and the water bubbled oilily. Harvey expostulated, threatened, whim-"Hain't ye never seen a grampus up-eend pered, and at last wept outright, while Dan, before? You'll see 'em by hundreds 'fore the words clotting on his tongue, spoke of ye're through. Say, it's good to hev a boy the beauty of watchfulness and slashed aboard again. Otto was too old, an' a away with the rope's end, punishing the Dutchy at that. Him an' me we fought dories as often as he hit Harvey. At last consid'ble. Wouldn't ha keered fer thet ef the clock in the cabin struck ten, and upon he'd hed a Christian tongue in his head, the tenth stroke little Penn crept on deck, He found two boys in two tumbled heaps "Dead sleepy," said Harvey, nodding side by side on the main hatch, so deeply asleep that he actually rolled them to their

(To be continued.)





LOVE IN IDLENESS. PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA,

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

ALMA-TADEMA AND HIS HOME AND PICTURES.

BY ETHEL MACKENZIE MCKENNA.



of the life of the great metropolis, yet is not the one that is ordinarily used. are anxious to get as far away as pos- Turning to the left from the entrance sible from the dust and smoke of the city. hall we are in a huge, domed conservatory, It is more like an enchanted palace than a with palms rising high above the head and London house, and but for the neat, white-ferns and exotics growing luxuriantly on aproned, essentially prosaic parlor-maid, every side. Beyond is another hall, where, you feel as if you had stepped into fairy- from the mantel, the words of Richard land as the garden door closes behind II., "I count myself in nothing else so you. The glass-covered pathway stretches happy as in a soul remembering my good in a curve towards the house, either side friends," speak a cheering welcome. This banked with brilliant colored flowers, while hall is one of the features of the house, if the floor is paved with specially designed a house where everything is a work of art tiles which form the letters L. A. T. can be said to have any special features. quaintly intertwined. The iron supports It is panelled some five feet high with of the glass roof also bear the name of the white enamelled wood, and each narrow master of the place. As the path sweeps panel bears a signed painting by some round to the front door, the bank of flowers celebrated artist. The subjects are widely breaks on the right hand and discloses a diversified; one artist has chosen a corner marble basin, into which a fountain of the house itself for his picture; another splashes and plays. which is bordered with some fine bronze third shows a glimpse of tempest-tossed work, is the friendly greeting Salve, here sea, in striking contrast to which are a more than a mere formality. And as the calm, peaceful landscape and a branch of portals fly open in response to a resounding delicately tinted apple-blossoms. knock from the wonderful bronze knocker, owner himself has added a ribbon-like

HE house inhabited by Mr. and the eye is dazzled by a flight of gleaming Mrs. Alma-Tadema is situ- steps of exquisitely polished brass, which ated in St. John's Wood, a rise to the studio door. On the door locality much patronized by hangs a superb brass shield, a gift from artists, most of whom, while the sculptor George Simmonds, who exedesirous of living in London cuted it especially for his friend. This and of being in the centre entrance to the artist's sanctum, however,

Above the door, contributes an exquisite nude figure; a



LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine by Fradelle and Young, London.

Tadema and expressly made in Naples.

A wide staircase leads upwards to the

frieze of the flowers he loves so well, The high windows, with their leaded panes aglow with life and color, which gives a of white and faintly-tinted, old stained perfect finish to the hall. In one corner glass, occupy nearly the whole of one side is a little niche filled with flowers and of the room, while the wide open fireplace curios, which show particularly well takes up another. The greater part of the against a background of exquisitely painted room is panelled with oak, and the ceiling tiles, a bit of Mrs. Tadema's work. The was beautifully arranged, under Mr. floor is paved with tiles designed by Mr. Tadema's directions, to utilize some very fine old Dutch carving.

The entrance from the hall is through a chief studio, the balustrade hung with screen of carved oak arches. Another gorgeous embroideries from Japan. Under door in the panels leads, through a pasan arched doorway is the entrance to Mrs. sage lined with old Delft tiles whereon is Tadema's studio, the subdued tones of depicted a Dutch canal scene, to the which are in striking contrast to the greater library, while a diminutive oaken staircase part of the house. Mrs. Tadema's devorises to the cosiest of anterooms, almost tion to everything Dutch is a compliment entirely filled by a huge, carved, four-post to her husband, and here, in her own bedstead. Here Mrs. Tadema rests when studio, she is surrounded by the quaint she is tired; and certainly nothing could old Dutch objects that she loves to paint. be more inviting than the pile of huge bro-



MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE AND GARDEN, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, LONDON.
From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

cade cushions heaped on the coverlet of antique embroidery, with a beautiful old curtain to shield the light from weary eyes. Here, too, are the Dutch cradle and the old press which have figured in many of Mrs. Tadema's paintings, while a curious brass basin and tap replace the conventional washhand stand.

The studio itself is filled with blue china and curios of every description, while the cosey old chairs are upholstered in embroideries and brocades whose colors are softened and subdued by age. A wonderful bird-cage hangs from the ceiling, brass bowls stand on the chimney-piece, things of interest and beauty catch the eye on every side, and Mr. and Mrs. Tadema are fain to pardon those who stare open-eyed at all these treasures.

Passing through the library we come to the dining-room, a long room one side of which is panelled with oak and has a fitted oaken sideboard. The walls are hung with golden paper, and the chief pictures are Mr. Tadema's own portraits of his wife and youngest daughter. The dining-table, like



MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE AS SEEN FROM THE GARDEN.
From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.



MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN. THE SAME ENTRANCE IS SHOWN AS IN THE PICTURE JUST PRECEDING. From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

everything else in the room, is of origby a deep band of brilliant yellow flowers. "Heliogabalus" picture, by having them

From the side of the dining-room inal design, is long and very narrow, another flight of brass steps leads once and affords no place for elaborate table more to the great studio, but it is broken decorations. The window looks into the by a little atrium decorated in the Pomgarden, and even here the genius of peian style. There are long lounges, and the owner has been at work, and has bookshelves laden with interesting volumes transformed the commonplace "plot" of bound in the most original way. Some of the neighboring places to a really effect these volumes are priceless collections of tive scene. A series of pillars and arches notes and manuscripts, many of them are in graceful iron work border one side and very old, all of them are of great interest. the end of the lawn, flowering creepers Opposite the bookshelves is a long, high climbing lovingly from one to another, desk, whereat Mr. Tadema stands and while on the third side are spreading trees, personally indites all his correspondence. from the branches of which a hammock In a corner is a marble basin lit by a skyhangs invitingly. At the end is also a light, and it was here that the artist conpool of water, with a fountain, surrounded trived to see the shower of roses for his thrown from above to the marble floor, with gorgeous old red velvet embroidery As if in memory of that perfumed rain dried rose-leaves still lie scattered on the edge of the basin, faintly scenting the air. An alcoved recess leads to the gallery of the studio, while mounting the brass steps all; but it is not so. Not having enough at the farther corner you pass into the of the drapery for his purpose, Mr. Tadema great studio.

course, the one most stamped with the dyes have withstood the light for many a individuality of the artist as he reveals it to the public in his work. He himself speaks of his house as a series of backgrounds to his pictures, and it is naturally over which there is a wonderful window in his studio especially that he has pro- where the light filters dimly through Mexivided himself with suitable surroundings, can onyx and delicately veined, transpar-The room has more than one entrance, but ent marble. only one small door is visible; the others marvel of satinwood inlaid with tortoiseare merely panels, which are usually con-shell, mother-of-pearl, and silver. cealed by the wall into which they slide, inside of the lid is lined with vellum, and rich curtains breaking the outline of the thereon are inscribed the autographs of all opening. The great domed roof is overlaid with silver; the floor is exquisitely inlaid with parquet designed by Mr. panied by, the piano. Tadema. Facing the great window, with its clear north light, is the apse, surmounted beautiful woods and matchless marbles,

which once decorated the palace of some Venetian noble. The delicate coloring has faded from a portion of the work, and one would suppose that it is the oldest piece of had the design copied and materials dyed Of all rooms in the house this is, of to match the antique. But while the old score of years, the new have already lost their brilliant hues.

Two brass steps lead to another recess, Here stands the piano, a the famous musicians, and their name is legion, who have played on, or been accom-

The walls of the studio are lined with by the inscription, Ars Longa Vita Brevis. while the gallery which runs along one It is lined with cushioned seats and hung side is ornamented with classic scenes in



From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.



PORTRAIT OF ALMA-TADEMA'S DAUGHTER, PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

art colors life."

Here and there quaint little many deprivations and but simple pleaslegends are introduced into the decoration, ures. His mother, to whom he was very such as "As the sun colors flowers, so deeply attached, was a woman of strong A little anteroom is character, and when she was left with a devoted to paints and brushes, and the family of small children, only the two great easel stands on the polished floor, youngest of whom were her own, and a facing the wide window. The room is full very limited income on which to support of treasures, but to do justice to all it con- and educate them, she bore herself with tains I should need a pen as brilliant as the paintbrush of the owner.

energy and courage. Laurens was the darling of her heart, but she refused to Laurens Alma-Tadema was born at allow herself to be convinced of his genius, Dronryp, in Holland, on January 8, 1836. fearing, no doubt, the glamour of her par-His father died when he was barely four tiality. Circumstances had made her ex-years old, and his childhood was one of tremely practical, and she would not listen



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE COVERED PASSAGE FROM THE STREET TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE. From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

ternal love had marked out for him, al- future still held many difficulties, they though every moment he could steal from work was devoted to drawing and sketching, and his tasks were often neglected in the pursuit of his passion for art.

Tadema was educated at the public school at Leeuwarden, but the routine of his work there was intensely irksome to him, and among all his studies the only one that appealed to him was Roman history. He induced his mother to wake him at daybreak every morning—by means of jerking a string fastened to his big toe—and worked at his drawing with untiring energy till it was time for school. In 1856, when he was only fifteen, without having ever received proper tuition, he sent a portrait of his sister to one of the Dutch galleries, which was duly accepted and hung. But the struggle between the inborn passion of the lad and the desire to do what he regarded as his duty to his mother was more than his health could bear. His strength gave way completely, and the doctors who attended him gave it as their verdict that his days were numbered. Anxious that his few remaining months of life should be as happy as possible, his mother's resolution at last gave

to the prayers of her son that he might way, and young Tadema was given his study art. It was decided that he should heart's desire. The fierce struggle was be made a lawyer, and he did his utmost to over, and under the new conditions he submit cheerfully to the career which ma- soon regained his health; for though the



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE. From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

of the young genius. But Holland was was spending the winter in Rome, studynot to have the glory of training her brill- ing antique art and architecture with an iant son, for, strange as it is to tell, the energy characteristic of him, he received student failed to obtain admission into the the news of his election to the associate-Dutch schools, and he decided to go to ship of the Royal Academy. This was Antwerp, where he entered the Art Acad- followed in 1883 by the title of Royal emy and studied under Wappers. He Academician. He is represented in the labored without ceasing to make up for Diploma Gallery at Burlington House by the time he had lost, but none of his work "The Way to the Temple," but it is by of this time remains, for he destroyed no means one of the finest specimens of everything that he felt did not attain to his work. Recognitions of Mr. Tadema's the standard of excellence he had raised greatness have come to him from every for himself.

After leaving the art school, the young artist entered the studio of the great historical painter of Belgium, Leys, who exercised a deep and lasting influence on Tadema's work. While yet but twenty-three years of age, he assisted Leys in paintingthe frescoes of the Antwerp Guildhall.

Aboutthis time Tadema's mother and sister gave up their home in Leeuwarden to join the young painter at Antwerp. ness of having the mother he

idolized near him was only to endure for ing them. "Père always says I make the a short time; four years later she passed handles greasy," she laughingly tells you; away. It was then that Mr. Tadema "he can't bear any one to wash them but married. His wife, a French lady, died himself." in 1869, leaving two daughters. At her death Mr. Tadema went to England with with sadness to his friends, for each of his his children and took up his residence in pictures is the grave of many others. He London, becoming a naturalized British never makes sketches, and could we but subject a few years later. In 1871 he peel the paint in layers off each completed married Miss Laura Theresa Epps, whose painting, we should find many a change of striking features and wonderful red gold scene. The procession of springtime, in hair we have admired in so many of one of his later works, once moved under Tadema's pictures, and whose clever paint- a wonderful domed ceiling. But it did ing would have made the name of Tadema not satisfy the artist, who had a feeling for well known, even if it had not been illu- the blue sky, and the ceiling was painted

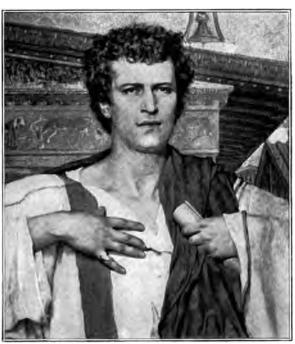
melted before the invincible determination husband. In 1876, when Mr. Tadema

part of the world, and there is scarcely a country that has not bestowed honors upon him.

Mr. Tadema is one of the neatest of men: his studio is always the picture of order; no spot of paint has ever fallen upon the parquet; never does a paintbrush lie neglected upon the floor, and his brushes are like new in their absolute cleanliness. So particular is he on this point that even his artist

THE ACTOR BARNAY AS MARK ANTONY, PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA, daughter is scarcely to be trusted with the labor of clean-

Mr. Tadema's work is always fraught mined by the genius of her distinguished out, to the bitter chagrin of many friends.



But the happi- From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.



VIEW OF MR. TADEMA'S GARDEN.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

Nor would they cease their lamentations at the destruction of this exquisite piece of work till Mr. Tadema promised that they should see it again, and it was to this promise that the painting "Unconscious Rivals" owes its origin. The ceiling was painted once more, and the two girls were inserted as a subject.

Mr. Tadema is very strongly against the idea that art students should travel and study the works of the great masters. They should wait till they are artists, he says. Then they will be better able to understand and profit by the masterpieces they see. Mr. Tadema himself has not travelled a great deal, and has, curiously enough, never visited Greece or Egypt, the countries he so loves to paint, and which his brush brings so vividly before us. He has sometimes been reproached with a want of imagination and sentiment, a criticism which much annoys him, for he is by no means lacking in either. One of his bits of sentiment relates to the number seventeen, which he declares has always been a lucky one for him. His wife, he will tell



ANOTHER VIEW OF MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE AND GARDEN AND THE COVERED PASSAGE FROM THE STREET,

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

his present house bears the same number; ters are written by his own hand. Even and the first spade was put to the work of his daughters are not allowed to help him rebuilding it on August 17th. This was in much, though they, like their father and the house for three years, and throughout elder, Miss Laurens Alma-Tadema, is those three years he had been designing almost as busy with her pen as her father and making plans and sketches for rebuild- with his brush. Her novel, "The Wings ing. It was on November 17th that he of Icarus," is well known, and she has there. He laughs at himself for this su- Duse, of whom she is a warm friend and ing to it is not wholly a joke.

cannot read much, for his eyes are very matic production. loves his books, and many a pleasant hour and he and Mrs. Tadema are extremely

you, was seventeen when he first met her; is spent in arranging and classifying them. the number of the house to which he took Then there is his correspondence, which her when they were married was seventeen; takes a good deal of time, for all his let-1886. He had then been in possession of mother, are hard-working people. The and his family first took up their residence written a biography of Madame Eleonora perstition; but it is evident that his hold- admirer, and with whom she spent several months in Italy, in order to collect material With the knowledge that Mr. Tadema's for the work. All the family are ardent paintings number over three hundred, lovers of the drama, but it is an enjoyment without taking into consideration those in which Mr. Tadema can indulge but which he so ruthlessly destroyed in his sparingly. For when he goes to the youth, it is not surprising to learn that he theatre, he throws his whole soul into the is an indefatigable worker. I remember play, as he does into everything that inquestioning him once as to his favorite terests him, and he finds that the exciteamusement. "Painting," he smilingly rement, the bright lights, and brilliant plied. Every moment of daylight spent colors combine to affect his eyes and to away from his easel is regretted. In the render him unfit for work next day. On evening he rests, or possibly plays a game several occasions he has made designs for of billiards, at which he is an adept. He scenery and dresses for some special dra-

sensitive and easily grow tired, but he Mr. Tadema is the most genial of men,

Evidently his is not that hospitable. phase of the artistic temperament which as informal as the afternoon "at homes." can only work in certain moods and cannot bear to meet the eye of a fellow-man when in the mood for work. The desire to work is chronic with him, but he does not famous votaries of their arts are often allow'it to interfere with his social duties.

Mrs. Tadema is always at home to her friends on Monday afternoons and Tuesday evenings, and Mr. Tadema does not follow the example of so many husbands and absent himself from his wife's receptions, but is just as genial and full of welcome as she. On the Mondays there is tion unaccompanied is perforce the order only tea and gossip, but gossip of art, music, the drama, and of all things interesting. Mrs. Tadema receives in her stu- far as to paraphrase the familiar aphorism dio, and after chatting with her for a while and say, Show me a man's house and I and drinking a cup of tea, her friends move will tell you what he is; nevertheless, upwards to the larger studio to talk with there is no doubt that a man influences their host and to enjoy his work. And here his surroundings with as much force as is one of the points on which husband and they influence him, and a great deal of a wife differ: while Mr. Tadema's pictures are man's character may be gathered from the always open for the delight of his friends, home he has made for himself. And in Mrs. Tadema's work is put carefully out the case of Alma-Tadema the inference of sight, for she does not like to have it is in the highest degree gracious and viewed while in course of development.

The evening receptions, which are quite but which are, as a rule, more numerously attended, are held in the larger studio Music and recitations given by the most heard. Paderewski, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Madame Duse, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, have all assisted in entertaining Mr. Tadema's guests. But there is no pre-arrangement, and while sometimes the brightest stars may combine in an irresistible programme, occasionally conversaof the evening.

Although one may not perhaps go so agreeable.



SAPPHO. PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.



THE "WIGWAM," CHICAGO—THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1860 WAS HELD.

THE STORY OF LINCOLN'S NOMINATION IN 1860.

BASED ON THE PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE MEN WHO WERE MOST INSTRUMENTAL IN SECURING THE NOMINATION.

BY IDA M. TARBELL.

party in Illinois,* and the unexpected and of pure availability. flattering attention he received a few weeks tion, suggested the idea; but there is no of Bloomington, Illinois. evidence that anything more was excited than a little idle speculation. The impression Lincoln made two years later in

*See McClure's Magazine for September, 1896. †Lincoln received 110 votes on the first ballot for the nomination to the Vice-Presidency at the national conven-tion held in Philadelphia in June 1856.

THE possibility of Abraham Lincoln the Lincoln and Douglas debates kindled becoming the Presidential candidate a different feeling. It convinced a numof the Republican party in 1860 was prob- ber of astute Illinois politicians that judiably first discussed by a few of his friends in cious effort would make Lincoln strong 1856. The dramatic speech which in May enough to justify the presentation of his of that year gave him the leadership of his name as a candidate in 1860 on the ground

One of the first men to conceive this later at the Republican national conven- idea was Jesse W. Fell, a local politician of Bloomington, Illinois. During the Lincoln and Douglas debates Fell had been travelling in the Middle and Eastern States. He was surprised to find that Lincoln's speeches attracted general attention, that many papers copied liberally from them, and that on all sides men plied

ing, soon after returning home, he met for the Presidency." Lincoln in Bloomington, where the latter

"I have been East, Lincoln," said he, "as far as Boston, and up into New Hampshire, travelling in all the New England States, save Maine; in New York, New about. State, now canvassing in opposition to Senator Douglas?' Being, as you know, an ardent Republican and your friend, I usually told them we had in Illinois two giants instead of one; that Douglas was finally requested Lincoln to furnish him a the little one, as they all knew, but that you were the big one, which they didn't all know.

"But, seriously, Lincoln, Judge Douglas being so widely known, you are getting rising and wrapping his old gray shawl a national reputation through him, and the around his tall figure, "I admit that I am

him with questions about the career and truth is, I have a decided impression that personality of the new man. Before Fell if your popular history and efforts on the left the East he had made up his mind that slavery question can be sufficiently brought Lincoln must be pushed by his own State before the people, you can be made a as its Presidential candidate. One even- formidable, if not a successful, candidate

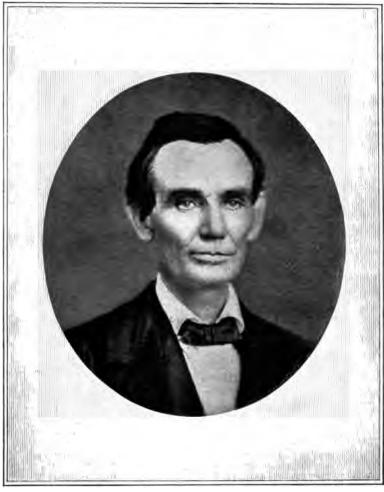
"What's the use of talking of me for was attending court, and drew him into a the Presidency," was Lincoln's reply, deserted law-office for a confidential talk. "whilst we have such men as Seward, Chase, and others, who are so much better known to the people, and whose names are so intimately associated with the principles of the Republican party? Everybody Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and knows them; nobody scarcely outside of Indiana; and everywhere I hear you talked Illinois knows me. Besides, is it not, as a Very frequently I have been matter of justice, due to such men, who asked, 'Who is this man Lincoln, of your have carried this movement forward to its present status, in spite of fearful opposition, personal abuse, and hard names? I really think so.'

Fell continued his persuasions, and sketch of his life which could be put out in the East. The suggestion grated on Lincoln's sensibilities. He had no chance. Why force himself? "Fell," he said,



THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1860.

After a drawing in "Harper's Weekly" of May 19, 1860, by permission of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1853.

From an ambrotype owned by Mr. Hilyard of Superior, Nebraska, and taken at Danville, Illinois, as a gift to his father.

I am not insensible to the compliment you in the highest terms. "His speeches," pay me and the interest you manifest in the "Democrat" declared, "will be recthe matter; but there is no such good luck in ognized for a long time to come as the store for me as the Presidency of these United standard authorities upon those topics early history that would interest you or cal world of our day; and our children will anybody else; and, as Judge Davis says, 'it won't pay.' Good night.' And he disappeared into the darkness.

the contest for the United States Senatorship, in no way discouraged his friends. A "We, for our part," said the "Demo-few days after the November election, crat" further, "consider that it would be

ambitious and would like to be President. just closed was reviewed and commended States. Besides, there is nothing in my which overshadow all others in the politiread them and appreciate the great truths which they so forcibly inculcate, with even a higher appreciation of their worth than Lincoln's defeat in November, 1858, in their fathers possessed while listening to them.

when it was known that Douglas had been but a partial appreciation of his services to reëlected senator, the Chicago "Dem- our noble cause that our next State Repubocrat," then edited by "Long John" lican convention should nominate him for Wentworth, printed an editorial, nearly a governor as unanimously and enthusiasticolumn in length, headed "Abraham Lin- cally as it did for senator. With such a coln." His work in the campaign then leader and with our just cause, we would sweep the State from end to end, with a triumph so complete and perfect that there would be scarce enough of the scattered and demoralized forces of the enemy left to tell the story of its defeat. And this State should also present his name to the national Republican convention, first for President and next for Vice-President. We should say to the United States at large that in our opinion the Great Man of Illinois is Abraham Lincoln, and none other than Abraham Lincoln."

All through the year 1859 a few men in Illinois worked quietly but persistently to awaken a desire throughout the State for Lincoln's nomination. The greater number of these were lawyers on Lincoln's circuit, his life-long friends, men like Judge Davis, Leonard Swett, and Judge Logan, who not only believed in him, but loved him, and whose efforts were doubly effective because of their affection. In addition to these were a few shrewd politicians who saw in Lincoln the "available" man the situation demanded; and a group represented by John M. Palmer, who, remembering Lincoln's magnanimity in throwing his influence to Trumbull in 1854, in order to send a sound anti-Nebraska man to the United States Senate, wanted, as Senator Palmer himself put it, to "pay Lincoln back." Then there were a few young men who had been won by Lincoln in the debates with Douglas, and who threw youthful enthusiasm and conviction into their support.

The work which these men did at this time cannot be traced with any definiteness. It consisted mainly in "talking up" their candidate. They were greatly aided by the newspapers. The press, indeed, followed a concerted plan that had been carefully laid out by the Republican State Committee in the office of the Chicago "Tribune."

To give an appearance of spontaneity to the newspaper canvass it was arranged that the country papers should first suggest Lincoln's name. Joseph Medill, then, as now, of the "Tribune," and secretary of the committee, says that a Rock Island paper opened the campaign. On May 4, 1859, the "Central Illinois Gazette" came out for Lincoln, and one by one, at diplomatic intervals, other papers followed.

Lincoln soon felt the force of this effort in his behalf. Letters came to him from unexpected quarters, offering aid. Everywhere he went on the circuit, men sought him to discuss the situation. In the face of an undoubted movement for him he quailed. The interest was local; could it ever be more? Above all, had he the qualifications for President of the United States? He asked himself these questions as he pondered a reply to an editor who had suggested announcing his name, and he wrote: "I must in all candor say I do not think myself fit for the Presidency."

This was in April, 1859. In the July following he still declared himself unfit. Even in the following November he had little hope of nomination. "For my single self," he wrote to a correspondent who had suggested the putting of his name on the ticket, "I have enlisted for the permanent success of the Republican cause, and for this object I shall labor faithfully



WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

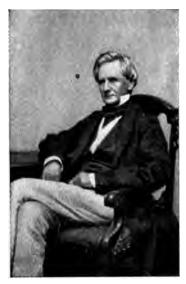
Seward's name was presented to the Chicago convention of 1866, which finally nominated Lincoln, by William M. Evarts of New York. On the first ballot he received 173½ votes, on the second 184½, on the third 180; 234 votes were necessary for a choice.*



SALMON P. CHASE

Chase's name was presented to the Chicago convention of 1860 by D. K. Cartter of Ohio. On the first ballot he received 49 votes, on the second 42½, on the third 24½.

*The portraits on this and page 47 are all from photographs by Brady, now in the war collection of Mr. Robert Coster.



SIMON CAMERON.

Andrew H. Reeder of Pennsylvania presented Cameron's name to the Chicago convention. On the first ballot he received 50% votes. On the second ballot his name was withdrawn, although two votes were cast for him. He received no votes on the third ballot.



EDWARD BATES

F. P. Blair of Missouri nominated Mr. Bates in the Chicago convention. He received on the first ballot 48 votes, on the second 35, and on the third 22. At Lincoln's inauguration as President in March, 1861, Bates became a member of his cabinet, as did also three other of his competitors for the nomination in the convention of 1860—Seward, Chase, and Cameron.

in the ranks, unless, as I think not probable, the judgment of the party shall assign me a different position."

The last weeks of 1859 and the first of 1860 convinced Lincoln, however, that, fit or not, he was in the field. Fell, who as corresponding secretary of the Republican State Central Committee had been travelling constantly in the interests of the organization, brought him such proof that his candidacy was generally approved of, that in December, 1859, he consented to write the "little sketch" of his life now known as Lincoln's "autobiography."

He wrote it with a little inward shrinking, a half shame that it was so meagre. "There is not much of it," he apologized in sending the document, "for the reason, I suppose, that there is not much of me. If anything be made out of it, I wish it to be modest, and not to go beyond the material."

By the opening of 1860 Lincoln had concluded that, though he might not be a very promising candidate, at all events he was now in so deep that he must have the approval of his own State, and he began to work in earnest for that. "I am not in a position where it would hurt much for me to not be nominated on the national ticket," he wrote to Norman B. Judd, "but I am where it would hurt some for me to not get the Illinois delegates. . . . Can you help me a little in your end of the vineyard?"

The plans of the Lincoln men were well matured. About the first of December, 1859, Medill had gone to Washington, ostensibly as a "Tribune" correspondent, but really to promote Lincoln's nomination. "Before writing any Lincoln letters for the Tribune," says Mr. Medill in his "Reminiscences," I began preaching Lincoln among the Congressmen. I urged him chiefly upon the ground of availability in the close and doubtful States, with what seemed like reasonable success."

reasonable success."

On February 16, 1860, the "Tribune" came out editorially for Lincoln, and Medill followed a few days later with a ringing letter from Washington, naming Lincoln as a candidate on whom both conservative and radical sentiment could unite, and declaring that he now heard Lincoln's name mentioned for President in Washington" ten times as often as it was one month ago." About the time when Medill was writing thus, Norman B. Judd, as member of the Republican National Committee, was executing a manœuvre the importance of which no one realized but the Illinois politicians. This was securing the convention for Chicago.

• As the spring passed and the counties of Illinois held their conventions, Lincoln found that, save in the north, where Seward was strong, he was unanimously recommended as a candidate at Chicago. When the State convention met at Decatur on May 9th and 10th, he received an ovation of so picturesque and unique a character that it colored all the rest of the campaign. The delegates were in session when Lincoln came in as a spectator and was invited to a seat on the platform. Soon after, Richard Oglesby, one of Lincoln's ardent supporters, asked that an old



From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

HORACE GREELEY.

In the Republican national convention of 1860 Horace Greeley sat as the alternate of an absent delegate from Oregon. He had failed to be chosen a delegate from his own State (New York), through the opposition of the Seward men. As editor of the New York "Tribune," it was supposed, until a short time before the convention, that he would support Seward for the nomination to the Presidency, but he turned against Seward on the plea that he could not be elected. In the convention he labored ardently for Bates.



JESSE W. FELL.

Mr. Fell, a Pennsylvanian by birth, settled in Bloomington, Illinois. Here he became acquainted with Lincoln, who was frequently in the town during court terms. He was one of the first Republicans of the State; he first introduced Lincoln's name in Pennsylvania as a candidate for the Presidency, and it was to him that Lincoln addressed his well-known autobiography.

Democrat of Macon County be allowed to offer a contribution to the convention. The offer was accepted, and a curious banner was borne up the hall. The standard was made of two weather-worn fence-rails, decorated with flags and streamers, and bearing the inscription:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

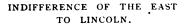
THE RAIL CANDIDATE

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1860.

Two rails from a lot of 3,000 made in 1830 by Thos. Hanks and Abe Lincoln—whose father was the first pioneer of Macon County.

A storm of applause greeted the banner, followed by cries of "Lincoln! Lincoln!" Rising, Lincoln said,

pointing to the banner, "I suppose I am expected to reply to that. I cannot say whether I made those rails or not, but I am quite sure I have made a great many just as good."* The speech was warmly applauded, and one delegate, an influential German and an ardent Seward man, after witnessing the demonstration, turned to his neighbor and said, "Seward has lost the Illinois delegation." † He was right; for when, later, John M. Palmer, at present United States Senator and the nominee of the anti-silver Democrats for President, brought forth a resolution that "Abraham Lincoln is the choice of the Republican party of Illinois for the Presidency, and the delegates from this State are instructed to use all honorable means to secure his nomination by the Chicago Convention, and to vote as a unit for him," it was enthusiastically adopted.



While the politicians of Illinois were thus preparing for the campaign, the Re-

*Congressman John Davis of Kansas, who was present at the Decatur convention and took down Mr. Lincoln's words, has courteously allowed us the use of his notes.

t Mr. George Schneider of Chicago, at that date editor of the "Staats Zeitung," and now president of the National Bank of Illinois.



From a photograph by I. H. Bonsall, Army Photographer, Cincinnati, Ohio; loaned by General Palmer's son.

GENERAL JOHN M. PALMER.

From a photograph taken in 1863. Mr. Palmer was born in Kentucky in 1817, and removed to Illinois in 1832. Here he studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1840. Although an active Democrat, he revolted against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill and joined the anti-Nebraska branch of his party. In 1854 he was one of the five men in the State legislature who secured the election of Lyman Trumbull to the United States Senate. He was chairman of the first Republican State convention held in Illinois. and a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1856; and he contributed no little to the nomination of Lincoln to the Presidency in 1860. He served throughout the war, and was raised for gallant conduct to the rank of Major-General. He has since served as Governor of Illinois and United States Senator, and he is now the nominee of the anti-silver Democrats for President

publicans of the East hardly realized that Lincoln was or could be made a possibility. In the first four months of 1860 his name was almost unmentioned as a Presidential candidate in the public prints of the East. In a list of twenty-one "prominent candidates for the Presidency in 1860," prepared by D. W. Bartlett and published in New York towards the end of 1859, Lincoln's name is not mentioned; nor does it appear in a list of thirty-four of "our living representative men," prepared for Presidential purposes by John Savage, and published in Philadelphia in 1860.* The most important notice at this period of which we know was a casual mention in an editorial in the New York "Evening Post" on February 15th. The "Post" considered it time for the Republicans to speak out about the nominee at the coming convention, and remarked: "With such men as Seward and Chase, Banks and Lincoln, and others in plenty, let us have two Republican representative men to vote for." This was ten days before the Cooper Union speech and the New England tour, which undoubtedly did

much to recommend Lincoln as a logical of May 12th, his face being included in a and statesmanlike thinker and debater, double page of portraits of "eleven promithough there is no evidence that it created nent candidates for the Republican Presihim a Presidential following in the East, save, perhaps, in New Hampshire. Indeed biographical sketches appeared in the same it was scarcely to be expected that prudent number—the last and the shortest of them and conservative men who knew little of being of Lincoln. him, save as he had exhibited himself in the Lincoln and Douglas debates and in the Cooper Union speech, would conclude that, because he could make a good speech, he would make a good President. They convention of 1860 formally opened at knew him to be comparatively untrained in public life and comparatively untried in in a tumult of expectation and preparation. large affairs. They naturally preferred a The audacity of inviting a national con-



From a photograph by Tandy, Lincoln, Illinois; loaned by W. O. Paisley.

RICHARD J. OGLESBY.

Richard J. Oglesby was born in Kentucky in 1824. Left an orphan at the age of eight years, he removed to Illinois, and there learned the carpenter's trade. In 1845 he was admitted to the bar, but his practice of the law was interrupted by service in the Mexican War and three years of mining in California. Returning to Illinois, he became influential in politics. It was he who suggested to Lincoln's stepbrother, John D. Johnston, bringing the rails into the State convention at Decatur in 1860. He served with honor in the Union army until 1864, when he resigned, and in November of that year was elected governor of his State. He was in Washington at the time of Lincoln's assassination. He continued to serve as governor until 1869, and he has served several terms since. From 1873 to 1879 he was United States Senator.

man who had a record for executive statesmanship.

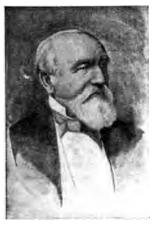
Up to the opening of the convention in May there was, in fact, no specially prominent mention of Lincoln by the Eastern press. Greeley, intent on undermining Seward, though as yet nobody perceived him to be so, printed in the New York weekly "Tribune" -the paper which went to the country at large-correspondence favoring the nomination of Bates and Read, McLean and Bell, Cameron, Frémont, Dayton, Chase, Wade; but not Lincoln. The New York "Herald" of May 1st, in discussing editorially the nominee of the "Black Republicans," recognized "four living, two dead, aspirants." The "living" were Seward, Banks, Chase, and Cameron; the 'dead, Bates and McLean. May 10th "The Independent," in an editorial on "The Nomination at Chicago," said: "Give us a man known to be true upon the only question that enters into the canvass-a Seward, a Chase, a Wade, a Sumner, a Fessenden, a Banks.'' But it did not mention Lincoln. His most conspicuous Eastern recognition before the convention was in "Harper's Weekly"

dential nomination at Chicago."

PREPARING FOR THE CONVENTION.

It was on May 16th that the Republican Chicago, but for days before the city was vention to meet there, in the condition in which Chicago chanced to be at that time, was purely Chicagoan. No other city

^{*}These pamphlets are found in the admirable Lin-coln collection of Mr. William H. Lambert of Philadel-



NORMAN B. JUDD,

A New Yorker by birth, Norman B. ludd moved to Illinois in 1836, when twenty-one years of age, and there began practice of the law. In 1844 he was elected to the State Senate, where he served for sixteen consecutive years. Prominent as the attorney of several railroads, he frequently called in Lincoln as an associate. From the beginning of the anti-Nebraska agitation he was active in politics, and he did much to bring about Lincoln's nomination in 1860. In 1861 he was appointed minister to Prussia. He served in the forty-second and fortythird Congresses, and was afterwards collector of customs at Chicago. He died in 1878.

would have risked it. In ten years Chicago had nearly quadrupled its population, and it was believed that the feat would be repeated in the coming decade. In the first flush of youthful energy and ambition the town had undertaken the colossal task of raising itself bodily out of the grassy marsh, where it had been originally placed, to a level of twelve feet above Lake Michigan, and of putting underneath a good, solid foundation. When the invitation to the convention was extended, half the buildings in Chicago were on stilts; some of the streets had been raised to the new grade, others still lay in the mud; half the sidewalks were poised high on piles, and half were still down on a level with the lake. A city with a conventional sense of decorum would not have cared to be seen in this demoralized condition, but Chicago perhaps conceived that it would but prove her courage and confidence to show the country what she was doing; and so she had the conven-

But it was not the convention alone which came. Besides the delegates, the professional politicians, the newspaper men, and the friends of the several candidates, there came a motley crowd of men hired to march and to cheer for particular candidates,—a kind of out-of-door claque which did not wait for a point to be made in favor of its man, but went off in rounds of applause at the mere mention of his name. New York brought the greatest number of these professional applauders, the leader of them being a notorious prize-fighter and street politician,—"a sort of

white blackbird," said Bromley,—one Tom Hyer. With the New York delegation, which numbered all told fully 2,000 Seward men, came Dodworth's Band, one of

the celebrated musical organizations of that day.

While New York sent the largest number, Pennsylvania was not far behind, there being about 1,500 persons present from that State. From New England, long as was the distance, there were many trains of excursionists. The New England delegation took Gilmore's Band with it, and from Boston to Chicago stirred up every community in which it stopped, with music and speeches. Several days before the convention opened fully one half of the members of the United States House of Representatives were in the city.* To still further increase the throng were hundreds of merely curious spectators whom the flattering inducements of the fifteen railroads centring in Chicago at that time had tempted to take a trip. There were fully 40,000 strangers in the city during the sitting of the convention.

The streets for a week were the forum of this multitude. Processions for Seward, for Cameron, for Chase, for Lincoln, marched and counter-marched, brave with banners and transparencies, and noisy with country bands and hissing rockets. Every street corner became a rostrum, where impromptu harangues for any of a dozen candidates might be happened upon. In this hurly-burly two figures were particu-



LEONARD SWEIT.

Born in Maine in 1825, it was not until 1849, after he had served through the Mcxican War, that Leonard Swett settled in Bloomington, Illinois, where he began practice of the law. He travelled the lighth Circuit with Lincoln until the latter was elected to the Presidency. Mr. Swett took an active part in the anti-slavery agitation in Illinois, aided in Lincoln's nomination in 1860, and was a trusted adviser of Lincoln's throughout the period of the civil war.

^{*}Boston "Herald," May 15, 1860, Chicago correspondence,

two or three to whom he began speaking conversation ended as a speech.

In this half-spontaneous, half-organized demonstration of the streets, Lincoln's the Illinois delegation itself. In spite of followers were conspicuous. State pride the rail episode at Decatur, the State conmade Chicago feel that she must stand by vention was by no means unanimous for

every street, and buildings and omnibuses were decorated with Lincoln emblems. When the Illinois delegation saw that New York and Pennsylvania had brought in so many outsiders to create enthusiasm for their respective candidates, they began to call in supporters from the neighboring localities. Leonard Swett says that they succeeded in getting together fully 10,000 men from Illinois and Indiana, ready to march, shout, or fight for Lincoln, as the case required.

Not only was the city full of people days be-

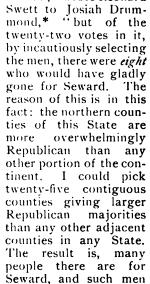
a great mass meeting was held in the Wigdate speak. time until an audience of 12,000 had lost. dwindled to less than 1,000.

One of the first of the delegations to begin activities was that of Illinois. The Tremont House had been chosen as its headquarters, and here were gathered *This letter, written by Mr. Swett on May 27, 1860, to Josiah Drummond of Maine, is one of the best documents on the convention. It was published in the New York "Sun" of July 26, 1891, and is in O. H. Oldroyd's recent work, "Lincoln's Campaign."

larly prominent: Tom Hyer, who managed almost all the influential friends Lincoln the open-air Seward demonstration, and had in the State. They came determined to Horace Greeley, who was conducting in- win if human effort could compass it, and dependently his campaign against Seward. men never put more intense and persistent Greeley, in his fervor, talked incessantly, energy into a cause. Judg: Davis was It was only necessary for some one to say naturally the head of the body; but Judge in a rough but friendly way, "There's old Logan, Leonard Swett, John M. Palmer, Greeley," and all within hearing distance Richard Oglesby, N. B. Judd, Jesse W. grouped about him. Not infrequently the Fell, and scores more were with him. "We worked like nailers," says Governor increased until that which had started as a Oglesby to-day, in talking over the struggle.

The effort for Lincoln had to begin in her own. Lincoln banners floated across Lincoln. "Our delegation was instructed

for him," wrote Leonard twenty-two votes in it, by incautiously selecting the men, there were eight who would have gladly gone for Seward. The reason of this is in this fact: the northern counties of this State are more overwhelmingly Republican than any other portion of the continent. I could pick Republican majorities



fore the convention began, but the dele- had crept upon the delegation. They ingations had organized and actual work tended in good faith to go for Lincoln, was in progress. Every device conceiv- but talked despondingly, and really wanted able by an ingenious opposition was re- and expected finally to vote as I have insorted to in order to weaken Seward, the dicated. We had also in the north and most formidable of the candidates. The about Chicago a class of men who always night before the opening of the convention want to turn up on the winning side, and who would do no work, although their feelwam. The Seward men had arranged to ings were really for us, for fear it would be have only advocates of their own candi- the losing element and would place them But the clever opposition out of favor with the incoming power. detected the game, and William D. Kelley These men were dead weights. The centre of Pennsylvania, who was for Lincoln or and south, with many individual excepfor Wade, got the floor and held it until tions to the classes I have named, were nearly midnight, doggedly talking against warmly for Lincoln, whether he won or

"The lawyers of our circuit went there



CHAIR OCCUPIED BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1860. IT WAS THE FIRST CHAIR MADE IN THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

Reproduced from "Harper's Weekly" of May 19, 1860, by permission of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

lant friends he had.'

It was certain that at the opening of the finally opened on Wednesday, May 16th. convention he would have nearly enough votes to nominate him. But still there was a considerable and resolute opposition. The grounds of this were several, could not elect Seward if he was nomivania, and Henry S. Lane of Indiana,

and Monday were spent upon her, when twenty-six votes, and from that time acted efficiently with us."

With Indiana to aid her, Illinois now suc-

determined to leave no stone unturned; and ceeded in drawing a few scattering votes, really they, aided by some of our State in making an impression on New Hampofficers and a half dozen men from various shire and Virginia, and in persuading Verportions of the State, were the only tire- mont to think of Lincoln as a second less, sleepless, unwavering, and ever vigi- choice. Matters began to look decidedly nt friends he had." cheerful. On May 14th (Monday) the The situation which the Illinois delega- New York "Herald's" last despatch detion faced, briefly put, was this: the Re- clared that the contest had narrowed down publican party had in 1860 but one promi- to Seward, Lincoln, and Wade. The Bosnent candidate, William H. Seward. By ton "Herald's" despatch of the same day virtue of his great talents, his superior reported: "Abe Lincoln is looming up cultivation, and his splendid services in to-night as a compromise candidate, and anti-slavery agitation, he was the choice his friends are in high spirits." And this of the majority of the Republican party, was the situation when the convention

THE WIGWAM.

The assembly-room in which the conbut the most substantial and convincing vention met was situated conveniently at was that Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania, the corner of Market and Lake Streets. and New Jersey all declared that they It had been built especially for the occasion by the Chicago Republican Club, and Andrew G. Curtin of Pennsyl- in the fashion of the West in that day was called by the indigenous name of Wigwam. candidates for governor in their respective. It was a low, characterless structure, fully States, were both his active opponents, 180 feet long by one hundred feet wide. not from dislike of him, but because they The roof rose in the segment of a circle, were convinced that they would them- so that one side was higher than the other; selves be defeated if he headed the Re- and across this side and the two ends were publican ticket. It was clear to the entire deep galleries. Facing the ungalleried side party that Pennsylvania and Indiana were was a platform reserved for the delegates essential to Republican success; and since -a great floor 140 feet long and thirtymany States with which Seward was the five feet deep, raised some four feet from first choice held success in November as the ground level, with committee-rooms more important than Seward, they were at each end. This vast structure of pine willing to give their support to an "avail- boards had been rescued from ugliness able" man. But the difficulty was to through the energetic efforts of the comunite this opposition. Nearly every State mittee, assisted by the Republican women which considered Seward an unsafe candi- of the city, who, scarcely less interested date had a "favorite son" whom it was than their husbands and brothers, strove pushing as "available." Pennsylvania in every way to contribute to the success wanted Cameron; New Jersey, Dayton; of the convention. They wreathed the Ohio, Chase, McLean, or Wade; Massa- pillars and the galleries with masses of chusetts, Banks; Vermont, Collamer. green; hung banners and flags; brought in Greeley, who alone was as influential as a busts of American notables; ordered great State delegation, urged Bates of Missouri. allegorical paintings of Justice, Liberty, Illinois's task was to unite this opposition and the like, to suspend on the walls; boron Lincoln. She began her work with a rowed the whole series of Healy portraits next-door neighbor. "The first State ap- of American statesmen-in short, made proached," says Mr. Swett, "was Indiana. the Wigwam at least gay and festive in She was about equally divided between aspect. Foreign interest added something Bates and McLean.* Saturday, Sunday, to the furnishings; the chair placed on the platform for the use of the chairman of finally she came to us unitedly, with the convention was donated from Michigan, as the first chair made in that State. It was an arm-chair of the most primitive description, the seat dug out of an immense log and mounted on large rockers. Another chair, one made for the occasion, attracted a great deal of attention. It was

^{*} Mr. Joseph Medill, who has very kindly annotated Mr. Swett's letter for us, says that half the Indiana delegation had been won for Lincoln on the ground of availability before the convention met.

tory, Kansas being appropriately repre- Seward men were perfectly willing that he sented by the "weeping willow" as a should go on the tail of the ticket. In fact, symbol of her grief at being still excluded they seemed determined that he should be from the sisterhood of States.* The gavel given the Vice-Presidential nomination. used by the chairman was more interesting. We were not troubled so much by the aneven than his chair, having been made from tagonism of the Seward men as by the overa fragment of Commodore Perry's brave tures they were constantly making to us.

16th of May, there crowded fully 10,000 the Tremont House, greatly agitated at the persons. To the spectator in the gallery way things were going. He said: 'Palmer, the scene was vividly picturesque and you must go with me at once to see the New animated. Around him were packed hun- Jersey delegation.' I asked what I could dreds of women, gay in the high-peaked, do. 'Well,' said he, 'there is Judge Hornflower-filled bonnets and the bright shawls blower, a grave and venerable judge, who and plaids of the day. Below, on the plat- is insisting that Lincoln shall be nominated form and floor, were many of the notable for Vice-President and Seward for Presimen of the United States-William M. dent. We must convince the judge of his Evarts, Thomas Corwin, Carl Schurz, mistake.' We went; I was introduced to David Wilmot, Thaddeus Stevens, Joshua Judge Hornblower, and we talked about Giddings, George William Curtis, Fran- the matter for some time. Judge Horncis P. Blair and his two sons, Andrew H. blower praised Seward, but he was espe-Reeder, George Ashmun, Gideon Welles, cially effusive in expressing his admiration Preston King, Cassius M. Clay, Gratz for Lincoln. He thought that Seward was Brown, George S. Boutwell, Thurlow Weed. clearly entitled to first place and that Lin-In the multitude the newspaper representa- coln's eminent merits entitled him to tives outnumbered the delegates. Fully second place. I listened for some time, goo editors and reporters were present, a and then said: 'Judge Hornblower, you body scarcely less interesting in its person- may nominate Mr. Lincoln for Vice-Presinel than the convention itself. Horace dent if you please. But I want you to Greeley, Samuel Bowles, Murat Halstead, understand that there are 40,000 Demo-Isaac H. Bromley, Joseph Medill, Horace crats in Illinois who will support this ticket White, Joseph Hawley, Henry Villard, A. if you give them an opportunity. We are K. McClure, names so familiar to-day, all not Whigs, and we never expect to be represented various journals at Chicago in Whigs. We will never consent to support 1860, and in some cases were active work- two old Whigs on this ticket. We are ers in the caucuses. It was evident at once willing to vote for Mr. Lincoln with a that the members of the convention-some Democrat on the ticket, but we will not 500 out of the attendant 10,000—were not consent to vote for two Whigs.' I have more deeply interested in its proceedings seldom seen Judge Hornblower's indignathan the mere spectators, whose approval tion equalled. Turning to Judge Davis and disapproval, quickly and emphatically he said: 'Judge Davis, is it possible that expressed, swayed, and to a degree con-party spirit so prevails in Illinois that trolled, the delegates.

a convention. While officers were for- Judge, you can't account for the conduct mally elected and a platform adopted, the of these old Locofocos.' 'Will they do as real interest centred in the caucuses, Palmer says?' 'Certainly. There are which were held almost uninterruptedly. 40,000 of them, and, as Palmer says, not Illinois was in a frenzy of anxiety. "No one of them will vote for two Whigs." We men ever worked as our boys did," wrote left Hornblower in a towering rage. When Mr. Swett; "I did not, the whole week, we were back at the Tremont House I said: sleep two hours a night." They ran from 'Davis, you are an infernal rascal to sit delegation to delegation, haranguing, there and hear Hornblower berate me as pleading, promising. But do their best he did. You really seemed to encourage they could not concentrate the opposition. him.'

* Boston "Atlas and Bee," May 22, 1860.

constructed of thirty-four kinds of wood, Palmer, "was to prevent Lincoln's nomieach piece from a different State or Terrination for the Vice-Presidency. The They literally overwhelmed us with kind-Into the Wigwam, on the morning of the ness. Judge David Davis came to me in Judge Palmer properly represents public Wednesday and Thursday mornings opinion?' 'Oh,' said Davis, affecting were passed in the usual opening work of some distress at what I had said, 'oh, Judge Davis said nothing, but "Our great struggle," says Senator chuckled as if he had greatly enjoyed the joke. This incident is illustrative of the

place on the ticket." *

claim ninety votes for him on the first bal- be given to him. lot. Opposition to Seward not fixed on various delegations are still caucusing."

to unite the uncertain delegates on Lincoln, and that Pennsylvania went through "Hundreds of Pennsylvanians, Indianians, "never closed their eyes. I saw Henry S. Lane at one o'clock, pale and haggard, with cane under his arm, walking as if for point of deserting Seward.

kind of work we had to do. We were com- eron until a majority of the delegates pelled to resort to this argument—that the directed otherwise. Judge S. Newton old Democrats then ready to affiliate with Pettis, who proposed this resolution, the Republican party would not tolerate worked all night to secure votes for it at two Whigs on the ticket—in order to break the caucus to be held early in the mornup the movement to nominate Lincoln for ing. The Illinois men ran from delegate Vice-President. The Seward men recog- to caucus, from editor to outsider. No nized in Lincoln their most formidable man who knew Lincoln and believed in rival, and that was why they wished to get him, indeed, was allowed to rest, but was him out of the way by giving him second dragged away to this or that delegate to persuade him that the "rail candidate," as The uncertainty on Thursday was har- Lincoln had already begun to be called, rowing, and if the ballot had been taken on was fit for the place. Colonel Hoyt, then the afternoon of that day, as was at first in- a resident of Chicago, spent half the night tended, Seward probably would have been telling Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylnominated. Illinois, Indiana, and Penn- vania what he knew of Lincoln. While sylvania all felt this, and shrewdly man- all this was going on, a committee of aged to secure from the convention a twelve men from Pennsylvania, New reluctant adjournment until Friday morn- York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa ing. In spite of the time this manœuvre were consulting in the upper story of the gave, however, Seward's nomination Tremont House. Before their session was seemed sure; so Greeley telegraphed the over they had agreed that in case Lin-"Tribune" at midnight on Thursday. At coln's votes reached a specified number on the same hour the correspondent of the the following day, the votes of the States "Herald" (New York) telegraphed: represented in that meeting, so far as these "The friends of Seward are firm, and twelve men could effect the result, should

The night was over at last, and at ten any man. Lincoln is the strongest, and o'clock the convention reassembled. The may have altogether forty votes. The great Wigwam was packed with a throng hardly less excited than the members of It was after these messages were sent the actual convention, while without, for that Illinois and Indiana summoned all blocks away, a crowd double that within their energies for a final desperate effort pushed and strained, every nerve alert to catch the movements of the convention.

The nominations began at once, the the last violent throes of coming to a de- Hon. William M. Evarts presenting the cision. The night was one full of dramatic name of William H. Seward. The New episodes, of which none, perhaps, was more Yorkers had prepared a tremendous claque, nearly tragic than the spectacle of Sew- which now broke forth—"a deafening ard's followers, confident of success, celeshout which," says Leonard Swett, "I brating in advance the nomination of their confess, appalled us a little." But New favorite, while scores of determined men York in preparing her claque had only laid the plans ultimately effective for his given an idea to Illinois. The Illinois overthrow. All night the work was kept up. committee, to offset it, had made secret but complete preparations for what was and Illinoisans," says Murat Halstead, called a "spontaneous demonstration." From lake front to prairie the committee had collected every stentorian voice known, and early Thursday morning, while a wager from one caucus-room to another Seward's men were marching exultantly at the Tremont House. In connection about the streets, the owners of these voices with them he had been operating to bring had been packed into the Wigwam, where the Vermonters and Virginians to the their special endowment would be most effective. The women present had been In the Pennsylvania delegation, which requested to wave their handkerchiefs at on Wednesday had agreed on McLean as every mention of Lincoln's name, and hunits second choice and Lincoln as its third, dreds of flags had been distributed to be a hot struggle was waged to secure the used in the same way. A series of signals vote of the delegation as a unit for Cam- had been arranged to communicate to the *Interview with Senator Palmer for McClure's Magazine, thousands without the moment when a

vention within. When N. B. Judd nomi- to 181. The tension as the third ballot nated Lincoln this machinery began to was taken was almost unbearable. work. It did well; but a moment later, hundred pencils kept score while the in greeting the seconding of Seward's delegations were called, and it soon benomination, New York out-bellowed Illi- came apparent that Lincoln was outstripnois. "Caleb B. Smith of Indiana then ping Seward. The last vote was hardly seconded the nomination of Lincoln," says Mr Swett, "and the West came to his rescue. No mortal ever before saw half for Lincoln; two and one-half more such a scene. The idea of us Hoosiers will give him the nomination." An instant and Suckers being outscreamed would of silence followed, in which the convenhave been as bad to them as the loss of tion grappled with the idea, and tried to their man. Five thousand people at once pull itself together to act. The chairman leaped to their seats, women not wanting of the Ohio delegation was the first to get in the number, and the wild yell made soft his breath. "Mr. President," he cried, vesper breathings of all that had preceded. springing on his chair and stretching out No language can describe it. A thousand his arm to secure recognition, "I rise to steam whistles, ten acres of hotel gongs, change four votes from Mr. Chase to Mr. a tribe of Comanches, headed by a choice Lincoln.' van-guard from pandemonium, might have mingled in the scene unnoticed.'

who is evidently their nominee.'

still, no other opposition candidate apvote be cast solidly for Lincoln. motion was carried. Returning to the hall haps ten minutes. the delegation found the second ballot Pennsylvania was called. cheer followed cheer.

It seemed but a moment before the power of the assembly was exhausted and second ballot was ended, and it was known

roar from them might influence the con- that Lincoln's vote had risen from 102 given before the whisper went around, "Two hundred and thirty-one and one-

It took a moment to realize the truth. New York saw it, and the white faces of As the roar died out a voice cried, her noble delegation were bowed in despair. Abe Lincoln has it by the sound now; Greeley saw it, and a guileless smile let us ballot!" and Judge Logan, beside spread over his features as he watched himself with screeching and excitement, Thurlow Weed press his hand hard against called out: "Mr. President, in order or his wet eyelids. Illinois saw it, and tears out of order, I propose this convention poured from the eyes of more than one of and audience give three cheers for the man the overwrought, devoted men as they grasped one another's hands and vainly The balloting followed without delay, struggled against the sobs which kept The Illinois men believed they had one back their shouts. The crowd saw it, and hundred votes to start with; on counting broke out in a mad hurrah. "The scene they found they had 102. More hopeful which followed," wrote one spectator,* "baffles all human description. After an proached them. Pennsylvania's man, ac- instant's silence, as deep as death, which cording to the printed reports of that day, seemed to be required to enable the had but fifty and one half votes; Greeley's assembly to take in the full force of the man, forty-eight; Chase, forty-nine; while announcement, the wildest and mightiest McLean, Pennsylvania's second choice, yell (for it can be called by no other had but twelve. If Seward was to be name) burst forth from 10,000 voices which beaten, it must be now; and it was for we ever heard from mortal throats. This Pennsylvania to say. The delegation hur-strange and tremendous demonstration, ried to a committee-room, where Judge accompanied with leaping up and down, Pettis, disregarding the action of the tossing hats, handkerchiefs, and canes caucus by which McLean had been adopted recklessly into the air, with the waving of as the delegation's second choice, moved flags, and with every other conceivable that, on the second ballot, Pennsylvania's mode of exultant and unbridled joy, con-The tinued steadily and without pause for per-

"It then began to rise and fall in slow and under way. In a moment the name of billowing bursts, and for perhaps the next The whole five minutes these stupendous waves of Wigwam heard the answer: "Pennsylvania uncontrollable excitement, now rising into casts her fifty-two votes for Abraham Lin- the deepest and fiercest shouts, and then The meaning was clear. The sinking like the ground swell of the ocean break to Lincoln had begun. New York into hoarse and lessening murmurs, rolled sat as if stupefied, while all over the hall through the multitude. Every now and then it would seem as though the physical

^{*} Editorial in the Boston "Traveller" of May 23, 1860.

more prolonged and terrific than anything opinion that he would be nominated." before. If sheer exhaustion had not prewould have continued to this hour.

Without, the scene was repeated. lujah; Abe Lincoln is nominated!" all the steeples, broke forth. For twentythey were afire with pride and excitement.

HOW LINCOLN RECEIVED THE NEWS.

And while all this went on, where was Lincoln? Too much of a candidate, as he had told Swett, to go to Chicago, yet hardly enough of one to stay away, he had ended by remaining in Springfield, where square, went often to the telegraph office, Chicago, played occasional games of ball, you must excuse me until I inform her.' pressed, but still eager for news. One of his friends, the Hon. James C. Conkling, returned early in the day from Chicago, and Lincoln soon went around to his law office. "Upon entering," says Mr. Conkling, "Lincoln threw himself upon the the committee sent by the convention to As he lay there on the lounge, I was to drop Seward; that the outlook for the stirring chorus: him was very encouraging. He listened attentively, and thanked me, saying I had given him a clearer idea of the situation than he had been able to get from any

that quiet would be restored, when all at other source. He was not very sanguine once a new hurricane would break out, of the result. He did not express the

But he could not be quiet, and soon left vented, we don't know but the applause Mr. Conkling, to join the throng around the telegraph office, where the reports At from the convention were coming in. The the first instant of realization in the Wig- nominations were being reported, his own wam a man on the platform had shouted among the others. Then news came that to a man stationed on the roof, "Halle- the balloting had begun. He could not A endure to wait for the result. He rememcannon boomed the news to the multitude bered a commission his wife had given him below, and 20,000 throats took up the that morning, and started across the cry. The city heard it, and one hundred square to execute it. His errand was guns on the Tremont House, innumerable done, and he was standing in the door of whistles on the river and lake front, on the shop, talking, when a shout went up locomotives and factories, and the bells in from the group at the telegraph office. The next instant an excited boy came rushfour hours the clamor never ceased. It ing pell-mell down the stairs of the office, spread to the prairies, and before morning and, plunging through the crowd, ran across the square, shouting, "Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln, you are nominated!" The cry was repeated on all sides. The people came flocking about him, half laughing, half crying, shaking his hand when they got it, and one another's when they couldn't. For a few minutes, carried away by excitement, Lincoln seemed simply one of the proud and exultant crowd. Then remembering what it all he spent the week in restless waiting and meant, he said, "My friends, I am glad discussion. He drifted about the public to receive your congratulations, and as there is a little woman down on Eighth looked out for every returning visitor from Street who will be glad to hear the news, made fruitless efforts to read, went home. He slipped away, telegram in hand, his at unusual hours. He felt in his bones coat-tails flying out behind, and strode that he had a fighting chance, so he told a towards home, only to find when he reached friend, but the chance was not so strong there that his friends were before him, and that he would indulge in much exultation. that the "little woman" already knew By Friday morning he was tired and de- that the honor which for twenty years and more she had believed and stoutly declared her husband deserved, and which a great multitude of men had sworn to do their best to obtain for him, had at last come.

office lounge, and remarked rather wearily, notify him formally of his selection as the 'Well, I guess I'll go back to practising Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States; but before that time gave him such information as I had been the whole country knew of his nomination, able to obtain. I told him the tendency and the North and West were ringing with

[&]quot; Hurrah for our cause-of all causes the best! Hurrah for old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!"

^{*} Interview with Mr. Conkling for McClure's Magazine.

HERR DOLLE'S DIAMONDS.

BY HERBERT KEEN.



of studious tastes and methodical habits, of the room was open, and the contents and he and I soon became very good friends. lay scattered in a confused heap upon the But he always maintained the most abso- floor. lute reserve respecting his former avocation. He let it be understood that he had exclaimed Mrs. Nix, trembling in every retired from business, but I noticed that he usually absented himself for some hours daily, as though he still had some kind of

of town for a day or two ostensibly to attend race meetings. hobby, of which he made no secret, might have created a prejudice against most men, but in the case of Mr. Booth it was merely regarded as an amiable idiosyncrasy, for it was impossible to suspect him of the mildest dissipation. Sometimes, as he sat in his accustomed arm-chair in the smokingroom, enjoying his after-dinner cigar, and listening with quiet attention to the conversation around him, I used to wonder what the history of this innocent-looking, little, gold-spectacled, bald-headed gentleman, with the scrupulously neat and spotless attire and benevolent aspect, could have been.

Among our guests at that time was a certain Herr Victor Dolle, a Dutch gentleman, who lived in Amsterdam and came over pretty frequently to this country on business connected with his trade of a diamond cutter and polisher. He had resided at Elvira House on many previous occasions, and had gained universal esteem, for he was an amiable, good-natured giant of a man, looking more English than foreign, and speaking our language with singular fluency and correct-

One day Herr Dolle started by an early train on a flying visit to

E received one day an addi- Birmingham, and I was preparing to depart tion to our circle at Elvira to the city at the usual hour, when Mrs. House in a Mr. Booth that Nix stopped me as I passed the door of her proved a decided acquisi- office, and, in an agitated voice, requested tion. He conducted him- me to come in. I found her very pale and self with the grave decorum upset; in fact, almost hysterical. of a quiet elderly gentleman door of a large safe which stood in a corner

limb, as she closed and locked the door.

"Burglars!" I exclaimed.

"No; at least, I think not," she added, occupation; and occasionally, he went out hastily. "The safe has apparently not



"MRS. NIX STOPPED ME AS I PASSED THE DOOR."

stracted!''

I glanced round in consternation, and, as I did so, I observed upon her writingtable a bank "paying-in" book lying open, bank-notes, and gold.

"It is not money that I have lost," so much matter.'

"What is it, then?" I inquired.

Dolle on the day of his arrival. It constones. He has been in the habit of asking me to take charge of such things while staying here, to avoid carrying them about. For aught I know the contents of the have never given back the packet to Herr parcel may have been worth hundreds- Dolle?" I said, as I reluctantly abannay, thousands of pounds!" exclaimed doned the search. Mrs. Nix, distractedly.
"My dear madam," I said, soothingly,

seeing that she was beside herself with agitation, "you must keep calm and tell me how it all happened. When did you last

see the parcel?'

I took her hand as I spoke and conshe sank in a half-fainting condition.

After a brief pause, she said:

"On Tuesday, the day he arrived, Herr it?" Dolle, with my permission, placed the parcel in the corner of that second shelf. payment of several accounts, your own among others. I went to the safe just now to get my 'paying-in' book in order to send the money to the bank. Suddenly I thought of Herr Dolle's parcel, which I had almost forgotten. It has disappeared."

"I have turned everything out of the added, indignantly. safe on to the floor," she said, despair-

"Perhaps you have overlooked it.

What size was it?" I inquired.

"Oh, quite small! Not larger or much thicker than an envelope folded longways pointed to the major as the possible thief, across. You know the sort of little paper the situation became painfully compliparcel that Herr Dolle carries diamonds cated. in? It fits into his pocket-book.

I remembered having been shown, on Nix, nervously. several occasions, by Herr Dolle, little parcels of diamonds such as Mrs. Nix de- awkwardly. scribed. They had generally been done up

been tampered with. It was locked when a needlecase, but rather larger, with an I opened it just now. The key acted per- inner lining of tissue in which the gems fectly. And yet something has been ab- reposed. Obviously, a parcel of such small dimensions might easily get mislaid among other articles, and I tried to reassure Mrs. Nix by asseverating my belief that this was what had happened. Though and on top of it two or three checks, some the poor lady shook her head despondently, I at once set to work to replace in the safe, one by one, the books and docusaid Mrs. Nix, following my gaze. "If ments she had taken out of it. There it were, it would be my own, and wouldn't were two or three account-books, some miscellaneous papers, a check-book, a number of counterfoils of old checks, but, "A small parcel intrusted to me by Herr unfortunately, a careful scrutiny convinced me that Herr Dolle's packet had tained, I suppose, diamonds or precious not slipped into any unsuspected fold or insinuated itself between the leaves of a book, as I had hoped.

"I suppose you are quite sure that you

"Quite certain. I have been expecting

to be asked for it.'

"And you found the safe securely locked?" I inquired, as I tried the key. " Yes."

" Have you ever parted with the key?" "Not for a single instant. I always

ducted her to an easy-chair, into which carry my keys about with me," said Mrs.

Nix. "What does Major Nix think about

I declare that when I asked this question was not conscious of any sequence of Ι To-day being Saturday, I have received ideas in my mind; yet, as I uttered the words, I wished them unspoken, for Mrs. Nix flushed painfully, while I suddenly realized that her husband, sharing her apartment, was the only person who might have obtained access to the key without her knowledge.

"I have not mentioned the subject to "Are you sure?" I asked, incredu- anyone yet. Besides, the major was not even aware that the parcel existed," she

I felt embarrassed and confused, for I suddenly realized the true cause of the poor lady's agitation. The loss of the parcel was, of course, serious enough; but when one reflected that circumstances

"What is to be done?" inquired Mrs.

"It is a matter for the police," I said,

"No, Mr. Perkins, that is impossible," in neat packages of drab paper folded like said Mrs. Nix, confronting me with an air

"Scandal must of desperate resolution. be avoided. I cannot have the police called in. And yet the parcel must be found. What am I to say to Herr Dolle? What shall I do?"

I reflected a moment, feeling, indeed, quite at a loss what to advise in the peculiar circumstances, and then, by a sort of inspiration, I exclaimed:

who I think has had experience in these her nervous apprehensions.

matters. Will you authorize me to consult him?'

My suggestion, being totally unexpected, received a somewhat reluctant acquiescence, but I felt immensely relieved at the prospect of sharing the responsibility of advising Mrs. Nix in this delicate affair with some one whose judgment I instinctively knew could be relied upon. therefore left Mrs. Nix with strict injunctions not to breathe a word of the loss, even to her husband, at present, while I hastened to seek for Mr. Booth.

I found him smoking his morning cigar over his particular copy of the "Times," and though I burst in upon him without preface or apology, and related bluntly what had occurred, he manifested neither

surprise nor confusion at my consulting Booth, turning to the safe. him, but immediately proceeded to ask me where the parcel was placed?" pertinent questions in a brisk, matter-of-

with diamonds. If it had been money, now-" A slight shrug of the shoulders a question or two to ask you presently." significantly conveyed Mr. Booth's estirose from his seat at the conclusion of my narrative. "Let us come and look at the

safe," he added.
"I am glad you don't suspect the major, for his wife's sake," I remarked.

"He may have had an accomplice, but we needn't tell her so," he replied, as we passed out of the room.

Our hostess was, by this time, a little calmer, and as we entered her sanctum, she was hurriedly filling in, on the leaf of the paying-in" book, particulars of the money to be despatched to the bank. She received Mr. Booth with a slight access There is a gentleman here, Mr. Booth, of her habitual stateliness, which betrayed

> " My dear madam, permit me to congratulate you on your wise determination to refrain from sending for the police," he said, with unusual geniality.

> "You think it is unnecessary?" said Mrs. Nix, eagerly.

"Unnecessary and undesirable," replied Mr. Booth, rather to my astonishment. "What you want, of course, is to recover the missing property. The police, on the other hand, would care less about that than to bring some person to justiceprobably the wrong person - causing, in any case, scandal and annoyance.'

"That is what I thought," said Mrs. Nix, in a tone of heartfelt relief.

'Exactly, and you were quite right. Now, let us consider the facts of the case," added Mr.

"This is

"Yes."

"On this shelf here, as I understand "The major is too big a fool to meddle from Mr. Perkins. I won't trouble you to repeat what you told him. I shall have

He spoke in a pre-occupied manner, mate of poor Mrs. Nix's husband, as he while closing the door of the safe and manipulating the key. The latter he examined carefully, carrying it to the light and scrutinizing the wards through a small magnifying glass which he produced from his pocket.



MARTHA STAINES.

rehearsal of what took place when Herr the 'paying-in' slip, while he talked. Dolle arrived. To begin with, what were

and I was yes, I remember! I was just Mrs. Nix, smiling. "Presently he procommencing to fill in a slip with particu- duced the little parcel, and asked me to

the bank," said Mrs.

Nix. "Ah! Then that will fix the date.
May I look?" inquired Mr. Booth, taking up the "paying-in" book, which lay upon the table, and turning over the "It was leaves. on the 13th?"

"Yes.

"And I see you sent the money to the bank by a messenger or servant, said Mr. Booth, carelessly, as he laid down the book.

"How do you know that?" inquired Mrs. Nix in

surprise.

"Only because the counterfoil was initialled by the bank clerk who received the money, which is generally done when a messenger is employed," said Mr. Booth.

"Yes, I sent by Martha Staines.'

"That elderly woman with spectacles—a sort of house- up the safe directly he left?" he asked.

keeper?" inquired Mr. Booth. her! She has been with me for many years. I am sure she is quite honest,'

said Mrs. Nix, warmly.

"No, I don't suspect her, for a very good reason which I will tell you presently," answered Mr. Booth, smilingly.
"Well, you were engaged as you said
when Herr Dolle arrived? He came in here?"

recognizing his voice. He followed me my other duties."

"Now," said Mr. Booth, having appar- into this room, and stayed talking for some ently satisfied himself that the key had not moments. I resumed my seat at the desk been tampered with," let us have a little here, and presently I went on filling up

"Ah," ejaculated Mr. Booth.

"The fact is, I was very busy, and Herr "I was seated at the table as I am now, Dolle always has so much to say," said lars of the money I was about to send to allow him to put it inside the safe, which was open.'

Well?"

"I, of course, consented, and I particularly looked round at his request, and saw him place it on the shelf there," said Mrs. Nix, emphatically.

"And then?" queried Mr. Booth.

"Then he left, after talking a few minutes longer."

"What did he talk about in those few minutes?' asked Mr. Booth, quickly.

"Really, I can't remember," said Mrs. Nix, impatiently. "I'm afraid I didn't listen very attentively.'

Mr. Boothglanced at me as though our hostess's last answer possessed some significance, but I entirely failed to grasp his meaning. smiled at my perplexity, and turned again to Mrs. Nix.

"Did you lock

'Yes—at least—no; not immediately. "Yes; but surely you don't suspect I rang for Martha. When she came we checked my figures in the 'paying-in' book with the money, which we placed in a little paper bag—you know the kind!"
"One of these," said Mr. Booth, pro-

ducing from a bundle which stood in a corner of the safe a brown paper bag sup-

plied by the bank.

"Yes, and-and that's all; Martha took the bag and the 'paying-in' book to the "I went out to meet him in the hall, bank, while I shut the safe and went about



MAJOR NIX.

Herr Dolle's parcel was there?'

there.'

"But did you really see it? Could you swear that you locked it up in the safe? Because," added Mr. Booth, laughingly, "I'm prepared to wager my head against a china orange, as the saying is, that when you locked the safe the parcel wasn't there!"

"Where was it, then?" exclaimed Mrs. Nix, in bewilderment.

In Herr Dolle's pocket!"

"No!" we both exclaimed.

"I say 'yes,' and it is a fact which can didn't notice what he said. Try and re-startled at seeing us. member!"

"You—may be right, of course," murmured Mrs. Nix, evidently anxious to be convinced in spite of secret misgivings.

"Of course I'm right - eh, Perkins?" said Mr. Booth, glanc-

ing meaningly at me.

Your theory seems a little farfetched," I replied, half involuntarily.

Mrs. Nix looked distressed at my reply, and Mr. Booth darted at me a momentary glance of an-

noyance.

"What a fellow you are, Perkins!" he exclaimed, goodhumoredly, the instant after. "You refuse to allow me the credit of an intelligent deduction from bare facts! You force me to disclose the trick which I carry up my sleeve and to discount my own cleverness!

"What do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Nix, eagerly.

"Last night Herr Dolle showed me, in my own room, a parcel of diamonds precisely like the one we have been talking about," said Mr. Booth, gravely.

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Nix. "But he didn't say-" I com-

menced, rather hotly.

"He didn't say it was the identical parcel," interposed Mr.

"And now for the only really impor- Booth, quickly, "because, naturally, it tant question," said Mr. Booth, briskly, never occurred to me to ask the question; "When you shut the safe, are you sure but I'm convinced in my own mind that it was. If Perkins likes to risk a sovereign, Quite sure. I saw him place it I'll take his bet that Herr Dolle confirms my theory.'

"It would be worth a sovereign," I said, more, in truth, from obstinacy than

from conviction.

"Done, then," said Mr. Booth, cheer-

fully.

"Oh, Mr. Booth, I am so much obliged to you. You have relieved my mind of a great anxiety," exclaimed Mrs. Nix, evidently carried away by my companion's assurance. "Come in!" she added, quickly, in response to a knock at the door.

It was the old housekeeper, Martha, a be verified the moment he returns from tall, gray-haired woman in spectacles of Birmingham," he added, smiling at our such strong magnifying power that they undisguised incredulity. "Depend upon it made her dim eyes look unnaturally large. that, after placing the parcel on the shelf Nevertheless, she was obviously as blind there, he changed his mind and took it up as a bat, for she peered into the room in again. You were busy, Mrs. Nix, and a short-sighted manner and appeared



"MR. BOOTH . . . SILENTLY HELD OUT HIS HAND FOR MY SOVEREIGN."

"Beg pardon, ma'am. I only wished to ask if I am to go to the bank?" she asked me to pay in the money, as I hap-

"I shall be passing, Mrs. Nix," I interposed, desirous of making amends for any uneasiness I might have caused.

'Oh! thank you. Never mind, Martha,

to-day," said Mrs. Nix.

"H'm! Hardly a safe messenger," re- as I turned away. marked Mr. Booth, as Martha withdrew. "Honest enough, no doubt, but getting

old, and might easily be robbed."

He was strolling to the door as he spoke; I paused only while Mrs. Nix placed in a I replied, annoyed at the news on the poor paper bag the coins, notes, and checks, and then followed him into the hall, rather queerly.

"So you don't believe in my theory,

Perkins?" he laughed.

"I don't know what to believe," I re-

plied, puzzled by his manner.

see. Do you want to hedge?"

"No; it is a bet," I answered.

to the smoking-room, while I, feeling somewhat unreasonably irritated, put on annoved because Mr. Booth had seemed to suspicion against the major. suggest that I was endeavoring to foster and that my resentment was really due to vexation with myself for having involuntarily assumed an attitude calculated to my story, he quietly produced a telegram. disturb our hostess's peace of mind. As for Mr. Booth's theory, a few moments' consideration convinced me that it was possibly correct; and it could, as he had pointed out, easily be put to the test, for

passed along Oxford Street, and paid in would find him. I thought it better to the money and checks which she had in- put an end to Mrs. Nix's suspense at trusted to me. I had rendered her this small service on two or three previous there. It was in those days a small branch establishment, with a very modest staff. There was only one cashier, if I remember rightly; at all events, I was attended to by a young fellow whose face was familiar to me, though I did not know his name.

"Anything happened to the old lady who generally comes here?" he inquired, carelessly, as I handed over my charge.

"Mrs. Staines is all right. Mrs. Nix pened to be passing," I replied.

"All well at Elvira House?" he asked,

glancing through the checks.

"Yes.

"And the major?"

"Major Nix is quite well," I answered,

"I suppose you heard that he lost a good bit of money over the Leger," he remarked, lowering his voice.

"I am not in the major's confidence,"

wife's account.

"Oh! all right. Then you needn't say When we were alone, he looked at me I told you," rejoined the cashier, with a

vindictive laugh.

It seemed to me, from his tone, that the young man bore some grudge against Major Nix, and was not unwilling to do him an injury by spreading the news. I "Ah! you are beginning to waver, I resolved, therefore, not to gratify him by repeating what he had told me, but, at the same time, the information caused me Mr. Booth laughed quietly and returned some uneasiness. If Mr. Booth's theory about the missing parcel should prove delusive, here was a piece of intelligence my hat and started for my office. I was which might, of itself, suffice to arouse

I was a good deal disturbed by this dissuspicion against Major Nix, whereas covery, which had the effect of arousing nothing had been farther from my uncomfortable misgivings in my mind. thoughts. But when I came to reflect When I returned to Elvira House in the upon what had passed, I realized that I evening, I told Mr. Booth in confidence had no cause of complaint against him, what I had learnt. To my surprise, however, he seemed already aware of Major Nix's misfortune, and, after listening to

> "From Herr Dolle," he remarked, as he placed it triumphantly in my hands.

"Did you send him a message, then?"

I asked.

"Yes. Fortunately, Mrs. Nix remem-Herr Dolle was due back the same even- bered the name and address of his agents in Hatton Garden. From them I ascer-I called in at Mrs. Nix's bank as I tained where a telegram to Birmingham once," he added.

Herr Dolle's reply, despatched from occasions, and was known to the clerks Birmingham, was in these words: "Wire received. Parcel in my possession. Explain to-night."

"Have you told Mrs. Nix?" I in-

quired, eagerly.

"Yes. She is delighted, of course. "By the way," he added, carelessly, "Mrs. Nix doesn't wish her husband to know anything about it. Between ourselves she evidently doesn't trust him, and know that her safe occasionally contains me and returned to his chair. valuables.'

"Well, it appears I owe you a sovereign," I replied, producing my purse.

Herr Dolle's own lips. His train arrives and silently held out his hand for my sovat eight o'clock," said Mr. Booth, laughingly.

my obligation, but my friend was good- and indifferent about his recent losses,

humoredly obstinate, and it was not until later in the evening, after Herr Dolle's return, that he consented to receive it. When I adjourned to the smoking-room, after spending an hour or two in the drawing-room after dinner, I found Herr Dolle smoking stolidly in his usual corner by the fireplace, and at my entrance he rose and drew me aside.

"My friend," he said, in his slow, guttural accents, 'vou have lost your bet."

"So I understand," I replied.

"Mrs. Nix is a very stupid lady. It comes of doing two things at once. If she had listened to what I said, she would have saved herself much anxiety. I said to her, 'On second

to do business to day with my little par- his own wares." cel; and she replied 'Yes,' like that. How was I to know that she did not like another. Given two stones of the hear?"

"It was her own fault, of course," I remarked.

"I am sorry, but I should have been sorrier still if the parcel had been lost,' he remarked.

"Were the contents valuable?" I inquired.

"Very valuable. I should have been a

quite right too. She prefers he shouldn't nodding his head emphatically as he left

An animated discussion was going on in the room, and our little colloquy excited no attention, except from Mr. Booth, who Better wait and learn the truth from glanced at me with a self-satisfied smile, ereign, which I immediately produced. The major, who was in great form that I demurred to this delay in discharging evening, and was apparently quite cheerful

> caught sight of this little episode, and exclaimed:

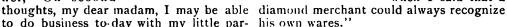
> " Hullo! Perkins is paying up! What is it? A bet?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Booth, quietly pocketing the coin. ' A bet which Herr Dolle has decided in my favor.'

"Eh? What was it? Tell us about it, Dolle," cried the major, who was quite in his element.

Herr Dolle looked a little disconcerted at being appealed to, for he turned red and glanced covertly at Mr. Booth. No doubt, he had, like myself, been warned not to reveal our secret to the major. and felt at a loss how to reply. But Mr. Booth relieved his embarrassment and my own by saying, promptly:

Perkinsdoubted when I said that a



"Hang it all, one diamond is very same size and quality, and how the deuce could even an expert tell the difference? shouted the major, in an argumentative

"You don't often come across two stones which are exact counterparts, said Mr. Booth, glancing at the Dutchman.

"What I say is this," said Herr Dolle, fool for my pains, Ja!" said Herr Dolle, slowly, "that I could always recognize



"HERR DOLLE, PICKING OUT THE DIAMONDS . AMINED THEM BENEATH THE GAS-LAMP,"

sible!" cried the major in his holsy way.
"Now, I'll tell you fellows what happened neck.
"May I look?" he grunted, after a

I forget now the details of the story, pause. but though it led to a long argument, it the point. I thought he looked worried got up, observing with a prodigious yawn that he was tired after his journey, and retired from the room. But Mr. Booth defended his own assertion with great pertinacity, and incidentally displayed an intimate acquaintance with traffic in precious stones, which he explained by saying that he had once visited Kimberley, where he had been initiated into most of the mysteries of the trade.

Looking back, I think I always had a sort of suspicion at the back of my head that we had not heard the last of Herr Dolle's parcel. But it is easy, from after honestly, I cannot recall to mind anything that happened for some days to make me Herr Dolle and Mr. Booth. At all events, I must own to having been considerably startled by an incident which occurred that gentleman. about a week later.

major, and I, after the other guests had departed. It was pretty late, and Herr nervously twisting the ends of his mous- you there, if you like." tache for some moments, suddenly ex- "Thanks," exclaimed the major, hurclaimed:

"I say, Dolle, you buy diamonds, don't you?'

"Eh?" exclaimed Herr Dolle, turning round with a startled look.

"A friend of mine owes me some money, but, like me, he is hard up," explained the major, reddening at the evident surmother died recently and left him some jewelry, including a diamond necklace. He has taken out the stones, and wishes to dispose of them.'

ton wool. Carefully wrapped inside this see it's a family matter.'

stones which had been cut and polished were a dozen or more good-sized diamonds by myself."

of extraordinary whiteness and brilliancy.

"Well, I shouldn't have believed it posHerr Dolle stared at the stones in amaze-

Major Nix yielded up his treasure with failed to convince Herr Dolle, who, in- increasing confusion, and Herr Dolle, pickdeed, was evidently disinclined to discuss ing out the diamonds one by one from their woolly bed, ranged them in rows on and depressed, and shortly aferwards he his broad palm, and examined them beneath the gas-lamp. Though he said nothing, I could see plainly that he was considerably startled and taken aback, and I noticed that Mr. Booth was vigilant and alert.

> "I suppose they are real stones?" said Major Nix, apparently struck by the Dutchman's manner.

> "Yes, they are real stones, but I shall not buy these. No!" said Herr Dolle, replacing the diamonds in the bag with stolid deliberation.

"Why not?" inquired the major.

"Because Herr Dolle prefers selling to knowledge of events, to claim credit for buying, eh, Herr?" interposed Mr. Booth, preternatural acuteness, and to speak quite briskly. "Besides, he is leaving England to-morrow."

'Yes. I am leaving England to-morsuspect a private understanding between row," said Herr Dolle, rather sulkily, as he handed over the bag to Mr. Booth in obedience to a peremptory gesture from

"My friend can't wait-or rather, I We were alone one evening in the smok- can't," said Major Nix, with an uneasy ing-room, Herr Dolle, Mr. Booth, the laugh. "I suppose you can recommend me to some one in your line of business?"

"I can," said Mr. Booth, before the Dolle had just risen to knock the ashes Dutchman could reply. "My friend Mr. out of his last pipe when the major, who Klenck of 187 Hatton Garden will treat had been fidgeting about in his chair and you fairly on my introduction. I'll meet

> riedly making a note of the name and address on his shirt-cuff. "Shall we say to-morrow?

> "Any time that will suit your friend," said Mr. Booth, cheerfully.

> "Eh? Oh! He won't want to come. He trusts me," returned the major.

"Mr. Klenck would not deal with an prise which his inquiry had caused. "His agent in a case like this. Besides, it would be better for your own sake that he should be present. By the bye, what is your friend's name?" inquired Mr. Booth, carelessly.

"I don't think I ought to say," replied While speaking, Major Nix lugged out Major Nix, pulling at his moustache, and of his trouser-pocket a little leather bag, looking embarrassed. "He particularly from which he extracted a quantity of cot-doesn't want his name to appear. You

up or there will be no business done.'

With this arrangement the discussion turn of events, and he resumed his habitual stolidity. We all left the apartment together, but on the landing outside my room, where Mr. Booth and I found ourselves alone, I unburdened my mind by whispering, eagerly:

"Those were Herr Dolle's diamonds,

of course!"

"Yes," said Booth, quietly.

"How did the major come by them?"

I inquired.

"We shall know to-morrow," said Mr. Booth, smiling at my excitement. "Would you like to meet us at Mr. Klenck's, and see what happens?'

Yes," I replied.

"Very well. No. 187 Hatton Garden, third floor back, at five o'clock," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone, as he passed on towards his room.

"One moment, Mr. Booth," I exclaimed, unable to restrain my curiosity. them?"

"I can't say anything till to-morrow,"

he replied, gravely.

With which he nodded "good-night" to me, and abruptly entered his room; and here I may remark that I learnt from subsequent experience that my friend always had a weakness for creating dramatic effects. I frequently accused him of this peculiar form of vanity, and though he defended himself by enlarging upon the danger of premature confidences in matters involving important issues, I am still of opinion that Mr. Booth carried this irritating reticence to undue limits from that Mr. Booth was occupied with his motives of self-glorification.

"I see," said Mr. Booth, dryly, as he at the worst, though on the present occaquietly put the little bag in his pocket. sion it annoyed me exceedingly, for I was I'm not going to let you make a fool of completely mystified by this extraordinary yourself, major. Your friend must turn development. On the one hand, all the circumstances of the case pointed to Major Mr. Booth's words, and especially the Nix as the probable thief, even to the significant action which accompanied them, stolen diamonds being actually in his posthrew the major in a great state of excite-session; on the other, it was impossible to ment and perturbation, and he indignantly believe he could be guilty when he had protested that his friend's integrity was openly offered them for sale in his own beyond suspicion. But, unable to resist house to the lawful owner. It was true the logical retort, he at length sullenly gave that the story of the loss had been hushed way, and, though he still refused to men- up, and the major might have been dense tion the name of his principal, he consented enough not to suspect that the stones beto bring him to Mr. Klenck's office at five longed to Herr Dolle; but even assuming o'clock in the afternoon of the following this, his conduct had either been that of an innocent man or a lunatic.

Next morning Mr. Booth's reserve was ended, and I remarked that Herr Dolle, more impenetrable than ever; and I did whose demeanor had at one time been not see Herr Dolle, who had left the house rather mysterious, seemed relieved at the before I came down. I had, therefore, no alternative but to control my impatience as best I could till the evening, when, punctually at the hour named, I presented myself at No. 187 Hatton Garden.

It was a dingy building, in which there were several sets of chambers, and after lingering for a few moments outside, waiting for Mr. Booth, it occurred to me that he might have entered, and I therefore ascended the stairs to Mr. Klenck's office. On reaching the third floor I opened a door which bore his name, my action being signalled by the sharp ring of a bell which answered to the turning of the handle. I found myself in a little square vestibule, partitioned off with glazed panelling, in which was a sliding window marked "Inquiries."

"Yes?" questioned a voice from the other side.

"Is Mr. Booth here?" I inquired.

The response was a "click" at my "You don't believe the major stole elbow, which revealed the opening of an inner door, through which I passed into a good-sized room. Here, seated at a table, busily engaged in writing, was my friend Booth, who saluted me with a cool nod and a silent intimation to close the door through which I had entered.

"Where is Mr. Klenck?" I inquired,

perceiving that we were alone.

'He has been good enough to let me have the use of his office for half an hour. Mr. Klenck is Herr Dolle's agent," he added, without looking up from his writ-

This was a revelation to me, but seeing pen, I forebore to ask questions, and seated However, it was a harmless eccentricity myself on a vacant chair opposite to him.

I gazed around me with curiosity, and observed that the only furniture consisted of a couple of small tables covered with blue cloth and surrounded on three sides by a low wooden barrier, evidently debeing brushed off; a few chairs, and an enormous safe. I noticed also two sets of scales of fragile and delicate mechanism, with miniature weights, screened by a glass covering; some copper or metal scoops of various small sizes; some pairs of tweezers, and a jeweller's magnifying

"Here they are," said Mr. Booth, suddenly, at the sound of footsteps on the landing outside. "Come in," he added, as the bell rang.

"Is Mr. Klenck in?" inquired the

major's voice.

With a sly look at me, Mr. Booth jerked the handle of a small lever attached to the Nix entered through the inner door, followed by a taller and younger man. quickly, and, passing behind them, pushed shrug of his shoulders. to the inner door, which fastened with a

"Well, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, briskly, as he returned to the table.

"Hullo! What are you doing here?" exclaimed the major, recognizing me with a start.

Noticing a similar movement of surprise on the part of his companion, I looked at the latter attentively, and, though he had evidently taken pains to disguise himself by muffling the lower part of his face in a comforter and keeping on his hat, which was pulled down over his brow, I perceived that it was the young cashier from Mrs. Nix's bank.

"You have a cold, sir?" remarked Mr. Booth, sarcastically, regarding the young "You wouldn't otherwise keep your hat on in a gentleman's office.

The person addressed muttered some unintelligible reply, while the major, who seemed suddenly to become vaguely conscious of something being amiss, inquired anxiously:

"Where is Mr. Klenck?"

"He has authorized me to transact this little business," said Mr. Booth.

"Well, this is my friend, and you've got the diamonds," said the major, sulkily.

"No, Herr Dolle has got the diamonds, because they were his property, and at the present moment they are in Amsterdam, said Mr. Booth, quietly.

"This is a trap!" cried the young man furiously, making a sudden movement towards the door, while the major dropped into a chair, open-mouthed.

"The door is locked," said Mr. Booth, signed to prevent small articles from indicating the lever by his side, "and no one can leave without my permission."

"Who are you? What's your name?" exclaimed the young man, excitedly.

"What does it all mean?" gasped Major

Mr. Booth seemed grimly amused at the consternation of his visitors, and for answer he commenced to read aloud from the document he held in his hand.

"This is the confession of Charles Mortland Morton, a clerk in the Oxford Street Branch of the Middlesex Bank."

'It's a lie! I—I only came here to oblige him," cried the young man, pointing to the major with a trembling hand.

'You mean that he stole the diadesk at which he was sitting, and Major monds?" said Mr. Booth, looking up innocently.

"How do I know how he came by Directly they appeared, Mr. Booth rose them?" exclaimed the young man, with a

"This is just as I expected," said Mr. Booth, glancing at me. "Keep quiet and listen," he added, sharply, to the major, who had risen furiously from his chair.

"On the 13th inst.." he went on, reading



"HERE, SEATED AT A TABLE, . . . WAS MY FRIEND BOOTH."



" HULLO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? EXCLAIMED THE MAJOR."

from the document before him, "Mrs. reasons-to keep it quiet," replied Mr. Nix's housekeeper came to the bank, bringing some gold, notes, and checks in a paper bag, which she handed to me over the counter.

"How do you know it was I?" inter-

rupted the clerk, defiantly.

Because the counterfoil of the 'paying-in' book bears your initials," replied Mr. Booth, quietly.

"Oh!" exclaimed the clerk, manifestly

taken aback.

Inside the bag which she handed to me I found, in addition to the items mentioned in without exciting suspicion," read Mr. Booth, the 'paying-in' book, a small paper parcel which had evidently slipped in by mistake,' resumed Mr. Booth, reading from his wrong I could deny all knowledge of them, manuscript.

oath.

"I questioned the old woman quietly," said Mr. Booth, disregarding the interruption and addressing me, "and found out ing the young man, who winced at my how it happened. She has no suspicion words. to this moment, but I elicited from her dentally took up Herr Dolle's little parcel, clusion. unobserved by her mistress.'

"No; I persuaded him—for various

Booth, smiling at me.

"When I found the parcel contained dia-monds," he proceeded, reverting to the written statement, "I kept the discovery to myself, and, hearing nothing further of the matter, I determined to appropriate them. I owed money, to Major Nix among others, for gambling debts, and I was hard pressed."

"He was pressing me," interposed the

young man, half involuntarily.

"My difficulty was how to get rid of them calmly. "And at length I decided to employ Major Nix, thinking that if anything went and that the circumstances of the case would "I deny it!" cried the clerk, with an bring suspicion on him."
th.
"Which was the reason why you were

careful to tell me he was in money difficul-

"I therefore told him a cock-and-bull story, that, at Mrs. Nix's request, she fetched which he, like a fool, believed, and-bigger from the safe a small pile of gold and notes fool still—he undertook the business, in the which she put into the bag. Among them, hope of getting paid what I owed him. That being near-sighted, she no doubt acci- is the whole," added Mr. Booth, in con-

"You expect me to sign that paper, I "I never knew Dolle had lost any-suppose," sneered the young man, though thing," interposed the major, hotly. he was evidently cowed and overawed.

"No, I expect to have to hand you

over to the police. I give you the chance, that's all," said Mr. Booth, laying down the document on the desk and rising from his chair.

"What if I sign it?" inquired the other,

with sudden eagerness.

"Herr Dolle has left himself in my hands," replied Mr. Booth, meaningly. "He will return to prosecute if necessary; otherwise, you will be free to go. The ployers. They ought to be told.

"They've found out more than enough already, and I'm sacked. What does it Booth.

"The door is open," said the latter, by an intelligent jury."

quietly, as he jerked the lever.

"What use are you going to make of mured Major Nix, in a subdued tone. the paper?" inquired the young man,

"None, upon my honor," said Mr. Booth, folding it up and putting it in his pocket; "unless, indeed, I hear of your making any more libellous statements about Major Nix.'

"I couldn't make the major out a young man, with a bitter laugh; and with this parting shot he hurried from the room, and slammed the door after him.

"Hi! Stop!" cried Major Nix, starting up with a great show of virtuous indignation.

"Nonsense, Major," said Mr. Booth, severely. "Let the poor lad go. You've helped to bring him to this, you know."

"I!" protested the major, though he looked sheepish beneath Mr. Booth's

steady regard.

"Oh, he is a bad lot—I know all about only difficulty I feel is about your em- him. I don't mean to say that you've led him astray. But you've betted with himyou, a man of nearly twice his age! And let me tell you, my friend, that you were matter what I sign! Here, give me the in a very tight place, though you little suspen," he added, with a transparently pected it," he added, impressively. "But assumed air of desperation, and, taking a for my interference you would probably hasty stride to the table, he dashed off his have found yourself in the dock over this signature and handed the document to Mr. business, with every chance of hearing a verdict of 'guilty' returned against you

"I'm awfully obliged, I'm sure," mur-

"What I did was for your wife's sake, evidently seized with a sudden apprehen- and not for yours," replied Mr. Booth, a little contemptuously. "I'm not sanguine enough to hope that this affair will be a warning to you, but it ought. Per-kins," he said, turning to me to hide a smile which was evoked by the major's ludicrous affectation of injured innocence, "would you mind putting out that gas? I greater blackleg than he is," said the promised Mr. Klenck that I would lock the office up and hand the key to the housekeeper. We must get back or we shall be late for dinner.'

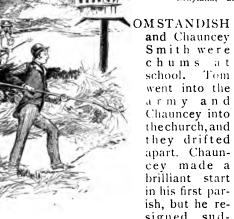


TWO MODERN PRODIGALS.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

By James F. McKay,

Author of "A Leap in the Dark," "Stella Grayland," and other stories.



was a certain Emily Varick.

Miss Varick was a young person of ideas; and when Chauncey expressed his great regard for her, she repulsed him with some scornful remarks about carpet knights and the need there was for men and women to do noble deeds before saying fine words.

could get nothing from him about Tom. He did not succeed there, nor get on well straight back home to the old farm among the eastern hills. He left his baggage at the station, and walked home across lots, touched by every familiar stone and tree. It was having-time, and he saw his father at the other end of a mown field. He took a stray fork and began heaping up the windrows, finding it pleasant that he could beat the man on the next row. The old was, and Chauncev kept his head down ness in his eyes.

"This is honest work," he said. and Chauncey guess this is what I was made for."

The old folks were glad and sorry, but chums at saw he was not to be questioned. He school. Tom worked away and made it pleasant for went into the them all that summer and fall, but he did army and not find it satisfying. In the middle of Chauncey into November he got a letter from Frank thechurch, and Standish which he showed to his mother, they drifted and he told her the story in a few words.

"I have just heard you are out of the cey made a woods," the captain wrote. "I know brilliant start just the spot for you. Maberly is going in his first par- to take a professorship, and they want a ish, but he re- parson up at Standish. They pay pretty signed sud- well, and you're just the man. There's denly, and wandered about, then went out work enough to satisfy you and the kind as missionary to the Oregons. Few knew of work you ought to be at. I've spoken that the cause of his going off the track about you, and they want to see you. Come up and preach for them at Thanksgiving. We'll all be at home this year, and will make it pleasant for you. Did you know I had been getting engaged? She'll be there—come and see her. We'll depend on you."

The old folks talked it over that night, and they urged him to go, though they Out West he met Frank Standish, but would miss him sadly. So he set to work on a Thanksgiving sermon. He threw it away several times and went to work out with the other missionaries. Finally, he of doors again. But he saw it vexed the gave it up at short notice, and went old people; they had expected great things of him. Everybody had, in fact; he had been a brilliant fellow at college, class poet and a forcible speaker. In the end, he finished his sermon and started for Standish, intending to stop over one train in the city on some business of his father's.

On the train he remembered that Dan Field lived at Preston on this road, and he looked out for him. Sure enough he saw man presently came down to see who it him getting on the train. They sat together the rest of the way, and Chauncey and made the hay fly till his father stood found his friend's strong, laughing talk close beside him. Then he dropped the very pleasant to hear again. He told him fork and threw his arms across the bent where he was going, and they talked over shoulders, laughing with a sudden dim- the Standishes, Nelly's marriage to Colonel Haven, Parry's narrow escape from

Field stopped laughing.

went to the bad. He got to be a lieutencourt-martialed and dismissed from the army in disgrace. Scott Jervis ran across him in New Orleans in a shirt and trousers and close down to the husks. Scott bought him a ticket and sent him home; and when he got to Standish they turned they shut the door in his face."

Chauncey made little reply to this, except by the expression on his face. Tom Standish had been the gentlest, nicest boy

if he knew where Tom was.

'Yes, I think he's about town. I used to get a glimpse of him, but he keeps on the shady side, and I haven't seen him in a long time. I hear about him occasionally, though, through a client of mine who

keeps a place on the east side.'

They talked about some other things, but Chauncey was absent and forgetful, and after a while asked Field for his client's address. Field wrote a few words plied, "is that I think you've had enough on a card, and gave it to him. Just as of this, and I want you to come out of it.' they were shaking hands in the hubbub of the streets, Field said, "Remember me to Frank Standish; I suppose he told you he is going to marry Emily Varick.

A wave of the hand, and then he was gone. Chauncey drifted on with the hu-When he remembered his man tide. father's business, it was too late for that day. He found he was tired out, and took a room at a cheap hotel near by. threw himself on the bed, and lay there

several hours without moving.

it congenial with his humor. He saw, on at it and him; then said:

when he comes.'

he forgot that he had not eaten anything

the Arctic, and the rest. Chauncey asked since early morning. He sat down aside, Field if he knew anything about Tom and where he could watch the door. Presently why Frank would not speak of him. Then a man came in and stood speaking to some one near the entrance. Chauncey sat "No, they don't talk about Tom. Tom looking at him in a kind of a dream, in which the brilliant lights, the swinging ant, and was out in New Mexico, acting doors, the coming and going, the loud talk captain and commissary of the post. He of flashy, sharp-faced men, swam in a shiftgot into some scrape; there was a shortage ing scene. Something made him turn, and in his accounts or something, and he was the keeper of the place caught his eye, and motioned with his thumb toward the door. He got up and met the new-comer half He was shabby and unkempt way. enough; but Chauncey was glad he was not like most of the people in the place, who were not shabby at least. He had to him out. He had dishonored them, and stare sharply to find the Standish look in the dull face, though, to tell the truth, Tom had always been a trifle dull.

"Well, Tom, I suppose you don't re-

member me," he said.

he knew; and he did not know how to "Yes," he answered, without brighten-make this story fit. Finally he asked Field ing, "I know you; you're Chauncey Smith."

> Chauncey had not the slightest idea what he was going to do with him, but he said decidedly:

> "Tom, come along with me. I want to talk to you."

Tom looked dogged as well as dull.

"I don't want to go with you. want to talk, we can do it here."

"All I've got to say," Chauncey re-

Tom simply refused, and Chauncey responded:

"Well, if you won't come with me, I'll go with you. I don't care much which.'

There was a certain hardness and recklessness in Chauncey's manner that worked through to Tom's dulled perception and affected him more than any appeal would have done; and finding that he could not He shake Chauncey off, he finally asked what he wanted of him, and let him take him away. Chauncey did not talk, but took him Finally he got up and went out into the under his arm and walked him along with streets again. It was night now, and he an impatient, almost fierce imperiousness wandered into a riotous quarter, finding that wielded the sway of natural right over Tom's milder spirit. He went into a a lamp, the name of the street Field had clothing-store, pencilled on a scrap of written for him, looked up the number, and wrapping-paper for the man to take Tom's went in. He gave Field's card to the pro- measure in his eve, and pointed out what prietor of the place; and the man looked he wanted. His pocket-book was not very stout when he went in, and was lean when "I expect the man you want will be in he came out, but he didn't care. He here before long. I'll give you a hint fetched the bundle away under one arm and Tom under the other. He went into A faintness had crept upon Chauncey; some baths behind a barber shop, saying:

"Tom, I've been travelling all day and

engine-smoke. Let's have a wash-up.'

He turned on the water for Tom, threw down the bundle, and told him to put on the things, shut him in, and went into the now his whole manner and speech were next place himself. He was waiting when Tom came out, and he told the barbers to do their worst by them both. Then he ous world. He had chaffed and laughed saw in a glass that Tom looked something harshly with the bath-keeper and the hotel like a Standish again. He brought him clerk. Tom was shaken and stung by his away, and took him up to his room, stopping at the office to write T. J. Standish on the register. Then he sat down oppo- little soap and water can clean up a man



"HE HAD TO STARE SHARPLY TO FIND THE STANDISH LOOK IN THE DULL FACE."

site to Tom, and forgot all about him for a Chauncey's unbridled reproaches broke good while, though he seemed to be staring at him all the time.

By and by this roused a certain resentment in Tom, and he spoke up angrily:

"Now, I'd like to know what you mean

himself slowly to a remembrance of the situation. Then he said, with a deliberateness that showed the fiery temper behind it:

"Say that over again slow."

unnatural, something almost furious, be- that cursed hole. But they needn't have

feel principally composed of cinders and hind Chauncey's words and manner, that made Tom passive in his hands. There had never been anything coarse about the Chauncey Smith that Tom had known, and rough. His talk had suddenly caught the flavor of the street, of the untamed, riotscornful expression.

"Do you suppose," he asked, "that a

who has been down in the mud

for years?"

"No, I don't," Chauncey retorted. "I'll tell you what I suppose; I suppose any man is liable to slip and get down under foot and even roll into the gutter. But I didn't suppose until now that a man who had been brought up on soap and water would like mud well enough to be still and wallow in it until somebody came and pulled him out by the neck. I supposed that any one out of his teens must know that every man has his own way to make in this world, without much help from anybody else, and that any man who lies down in the street and whines for somebody to pick him up and push him along the straight road is a miserable fraud and failure,"

He said more of the same sort, said it harshly and hotly, and with the emphasis of strong language. His words were harder than those Tom had met when he went home, but there was an underlying difference that Tom felt rather than saw. The few words he had met at home sent him away hard and desperate;

him to pieces, doubled him up, and set him sobbing like a whipped child.

Chauncey kept still then, and did not interfere. But when Tom looked up, at length, he saw Chauncev bent forward, looking at him with his face between his Chauncey straightened up, and woke hands. And from the face between his hands looked out a haggard misery.

"I am a failure," Tom complained,-"I ought to know. And I'm a fraud, too. I suppose you've heard of it, like everybody else. I lost the money playing It was the perception of this something cards; there wasn't anything else to do in swered it. Frank is no saint himself, as train. I know. He said I had disgraced them, and they disowned me forever. I said I if it hadn't been for Kate.'

Chauncey still looked at him from between his hands.

"Don't mind me, Tom," he said; "I wasn't preaching at you so much as at myself. It's I that am the failure. I got turned out, too, and I haven't stood up against it any better than you. I've been racing and raving about the country for a won't go unless you do.' couple of years, and haven't done a decent thing. And I'm the worst kind of a fraud. going; and Chauncey replied, then they I'm on my way now to preach at Thanksgiving and tell the people all the things was going to do with Tom or with himself. myself. See here, Tom; I've got it in my pocket, all written out Oh, it's beautithe rest. And I don't care, to-night, if chaos comes again; I know the world is and Tom took no notice and did not know full of griefs too bitter for tears and wounds too deep to bleed. We're down good for us to call names.

And so these two confessed poor sinners humbled and bemoaned themselves far into the night, and crept sick-hearted into bed as the dawn began to come in there as joyous boys; and they took the made. freak of going about to some of the same be supposed.

had not named his destination, but had in- the old times. He used to be quite natty,

been so hard on me when I went home. timated that he was due farther north the It was Frank and Nelly that were the night previous; and now it was the day worst. Nelly said she'd rather have heard before Thanksgiving. He had not gone that I was dead, and Frank put me out. into any particulars, but it had been borne The old man was awfully cut up, but I in upon Tom that here was a keener spirit think I could have made it up with him if than his own, quite as likely as not to go I had seen him alone. And I know Kate to pieces in the strait it was in. Chauncey was sorry; but she wasn't home. I've got left the lead to him all day, and in the the letter here that she wrote me; I've evening Tom told Chauncey it was time read it a hundred times, but I never an- to go and get his things to take the night

So Chauncey went along with him, paid his bill, and they went up together to the would disgrace them then, and I guess I northern train. Chauncey went to the have. But I might have done worse yet ticket-office, and when he came back Tom held out his hand.

"I won't forget this," he said, his voice turning thick as he spoke. "You're the first one that hasn't despised me; you've done me a good turn. I'm going to do better."

Chauncey did not take his hand.

"I've got your ticket," he said.

Tom said there was no reason for his wouldn't go. He did not know what he we've got to be thankful for, and there isn't Quite probably he perceived vaguely that a thing in the world that I'm thankful for throwing the lead on Tom had a good effect; and he persisted in it, half recklessly, half purposely. That was characful! It shows you what great gains we've teristic of his doubting and subtilizing made, what blood and tears our liberty intellect. Tom argued, hesitated, then has cost, what noble characters and fami-went with him as the gates were about to lies generations of brave living have bred close. They arrived between three and (like the Standishes, for example), and all four in the morning, and went to the nearest hotel. Chauncey had kept the tickets, where they were to.

On the previous morning Chauncey in the ditch together, and it won't do any Smith had naturally been the subject of talk at the breakfast table in the Standish mansion. He had been expected the preceding night. Emily Varick was there. She had been a school friend of Kate's, and in that way became acquainted with Kate's from the sea. The city was all bustle and brother, Captain Frank, whom she admired sunshine when they rose from their unre- as one of the doers of heroic things and freshing sleep. They went down and ate a handsome, courtly fellow personally. breakfast together, then wandered aim- Frank was led to speak of his acquaintance lessly about the town. It brought back with Chauncey in the far West and the the memory of a holiday they had spent rather singular kind of missionary he

"I used to think he was cut out for a sights and shows, laughing as loudly as soldier or trapper. He was a great rider then, but with a different humor, as may and a splendid shot, and I don't think that he has any such thing as fear in his So the day passed, and Chauncey showed composition. I used to wonder at him; no sign of proceeding on his journey. He we never thought of him in that way in



"HE LAY AND GUARDED THAT PATH WITH A REPEATING RIFLE, AND DROPPED EVERY REDSKIN THAT SHOWED HIMSELF."

ans were as much afraid of as Parson place.' Smith. I saw him knock down one of the would go, because it seemed sure death, supposed. and it would have been sure death to any showed himself, till he beat them off and church door. Then Tom said: gained time for the troops to come up. Yet he didn't seem to take much pleasure you. Maybe I'll come in by and by.' in anything; he was waspish in his temper and a kind of rough in his talk and dress. aisle and the pulpit stairs. The sexton

and his strong point was his head. There I used to think something had happened wasn't any white man out there the Indi- to him, but most likely he was only out of

They did not know that Emily Varick biggest braves, one day, with his naked knew Chauncey Smith, and she said nothhand. And when the Shanahan family ing; but there was no more interested were cut off by the hostiles, nobody else hearer of this account of him, as may be

Chauncey and Tom came out of the one else. Smith lodged the women in a hotel as the bell of the old church was sort of chamber which he beat down in the ringing on Thanksgiving morning. Tom middle of a thicket, where there was only then first discovered that he was in the a path for one to come in at a time; and familiar old place, and it staggered him a he lay and guarded that path with a repeat- good deal. They strolled along, looking ing rifle, and dropped every redskin that about them silently, and came to the

"I won't go in now, but I'll wait for

dream drifted on. Through it presently bitterness of feeding with the swine and to

organ music rose and rolled; an anthem of many voices filled the house; the tones of prayer and scripture followed from the old gray-head beside him. And then he became aware that the people were waiting for him to speak.

The sermon he had prepared was in his pocket, and he took it out mechanically, but did not open it; all that fact and logic was simply impossible. The phrase came into his mind, "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." And he began in a low voice that never became loud, but grew more and more distinct as it took hold of the people, and hushed them by its suppressed passion and conviction.

He alluded to the obvious causes for thankfulness, the undeniable gains of progress, our precious freedom and the great debt to the dead who wrought it out for us, and the honorand emulation we rightly show to those who personally represent their noble tradi-

tions of character and courage. by any show of pride or state. He said that, after all, the individual life was the in ours a man's life was a march from is full of sorrow and sin, that the strength to nothing if they did not result in making both their faces, and neither of them

came and asked him if he was Mr. Smith, men the more to do justice and love saying they had given him up and an old mercy and truth, and that perhaps jusresident minister was expected to preach. tice between man and man, when all was Chauncey told him to send the old gentle- considered, was not far removed from the man up; and he presently came, shook charity that is not puffed up but suffers hands, and asked if he should conduct the long and forgives as it hopes to be foropening services, and Chauncey said he given; that the mother who watches heartshould like it. Then he saw the people sick, night after night, and hopes against gathering as in a dream. He saw the Stand- hope, for the return of the prodigal to his ishes come down the aisle, each glancing right mind, reproaching him only by her up at him, and among them one who took wan face and tireless solicitude, does as his thoughts away from all the rest. The much as another to bring him to feel the



"I AM NOT GOING TO MARRY CAPTAIN STANDISH."

He said save his soul and her own. And he closed that those who could uphold the heritage with the quotation: "I say unto you, that of honored names prospered only by the joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that tenure of continued noble living, and not repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

The service drew to an end, and the one essential thing, to which all the rest congregation dispersed. The Standishes was but accessory; that in Job's day as waited while the old minister spoke with Chauncey; and when they came down mystery to mystery, that still the earth from the pulpit together, Captain Frank went forward to meet them. Kate Standof the strongest is a breaking staff and ish stood by her father in the aisle, tall, the knowledge of the wisest but to see and strikingly like the gray-haired admiral the vastness of the unknown. He said with his straight and gracious dignity; and that all inventions and institutions came now there was a certain wistful regret in spoke. The place grew empty while they waited for Frank to come with Chauncey, a show of courtly bearing gave her the and Frank's sister, Mrs. Haven, chatted night to consider, and said he would take with Miss Varick in an undertone. Kate's her answer in the morning as an intimation attention was attracted to a young man near the east door, partly hidden by a pillar against which he leaned, with his back toward them. Presently she moved slowly down the aisle, keeping her eyes upon the Frank sent her a ceremonious note, askstranger. She came quite near him by ing if she desired his escort into town; and degrees, then stood still regarding him she returned a more simple reply, to the until he turned his face, as if by a painful effort, without looking up. She went for- not go with him that day. He read it and ward, came full in front of him; and then turned away, and ordered himself to be he raised his eyes and smiled faintly.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried, and threw her arms about his neck.

door, and Frank joined the family and came down the aisle with them. Astonished at Kate, they came near and found her sobbing on Tom's neck. Frank took hold of her arm and spoke sternly, commanding her to come away; but Tom this morning had gone down to him with straightened up then, put his arm about her, and faced the tall captain.

Stand off," he said. "She is my sister as much as yours.'

Frank had assumed a good deal of power in the family of late years, and his father had given way to him. But days like this always brought the old admiral bitter longings for his lost boy, which the to him then, and said: words he had just heard had not made less; and he interposed now with a tremulous authority not to be gainsaid.

is my son; and if he has come back penitent, he shall not be turned away.'

And Tom was penitent enough, and went home to his father's house, where all but Frank and Mrs. Haven received him with varying degrees of cordiality. Frank did not come to dinner at all, but had an interview with his father alone afterward, and then went and talked with Miss Varick. He told her how much he regretted this that his father had been wrought upon by the impertinent personalities of that felthat it was, of course, very painful to him, but it was his duty as the future head of the family to protest in its honor by leavher visit, but as his future wife, she would, of course, wish to leave with him, and he would accompany her to the city in the morning. To his surprise, Miss Varick dissented from these views and arrangements.

The captain, who was very angry, under that she did or did not wish to continue their present relation.

Emily Varick did not sleep much that night. Early in the morning, Captain effect that she was very sorry, but could driven to the train alone.

Emily went into Kate's room and talked it over with her, both being much con-Chauncey had slipped out at the rear cerned, and some tears were shed on both sides. Kate told her friend more fully about Tom, and enlarged upon Chauncey's generous service, of which Tom had been talking to her. He had found him at the hotel again, and urged him to remain, and an invitation from the admiral. Tom came back alone, found Kate with Miss Varick, and told her that Chauncey sent his regrets, but said there were reasons personal to himself that made it impossible for him to come. Tom said he was going up to his father, and then would return to the hotel. Miss Varick turned

> "When you go back to the hotel, tell him that I wish him to come."

Tom looked his surprise, but bowed and "Let her alone; it is her brother. He went on up-stairs. Kate looked at Emily. "Do you know Chauncey Smith?"

And Emily answered, "Yes."

Kate made no further inquiry except by a long, grave look in her face; but when Tom came up and told her Chauncey was below, she took Emily with her and went down. She walked straight across to Chauncey, gave him her hand, and said warmly:

"I am very glad, indeed, to see you, and unfortunate affair on her account; said very grateful. I will go and tell my father. Here is some one you know.'

She went out and shut the door. Chaunlow Smith and refused to hear reason; cey did not move or speak until Emily came across and said, with embarrass-

"I am glad you came. I wanted to say ing the house. He was sorry to cut short to you that I think you have acted a very generous and unselfish part in this affair, knowing, as you must, that you ran the risk of forfeiting an excellent position by doing and saying what you did. You must be glad now. And I wanted to say that I have heard of your noble bravery and devotion in the West, and that—and that

pause, he said in a low tone:

"There is not a word of truth in all that."

She sat down then, and both were silent. After a while he asked:

"Would you mind if I tell you the truth?"

And she answered, "Yes, tell me."

and reckless out there. I earned the disand overbearing with the Indians. I didn't that?' care for my life, and they thought me Frank Standish. I was sorry about Tom, of course, but should not have done him followed and detained her. any good if I had not been desperate my-self. I could not have come here and a long time. If I get well to work before preached as I intended, knowing about that, may I come and tell you? Say in you. Tom did as much to bring me as I to bring him. In truth, I suppose it was my hunger to see you that brought us both."

"You should not talk so; if we analyzed

appear.'

dow a little while, then came back part away.

I can to repair the wrong. I am going to redeem the past. And Chauncey said: tell you something about myself, on the Standish.'

Chauncey stood still, incapable, for a time, of taking in the meaning of those He stood looking down at her. After a dozen syllables that changed the aspect and attitude of all the universe.

"I am sorry you are troubled," he said.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"You forget the condition," she returned.

"I did not agree to the condition. I have been selfish and blind, and I want you to say you forgive me. It was be-"I went to the West on your account; cause I cared so much for you that I could I was restless at home, and I was restless not think of anything-I could not care for anything else in the world besides you. like of the missionaries, and was impatient. Don't you think you could forgive me for

He was sufficiently serious, yet there was brave. I didn't care for anything but you. a suggestion of humor in his words that I did no good out there, and have been marked the returning sanity of his mind working as a farm-laborer this year, wast- and made Emily laugh through quicking the talents and education that were springing tears, stirred by the same obgiven me. On my way here I heard about scure touch in the kindred fountains of Tom, and that you were going to marry sorrow and mirth. Then she got up quickly and went toward the door; but Chauncey

six months?"

"Well," she answered, "I suppose you

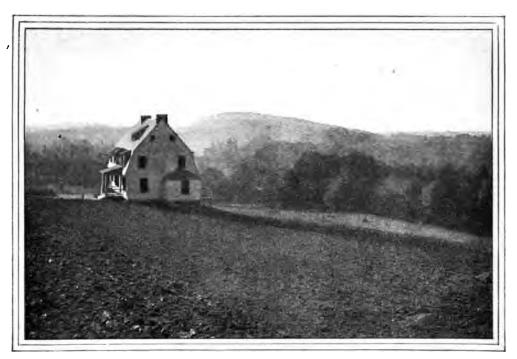
will have it your own way."

He took her hand from the knob and motives in that way, all honor would dis- held it a moment tight in his own, looking at her earnestly. Then he opened the She turned away and stood by the win- door for her, stood aside, and let her go

Tom went with him to the train at his "I think I said some foolish things to departure, and they shook hands warmly you, which I am afraid did you harm. I yet soberly at parting. Tom thanked him am very sorry, and want to do anything again, and expressed his determination to

"I owe you at least as much as you owe condition that you do not take me to mean me. We've climbed out of the ditch toanything more than exactly what I say, gether, Tom. We haven't either of us got and that you say nothing in reply, but go to the top of the hill or in sight of it yet, away and get back to honest work at your but the straight road lies before us, and we vocation, and do not come to see me for a both know the taste of ditch water well year. I am not going to marry Captain enough not to want to roll in again if we can help it."





MR. AND MRS. WARD'S HOME AT NEWTON CENTRE, MASSACHUSETTS.

A NOVELIST'S VIEWS OF NOVEL-WRITING.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "A Singular Life," etc.

AUTHORSHIP AND ACTIVE PHILANTHROPY.-MORAL PURPOSE IN FICTION.-THE WRITING OF SHORT STORIES.

MAKER of books with any tendency form may be at some peculiar disadvantwenty-five years of my own life, I seem forthwith approve and further the enfranto myself to have achieved little or nothing in the stir of the great movements for Seen beside the really great martyrdoms improving the condition of society which and dedications of the "causes" which have distinguished our day. Yet I am throb through our modern life, this seems conscious that these have often thrust in an episode only large enough to cause a my study door and dragged me out into smile. Yet I do not, to this hour, like to their forays, if not upon their battlefields. recall, and I have no intention whatever The grandfather who belonged to the un- of revealing, what it cost me. In fact, it derground railway and the grandfather of seems to have been my luck to stumble the German lexicon must have contended into various forms of progress to which I in the brain cells or heart cells of their have been of the smallest possible use, unconscious descendant, as our ancestors yet for whose sake I have suffered the disdo in the lives of all of us; for the re- comfort attending all action in moral imformer's blood and the student's blood provements without the happiness of have always had an uncomfortable time knowing that this was clearly quite worth of it together in my veins.

It is almost impossible to understand, towards the activities of moral re- now, what it meant when I was twentyfive for a young lady, reared as I was on As I look back upon the last Andover Hill, to announce that she should chisement and elevation of her own sex. while.

The creed is short, though it has taken a long time to formulate it.

Christian faith to present that life in a form more attractive to the majority of men than the life that now is.

I believe in women, and in their right partment of life.

hindrance to the realization of these possibilities, and that they should be scorned study. or persuaded out of society.

ing liquors are so great as to command imperiously the attention of all dedicated morally second.

question which is to be put to the intelligent been for me to reach them, where theyconscience, and that only the educated conscience can properly reply to it.

I believe that the condition of our common and statute laws is behind our age to an extent unperceived by all but a few of our social reformers; that wrongs mediæother way from ours," said Mrs. Liverval in character, and practically resulting more gently, one day, to some unknown in great abuses and much unrecorded suf- agitator who was abusing rather than enfering, are still to be found at the doors of treating me into the performance of some our legal system; and that they will remain platform exhibition for the sake of the there till the fated fanatic of this unde- cause. I blessed the great woman who

that I believe in the homœopathic system to this day. of therapeutics. I am often told by sceptical friends that I hold this belief on if I may spare a paragraph for the confesa par with the Christian religion, and I am sion—that it is fortunate for the real usenot altogether inclined to deny the sar- fulness and power of women in public donic impeachment! When our bodies address that their eminent success in this cease to be drugged into disease and sin, direction has never in the least depended it is my personal impression that our souls upon my individual contributions to its will begin to stand a fair chance; perhaps history. In the course of my life I have not much before.

a life to practise it! But may the clover perament in this respect. I have read, refuse to grow over my grave, and the and preached, and lectured; possibly I flowers laid there by the dearest hands may have martyred myself in this manner shrink from it, if I outlive the impulse of fifteen or twenty times. The kindest of my heart to keep step with the onward audiences, and my full quota of encourmovement of human life, and to perceive agement, have not, and has not, been able the battle afar off, charging when and to supply me with the pluck required to where I can.

Justice Holmes, the son of our great poet, in a recent Decoration Day address, I believe in the life everlasting, which is struck a pean in praise of the "splendid sure to be; and that it is the first duty of carelessness of life" which war taught us. Give us such splendid carelessness in moral as in physical danger, and the world will spin fast towards the stars!

I have intimated that the claims of my to their own best possibilities in every de- study have interfered with the demands which social reform would otherwise have I believe that the methods of dress made upon my life. This is an inevitable practised among women are a marked fact, imperfectly to be understood except by people whose business is to stay in a There is a puzzled expression sometimes cast upon one by men and I believe that the miseries consequent women—but especially by women—whom on the manufacture and sale of intoxicat- one holds in the highest honor, whose own existence is dedicated to the moral agitation of the platform and the convenlives; and that, while the abolition of tion and to the machinery of organiza-American slavery was numerically first, tion. Mine is not, nor has it ever been. the abolition of the liquor traffic is not My intellect may go with them, and my heart may throb for them, but my time I believe that the urgent protest against and my vitality have always been disvivisection which marks our immediate tinctly the property of my ideals of literday, and the whole plea for lessening the ary art; ideals which are not the less immiseries of animals as endured at the hands perious to me because I know better than of men, constitute the "next" great moral any of my critics how impossible it has

> "Swing like lamps in the Judgment Hall On the eve of the Day of the Last Awaking."

veloped "cause" arises to demolish them, defended me from the small one, and I I am uncertain whether I ought to add think of her words and manner gratefully

And this leads me to say, by the way made, indeed, the most conscientious and Too brief a creed! Yet still too short courageous efforts to defy my own temadd visibly to this number of public appearances. Before an audience I am an the moral agitations of our day as have abject coward, and I have at last concluded touched me at all have fed, not famished, to admit the humiliating fact. The solid my literary work. I think that most amount of suffering which I have endured writers who have trodden a similar path on such occasions is as disproportionate would say as much; but there is more inas it is ridiculous. Once I was rash volved in such testimony than would seem enough to pledge myself to deliver a short at first sight. Let me suspend the thought, course of literary lectures before a coëdu- however, while I allow myself a moment cational university, where I was sure of of more purely personal musing. that admiring and uncritical sympathy abled gladiator, doomed at their claws.

The inevitable miseries of life are enough,

phrase, "the reform against nature," which is so often misapplied in opposition to trouble himself wherewith. to the higher interests of women, sometimes finds its fit survival; and I meekly stories have been written with an ethical suggest this as one of the contingencies purpose, that is quite another accusation, which it seems created to cover. I glory in the success of a modest and high- of view, the wraith of a wish to deny. minded woman in public address. I am field.

I have said (to return to our interrupted writer have often encroached upon my power to throw my life into moral reforms; sciousness, encroached upon my power—

Upon reviewing the list of books which which young students give to a teacher to my long-suffering publishers of the emi-whom, for any reason, they feel at all nent and friendly house which has borne drawn. For six disastrous weeks before with me for thirty years attribute to my this simple experience I dwindled with pen, I find in the whole of it but one terror, day and night; and I came to that which is confessedly and componently audience of boys and girls as if they had written to further an ethical reform, been a den of tigers and I a solitary dis- This is a little pamphlet on the dress of women. It is nothing more nor less than a I contrived to live to the end of that tract; and never claimed to be. A tract, "course of lectures," hiding my agonies though it spoke with the rhetoric of men, with such hypocritical dissimulation that of artists, or of angels, and though it had I was told their existence was not sus- compassed the circulation of a yellow pected by my audience. Whether the novel or a spelling-book, is in no sense students were any wiser for that literary literature, nor even literary art; nor ever instruction I do not know; but I was, claims to be. No artist or artisan of the school of art for art's sake can be more I said. I will never ornament them with acutely aware of axioms like these than the superfluous again. To the lecture his fellow-student who, from a diametribureaus and the charity entertainments of cally opposite conception of the nature and our elocutionary land I have since that province of literature, dips his pen now occasion offered one monoconous reply: I and then into the hot blood of some battle am not a platform woman. Go thou in with skulking error which preachers and peace, but, I pray thee, have me excused. philanthropists and men of science have Dr. Bushnell's strong and vicious passed by upon the other side and left for the teller of tales or the singer of song

If I am reminded how many of my and one which I have not, from any point

I have been particularly asked, in closproud of her to the last shrinking nerve in ing these papers, to say a few words about my own organization. She seems to me my own theory of literary art. However something phenomenal, to be admired in unimportant one's personal fraction of silent awe. But this is a reform against achievement may be, it is built upon themy nature; and I have retreated from the ory of some kind; and the theory may be considered of as much or as little interest or value as the work achieved.

"I have never gone—I do not go—so thought) that the duties of a student and deep as that," said one of our foremost novelists to me, many years ago, when I asked him why he did not handle some but I am anxious to add that my interest situation which had presented itself to me in moral reforms has never, to my con- as peculiarly adapted to his strong and delicate pen. But he spoke gravely, and such as that has been—to write, or upon too thoughtfully for the lightness of his those habits of study which are the key to words. I was not surprised when, long the combination lock of all successful afterwards, I noticed that he had become On the contrary, I am dis- absorbed in some of the most serious of tinctly aware that such sympathies with sociological questions, and that a book of would not go "so deep as that"? Yet sistance. this was no inditer of society verse, no and fame.

I suggest, he is not, and he cannot be; Puritan. So far as it was impressed . . exactly as it is.

teller, he fails to be an artist.

and, turning to trace the recognition down, self." belong. Truth, like climate, is common æsthetical sense. property; and I venture to suggest that theory as of temperament in the expres- as much as this: sion of theory.

has been, as it might be, or as it should tend that to be a radically defective view romanticist, or the idealist; though I am ruling constituents of life. Moral charnot sure but our classification is more de- acter is to human life what air is to the fective than his ability to meet it. Sepa- natural world—it is elemental. rate, for instance, the first of these clauses from the formulation. Let us say, it is Matthew Arnold's arithmetic when he the duty of the artist in fiction to-day to paint life as it exists. With this inevitable observation who of us has any quarrel?

The quarrel arises when the artist defines his subject and chooses his medium. done so, we can scarcely imagine that He The conflict begins when the artist proffers could have offered anything much better his personal impression as to what life is. in the way of material, even though one "Your work," said Hall Caine before the look the moral element squarely in the Century Club, "is what you are." Just face and abide by the fact of its tremenhere, I venture to suggest, lies the only dous proportion in the scheme of things. important, uncontested field left in a too The moral element, it cannot be denied,

his no longer held itself in graceful scorn familiar war. Most of the controversy apart from the study of the higher and the between our schools of art goes "firing deeper laws which govern human life. wild," because it fails to perceive the true But the phrase of his stayed by me. He relations of this one simple feature of re-

. We are all agreed, I submit, that we builder of uproarious paragraphs, no dab- should picture life as it is. If I may rebler in comedy, whose profession it was to turn to the definitive words, our difference make a man laugh after dinner, or a is not so much one of artistic theory as of woman smile when she had sat down to cry. the personal equation. Our book reveals (Heaven preserve the lightsome race, for what life is to us. Life is to us what we we need them when we can spare the are. Mr. Howells, in his charming papers tragic artist.) He of whom I speak was of last autumn on literary Boston, has an artist in fiction; of dignity, versatility, given us some of the latest phrases of the school of art whose chief exponent in What manner of artist were ne, I make America he undoubtedly is. Of our great bold to ask, who would not "go as deep New Englanders-Hawthorne, Emerson, as that"? Graceful, elaborate, subtle, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, ingenious, charming, he may be. Perfect, Mrs. Stowe-he says: "Their art was no, nor even complete in the artistic sense it was marred by the intense ethicism that of the term, who refuses to portray life pervaded . . . and still characterizes the New England mind. . . . They still help-In a word, I believe it to be the province lessly pointed the moral in all they did. of the literary artist to tell the truth about It was in poetry and in romance that they the world he lives in: and I suggest that, excelled. In the novel, so far as they atin so far as he fails to be an accurate truth- tempted it, they failed. . . . New England yet lacks her novelist, because it was Now, there is something obviously very her instinct and her conscience to be true familiar about this simple proposition; to an ideal of life rather than to life it-Of the greatest of American one is amused to perceive that here is alnovels, he concludes by saying that "it is most the precise language of the school of an address to the conscience and not to writers to which one distinctly does not the taste; to the ethical sense, not the

This is not the place, nor does it offer the issue between the two contending the space, in which to reply with anything schools of literary art to-day is not so which I should call thoroughness to such a much one of fact as of form; or, perhaps view of the nature of art. But it seems I should rather say, not so much one of to be the place for me to suggest, at least,

Since art implies the truthful and con-A literary artist portrays life as it is, or scientious study of life as it is, we con-We classify him as the realist, the of art which would preclude from it the

There was more than literary science in called "conduct three-fourths of life." Possibly the Creator did not make the world chiefly for the purpose of providing studies for gifted novelists; but if He had test in vain.

Strike "ethicism" out of life, good to avoid it? friends, before you shake it out of story! inadequate. Fear more to be superficial takes care of itself. Life is moral struggle. than to seem "deep." Fear less to point Portray the struggle, and you need write your moral than to miss your opportuno tract. In so far as you feel obliged to Inity. It is for us to remind you, since it write the tract, your work is not well done. that in any highly formed or fully formed given to the world in any tongue was "Les the "æsthetical sense" is developed, novels because they raised the mortal cry incomplete. He is, in this case, at least as of a great art, No! incomplete as he is where the ethical metry; and this is not a law intended to incident, the dissection of the cadaver, work only one way.

It is an ancient and honorable rule of our schools to-day! rhetoric, that he is the greatest writer who, other things being equal, has the personal question, that, so far as one is able greatest subject. He is, let us say, the to command attention at all, one's first largest artist who, other things being duty in the effort to become a literary equal, holds the largest view of human artist is to portray the most important, life. The largest view of human life, we not altogether the least important, featcontend, is that which recognizes moral ures of the world he lives in. The last responsibility, and which recognizes it in thirty years in America have pulsated with the greatest way.

to portray life as it is, and life is moral reperiment to religious cataclysm and to sponsibility. Life is several other things, national upheaval. I suggest that even we do not deny. It is beauty, it is joy, moral reforms, even civic renovations, it is tragedy, it is comedy, it is psychical might have their proper position in the and physical pleasure, it is the interplay of artistic representation of a given age or a thousand rude or delicate motions and stage of life. I submit that even the reemotions, it is the grimmest and the mer-ligious nature may be fit material for a riest motley of phantasmagoria that could work of art which shall not be refused the appeal to the gravest or the maddest brush name of a novel for that reason. Such exever put to palette; but it is steadily and pressions of "ethicism" are phases of sturdily and always moral responsibility. human life, are elements of human nature. An artist can no more fling off the moral Therefore, they are lawful material for sense from his work than he can oust it any artist who chooses them, who underfrom his private life. A great artist (let stands them, and whose art is sufficient for me repeat) is too great to try to do so. With their control. If he has sacrificed truth

predominates enormously in the human one or two familiar exceptions, of which drama. The moral struggle, the creation more might be said, the greatest have laid of character, the moral ideal, failure and in the moral values of their pictures just success in reaching it, anguish and ecstasy as life lays them in; and in life they are in missing or gaining it, the instinct to ex- not to be evaded. There is a squeamishtend the appreciation of moral beauty ness against "ethicism" which is quite as and to worship its Eternal Source—these much to be avoided as any squeamishness exist wherever human being does. The about "the moral nude in art" or other whole magnificent play of the moral nature debatable question. The great way is to sweeps over the human stage with a force, go grandly in, as the Creator did when He a splendor, and a diversity of effect which made the models which we are fain to no artist can deny if he would, which the copy. After all, the Great Artist is not a greatest artist never tries to withstand, poor master; all His foregrounds stand and against which the smallest will pro- out against the perspective of the moral nature. Why go tiptoeing about the easel

"Helplessly to point the moral" is the Fear less to seem "Puritan" than to be last thing needful or artistic. The moral seems to us that you overlook the fact, One of the greatest works of fiction ever creative power the "ethical" as well as Misérables." Are those five books the less Where "the taste" is developed at the of the despised and rejected against the expense of "the conscience" the artist is deafness of the world? By the majesty

Did Victor Hugo write a tract? He sense is developed at the expense of the told an immortal story. Hold beside it æsthetic. Specialism in literary art, as in the sketches and pastels, the etchings, the science, has its uses, but it is not sym-studies in dialect, the adoration of the which form the fashion in the ateliers of

It has seemed to me, to return to the moral struggle. No phase of society has In a word, the province of the artist is escaped it. It has ranged from social exor beauty to didactics he is, in so far, no self which is so much more remorseless vas, whether from mere personal aptitude upon one. or from a color sense which leads him to beauty, you who paint for "Art's sake," and your art is in error.

whether they are as severe as those in the revisions. case of the short story. The short story, "served his time out" at this form of a gradual and a beautiful architecture. creation to understand the laws of conoff in a few hours!'

month to six weeks to finish a magazine would not, if I could. story. I confess that I "toil terribly" over them. completed. The work upon such a story them. is never done. Revision calls the vision

artist. But because he selects for his can- than the exaction that any critic can make

Fortunately, perhaps, the editor calls prefer the stronger values, the moral for his copy, and the laboring pen must elements of life, he shall not for that reason drop its loving task. The story goes to be denied the name of artist. "Omit press. Then come the days and nights eternity in your estimate of area," said a of wishing that it had stayed at home! great mathematician, "and your solution Then the steady action of the brain, is wrong." Omit the true proportions of which has for weeks stiffened about the moral responsibility in your estimate of story, goes on till it meets the reaction awaiting all strenuous labor. remodel, retouch, destroy the whole thing a dozen times in my mind, and recreate it; There is one form of fiction which, I scathing myself that I ever suffered it to think, is imperfectly understood by stu- leave the safe protection of the little dents and critics, to which, as it happens, pasteboard pad, held across the lap, on I have given some special attention, and which I write. The proof-sheets come: at which is, therefore, peculiarly interesting once a species of relief and of torment. to me. I mean the short story. The Changes which can and which cannot difficulties in the way of creating a good be made in the text combat each other. novel are sufficiently obvious. I question No proof leaves the study without three

I look upon a short story, properly in its present stage of evolution, is a fitted for the higher magazines of our day, highly developed piece of workmanship, as one of the very finest forms of expresand will, I think, yet become a far more sion. No inspiration is too noble for it; exquisite one than we at present compass. no amount of hard work is too severe for A good short story is a work of art which it. It is my belief that there is a future daunts us in proportion to its brevity. It for the short story, which all our experiwould not be easy for one who has not ments and achievements are building with

Is the natural growth of this way of struction involved in it and the rigidity telling a story in part a concession to the of obedience demanded by them. Per- restlessness of our times, in which all men haps I ought fairly to say, in venturing to are driven by "the whip of the sky" and offer this assertion, that, personally, I leisure is a lost art? Shall we sometime make a very hard time of it over a short come to the point where people will no story. I do not know how to write one longer think themselves able to read easily or quickly. "Those things?" said books? Will the novel dwindle to the a friend to me once, and he a learned novelette (that dreariest of efforts to do man, accustomed to study from fourteen a thing and not do it at the same time)? to eighteen hours a day at his own profes- Will the scientific volume shrink to the sion. "Why, I supposed you got those essay in the last review? Will all the classics in fiction some day be short sto-It has always taken me at least from a ries? Who can prophesy? Not I; and

ifess that I "toil terribly" Perhaps the question oftenest asked of It makes little difference any writer by "the great unknown" of whether the motif comes in a blinding his readers is which of his own writings flash, or in a slow, insulated electric cur- he personally prefers. It has always rent: the construction and execution re- seemed to me rather a foolish question; main inexorable ideals, frowning above for it is not of the slightest consequence attention, patience, vitality, energy, until what an author thinks about his own the work is done. One who honors this work: he may have his opinion as to what vehicle of thought is often ill with the ought to be the best thing he has done; strain before a magazine tale of forty but his readers will decide for him what is pages of manuscript can be apparently the best-or the worst-that he has offered

"The public," Thackeray used to say, to account in that iron exaction from one's "is a jackass." With this great authority I feel forced to differ a little. On the ideas of art compassed nothing that I like sense of the reading public. If large The stories known as "The Gates" series numbers of intelligent people like a book have a certain interest to me, for the reathe poorest thing one has done—but one more readers than any or all other books is forced to think that there was something I have written, and that in chronological worth while about it. If they dislike a proportion. "Beyond the Gates" and book, I am more than ready to suspect "The Gates Between" were written in is my chef-d'œuvre.

spread natural wish to know how authors for it in proportion as she cared for her discriminate among their own works, I do own sex. Perhaps, on the whole, I have not know that it is any more unreasonable written nothing which I should be so sorry a demand to comply with than the mania to have seriously misunderstood, or am so

for autographs.

And, by the way, if I may take a moment's recess from a subject which will command secretary, typewriter, or any my neighbors or of my friends. derpaid laborers in our times—I struck.

Basil's," and possibly one other. These do, if I could have done it.

in the last twenty-five years there are too rest. The tramp and the tongue of the many which were cast in very early youth, summer army devastated Paradise. The when an unpractised pen and unformed wand of the house-mover-most startling

whole, I have a profound respect for the to recall, or to have others remember. —one may believe in one's soul that it is son that they continue to this day to find "Beyond the Gates" and that there is a reason for it, though I may maturer life than the first: I have a little labor under the personal delusion that it tenderness for these two dreams of the life to be. "The Story of Avis" is a Still, since there seems to be a wide- woman's book, and an author would care glad to find friends for, as the last story: "A Singular Life."

This brings me to say, gladly, how not be the worse for a respite, this may be much I owe, in the little share of the hard as good a place as any other in which to work of my times which I have done, to say that I have been reluctantly forced, the picturesque, warm-hearted people of for dear life, to decline the distribution the sea, among whom I have spent the of autographs by mail, except for the last twenty summers. The tide does not gratification of the sick and for charities. rise through my pen as it did through The demand having reached a point where Celia Thaxter's—who, I think, seldom pub-I had no longer strength or time to com- lished a poem which did not contain an ply with it, I was forced to adopt a course allusion to the sea; but I have neighbored not at heart as ungracious as it may seem. the life of the coast too long not to feel Good Lord, deliver us from ten, twenty myself a part of it. I am told that cercards to an envelope! And preserve us tain "material" in Gloucester is pointed from the crises when the autograph epi- out as the original of scenes or of characters demic strikes a school or a college, like in some of my stories; and I should like the measles, and runs through! When to take this opportunity to say that, while autograph bed-quilts and autograph aprons I may paint in the tints or outlines of vie with autograph lamp-shades and auto- rocks and beaches, downs and harbor, graph table-cloths, a writer who cannot fleet and wharf, I never draw portraits of aid whatever to the mechanical part of have taught me much, however, of a kind his profession, finds himself at bay, of knowledge of which it would be im-When, one day, I received a peremptory possible for any writer to divest himself. order from some remote and unknown in- I honor their courage, their generosity, dividual for autograph prayers, I resorted their patience in hardship, and their pluck to the protest of all overworked and un- in overcoming it; and I like that something wild and salt in their natures akin To come back to our bisected para- to the winds and the waves in which they graph: If I am to say for which of my live. In so far as their qualities have short stories I have any especial prefer- washed up into my stories, the debt is disence, the list would be sadly brief—"The tinctly mine. The story of "A Singular Madonna of the Tubs," perhaps, and Life" came out of the depths of the sea "Jack, the Fisherman," "The Supply at and of a heart that has long loved the sea Saint Agatha's," "The Bell of Saint people. Bayard is my dearest hero.

Our Gloucester home itself has suffered indicate to my aspiration the astral bodies a "sea change" within the last five years. of something which I should have liked to The choice spot on the chosen side of the harbor became, in time, a Babel in which Among the books which I have written only those "who sleep o' nights" could anchor in-

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

which—with the genuine native Glouces- they read is Peace. ter instinct—we found ourselves quite autumn gales, lies the tapestry of the is always with us if we want it. marshes, a vast Persian rug, unfolded in ing foreground of the downs.

to home, and never from home to hotel-

life!

most modest of houses into the most luxand nothing else!" view, and nothing else. But town life has not spoiled the whole of our day and generation; and enough remain who have eyes to see and nerves to feel the free horizon, hill and valley outline, the rose-garden of that year. the sunrise, the conflagration of the sunset, the banner of the woods and meadows.

and plain New England comfort and econdrifts. som blushes. Our jewels blaze on the shorten the remainder of the way? tips of our pine-fronds when the ice-

of modern magicians-waved over the cot- storms glaze and the sun of the winter tage; and to-day we find ourselves wafted thaw is hot. Our galleries are filled with from shore to farm: from stormy tides, the masterpieces of May and of October, both salt and human, we have come to framed in quiet study windows whose moods we choose to fit with ours.

We can never quite want for society when our pine-groves talk; they have How confusing and bewitching is the ex- taught us their language, and we need no perience, no one can divine who has not translator when the winds are abroad. moved his house, and gone on living in The piano rings to the accompaniment of it! Through windows which used to gaze grand winter storms from which only the on Norman's Woe and Boston Light and true country lover never shrinks; and the the tossing eastern shore, and the fleets books on their shelves or tables turn lovchamping at their roads like tethered sea- ing faces to the readers who do not count horses at their bits, we look to see "the the evenings dull in the society of these daisies dressed for the dance" with the loyal and lifelong friends. The countryclovers, and the cattle slowly winding side without and the fireside within open across the downs beyond the rope-gate the book of home together; and the word

It is impossible for us to sing too loud naturally constructing out of the sheets of the song of country life. For a student, our fishing-boat, which we do not call a we believe it to be the one way of living. yacht, which tugs at her mooring off the Perhaps, to be just, I should say suburpier, six minutes away. Beyond the door ban life—since it is but twenty-five minutes on which the spray used to dash in the from Boston to our door; and the world

In point of fact, one may not want it all the dull, deep shades that Oriental very much. The distractions, the exhausweavers love, against the feet of the cliffs tions, the savage noises, the demands of -whose gray shoulders mark the fascinat- town life are, for me, mortal enemies to thought, to sleep, and to study; its ex-Happy the flitting that stirs from home tremes of squalor and of splendor do not stimulate, but sadden me; certain phases of its society I profoundly value, but There is a hillside in the Garden City of would sacrifice them to the heaven of Massachusetts where we have built the country quiet, if I had to choose between.

In this shelter of snow and silence we urious of landscapes. All our splendor is spend eager winters; for our hardest outside. "Oh," said a shivering cock- work, like that, perhaps, of most people ney, "these places where there is climate, of our calling, is done between October To such a visitor and June. Life seems to grow busier, I our "poem of places" might seem a find, as middle age strikes step with one. "I have always been thinking," said a gentle, careworn woman to me once, "that the time would come when things would grow easier; it never has; perhaps the pure, electric air, the gracious sweep of it will yet." Perhaps it did; for she died

But we, like so many others who think more of working than of dying, care only Poverty itself is rich in a country home: to push on steadily, wishing less for cessation of toil than for strength to keep at omy we consider to be in princely circum- it; and for wisdom to make it worthy of Our upholstery hangs in our the ideal of labor and of life which we silver birches and bronze chestnuts, our believe to be the most precious gift of red oaks and olive pines. Our Wilton heaven to any soul. When one has gone and Axminster lie in our clovers and snow- as far as one can in search of it, will it Our bric-à-brac shines on the come, like the father in the parable, though boughs of our apple-trees when the blos- yet a great way off, to meet one, and

The fog was breathing off Cape Ann

ing over the inland rolling country as I upon a true horizon. write this closing page. The blue and stay or go, smoke far along the valley, patient number. The outlines of the woods and distance Half the meaning of the gentle scene is all are hidden. I can see but a little way. hidden. The sea is too many miles away strong silence answers me.

should choose for our telling, not the most chief conditions of the case.

when I put my pen to the first words of brilliant lessons, but those that have been these broken recollections. The coast educative to ourselves-those that will was hidden. The sea was calling. He make it easier to live, and more possible asked grave questions. The fog is breath- to live happily, and with the eyes focussed

Perhaps, in my honest soul, I am wonpurple mists of a soft November storm, dering if these fragments will have done that cannot make up its mind whether to as much as this for any reader of all the

But the mist is on the hills as on the are blurred as if with an imperious brush. valleys, and the outlines of the landscape

Is it the fog that reminds me? Perto hear him. I am the one who does the haps! But that, or something else, drags calling, who asks the questions now. But out of my pen the poignant words of Zangwill, who said of a certain writer, Since out of life we all learn a few that "he had concealed himself behind an things well, we find it natural to try to autobiography." If one has done as make them over to other lives; and we much as that, perhaps one has met the

ASPIRATIONS—EXPLANATIONS.

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Phroso." etc.

ASPIRATIONS.

HAD been telling Philippa March exactly how matters stood between as I deposited my hat on the table. Cousin Flo and myself.

''It's really a little awkward, you know,''

I ended, smiling.

'Awkward!" said Philippa, who had listened to me quite gravely. "Awkward, pleaded. Mr. Vansittart? I call it disgusting. And her clear blue eyes flashed scorn.

Now I myself did not consider it exactly disgusting, so I said nothing more it's uncommon bad form. I shall tell Flo

" Perhaps I oughtn't to have mentioned it to you. But it seemed amusing in a way. Of course, it's a secret."

"Well, I suppose you wouldn't like it known," observed Philippa, with mean- You encouraged her."

ing.

I sat smoothing my hat and smiling.

- "What are you smiling at?" she asked, sharply. "Oh, I wonder how you and people like you" (by which she meant "You're rig Cousin Flo)" can make a jest of it as you serious thing. do!" And she began to walk up and down.
- Vansittart."

"Oh! of love?" said I, meditatively,

"That's serious, surely, if anything in the world is? And you make fun of it all!"

"Well, it makes a fool of me," I

Philippa gave me a look and walked about.

"You're quite right," said I. "It'sthat—'

"You were just as bad yourselfworse."

"Why worse?"

"You were the man. You began it.

Flo does not give the impression of needing encouragement, but I let that pass. In fact, I was much interested in Philippa's opinion.

"You're right," I said again. "It is a

"It's a holy thing," said Philippa, from the middle of the room.

"A jest of what, Miss March?" "It is," I agreed, meeting her earnest "Why, of—of—of love and so on, Mr. gaze. "With the right person, it is; with the wrong-'

"It's a desecration," interrupted Phi-

lippa.
"I'm so glad I talked to you about it, Miss March. You take such a jolly—I other," I observed, bitterly, mean, such a splendidly high view of it. rose and joined Philippa, who was now standing on the hearth-rug, where the sun caught her hair through the drawingroom window.

"Have you read this?" asked Philippa, suddenly, taking three volumes from the mantel-piece. "It's simply magnificent."

"I don't think I have. What is it?" lippa. "By the author of 'Too Many by Half,' you know."

"What's it about?"

"A girl," said Philippa, with kindling eye, "who gave her whole life to- But what's the use of talking about it to you? You're laughing again."

"Upon my honor, I just screwed up my mouth because-because of the sun, you

know."

"Gave her whole life to saving a man not in the least worthy of her."

"What a pity!" said I, trying to say the right thing.

A pity! It's just that that's so splendid."

"Oh, yes, of course—in one point of view. Yes, it would be, Miss March."

"And he never understood her!"

"Liked some one else, did he?"

"Oh, no. He loved her-'

"Come, he had some good—"

"In his way," ended Philippa, with "That made it measureless disdain.

another feeling. Philippa is wonderfully striking when she looks haughty and scornful.

"I shall read it," said I. "It's a fine thought—" she said. Pity things like that don't happen in real life! In real life nobody tries to help a fellow."

I think I achieved some pathos in this remark, for Philippa turned a softened

glance upon me.

"He's just allowed," I continued, "to come to care forgo on making an-making all sorts of enough to do anything."

"It's very hard to help some people,"

said Philippa, sadly.

"But what's her name-"

"Incomprehensa, Mr. Vansittart."

"Yes. Thanks. Incomprehensa tried, all the same."

"Yes, she did," said Philippa; and a pause followed.

"But a book's one thing and life's an-

"It oughtn't to be," said Philippa, in a You elevate the whole thing so." And I low voice; and she looked away towards the window. "I don't think it would be with-with everybody.'

"A fellow feels, don't you know, Miss March, that he would be better if anybody took any interest in him, you know —I mean, sensibly—not all for a lark, as Flo does.

"She's not very serious herself, is "'Incomprehensa,'" answered Phi- she?" asked Philippa, with a slight, patient smile.

"That's the worst of it," said I. "So, of course, she's no use. I often feel that if I had some one to-well, at any rate, to talk to about such things-

"What things, Mr. Vansittart?"

"Oh, well—Oh, well— Come, you know what I mean, Miss March.'

And Philippa said softly,

"Yes, I think I do, Mr. Vansittart."
"If," I resumed, "I might come and talk to you sometimes-"

"I—I'm often at home," murmured Philippa.

"And hear what you think about it, you know, and see your—I mean, hear your opinion.

"If you really think it would be any—"
"Oh, it would—no end, I assure you, Miss March. It would make me a different fellow-upon my word, it would. It would elevate me. I am sure it would elevate me like anything."

Philippa blushed—maybe only because I began to feel uncomfortable; yet I had I was implying a compliment to her moral worth. I continued to regard her with admiring eyes.

"It would make me very happy if I

"And—and, Miss March," I inter-rupted, encouraged by her tone, "perhaps you might find there was some good in a chap, after all, and—

"I'm sure I should, Mr. Vansittart."

" And then perhaps some day you might

I had got thus far (and, after all, it was blunders, I mean—and nobody cares most of the way) when Philippa suddenly drew back, and, flushing a fine color, asked in grand indignation,

"Have you forgotten your cousin, Mr.

Vansittart?"

It was exactly what I had done. I had clean forgotten Flo.

"You must have, I think," she went



"'HAVE YOU READ THIS?' ASKED PHILIPPA, SUDDENLY."

on, "or you would hardly venture to hint to me-'

"Look here, Miss March," I broke in, "it's all nonsense about Flo, you know. She doesn't half mean it, and I don't-"

"I understood that you had asked—"
"Well, so I did," I admitted in despersion. "I say, Philippa—I mean, Miss March-if I can square it with-'

"If you can what?"

"If I can honorably—".

"Not another word, please, Mr. Vansittart! How can I listen while your cous-I took a step after her.

"If my cousin were not—" I began, in low, persuasive tones.

"Not another word, please," whis-

pered Philippa.

"There it is!" I cried tragically. "I'm left to myself. You won't hold a finger out to me!

Philippa did not do what I suggested in a literal sense, but she allowed me to see her profile instead of the back of her head.

"Please go away now," said she.

"I'll go," said I, "if—"

"No, no; go, please!"

"If you'll say one word to me!"
"One word?" I just heard from Philippa, as I leant my head forward to catch

"Yes, one word. Then I shall have strength to-to tackle-I-I mean to go like an honest man to Flo and—and do it, you know."

There was a pause. I stood expectant. At last Philippa spoke.

- "I never thought of this," she said.
 "Of course, you didn't," said I. As in-?" She broke off, turning away. But a matter of fact, I had not thought of it
 - "I—I do think there's some good in you -a little.'

"Ah, you're too-"

- "Just a little, which under good influences-'
 - "Yours would be angelic!"

"Hush, hush!"

"Say one word," I implored.

And Philippa, her profile—which is a most admirable one—still presented to me, spoke the one word I asked. "Perhaps," said Philippa.

I gave a cry of joy.

"Now go," added Philippa.

As a gentleman I was bound to go. I door. took my hat and walked straight to the door, a smile of radiant happiness on my face. Just as I reached it, Philippa spoke

"Mr. Vansittart!"

"Yes?"

"You-you'll see your cousin soon?" Somehow I felt less radiant. My smile vanished.

"Good-by," said Philippa.

"Good-by," said I, and I opened the

"Shall you see her to-night?" asked Philippa.

I paused a moment; then I said, "I'll

try," and I shut the door.

I went downstairs whistling softly. Then I lit a cigarette. I wanted it. And I said, as I walked away,

"I wonder if I'm in a tight place." For it seemed possible that I was. So I took the night to think it over.

EXPLANATIONS.

IN the doorway I met Captain Worsley. The occurrence did not, at the moment, strike me as significant. I was engrossed with the prospects of the coming interview. How should I break to Flo that I had at last found my true haven, and that the nonsense between herself and itme must end?



"THEN I LIT A CIGARETTE."

Flo was sitting on the sofa. I walked up to her with a shame-faced air.

"I've come to tell you something, Flo," said I, in a grave tone.

"Oh, bother! I'm busy," said Flo.

"But it's important. When you hear

"Won't to-morrow do, Dick?"

"No," said I. I was wound up; I should probably be incapable of it tomorrow. "I have come, Flo, to beg your pardon for-"'

"Oh, I didn't mind. I knew it was only

your nonsense, Dick."

"My nonsense?" said I. "Oh, I don't mean that. I mean since that, Flo, you remember—'

"Look here, my dear boy," inter-rupted Flo, "I'm thinking about something most important—something I've got to make up my mind about, and I can't listen to you.'

Upon this, being somewhat annoyed, I sat down, crossed my legs, and observed calmly:

"Well, I only came to tell you that I was in love with Philippa March.'

Flo turned on me swiftly, her pre-occu-

pation entirely vanishing.

"I thought you'd listen," I observed, complacently. "Yes, and it's all right, if I can square you. Hullo, Flo, you've done your hair different to-day! I rather like it that way."

Flo was staring at me with wide-open eyes. (I don't know whether I've mentioned that her eyes are brown; they

"It's all right if-?" she repeated, as though she had not heard aright.

'If I can square you, you know," said "Because, you see, in my rooms the other day-"

"And you told that March girl?"



" S. W., SAID I, IN GLOOMY AND TRAGIC TONES."

said," I stammered, feeling rather guilty.

"And you came here by her advice--? ''

"She thought it only fair to you," I said, hastily.

"To get rid of me?" ended Flo.

"Now, do be reasonable, there's a good girl," I urged, soothingly.

Flo wrose to her feet and walked to the a puzzled way. writing-table.

ting down and taking a pen.

Glad she takes it so coolly," said I to myself, and I fell to watching her as she wrote. Certainly I liked the new way of doing her hair; in fact, I preferred it to Philippa's way; there was a coquetry about it; Philippa's hair was severe. A Philippa will be awfully glad." And I chap doesn't always want bracing up.

"Read that," said Flo, rising and "And to inform you," she continued,

"I think I must have, from what she sweeping down on me with a written note in her hand.

So I read it. It was short. "Yes-Florence." I turned it over in my hand.

"If," said Flo, with unlimited dignity, "you had not happened to call, I should have written to you in the course of this afternoon—"

"This note?" I asked, looking at it in

"No, not that note. I should have "Excuse me a moment," said she, sit- written to release you from your promise to me."

"My dear Flo!" I said, radiant.
"Then that's all right. How confoundedly lucky! Why, I've been making myself beastly unhappy, and feeling like a brute, when all the time there was nothing in it! beamed upon Flo.

"Hullo!" I cried, sitting straight up.

"To Captain Worsley."

"That beast!"

"Although you're my cousin, Richard, you have hardly the right—

But I was not in the mood to listen. I was walking up and down the room. And

I laughed bitterly.

"That's a girl all over!" said I. "You you love him," I observed. encourage me-hang it, you accept meyes, you did practically; and then, without a word to me, you go and take a sweep

"Well, and what did you do with Phi-

anger.
"I have come here, like a man, to-

"Square me," sug-

gested Flo.

"To arrive at an understanding with you. If you had claimed the fulfilment of my promise, I should have—I should have considered the matter, Florence."

"You're very good," said Flo, her nose in the air. "But, as you see, I don't claim it.'

I looked at Flo. It was all over between us. I did not wish to part bad friends.

"You seem to have no regrets, Flo," I observed, a little rue- think Percival-Captain Worsley-cares

fully. "Really, I don't see why I should," said Flo.

"Oh, I know I'm not much of a chap," I confessed, humbly; "but with a girl the previous ones. who let me down easy, and didn't expect too much of me, you know-'

"Is that why you went to Philippa

March?" asked Flo, suddenly.

"Who made allowances for me," I pursued, not noticing the interruption; "and didn't ask perfection of me-

" Just what Philippa March would do," observed Flo, with conviction.

I paused in my walk. Flo sat down on the sofa. I sat down on the sofa.

There was a long silence. I was the first to break it.

"Well, I'm sure I hope you'll be happy

in the same cold voice, "of my engage- with that fellow. He seems a glum sort of a dog, though."

"But he's so good, Dick!"

"I must say he's not over-amusing, Flo."

"There are better things than that,

"I mean one wouldn't call him clever."

"N-no. Perhaps not clever, Dick."

I turned round towards Flo.

"But, of course, all that's nothing if

And you, of course, don't notice the little faults I see in Miss March?'

Of course not.'

"Yes-of course not."

After an interval, Flo said, laying a lippa March?" cried Flo, facing me in hand on my arm, "I'm so glad we're part-

> 'It's all for the best," said I, gently touching Flo's hand.

> "Parting friends, I was going to say, Dick. We shouldn't have got on well to-gether."

> "I expect we should have quarrelled, Flo."

"Of course, we should have had some good times-"

"Ripping!"

"Trotting about together, and staying on the river-'

" I say!"

"And running over to Paris-

"By Jove!"

"And-and I don't

much about that sort of thing. "I know it's poison to Phil-to Miss

March." There was a silence longer than any of

Then I said—and I must observe that I am not in the habit of doing it before ladies—I said:

"Oh, d---n!"

"Dick!" cried Flo.

I rose. I pointed to Flo's note, which lay on the table.

Let's have it over," said I, stern-"Put the beastly thing in an envelope."

Flo went to the writing-table.

"Address the beastly thing," I commanded.

Flo took quite a long while addressing



CAPTAIN WORSLEY.

it; for it must have been a full minute before she asked:

I-I-I don't know.'

tones.

"Thank you, Dick. I've done it

"Done it! I should think you have," I groaned. "So have I!"

'Will you post it?" asked Flo, and she stretched her hand out behind her, contained the letter) slowly towards the with the letter between her finger and fire. Flo watched it with a fascinated thumb. But she kept her head the other gaze; she did not move. My hand hovway, and appeared to be studying the blotting-paper.

Well, I went and took the note, and I

stole back to the hearth-rug.

Flo did not move.

"What a strange lottery is life!" mused. "Who would have thought of Worsley being your husband!"

"Or Philippa March your wife!" came

from the writing-table.

"It seems incredible," I murmured.

"Almost," came from the writing-table. There was a nice bright fire in the grate. I stood and watched the jumping flame. Flo rose from the writing-table, and, crossing, stood by me; and we both watched the jumping flame.

the fire?"

Yes; and to see faces there?"

"Yes. I remember, Dick. I don't see anything there now.

I should like to see something," said I. get things.

"Would you? What?" asked Flo.

Now, as we happened to be standing, "Dick, is Jermyn Street W. or S. W.? my hand, which held the captain's letter, was in immediate proximity to Flo's hand, "S. W.," said I, in gloomy and tragic which, as I chanced to observe, held her handkerchief.

"Very much indeed," said I, and I touched Flo's hand with the corner of the

"Oh!" gasped Flo.

I advanced my hand (which, as I say, ered over the fire; a bright, sudden flash of flame blazed up triumphantly.

"Look, look! Now!" I cried. "What

do you see there now?"

Flo turned to me with a swift smile under moist eyes.

"Why, you're-!" I cried.

"There's an eyelash in my eye," said Flo. "And, Dick, how silly you are! I shall have to write it again!

"In the same way?"

There was yet another pause.

"I suppose," Flo then observed, "that nobody ever writes a letter twice in quite the same words, do they, Dick?"

I said they did not.

I went downstairs the happiest man "Do you remember," asked Flo pres- alive. And, I pledge my word, it was not ently, "how we used to tell fortunes from till I reached the corner of the street that the thought struck me, and I cried aloud, in dismay:

"By Jove, I haven't done it!"

In the course of talk one is so apt to for-



THE BATTLE OF THE SNOW-PLOWS.

A TRUE STORY OF RAILROADING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY CY WARMAN,

Author of "A Thousand-mile Ride on the Engine of a 'Flyer,'" etc.



there is very little of it that already described. to do in these days.

coach, and as heavy as a locomotive. The could tell the men of the one from the front end is funnel-shaped, and instead of men of the other, for the two armies dwelt throwing the snow away it swallows it, and apart, just as the Denver police kept clear then spurts it out in a great stream like of the State militia in Governor Waite's water from a hose at a fire. Inside the war. house or car there is a boiler as large as a locomotive boiler, with two big cylinders, the different machines to be loval to their to furnish power to revolve a wheel in the respective employers and a little bit jealfunnel-shaped front end. This wheel is ous of the rival crew; but I was surprised like the wheel of a windmill, except that to see how quickly that feeling extended the fans or blades are made of steel and to the crews of the half-dozen locomotives, are quite sharp. As the plow is driven all working for the same railroad company through the drifted snow by a locomotive and in no way interested in the outcome. -sometimes by two or three of them—the rapidly revolving wheel slices the snow trial, when the six engines came down the from the hard bank, draws it into the steel track from the coal-yards, a trainman chest, where the same rotary motion drives stood at the three-throw switch, and gave it out through a sheet-iron spout.

branch of the Union Pacific, I saw one of belonged, and they kept the same place, these machines working in six feet of snow each of them, until the battle was over. that had been there six months and was so hard that men walked over it without distinct "favorite" from the start; and snowshoes. It was about the middle of when the iron horses were all hooked up, May; the weather was almost warm at the men on the "favorite" began, goodmidday, but freezing at night. A num- naturedly enough, to "josh" the other ber of railroad and newspaper men had crew. gone up there, eleven thousand feet above rival excavators. The trial was an exciting one, and lasted three days. Master Mechanic Egan, whose guest I was, was and give the other a chance. director-general, and a very impartial

NOW-BUCKING with a are drawn from an auger-hole by the repilot plow is dangerous volving of the screw. The discharging business. However, apparatus was similar in the two, and like

There was a formidable array of rolling-Now a road that is able stock on the two sidings at the foot of the to accumulate a snow- mountain where we had our car and where drift is able to own a we camped nights. On one side track rotary plow or snow- stood one of the machines, with three excavator. These ma- engines behind her; on another, the other, chines are as large as a with the same number of engines. You

It was perfectly natural for the men on

On the morning of the first day of the a locomotive to each of the two machines Once at Alpine Pass, on a summer alternately. They all knew where they

There was no betting, but there was a

Mr. Egan decided that one of the mathe sea, to witness a battle between two chines should go forward, and when it stuck, stalled, or stopped, for any reason, should at once back down, take the siding,

It was nearly noon when the railway director, I thought. The two machines officers and the reporters climbed to the were very similar in appearance; but in- storm deck of the first machine, and the stead of a wheel with knives, one had a commander gave a signal to start. The great auger in front, the purpose of which whistle "off brakes" was answered by the was to bore into the snowdrift and draw six locomotives and the little engine that the snow into the machine, as the chips brought up the rear with the special train.



SNOW-BUCKING WITH A PILOT PLOW.

drifts which we encountered in the first and the smiles to the other. few miles, and breathed them out over the tops of the telegraph poles. was lighter now, so that instead of boring smoke to the very heavens, and to hear into it, the second plow only pushed it and them scream to one another when about house was buried, when she choked up they returned to the side track.

and laid down. Now the frowns were In the little town at the foot of the hill

The hungry machine gathered up the light transferred to the faces of the second crew,

For two days we see-sawed in this way, At a and every hour the men grew more sullen. sharp curve, where there was a deep drift, The mad locomotives seemed to enter into the snow-plow left the track, and we were the spirit of the fight; at least it was easy forced to stop and back out. The en- to imagine that they did, as they snorted, gineers looked sullen as they backed puffed, and panted in the great drifts. down to let the other crew pass, and the Ah, 'twas a goodly sight to see them, fresh men laughed at them. The snow each sending an endless stream of black piled it up in front of her, until the whole to stall, and to note with what reluctance

statement so as to include "any rotary" man on the job, see?"

seven miles of snow remained between us touched the tunnel-shed. and the mouth of the Alpine tunnel, where the race would end; for the tunnel was full up;" and with faces wreathed in smiles and of snow. All the forenoon the hot engines steamed and snorted and banged away at snow, and glory, the little army drifted the great sea of snow that grew deeper down the hill. The three days' fight was and harder as we climbed. The track was at an end, and the Rotary was the victor. so crooked that the plows were off the rail miles.

trouble, successfully. grew deeper, she smothered, choked up, and stalled. Then even her friends had to admit that "she was not quite right," and the enginemen looked blacker than siding.

ing off steam, the three firemen at the deeper and deeper every hour. Ten miles furnace doors, the engineers smiling and out from the division station, at the foot eager for the fray. As she turned into of the mountain proper, we side-tracked the tangent where the other had stalled, to wait the return of the snow-plow. the leading locomotive screamed "off brakes," and every throttle flew wide away, Monday dawned, and no news of levers, until every engine in the train was the telegraph office was that they were working at her full capacity. While wait- somewhere between Shawano and the top ing in the siding, the engineers had of the hill, - presumably stuck in the screwed their "pops," or relief valves, snow. All day and all night they worked down so that each of the engines carried and puffed, pushed and panted; but to no twenty pounds more steam than usual. purpose. Now, when they gave up all There were no drifts now, but the hard hope of getting through, they attempted snow lay level six feet deep. The track to back down; but that was equally imwas as good as straight—only one long possible. The heavy drifts in the deep curve—and the pilots would touch timber cuts were not to be bucked away with the line at the mouth of the tunnel. The road rear end of an engine. here lay along the side of the mountain, through a heavy growth of pine.

the rival crews camped at separate board- snow was granulated, and consequently ing-houses. This was fortunate, for it very heavy. By the time they had gone a would not have been safe for them to live hundred yards, a great stream of snow together. Even the enginemen, by the end was flowing from the spout out over the of the second day, were hardly on speak- telegraph wires, over the tops of the small ing terms. Bob Stoute said that somebody spruces and pines, crashing down through had remarked that the two hundred and their branches until the white beneath sixty-five wouldn't make steam enough to them was covered with a green carpet of ring the bell. He did not know who had tree twigs. On and on, up and up, the said it, but he did know that he could monster moguls pushed the plow. Higher "lick" him. After supper that evening, and higher rose the black smoke; and when the "scrappy" engineer came out when the smoke and the snow came beof Red Woods saloon, he broadened the tween the spectators and the sun, which was just now sinking behind the hill, the effect was marvellously beautiful. Still on When we went into the field on the they went through the stainless waste, nor morning of the third day, not more than stopped nor stalled, until the snow-plow

> The commander gave a signal to "back with their machine covered with cinders,

But I started to write about pilot plows half the time; so that when we stopped for and old-time snow-bucking—when we used luncheon we had made less than three to take out an extra insurance policy and say good-by to our friends as we signed The least promising of the two machines the call-book. On a mountain division of was out first after dinner; and as the snow a Western road, some ten years ago, I was harder up here, she bid fair to win had my first experience in snow-bucking. great credit. She rounded the last of the For twenty-four hours a pilot plow and sharp curves that had given us so much flanger had been racing over the thirty But as the snow miles of mountain, up one side and down the other. As often as they reached the foot of the hill they received orders to "double the road."

It was Sunday afternoon when the caller ever as they backed down and took the came for me. Another engine had been ordered out to help push the snow-plow Up came the rival, every engine blow-through the great drifts, that were getting

The hours went by, the night wasted Down, down, went the reverse the snow brigade. All we could learn at

> Tuesday came, and found us still watch-The ing and waiting for the snow-plow. Other



THE MODERN ROTARY SNOW-PLOW.

engines came up from the division station with a work-train and a great army of the top of the stack of the front engine trackmen with wide shovels. A number was visible. The front windows of the of railroad officers came, and everybody cabs were all boarded up to prevent the shovelled. We had no plow on our side of glass from being smashed. For three the hill, and had to buck with naked en- or four days the track was kept clear begines. First we tried one, then two, then hind us, so that we could back out and tie three coupled together. The shovellers up at night where there was coal and would clear off a few hundred yards of water. All this time the snow kept comtrack, over which we would drive at full ing down, day and night, until the only speed. As our engine came in contact sign of a railroad across the range was with a great drift, all the way from eight the tops of the telegraph poles. Toward to eighteen feet deep, she would tremble the last of the week we encountered a and shake as though she was about to be terrific storm—almost a blizzard. This crushed to pieces.

Often when we came to a stop, only closed the trail behind us, and that night the water in the tanks was very low. By shovelling snow into them when we were stuck in the deep drifts, we managed to keep them wet.

For three or four days—sometimes in the dead hours of the night—we had heard a mournful whistle away up on the mountain side, crying in the waste like a lost sheep. This was a light engine, as we learned afterward, that had started down the hill, but got stuck in the storm. For four days and nights the crews were imprisoned in the drifts. They had only a few pieces of hard bread, which they soaked in snow-water and ate. More than once during the fourth day they had looked into the tallow-bucket, and wondered if they could eat the tallow.

On Sunday morning, just a week from the day on which I had signed the callbook, the sun shone clear and bright. The crew with the big pilot plow had reached the summit; and now a new danger confronted the lone engine whose cry had gone out in the night like the wail of a lost soul. The big plow was coming down the hill with two locomotives behind her; and if this crew remained on the main line, they would be scooped into eternity. When the storm cleared away they found that they were within a few feet of the switch target. If they could shovel out the snow and throw the switch, it would arch.

we were forced to camp on the mountain let them on to a spur. Hungry and weak side. We had an abundance of coal, but as they were, they began with the fireman's scoop to clear the switch and shovel away from the wheels, so that the engine could start herself. All the time they could hear the whistles of the three engines, now whistling "down brakes." back up," and "go ahead," as they hammered away at the deep drifts. At last the switch was forced open, the engine was in to clear; but not a moment too soon, for now came the great plow fairly falling down the mountain, sending a shower of snow over the lone engine on the spur.

We, too, had heard and seen them coming, and had found a safe siding. When the three half-starved and almost desperate engineers came to the clear track we had made, the great engines, till now held in check by the heavy snow, bounded forward down the steep grade at a rate that made us sick at heart. Each of the locomotives on the side track whistled; but the wheels were covered with ice and snow, and even with levers reversed, they seemed to slide as fast. Fortunately, at the next curve there was a heavy drift-so deep that the snow-train drove right through it, making a complete tunnel archedover with snow. Thus, after eight days, the road was opened, and eight sections of the passenger train came slowly and carefully down the mountain and passed under the

HOME FROM THE CITY.*

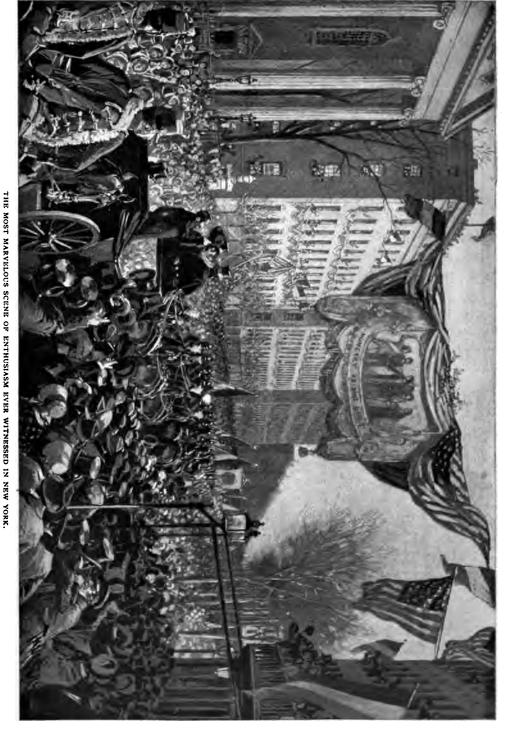
BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

Our of the city, out of the street! Out in the wind and the grasses, Where the bird and the daisy wooing meet, Out of the stench and scorching heat And the cloud like an eagle passes, Far from the roaring street.

Out of the hurry, away from the heat And clamor of iron wheels and hoofs, We come as a dove to its native roofs. Far from the thunderous street.

Into the silence of cool-breathed leaves, Where the wind like a lover Murmurs, and waits to listen, and weaves His arms in the leafy cover-Back to a world of stubble and sheaves We flee from the murderous street!

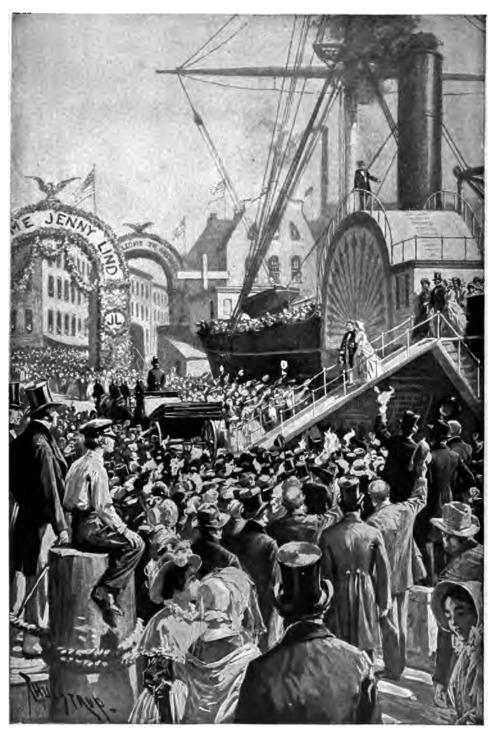
^{*} From "Prairie Songs," by Hamlin Garland; by permission of Stone & Kimball, publishers, New York.



THE MOST MARVELOUS SCENE OF ENTHUSIASM EVER WITNESSED IN NEW YORK.

One of the pictures illustrating Parke Godwin's graphic description of "When Kossuth Rode Up Broadway," written by him for the "Great Personal Events" series, which begins in the current (November) issue of The Ladies' Home Journal. The most wonderfully interesting series of articles ever conceived by a magazine.

I



This picture shows Jenny Lind's arrival in New York City; another shows her singing before her wonderful audience at her first concert in Castle Garden, when people nearly went music-mad and hundreds listened in row-boats.

The whole scene, with the pictures, is described by Hon. A. Oakey Hall in the first of The Ladies'

Home Journal's series of "Great Personal Events," in the current (November) issue.



THE PRINCE OF WALES DANCING WITH AMERICAN GIRLS.

One of the incidents portrayed by Stephen Fiske in the story of his personal experience "When the Prince of Wales was in America," written for the "Great Personal Events" series, which begins in the current (November) issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.



MR. BEECHER SELLING A BEAUTIFUL SLAVE GIRL IN HIS PULPIT.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, herself, tells the marvelous story of "When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit," in the "Great Personal Events" series, which begins in the current (November) issue of The Ladies' Home Journal. For One Dollar The Ladies' Home Journal, containing this wonderful series of will be sent to any address, Postage Free, for an Entire Year by The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

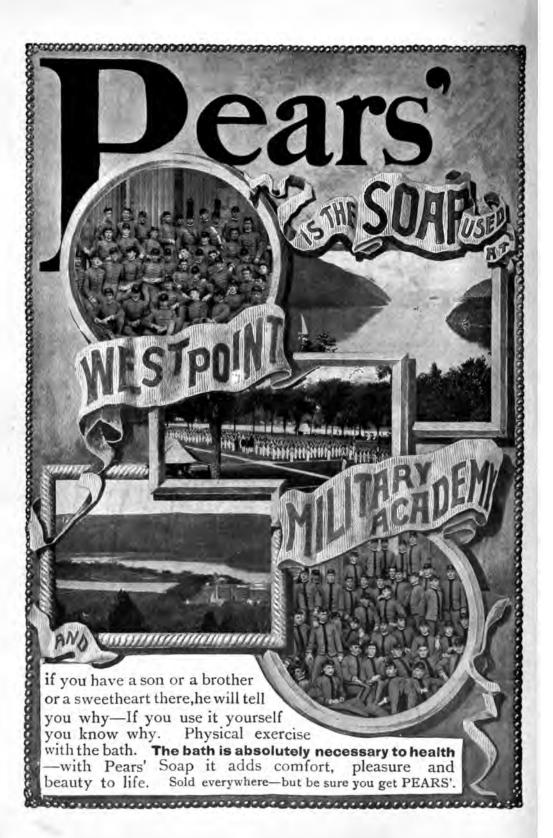
Christmas Fiction Number.

ORIES KIPLING, STOCKTON, MACLAREN PRICE PRICE OF THE PRI

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR DECEMBER.







Chicago.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1896

I.	Grant at Twenty-one. The Earliest Known Portrait. Now First Published
II.	The Farthest North. An Account of Dr. Cyrus C. Adams
III.	A Carol William Canton
IV.	Madonna and Child. Reproduced from the Painting by Josephine Wood Colby
v.	Reproduction of a Portrait Painted from Life by Charles Willson Peale. With Introduction by Charles Henry Hart
VI.	How Dr. Davidson Kept His Last Christ- I Ian Maclaren
VII.	In the First Christmastide. A Poem Harriet Prescott Spofford . 121 With reproductions of frescos by Melozzo da Forli.
VIII.	The Early Life of Ulysses Grant Hamlin Garland 125 With portraits and other pictures.
IX.	"Bread Upon the Waters." A Story Rudyard Kipling 140 With pictures by W. L. Sonntag, Jr.
X.	My Unwilling Neighbor. A Story Frank R. Stockton 154 With pictures by H. C. Edwards.
XI.	"Captains Courageous." A Story of the Rudyard Kipling
XII.	Of This Generation. A Story
XIII.	The Inquisition. A Poem
XIV.	Bethlehem
xv.	Editorial Notes

Terms: \$1.00 a Year in Advance; 10 Cents a Number. Subscriptions are received by all Newsdealers and Booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publishers.

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us not later than the tenth of the month, in order to take effect with the following number.

BOUND VOLUMES in dark green linen and gold, post-paid, \$1.25 per volume; in buckram and gold, \$1.50 per volume, Back numbers, returned post-paid, will be exchanged for corresponding bound volumes in linen at 75 cents per volume, and in buckram at \$1.00 per volume, post-paid. Missing numbers will be supplied, when volumes are returned to us for binding, at the regular subscription price of 82 cents a copy, excepting the numbers from August, 1893, to December, 1894, inclusive, which are 15 cents a copy. Indexes will be supplied to those who wish to do their own binding.

OUT OF PRINT.—The numbers for June and July, 1803, and November and December, 1895, are out of print. Bound Vol. I. is also out of print. We can still supply all the other volumes in either style of binding.

BINDERS, holding firmly any number from one to six copies, of McClure's Magazine, post-paid, 75 cents.

8. S. McCLURE, President JOHN S. PHILLIPS, Treasurer ALBERT B. BRADY, Secretary THE S. S. McCLURE CO. 141-155 East Twenty-fifth Street, New York City

ur t		



GRANT AT 21. THE EARLIEST KNOWN PORTRAIT. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original daguerreotype, owned by Mrs. Louisa Boggs of Macon, Mo. Mrs. Boggs is the widow of Henry Boggs, who was Grant's partner in the real estate business in St. Louis during the winter of 1858-59. This portrait has been in her possession since 1860. It is one of a number of portraits and documents brought to light by Mr. Hamlin Garland in his industrious search for material preparatory to the series of studies in Grant's life which begin publication in this number of McClure's. Except Mrs. Boggs and her immediate acquaintance, no one knew of its existence until Mr. Garland discovered it. It was probably taken about 1843, just after Grant's graduation from West Point. It resembles a daguerreotype owned by Mrs. George W. Childs, which was reproduced in McClure's Magazine for May, 1894.

McClure's Magazine.

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1896

No. 2.

THE FARTHEST NORTH.

AN ACCOUNT OF DR. NANSEN'S ADVENTURES AND ACHIEVEMENTS.

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS.



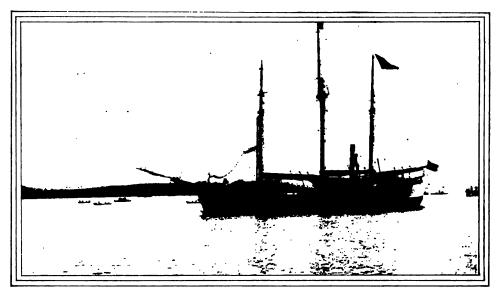
man had ever been before. He could see He turned back in time, traversed the ternothing from the top of the highest ice hill save these hummocks and ridges, stretching away to the horizon like frozen waves. The scene had the one condition needed to crown it as the most utterly desolate waste that can be conceived. It was wholly void of all forms of life. No Polar explorer had ever before entered an area where the air, the ice, the land or the sea depths support no living thing; but for the last 150 miles of his journey north, by ship or sledge, Nansen had not found the slightest trace of life in the air, on the ice, or in the ocean depths. Somewhere near the eighty-fourth parallel, he seems to have passed beyond the pale of the life zones into an area around the Pole where nature is wholly inorganic

At the point he had reached, Nansen was within 261 statute miles of the North Pole. He was nearer this long-sought goal of many explorers than New York city is to Mount Washington. It was almost within his reach, and yet it was the same elusive object that had mocked so many Arctic wayfarers. He had set out from his vessel, twenty-four days earlier, with only one hundred days' provisions for himself and his comrade, and a month's supply for the dogs, all he could carry over those rugged ice floes. At the rate he had advanced it

N April 7th, last year, would take him two months more to reach Dr. Fridtjof Nansen the Pole; and there could be little satisfacstood among the ice tion in standing on the apex of the northhummocks of the ern hemisphere with all his dogs gone, only
Arctic Ocean at a two weeks' supply of food left, and no
point about 195 game within hundreds of miles. If Nanmiles nearer the sen were not prudent as well as daring, the North Pole than any world would never have known his fate.



From a photograph by L. Szacinski, Christiania.



THE "FRAM" IN THE HARBOR OF CHRISTIANIA AFTER HER RETURN FROM THE ARCTIC.

From a photograph by L. Szacinski, Christiania.

home a story of great achievements, marred largely to years of minute and careful prepby no accident, the result of splendid effort aration. Last year many famous Arctic and unsurpassed good luck, never before experts were at the Geographical Congress combined in such large measure by an in London. It was interesting to see their Arctic enterprise.

Almost exactly three years elapsed after Dr. Nansen, with his staunch ship and ten comrades, passed out of view into the Arctic ice, before they came back to the civilized world. Not a man had been ill, not a timber had been injured in the the grinding floes. But they had met the "Fram's" giant frame, and full supplies for three years were still on board. They had traversed an area of 50,000 square miles of unknown waters. They had discovered a wide sea of oceanic depth, overthrowing the theory of the prevailing shallowness of the Arctic. They had traced this wide sea for hundreds of miles, and found it to be over two miles deep. They had made other discoveries of much interest to the world; and when they divided forces on the ice, the sledges to go north for any fate in store for them, the ship to drift whither the wind listed, impelled for seventeen months by a kindly destiny over widely diverse routes, they arrived, at last, within a period of seven days, on the coast of Norway, their work completed and their triumph secure. Did Arctic explorers ever have better fortune or more richly deserve it than Dr. Nansen and his brave men?

But "God helps them that help them-selves." As far as man can do, Nansen made even pitiless Arctic conditions serve

rible ice to Franz Josef Land, and brought his purposes. He owes his brilliant success faith in Nansen. They criticised the theory he had gone north to test. They doubted the existence of the Arctic current which he thought would waft the "Fram" across the Polar sea. They feared that his vessel would be crushed like an eggshell among man; and his sound sense, scientific attainments, practical ideas, thorough Arctic stud-



DR. NANSEN'S MOTHER,

ies, physical stamina, and enthusiasm had won their confidence and admiration. Somehow or other, they believed Nansen was coming back with a story of splendid work done.

How few who achieve great things win recognition at his early age! Nansen is only thirty-five years old. He was born near Christiania, Norway, educated in its university, trained as a zoölogist, and the year he was twentyone was marked by the completion of his school life, a trip in East Greenland seas for zoölogical specimens, and his appointment as Curator in the Natural History Museum at Bergen. At twentyseven the scientific papers he had written won him the degree of Ph.D.; and a year later all the world knew him as the first man to cross Greenland, which he described in two volumes, writing another on the Eskimos. Since then his time has been almost wholly absorbed by his polar project.

Nansen began to plan this voyage when he was twenty-three years old, nine years before he started. Many a hint for his great undertaking came to him while cruising in East Greenland waters, and during his memorable crossing of Greenland on the ice cap in 1888. He spent that winter among the west coast natives, and what he learned of Eskimo ways of living was invaluable to him later. He mastered the difficult art of managing the kayak, or Eskimo skin boat, which he said was "the best one-man vessel gen, last spring, from the little

boat, but were modelled after and propelled like it.

lived much with the Eskimos, sleeping in



DR. NASSEN. in the world;" and when he and Johansen set out for Spitzber
Drawn by W. M. Burgher after a photograph by W. C. Frabritius & Son, Christiania.

island in Franz Josef Land where they had of handling dog teams. He believed that an wintered, two kayaks, weighing twenty Arctic explorer should be able to live, if need Pounds each, carried them and their meagre be, as the natives do, depending for everyoutfit across all bits of open water. They thing upon the country he lives in. He were larger than the little Greenland skin found his theory true, and he is alive to-day because he was able to live just like the Eskimos. When the two men landed on During his Greenland winter, too, Nansen their little island in August, last year, they had no dogs, no food, no shelter, and no their rude huts of stone and turf in spite of clothing except the raggedwoollen garments the dirt, discomforts, and offensiveness; join-they were wearing; but they did have guns ing their Nimrods in the hunt on land and ammunition. Bear and sea game were sea, and taking lessons from them in the art in abundance. They became Eskimos for



B. F. NANSEN AND HIS INFANT SON FRIDTJOF



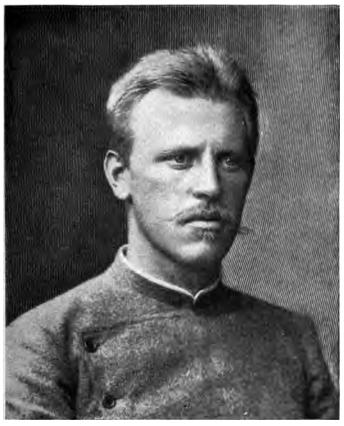
NANSEN AT 4 YEARS OF AGE.



NANSEN AT 12 YEARS OF AGE,



NANSEN ABOUT 1893. AGE 31.
From a photograph by J. Thomson, Lond



NANSEN JUST BEFORE HE STARTED ON HIS ARCTIC EXTEDITION IN 1893.

shardy and strong as men could be.

ix feet tall, with muscles like iron, and the have his bones crushed. medals he won made him known, long ago, a champion of sport in Norway. These

the time, and had no more fear of suffering watch-chain. Nansen had just arrived in from hunger and cold than they would have London to tell the geographers there about had at home. They killed walrus and bear. his polar project. He saw a great crowd They built a hut of stone and turf, roofed at Buckingham Palace, and pushed to the with walrus hides, and made a door of front rank just as the Princess of Wales bear skin. Their larder, lacking variety to arrived to hold a drawing-room. As he be sure, was always well filled. Bear meat waved his hat with the crowd, he felt a was the staff of life. Oil and fat were their twitch at his chain, and grasped the wrist of fuel and lights, and furs carpeted their floor the too familiar person. He cheered and and supplied their winter clothing and sleep- waved until enthusiasm subsided, meanwhile ing bags. It was not an ideal existence, but holding an umbrella firmly under the arm after nine months of it the explorers were to which the thief was attached, and then handed his prisoner over to a policeman. From his childhood Dr. Nansen has been Nansen said he merely held the man tightly; an athlete, a hunter, and an expert skiboler, but the fellow was howling with pain, and **a snow-shoe** traveller. He is more than declared he would rather go to prison than

But, first of all. Nansen is a man of science. He had mastered all that had been qualities, with the courage and endurance done by Arctic explorers; and when, with they imply, besides skill in kayak and ski unsurpassed practical sense, he made such travel, and ability to live as the Eskimos arrangements for his journey as to be able do, have had no small part in making his to advance hundreds of miles into the success. He has the grip of a giant, as a wholly unknown regions around the North misguided pickpocket learned to his sor- Pole, it was his penetrating scientific genius row when he toyed with the Norseman's that gained an insight into the unknown.



THE "FRAM" IN THE ICE-PACK,

Drawn by Victor S. Perard after a drawing by Otto Sinding.

such a harvest of valuable facts, many of ice-imbedded vessel to the northwest. which relate to pure science. We shall most that can now be said of this ther refer to some of the most striking facts. It that he has discovered nothing to dis; is now known of his work as a whole, that it; but he has found that the polar ice he has made most significant and interesting once thought to be a fast ice sheet, discoveries and studies in Arctic geography, continuous drift under the influence of geology, marine hydrology, meteorology, prevailing winds, and as the most persi terrestrial magnetism, and biology; but of course some time will elapse before his rection of the "Fram's" drift was n results can be published in detail for the west. Nansen invented the model o study of experts.

he expected to cross the unknown polar strongest vessel ever used in Arctic exp area, and he has done it. He foretold ex- tion. He said that pressure would si actly the general direction in which his ship lift her on the ice, and so her bottom, would drift while fast in the ice, but it is the keel, was made almost flat in order not certain that he correctly assigned the she might not capsize while on the ice cause of this drift. He believed he would face; and her screw and rudder were

That is the reason he has brought back enter a marine current that would carr winds are from the southeast, the mea "Fram," making her hull round and Nearly everything Nansen predicted pery like an eel, with no corners or s about his journey has come true. He said edges for the ice to seize upon. She i niously protected. The many rts who said her design would ave the "Fram" from instant uction were mistaken; for she these resistless ice pressures, :hey merely lifted her out of cradle, and she rested safely e surface.

insen said that, owing to the able predominance of water in ar north, he expected to find higher temperatures than the north coast of Asia. This



RDRUP, SAVIGATOR OF THE "FRAM." photograph by L. Szacinski, Christiania.

oneand

three degrees below zero, and at the near the Asian coast. Nansen has proved, h of the Lena River ninety-four degrees in connection with the "Jeannette" expe-

zero have been ered.

e explorer, of e, was not exng to find a sea two miles and his soundapparatus was y inadequate neasuring such s; but Nansen, he late A. M. ay, on whose Iders Living-'s mantle fell in i, is a man to means where exists. Mackay houses and without tools



remark a - or nails save those he fashioned in the ble pre- heart of Africa; and so Nansen made a diction sounding apparatus of the most modern has been sort, procuring his iron wire from a cable. fulfilled. Dr. Nansen's greatest discovery on this The low- voyage, like his greatest discovery in est tem - Greenland, was made in spite of inadequate perature appliances. He proved, in 1888, that inner observed Greenland contains one of the poles of cold on the of the earth, although none of his thermome-"Fram" ters was able to show the lowest degrees of was sixty- cold he experienced.

Arctic explorers love to name the land one-half features they discover after eminent perdegrees sonages or the friends and supporters of below ze- their enterprises. Dr. Nansen cannot have ro, Fah- this pleasure, for in all his long journey he it, while farther south, in the Kara Sea, discovered no land except a few little islands

> dition, that no large land masses thickly stud the Asian Arctic ocean as they do the North American polar area.

> > Where is the North

polar continent that once figured on the maps? It is not so long ago that the renowned geographer Petermann believed he had good reason for faith in its existence. The Pole was probably in this continent, and he thought that tow-

ering rocks near Be-



THE KITCHEN OF THE "FRAM,"



19%, NANSEN AND THE CENANT JORANSEN LEAVING THE "FRAM,"

On March 14, 18 5, Dr. Nansen, with a single companion, Lieutenant Johansen, left his ship behind him and pushed toward the Pole on foot. It was then that he got farther north than any man before him. He was unable to return to the "Fram," and he and Johansen made their way to Franz Josef Land, where they fell in with the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition, found comfortable lodging and a ship to bring them home.

movement of the ice masses driven, as they vision. are, in any direction by the prevailing winds,

ably find no land there, but a deep sea instead, covered by closely packed and drifting ice. The deep sea trough that was ever under the "Fram" as she drifted to the north of Franz Josef Land and Spitzbergen shows that these lands have no northern extension. The nearest known land to the Pole is that which Lockwood and Brainard discovered, in 1882. north of Greenland

Up to last August the world had supposed that the North Polar Sea was for the most part a shallow basin with cold water in its depths. But Dr. Nansen reports a remarkable

ring Strait, now known to be an island, might fact that is hardly less interesting than be one of the termini of the great land mass. the deep sea, his greatest discovery—that Faith in this theory gradually weakened the is, that the water about 600 feet below the farther men penetrated into the "White surface is above the freezing point, while North;" and now Nansen has thrown a the upper layer of water is invariably below flood of light upon the question. The the freezing point; and this warmer water ocean depths he has found to the north of below 600 feet (north of Spitzbergen below Franz Josef Land and Spitzbergen, the dis- 3,000 feet) appears to extend to the very appearance of animal life in that region, bottom. In view of this fact, some accepted the structure of the ice, which is plainly theories as to the life of the globe and the formed at sea and not on land, and the free circulation of ocean waters will require re-

We can hardly imagine the tedium and point inevitably to the conclusion that the monotony of that long, slow drift over a man who reaches the North Pole will prob- lifeless sea, with no change in nature's



THE SALLON OF THE TRANS



MEETING OF DR. NANSEN AND MR. JACKSON IN FRANZ JOSEF I AND, JUNE, 1896.

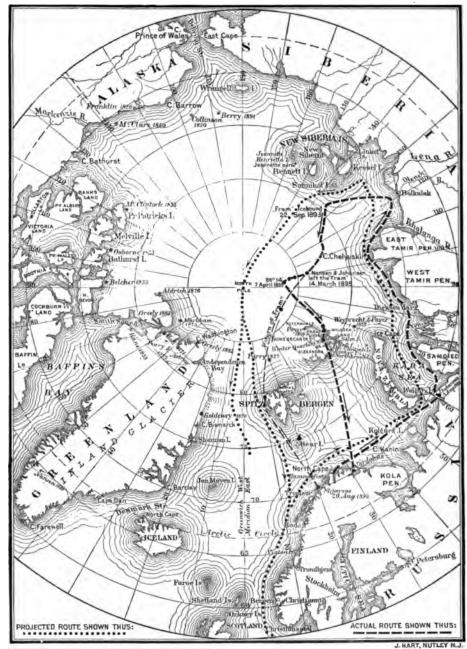
Reproduced by permission of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition.

gy needed to do scientific work. ome people laughed at Nansen's plan to

r to keep the dynamo charged; and daughter of a Norwegian naturalist, fond

ect, save the alternation of hummocks when wind failed, the boys manned the 1 almost level floe ice; and the sea, capstan, four at a time, and supplied the e than a third of each year, enfolded in needed power. Heat and light were requisgloom of Arctic twilight and darkness, ites which, Nansen said, he could not do : fact that every member of his party, without and keep his men in good heart n first to last, was well and fit for service, and strength. Their cabin was warm, and er trying and depressing conditions, is so was their clothing, and they had light in liant proof that Nansen hit the mark plenty until the last winter, when, to the i his new ideas of planning the work general regret, the electric plant was disaugmenting the comfort of an Arctic pensed with, because portions of the appay. All his ideas as to hygiene, methods ratus were needed for snow-shoes and runtravel, and so on, succeeded, and his ners. Nansen feared the scurvy, but his maintained for three years the life and precautions averted an attack from this ghastly enemy.

A phonograph helped to cheer the hours el the darkness around the ship with an of leisure. The explorer could not take tric plant, but it was a great success. his wife, but he had her songs with him.
• was one spot in the Arctic waste all It had been his intention to follow the exwith vivid light. Nansen painted or ample of our own Arctic hero, Civil Engiographed by an arc lamp in the saloon. neer Peary, and take his wife with him. levery puff of air the windmill was set Fru Nansen is a charming woman, the



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTES OF DR. NANSEN AND THE "FRAM."

for the voyage, but at the last moment all little cabin. A gifted vocalist, well known the day of parting had begun to cast its

of the robust recreations of her country, to Scandinavian audiences, she sang all her and as adventuresome as her husband, husband's favorite songs into the phono-Both were confident that she had strength graph, and there was the cheeriest of music on shipboard; and a baby's prattle, too, for his comrades begged him to leave his wife the little daughter had several remarks for behind, and Nansen decided to grant their her papa on the phonographic record. Liv request. Fru Nansen could not go, but is her name, and it has been a name of her lovely voice was often heard in the good omen; for she was called Life when



DR. NANSEN AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. JACKSON IMMEDIATELY AFTER THRIR MEETING IN FRANZ JOSEF LAND IN JUNE, 1896. Reproduced by permission of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition.

shadow over the modest cottage, and that coasts of Asia for traces of him. He was name was the prayer of the young wife and to learn if the natives of North Siberia had husband that, after the perilous and uncer- heard anything of the "Fram," or whether tain years had passed, the little trinity the explorer had called at the New Siberian might again be gathered in their home. Islands for the food supplies which Baron Sunshine and gladness now illumine the Toll had cachéd for him. There was no little cottage near Christiania.

was flashing round the world, one of his compatriots, Hansen by name, sent out by

news of Nansen along the 3,000 miles of his While the news of Nansen's safe return fellow-countryman's route; and when Han-as flashing round the world, one of his sen reached the farther end of the telegraph wire he doubtless learned excellent reasons a geographical society, was scouring the why he was coming home empty-handed.



A CAROL.

By WILLIAM CANTON.

This gospel sang the angels bright:

Lord Jhesu shall be born this night;

Born not in house nor yet in hall.

Wrapped not in purple nor in pall,

Rocked not in silver, neither gold;

This word the angels sang of old;

Nor christened with white wine nor red;

This word of old the angels said

Of Him which holdeth in His hand

The strong sea and green land.

This thrice and four times happy night—
These tidings sang the angels bright—
Forlorn, betwixen ear and horn,
A babe shall Jhesu Lord be born,
A weeping babe in all the cold;—
This word the angels sang of old—
And wisps of hay shall be his bed;
This word of old the angels said
Of Him which keepeth in His hand
The strong sea and green land.

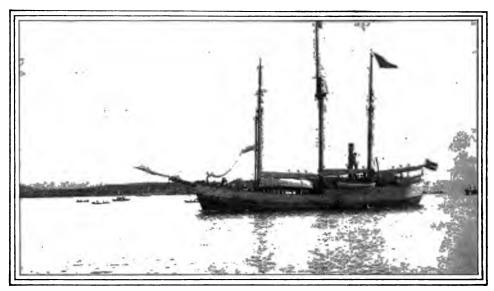
O babe and Lord, Thou Jhesu bright,—
Let all and some now sing this night—
Betwixt our sorrow and our sin.
Be thou new-born our hearts within;
New-born, dear babe and little King,
So letten some and all men sing—
To wipe for us our tears away!
This night so letten all men say
Of Him which spake, and lo! they be—
The green land and strong sea.

From "W. V. Her Book," by William Canton: Stone & Kimball, publishers, New York. By special permission.



MADONNA AND CHILD.

 $\begin{tabular}{ll} From the painting by Josephine Wood Colby. & Reproduced by the special permission of the artist, and now first published. \\ \end{tabular}$



THE "FRAM" IN THE HARBOR OF CHRISTIANIA AFTER HER RETURN FROM THE ARCTIC. From a photograph by L. Szacinski, Christiania.

rible ice to Franz Josef Land, and brought his purposes. He owes his brilliant success home a story of great achievements, marred largely to years of minute and careful prepby no accident, the result of splendid effort aration. Last year many famous Arctic and unsurpassed good luck, never before experts were at the Geographical Congress combined in such large measure by an in London. It was interesting to see their Arctic enterprise.

comrades, passed out of view into the thought would waft the "Fram" across the Arctic ice, before they came back to the civilized world. Not a man had been ill, would be crushed like an eggshell among not a timber had been injured in the the grinding floes. But they had met the "Fram's" giant frame, and full supplies for man; and his sound sense, scientific attainthree years were still on board. They had ments, practical ideas, thorough Arctic studtraversed an area of 50,000 square miles of unknown waters. They had discovered a wide sea of oceanic depth, overthrowing the theory of the prevailing shallowness of the Arctic. They had traced this wide sea for hundreds of miles, and found it to be over two miles deep. They had made other discoveries of much interest to the world; and when they divided forces on the ice, the sledges to go north for any fate in store for them, the ship to drift whither the wind listed, impelled for seventeen months by a kindly destiny over widely diverse routes, they arrived, at last, within a period of seven days, on the coast of Norway, their work completed and their triumph secure. Did Arctic explorers ever have better fortune or more richly deserve it than Dr. Nansen and his brave men?

But "God helps them that help themselves." As far as man can do, Nansen made even pitiless Arctic conditions serve

faith in Nansen. They criticised the theory Almost exactly three years elapsed after he had gone north to test. They doubted Dr. Nansen, with his staunch ship and ten the existence of the Arctic current which he Polar sea. They feared that his vessel



DR. NANSEN'S MOTHER,

hysical stamina, and enthuhad won their confidence admiration. Somehow or , they believed Nansen was ng back with a story of splenork done.

w few who achieve great s win recognition at his early Nansen is only thirty-five He was born near tiania, Norway, educated in niversity, trained as a zoöloand the year he was twentyas marked by the completion s school life, a trip in East aland seas for zoölogical mens, and his appointment rator in the Natural History um at Bergen. At twentythe scientific papers he had en won him the degree of .; and a year later all the knew him as the first man oss Greenland, which he deed in two volumes, writing er on the Eskimos. Since his time has been almost y absorbed by his polar ct.

nsen began to plan this ge when he was twenty-three old, nine years before he Many a hint for his :d. undertaking came to him cruising in East Greenland s, and during his memorable ing of Greenland on the ice 1 1888. He spent that winnong the west coast natives, what he learned of Eskimo of living was invaluable to ater. He mastered the diffiart of managing the kayak, skimo skin boat, which he vas "the best one-man vessel world;" and when he and usen set out for Spitzberlast spring, from the little

red, two kayaks, weighing twenty but were modelled after and propelled

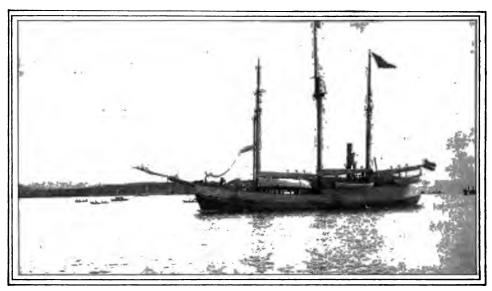
much with the Eskimos, sleeping in rude huts of stone and turf in spite of



DR. NANSEN.

Drawn by W. M. Burgher after a photograph by W. C. Frabritius & Son, Christiania

I in Franz Josef Land where they had of handling dog teams. He believed that an Arctic explorer should be able to live, if need is each, carried them and their meagre be, as the natives do, depending for everyacross all bits of open water. They thing upon the country he lives in. He larger than the little Greenland skin found his theory true, and he is alive to-day because he was able to live just like the Eskimos. When the two men landed on ring his Greenland winter, too, Nansen their little island in August, last year, they had no dogs, no food, no shelter, and no clothing except the ragged woollen garments rt, discomforts, and offensiveness; join- they were wearing; but they did have guns neir Nimrods in the hunt on land and ammunition. Bear and sea game were nd taking lessons from them in the art in abundance. They became Eskimos for



THE "FRAM" IN THE HARBOR OF CHRISTIANIA AFTER HER RETURN FROM THE ARCTIC. From a photograph by L. Szacinski, Christiania.

Arctic enterprise.

traversed an area of 50,000 square miles of unknown waters. They had discovered a wide sea of oceanic depth, overthrowing the theory of the prevailing shallowness of the Arctic. They had traced this wide sea for hundreds of miles, and found it to be over two miles deep. They had made other discoveries of much interest to the world; and when they divided forces on the ice, the sledges to go north for any fate in store for them, the ship to drift whither the wind listed, impelled for seventeen months by a kindly destiny over widely diverse routes, they arrived, at last, within a period of seven days, on the coast of Norway, their work completed and their triumph secure. Did Arctic explorers ever have better fortune or more richly deserve it than Dr. Nansen and his brave men?

But "God helps them that help themselves." As far as man can do, Nansen made even pitiless Arctic conditions serve

rible ice to Franz Josef Land, and brought his purposes. He owes his brilliant success home a story of great achievements, marred largely to years of minute and careful prepby no accident, the result of splendid effort aration. Last year many famous Arctic and unsurpassed good luck, never before experts were at the Geographical Congress combined in such large measure by an in London. It was interesting to see their faith in Nansen. They criticised the theory Almost exactly three years elapsed after he had gone north to test. They doubted Dr. Nansen, with his staunch ship and ten the existence of the Arctic current which he comrades, passed out of view into the thought would waft the "Fram" across the Arctic ice, before they came back to the Polar sea. They feared that his vessel civilized world. Not a man had been ill, would be crushed like an eggshell among not a timber had been injured in the the grinding floes. But they had met the "Fram's" giant frame, and full supplies for man; and his sound sense, scientific attainthree years were still on board. They had ments, practical ideas, thorough Arctic stud-



DR. NANSEN'S MOTHER.

physical stamina, and enthu-1 had won their confidence admiration. Somehow or they believed Nansen was ng back with a story of splenvork done.

ow few who achieve great 's win recognition at his early

Nansen is only thirty-five He was born near old. stiania, Norway, educated in niversity, trained as a zoöloand the year he was twentyvas marked by the completion s school life, a trip in East nland seas for zoölogical mens, and his appointment irator in the Natural History eum at Bergen. At twenty-1 the scientific papers he had en won him the degree of : and a year later all the 1 knew him as the first man oss Greenland, which he deed in two volumes, writing ner on the Eskimos. Since his time has been almost ly absorbed by his polar :ct.

insen began to plan this ge when he was twenty-three old, nine years before he ed. Many a hint for his undertaking came to him cruising in East Greenland rs, and during his memorable ing of Greenland on the ice n 1888. He spent that winmong the west coast natives, what he learned of Eskimo of living was invaluable to ater. He mastered the diffiart of managing the kayak, skimo skin boat, which he vas "the best one-man vessel last spring, from the little



DR. NANSEN.

e world;" and when he and nsen set out for Spitzber-Drawn by W. M. Burgher after a photograph by W. C. Frabritius & Son, Christiania,

in Franz Josef Land where they had of handling dog teams. He believed that an red, two kayaks, weighing twenty Arctic explorer should be able to live, if need ds each, carried them and their meagre be, as the natives do, depending for everyacross all bits of open water. They thing upon the country he lives in. He larger than the little Greenland skin found his theory true, and he is alive to-day but were modelled after and propelled because he was able to live just like the Eskimos. When the two men landed on ring his Greenland winter, too, Nansen their little island in August, last year, they much with the Eskimos, sleeping in had no dogs, no food, no shelter, and no rude huts of stone and turf in spite of clothing except the raggedwoollen garments rt, discomforts, and offensiveness; join-heir Nimrods in the hunt on land and and ammunition. Bear and sea game were nd taking lessons from them in the art in abundance. They became Eskimos for a new horse—to take counsel with Drums-like John?" heugh. Next Friday he dropped into the factor's office-successor to him over "never." whom the Doctor had triumphed gloriously Drumtochty Manse. ment before, and ere he got it out Lord rant drink for yir cold?' Kilspindie had come to terms with the liquidator and settled the Doctor's belong- so good to me as you've been "-the Docings on him for life.

The Doctor's next effort was with his at last he had them in and stated the situ-

ation.

"You have both been . . . good and for meat? We 'ill eat less than she 'ill faithful servants to me, and I may say waste." . . . friends for many years, and I had hoped you would have remained in the manse till . . . so long as I was spared. "it's because . . . because I cannot And I may mention now that I had made afford to . . ." some slight provision that would have . . . made you comfortable after I was gone."

"It wes kind o' ye, sir, an' mindfu'." Rebecca spoke, not John, and her tone was of one who might have to be firm and must not give herself away by sentiment.

"It is no longer possible for me, through . . . certain events, to live as I have been accustomed to do, and I am cowed for once in his life. afraid that I must . . . do without your help. A woman coming in to cook and . . . such like will be all I can afford.'

The expression on the housekeeper's face at this point was such that even the Doctor did not dare to look at her again, but turned to John, whose countenance

was inscrutable.

"Your future, John, has been giving me much anxious thought, and I hope to be able to do something with Lord Kilspindie next week. There are many quiet ... " then the Doctor weakened, "allike Drumtochty, and the old manse will never be the same . . . without you. But

was vain to escape her, "wi' yir permis- of it that day. sion a' wud like tae ask ye ane or twa ques-

he sent for the Kildrummie auctioneer and ony man in the pairish o' Drumtochty ken instructed him to sell every stick of furni-ture, except a bare minimum for one sit-ting-room and a bedroom, Jock accepted tation, an' keep the gairden snod, an' see the commission at once, and proceeded at tae a' yir trokes when John's awa? Wull eleven miles an hour-having just bought ony man ever cairry the bukes afore ye

"Never," admitted the Doctor,

"Div ye expect the new wumman 'ill -and amid an immense variety of rural ken hoo mickle stairch tae pit in yir stock, information, mentioned that he was ar- an' hoo mickle butter ye like on vir ranging a sale of household effects at chicken, an' when ye change yir flannels Jock was never tae a day, an' when ye like anither blanket known to be so dilatory with an advertise- on yir bed, an' the wy tae mak the cur-

"No, no, Rebecca, nobody will ever be

tor was getting very shaky.

"Then what for wud ye send us awa, household, and for weeks the minister and bring in some handless, useless tawpie looked wistfully at John and Rebecca, till that cud neither cook ye a decent meal nor keep the manse wise like? Is't for room? The manse is as big as ever. Is't

> "You know better, Rebecca," said the Doctor, attempting to clear his throat;

"A' ken very weel, an' John an' me hev settled that. For thirty year ye've paid us better than ony minister's man an' manse hoosekeeper in Perthshire, an' ye wantit tae raise oor wages aifter we mairrit. Div ye ken what John an' me hev in the bank for oor laist days?"

The Doctor only shook his head, being

"Atween us, five hundred and twentysax pund.

Eleven an' sevenpence," added John,

steadying his voice with arithmetic. "It's five year sin we askit ye tae py

naethin' mair but juist gie's oor keep, an' noo the time's come, an' welcome. Hev John or me ever disobeyed ye or spoken back a' thae years?"

The Doctor only made a sign with his hand.

"We 'ill dae't aince, at ony rate, for ye places on the estate which might suit may gie us notice tae leave an' order us oot o' the manse; but here we stop till though I know well no place will ever be we're no fit tae serve ye or ye hae nae

mair need o' oor service."
"A homologate that"—it was a brave you see how it is . . . friends." word, and one of which John was justly "Doctor Davidson," and he knew it proud, but he did not quite make the most

"I thank you from my heart, and . . tions, an' ye'll forgie the leeberty. Dis I'll never speak of parting again," and for the first time they saw tears on the gar the handle keep time wi' yir step; Doctor's cheek.

"John," Rebecca turned on her husband-no man would have believed it of the beadle of Drumtochty, but he was also . . . "what are ye stoiterin' roond away yet'—that wes yir word tae the gude the table for? It's time tae set the Doctor's denner; as for that chicken," and Rebecca retired to the kitchen, having touched her highest point that day.

The insurrection in the manse oozed out, and encouraged a conspiracy of rebellion in which even the meekest people were concerned. Jean Baxter of Burnbrae, who had grasped greedily at the dairy contract of the manse, when the the summer-hoose an' brocht back that glebe was let to Netherton, declined to day, an' mony a time hev we wantit tae dae render any account to Rebecca, and the somethin' for him that keepit the auld Doctor had to take the matter in hand.

'There's a little business, Mrs. Baxter, I would like to settle with you, as I happen to be here." The Doctor had dropped in on his way back from Whinny Knowe, where Marget and he had been talking of George for two hours. "You know that I... you will let me pay what we owe for that delicious butter you are good enough to supply.'

fields first, Doctor, an' tell's what ye think o' the crops;" and after that it was necessary for him to take tea. Again and again he was foiled, but took a firm stand by the hydrangea in the garden, and John Baxter stood aside that the affair might be decided in single combat.

"Now, Mrs. Baxter, before leaving I must insist," began the Doctor with authority, and his stick was in his hand; but Jean saw a geographical advantage, and seized it instantly.

"Div ye mind, sir, comin' tae this gairden five year syne this month, and stannin' on that verra spot aside the hydrangy?"

The Doctor scented danger, but he could not retreat.

forget that day, an' never wull, for we were makin' ready tae leave the home o' the Baxters for mony generations, an' it a wash," suggested John.
wes you that stoppit us. Ye 'ill maybe "Sall, it's fell snod noo," after two no mind what ye said tae me."

Baxter . . . that's past and over.

kirn a' see ye comin' up the road, an' a' him, his manner, both of walk and con-

when a' tak oot the bonnie yellow butter ye're stannin' in the gairden, an' then a' stamp ae pund wi' buttercups, an' a' say, 'You're not away yet, Burnbrae, you're not man; and when the ither stamp comes doon on the second pund and leaves the bonnie daisies on't, 'Better late than never, Burnbrae; better late than never, Burnbrae.' Ye said that afore ye left, Doctor."

Baxter was amazed at his wife, and the Doctor saw himself defeated.

"Mony a time has John an' me sat in roof-tree abune oor heads. God forgie me, Doctor, but when a' heard ye hed gien up yir glebe ma hert loupit, an' a' said tae John, 'The'ill no want for butter at the manse sae lang as there's a Baxter in Burnbrae.'

"Dinna be angry, sir." But the flush I have to be, eh . . . careful now, and that brought the Doctor's face unto a state of perfection was not anger. "A' ken it's a leeberty we're takin', an' maybe a'm presumin' ower far, but gin ye kent "Ye'ill surely tak a look round the hoo sair oor herts were wi' gratitude, ye wudna deny us this kindness.

> "Ye 'ill lat the Doctor come awa noo, gude wife, tae see the young horse," and Doctor Davidson was grateful to Burnbrae for covering his retreat.

> This spirit spread till Hillocks lifted up his horn, outwitting the Doctor with his attentions, and reducing him to submission. When the beadle dropped in upon Hillocks one day, and, after a hasty review of harvest affairs, mentioned that Dr. Davidson was determined to walk in future to and from Kildrummie Station, the worthy man rose without a word, and led the visitor to the shed where his marvellous dog-cart was kept.

uld not retreat. "Div ye think that a' cud daur?" Weel, at ony rate, John an' me dinna studying its general appearance with diffi-

"There's nae sayin' hoo it wud look wi'

hours' honest labor, in which John conde-"We 'ill not talk of that to-day, Mrs. scended to share, "an' the gude wife 'ill cover the cushions. Dinna lat on, but "Aye, it's past, but it's no over, Doc- a'll be at the gate the morn afore the Doctor Davidson; na, na, John an' me wesna tor starts." And Peter Bruce gave it to be made that wy. Ye may lauch at a fulish understood that when Hillocks convoyed auld wife, but ilka kirnin' (churning) day the Doctor to the compartment of the ye veesit us again. When a'm turnin' the third rigidly and unanimously reserved for

versation, was changed, and it is certain down upon him with the dog-cart. On the while a fringe of snow draped their sides. Wednesday when the Doctor went to wards to Peter Bruce that he placed the paraphrase, fourteen parcels below the seat and fastened eight behind-besides three which the Doctor held in his hands, being fragile, and two, soft goods, on which Hillocks wished to bless on Christmas Day.

to enter in procession.

cessions.

"Well, it would never do for you to be dispensations of Providence. going down bare-headed on such a day, thinking less of himself than of John.

"A'll come for ye at the usual oor," was all that functionary deigned to reply, and at a quarter to twelve he brought the gown and bands to the study—he himself Marjorie, and we must soon . . . depart. being in full black.

"we'ill no start on the side door aifter dren." five and thirty years o' the front."

So the two old men—John bare-headed. that a visit he made to Piggie Walker on the Doctor in full canonicals and wearing the return journey was unnecessary save his college cap—came down on a fair pathfor the purpose of vain boasting. It was way between two banks of snow three feet not, however, to be heard of by the Doc- high, which Saunders from Drumsheugh tor that Hillocks should leave his work at and a dozen ploughmen had piled on either intervals to drive him to Kildrummie, and side. The kirk had a severe look that so there was a war of tactics, in which the day, with hardly any women or children one endeavored to escape past the bridge to relieve the blackness of the men, and the without detection, while the other swooped drifts reaching to the sills of the windows,

The Doctor's subject was the love of Muirtown to buy his last gifts to Drum- God, and it was noticed that he did not tochty, he was very cunning, and ran the read, but spoke as if he had been in his blockade while Hillocks was in the corn- study. He also dwelt so affectingly on room, but the dog-cart was waiting for him the gift of Christ, and made so tender an in the evening—Hillocks having been appeal unto his people, that Drumsheugh called to Kildrummie by unexpected busi- blew his nose with vigor and Hillocks ness-and it was a great satisfaction after- himself was shaken. After they had sung

> " To Him that lov'd the souls of men, And washed us in His blood,

sat for security. For there were twenty- the Doctor charged those present to carry seven humble friends whom the Doctor his greetings to the folk at home and tell them they were all in his heart. After When he bade the minister good-by at which he looked at his people as they his gate, Hillocks prophesied a storm, and stood for at least a minute, and then liftit was of such a kind that on Sunday ing his hands, according to the ancient morning the snow was knee deep on the fashion of the Scottish Kirk, he blessed path from the manse to the kirk, and had them. His gifts, with a special message drifted up four feet against the door to each person, he sent by faithful messenthrough which the Doctor was accustomed gers, and afterwards he went out through the snow to make two visits. The first 'This is unfortunate, very unfortu- was to blind Marjorie, who was Free Kirk, nate," when John reported the state of but to whom he had shown much kindness affairs to the Doctor, "and we must just do all her life. His talk with her was usually the best we can in the circumstances, eh?" of past days and country affairs, seasoned "What wud be yir wull, sir?" but with wholesome humor to cheer her heart, of past days and country affairs, seasoned John's tones did not encourage any con- but to-day he fell into another vein, to her great delight, and they spoke of the

"'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasand it's plain we can't get in at the front teneth,' Marjorie, is a very instructive door. What do you say to taking in the Scripture, and I was thinking of it last books by the side door, and I'll just come night. You have had a long and hard down in my top coat when the people are trial, but you have doubtless been blessed, gathered;" but the Doctor did not show a for if you have not seen outward things, firm mind, and it was evident that he was you have seen the things . . . of the soul." The Doctor hesitated once or twice, as one who had not long travelled

this road.

"You and I are about the same age, My life was very . . . prosperous, but "The drift 'ill no tribble ye, an' ye 'ill lately it has pleased the Almighty to . . . no need tae gang roond; na, na," and chasten me. I have now, therefore, some John did not quite conceal his satisfaction, hope also that I may be one of His chil-

"He wes aye gude grain, the Doctor,"

sun, an' he's been ripening.'

of the Carnegies forever. Since he was a his faith. laddie in a much-worn kilt and a glengarry with kindly incidents. He identified the spaces on the walls where the portraits of the cavaliers and their ladies had hung; he went up to the room where the lairds had died and his friend had hoped to fall on back of late over those years since I was a better day for the old race; then he rewhich he had sat long ago and looked up to see the stars in the sky. Round that exiles—one eating out his heart in poverty and city life, and a girl who had, for weal line of her traditions. A heap of snow had gathered on the stone, where the honest wood fire had once burned cheerily, and a gust of wind coming down the vast open chimney powdered his coat with drift. It was to him a sign that the past was closed, and that he would never again stand beneath that roof.

He opened the gate of the manse, and then, under a sudden impulse, went on made a third visit—to Archie Moncur, them a bottle of Lord Kilspindie's wine. whom he found sitting before the fire reading the "Temperance Trumpet." and fierce, so timid and fearless, so modest and persevering. He would stoop to lift Lang Syne." a vagrant caterpillar from the cart track, any place, but every winter he organized the fond jest of the Glen. From year to quently about the Lord Jesus Christ. year he toiled on, without encouragement,

Marjorie said to her friend, after he had formed, suffering little body. He humbled left, "but he's hed a touch o' the harvest himself before the very bairns, and allowed an abject like Milton to browbeat him Meanwhile the Doctor had gone on to with Pharisaism; but every man in the Tochty Lodge, and was standing in the Glen knew that Archie would have gone stone hall, which was stripped and empty to the stake for the smallest jot or tittle of

"Archie," said the Doctor, who would bonnet without tails, he had gone in and not sit down, and whose coming had out the Lodge, and himself had seen four thrown the good man into speechless congenerations—faintly remembering the Gen-fusion, "it's the day of our Lord's birth, eral's grandfather. Every inch of the and I wish to give you and all my friends house was familiar to him, and associated of the Free Kirk—as you have no minister just now-hearty Christmas greeting. May peace be in your kirk and homes

sleep; he visited the desolate gallery where ordained minister of this parish and the Kate had held court and seemed to begin things which have happened, and it seemed to me that no man has done his duty by turned and stood before the fire-place in his neighbor or before God with a more single heart than you, Archie.
"God bless you." Then on the door-

hearth many a company of brave men and step the Doctor shook hands again and fair women had gathered, and now there paused for a minute. "You have fought remained of this ancient stock but two a good fight, Archie—I wish we could all

say the same . . . a good fight.'

For an hour Archie was so dazed that or woe, God only knew, passed out of the he was not able to say a word, and could do nothing but look into the fire, and then he turned to his sisters, with that curious little movement of the hand which seemed to assist his speech.

> "The language wes clean redeeklus, but it wes kindly meant . . . an' it maks up for mony things. . . . The Doctor wes aye a gentleman, an' noo . . . ye can see that he's . . . something mair.

Drumsheugh dined with the Doctor that through deep snow to the village and night, and after dinner John opened for

"It is the only drink we have in the Was house, for I have not been using anything there ever a man like Archie?—so gentle of that kind lately, and I think we may have a glass together for the sake of Auld

They had three toasts, "The Queen," and yet had not adjectives to describe the and "The Kirk of Scotland," and "The infamy of a publican; he would hardly give friends that are far awa," after which an opinion on the weather, but he fought for the last included both the living and the drinking customs of the Glen like a the dead—they sat in silence. Then the lion; he would only sit in the lowest seat in Doctor began to speak of his ministry, lamenting that he had not done better for at great trouble and cost of his slender his people, and declaring that if he were means—temperance meetings which were spared he intended to preach more fre-

"You and I, Drumsheugh, will have to without success, hopeful, uncomplaining, go a long journey soon, and give an acresolute, unselfish, with the soul of a saint count of our lives in Drumtochty. Perand the spirit of a hero in his poor, de- haps we have done our best as men can,

and I think we have tried; but there are shook hands with his two retains many things we might have done other- he went with his guest to the outer wise, and some we ought not to have done

"It seems to me now, the less we say in that day of the past the better. . . . We study before he went to bed, the shall wish for mercy rather than justice, did not hear him enter the room. and "-here the Doctor looked earnestly holding converse with Skye, w over his glasses at his elder—"we would seated on a chair, looking very v be none the worse, Drumsheugh, of a much interested. friend to . . . say a good word for us both in the great court.'

"A've thocht that masel"—it was an dropped into dialect—"for a'th agony for Drumsheugh to speak-"mair made is verra gude. Ye've been t than aince. Weelum MacLure wes . . . kind to your master, Skye, and ye ettlin' (feeling) aifter the same thing the him if he leaves ye. Some day ye nicht he slippit awa, an' gin ony man cud also, and they 'ill bury ye, and . hae stude on his ain feet . . . yonder, it that 'ill be the end o 'ye, Skye.

wes . . . Weelum."

The Doctor read the last chapter of the Saviour, for ye're juist a puir dog; Revelation of St. John at prayers that your master is minister of Drun evening with much solemnity, and there- and . . . a sinner saved . . . by after prayed concerning those who had lived together in the Glen that they might said the last words slowly to hims

meet at last in the City.

"Finally, most merciful Father, we the night listened-fancying he hea thank Thee for Thy patience with us, and whine. In the morning the Doc the goodness Thou hast bestowed upon still sitting in his big chair, and S us, and for as much as Thy servants have fondly licking a hand that woul sinned against Thee beyond our knowl- again caress him, while a minia edge, we beseech Thee to judge us not Daisy-the little maid who had die according to our deserts, but according to teens, and whom her brother ha the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ till his old age—lay on the table, our Lord." He also pronounced the bene- Bible was again open at the descri diction-which was not his wont-and he the New Jerusalem.

"Good-by, Drumsheugh . . . y

been . . . a faithful friend and ele

When John paid his usual visit

"Ye're a bonnie beastie, Skye all Scots, the Doctor in his tender n

"Ye never heard o' God, Skye

The Doctor was so much affect John went out on tiptoe, and twice





ANGEL WITH VIOL.

esco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Melozzo da Forli (born, 1438; died, 1494). Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

n of

IN THE FIRST CHRISTMASTIDE.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

With timbrel and with tabor, with viol and with lute,

Bend out of heaven, dear Spirits, across your frosty height,

For the crown of every labor, and of every flower the fruit,

The happy earth inherits, Love being born to-night!



ANGEL WITH TABOR.

From a fresco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Melozzo da Forli. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

Over the vast abysses of nothingness and gloom,

Where the old gods go reeling at the cry of the new name,

Lean from your untold blisses, and make the midnight bloom

With your throbbing gladness stealing in a thousand points of flame.

- O Angel of all Innocents, your viol make more sweet;
- O Angel of all Lovers, touch tenderly your lute;
- O Angel of all Heroes, your rapturous tabor beat;



ANGEL WITH TIMBREL.

From a fresco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Melozzo da Forli. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

O Angel of all Triumph, sound your timbrel's swift pursuit; For you hear the Voice above you, like the breath of some strong flute: "To-night, to-night, Great Love is born, and joy is absolute!"

Forget, O strains untiring, Gethsemane's dark cup,
Foretell not the heart-breaking despair of Calvary's height,
For with boundless sweep and gyring all the universe moves up,
The depth, the dark forsaking with this primal Christmas night!



ANGEL WITH LUTE,

From a fresco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Mclozzo da Forli. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

While sinking at the warning of the clear and mighty cry,
Shall the evil that is hoary, with the dooming that was meet,
In the void of night and morning like a dream dissolve and die,
And death grow into glory now Love makes Life complete!



GRANT'S BIRTHPLACE, AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO.

From a copyrighted photograph by F. L. Dickinson, Cincinnati, Ohio. The house is still standing, but it has been removed to Columbus, Ohio, where it is carefully preserved as a relic in an enclosing structure of stone, iron, and glass.

THE EARLY LIFE OF ULYSSES GRANT.*

By HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

I.

cinnati. This cabin stood comparatively unchanged until about ten years ago, when it was taken down and removed to Columbus as a relic. It was a one-story building of two very small rooms, with an outside chimney at one end in the manner of Southern cottages. In one room the family lived in day-time, cooking at the big fireplace, and eating at a pine table. In the other room they slept.

as the house in which Abraham Lincoln

In writing this article upon the early life of Grant, I have gathered my material so far as possible by personal interviews with men and women who knew him. I have referred to "The Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant" and to Richardson's "Personal Life of U. S. Grant" for confirmation and for the sequence of events. I am indebted to Mr. Chambers Baird of Ripley, for assistance in collecting notes concerning Grant's school-days in Ripley and Maysville. I have also quoted from a series of letters written to the "New York Ledger" in 1868 by Jesse Grant.

first saw the light. The village was called Point Pleasant, and it was indeed a beauti-LYSSES GRANT was born in a cabin ful place. Below the door the Ohio River home standing in a little village on curved away into blue distance, and behind the north bank of the Ohio River, at a it rose hills covered with tall woods of oak point about twenty-five miles east of Cin- and walnut and ash. At that time the river was the great highway, and over its steelbright surface the stern-wheel steamers "Daniel Boone" and "Simon Kenton" plied amid many flat-boats, like immense swans surrounded by awkward water-bugs.

At this time Point Pleasant had hopes of being a metropolis. It was deceived. It is to-day a very small village, at whose wharf only an occasional steamer condescends to stop. In 1820 it contained among It was almost as humble in appearance other industries a tannery, and the foreman of this tannery, an ambitious, stalwart young fellow, called Jesse Grant, had been in business for himself some years before at Ravenna, and was looking for a chance to begin again. Sickness had broken up his industry and had swept away his savings-savings which represented the most unremitting toil and the most rigorous self-



HANNAH SIMPSON GRANT, MOTHER OF GENERAL GRANT.

From an original photograph owned by Helen M. Burke, La Crosse, Wisconsin.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT WENT TO SCHOOL AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO,

The school which Grant attended was taught by John D. White, and among Grant's schoolmates were August V. Kautz, afterwards General Kautz; Daniel Ammen, afterwards Admiral Ammen; Chilton A. White, since prominent in politics; and Carr B. White, afterwards General White.

money, and was nearly ready for a second venture.

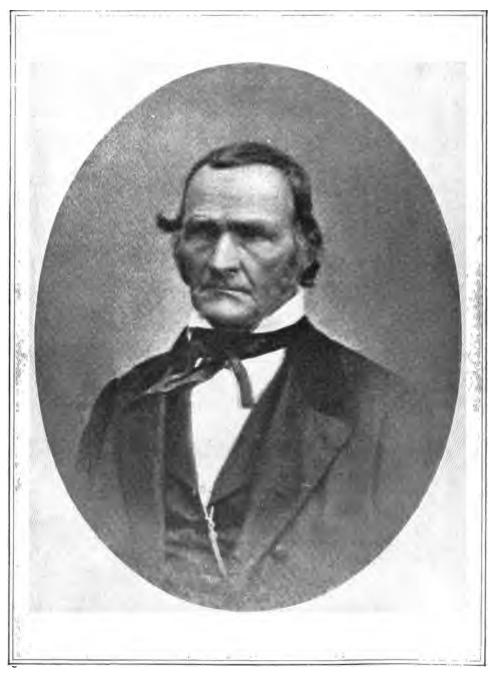
tained young girl, named Hannah Simpson ton, and fought through the entire Revo--a girl of most excellent quality, handsome, but not vain, and of great steadiness of purpose. In 1822 his first son was born, and Jesse brought the vigor, hardihood, and and in 1823 Jesse Grant decided upon Georgetown as the best point to set up a thrifty Ohio border. He took a prominent tannery of his own. His keen perception position in the village at once. He loved to of the commercial changes going on decided this movement. Georgetown was the held advanced ideas, and he wrote rhymes. county-seat of the new County of Brown, He had the gentle art of making enemies as and had the further advantage of being well as friends. He was pronouncedly of situated in a wilderness of tan-bark. Moreover, it was growing, while Point Pleasant South. was being overshadowed by Ripley. Georgtown thus became the boyhood home of Ulysses Grant.

The Grant family made a powerful impression upon the citizens of Georgetown at once. Tesse Grant was a strong man physically and mentally—though possessed feet in height, and alive to his finger tips. modelled, but his eyes were weak and near- his mother.' sighted. He looked the transplanted New

denial - but he was once more accumulating father had been soldiers in the Colonial and Revolutionary wars respectively, his grandfather attaining the rank of captain. His He married, in 1821, a slender, self-confather was a lieutenant of militia at Lexinglutionary War. The Grants had been Connecticut Yankees for several generations, shrewd economy of his forebears to the less talk, to make speeches, and to argue. He the North, his neighbors were mainly of the

Hannah Simpson, the gentle wife, had no discoverable enemies. She was almost universally beloved as a Christian woman and faithful wife and mother. It took longer to know her, for she was the most reticent of persons. "Ulysses got his reticence, his patience, his equable temper of many idiosyncrasies. He was nearly six from his mother," is the verdict of those who knew both father and mother. Others His head was large, and his face largely go further and say: "He got his sense from

In truth the Simpsons were a fine old Englander he was, square of jaw, firm of lip. family. They were quite as martial as the He came of a strong family of most ad- Grants, were as closely identified with the mirable record. His father and grand- early history of America, and were possessed



JESSE ROOT GRANT, FATHER OF GENERAL GRANT, AGE, 69 YEARS.

From an original photograph owned by Helen M. Burke of La Crosse, Wiscotsin.

Simpson was the daughter of John Simpson, room with mystery of shadow play. a man with the restless heart of a pioneer, daughter, seems to have gathered up and and Sundays. carried forward to her son Ulysses the best said. "I never saw her shed a tear in my steadiness, strength of character have been pensation for its remoteness. the stay of the family through life." Her old neighbors call her "a noble woman."

In 1823, as now, Georgetown was inhabited by native families; that is to say, by families at least two removes from the old world, as a roster of the names will show. Many were from Kentucky and Virginia, and the town partook almost equally of South and North in respect of customs, speech, and political prejudices—possibly at that time the South predominated. The town was laid out around the court-house square in Southern fashion. It was a town hewn out of a mighty forest of trees. To this day the fringes and fragments of wood, and especially the stumps, testify of the giants of other days. The soil was fat and productive, as the settler could well perceive by measuring the giant oaks which had risen out of it; and he set himself to work like some valorous but inconsiderate and inconsiderable insect to gnaw down the his first-born son.

was therefore primitive, unrefined, element- child?" some of them asked. The village was almost as rude as houses were small, unadorned, and overluxuries. The ceilings were very low, the names into a hat. walls bare, the furniture rude and scanty, romantic aunt suggested Theodore.

apparently of greater self-control. Hannah rough plaster and filled the corners of the

The women spun and wove and dyed who had left his ancestral home in Pennsyl- their own garments. The men wore jeans vania, near Philadelphia, and had settled in and hickory, while "store-clothes" were a Clermont County, Ohio, a few years before. mark of great extravagance or gentility. He had built a brick house and opened a large Doctors and judges and clergymen were farm, and his position was most honorable in sometimes seen apparelled in the magnifihis town of Bantam. Hannah Simpson, his cence of "boughten clothes" on feast-days

Newspapers were few and came irreguqualities of her people. That she was a larly and were very dull; but they were remarkable woman, all her neighbors bear read with minute care. Life was timed to testimony. She never complained of any the slow pulsing to and fro of the clumsy hardship or toil or disappointment. She stage and to the stately languor of the seldom laughed, and her son Ulysses once stern-wheel steamers whose booming roar sounded clamorously in the night from the life." She was as proud of her family history river mist ten miles away. The fact that as her husband was of his, but she said nothing about it. She never argued, never it was a farming community kept it comboasted, and never gossiped of her neigh- paratively free from broil and bloodshed, bors. Her husband bore testimony to her rude though it was. It had also repose and high character in words well chosen: "Her a certain security of life which was a com-

Ripley, down on the Ohio River ten miles away, was the principal market, and was considered entitled to regular stops on the part of the steamers that swung to with elaborate and disdainful courtesy in answer to signals from the lesser towns. From Ripley or Higginsport, Georgetown was reached by stage over hill and through deep wood. Ulysses Grant lived for sixteen years in this locality. and upon his boy mind was impressed the faces, the speech, the manners, and the daily habits of these people. He loved the town with the love men have for the things thus clothed upon with childish wonder, which never lose their halo, but remain forever sweet and marvellous.

They were a plain people of unæsthetic temperament, sturdy of arm and resolute of heart, as befitted woodsmen. Nonsense, they could not abide; and they were quick to perceive Jesse Grant's "foolish pride" in They were amused forest and let in the sunlight upon his corn at his name "Ulysses," which they soon and potatoes.

at his name "Ulysses," which they soon parodied into "Useless." "How did you The life which the boy Ulysses touched come to saddle such a name on the poor

The story was curious. As related by the farms—a mere cluster of cabins. The the father afterward, it appeared that the common difficulty of choosing a name for crowded with children. The women cooked the babe arose. Multitudes of suggestions at the open fireplaces with pots and cranes, only confused the young parents the more, with "reflectors" and "dutch-ovens" as until at last it was proposed to cast the This was done. A The interiors were without a single touch mother favored Albert, in honor of Albert of refining grace save when at night the Gallatin. Grandfather Simpson voted for fireplace threw a golden glory over the Hiram, because he considered it a handsome



SITTING-ROOM IN THE GRANT HOMESTEAD AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO,

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's MAGAZINE, and now first published.

name. The drawing resulted in two names, Hiram and Ulysses.

"Ulysses," it is said, was cast into the hat by Grandmother Simpson, who had been reading a translation of Fénelon's "Telemachus," and had been much impressed by the description of Ulysses given by Mentor to Telemachus. "He was gentle of speech, beneficent of mind." "The most patient of men." "He is the friend of truth.

. . . . He says nothing that is false,

. . . He says nothing that is false, but when it is necessary he concedes what is true. His wisdom is a seal upon his lips, which is never broken save for an important purpose." The boy was named Hiram Ulysses Grant, but the father always called him Ulysses and never Hiram. "My Ulysses" was a common expression of his, and the rude jesters of the village mocked his utterance of it.

Other children came to the Grants—Simpson (three years younger), Clara, Virginia, Orvil (nearly thirteen years younger), and Mary, the youngest of them all; but Ulysses remained the father's pride, and upon him he builded all his hopes.

Ulysses developed early into a selfreliant child, active and healthy. He came at the age of seven to share in the work about the house and yard. He began to pick up chips and to

carry in the wood for the big fireplaces, quite like the son of a farmer; indeed his earliest traits were neither military nor bookish. He was called "Lys," or in the soft drawl of the South, "Lyssus"; his playmates had not yet begun to find it worth while to tease him about his name. He had a wonderful love for horses, and as soon as he could toddle he delighted to go out across the yard, where at the hitchingpoles, before the finishing-room of the tannery, several teams were almost always to be found on pleasant days. He crawled about between the legs of the dozing horses, and swung by their tails in perfect content, till some



STAIRWAY IN THE GRANT HOMESTEAD AT GRORGETOWN, OHIO,

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine, and
now first published.

timid mother near by rushed to Mrs. Grant with excited outcry: "Mrs. Grant, do you know where your boy is? He's out there swinging on the tails of Loudon's horses.'

But Mrs. Grant never seemed to worry about Ulysses in the least. She was not of those mothers whose maternal love casts a correspondingly deep shadow of agonizing fear. "When Ulysses was sick she gave him a dose of castor oil, put him to bed, and went calmly about her work, trusting in the Lord and the boy's constitution," as one neighbor expressed

Mrs. Grant saw that Ulysses understood horses, and that they understood him; so she interfered very little in his play with the teams across the

way. She was too busy to have an eye to paw-paws were ripe and the hawk was his restless activity. She was the wife of a indolently floating on the western wind. pioneer, with all the harassment and toil The mill stood under a shed where there and disappointment of such a lot; but she was nothing to see; and, besides, the boy never wept, and never lost her balance— doing the work was obliged to keep his and this wonderful gift of self-mastery she head out of the way of the sweep and to gave her eldest son.

At eight years of age he began to drive a team and to break bark into the hopper of the bark-mill.* The bark-mill, it may be machinery they needed to be broken into

*W.T. Galbreath, of Ripley, who worked for Jesse Grant when Ulysses was a child of eight, says: "Ulysses used to get up early in order to get his breakfast and ride the horse down to the tannery, where I was grinding bark. There he'd get off and sit and whittle and talk—waiting for the return ride at noon."



THE GRANT HOMESTEAD AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO, WHERE ULYSSES S. GRANT LIVED AS A BOY FOR NEARLY FIFTEEN YEARS. IT IS STILL STANDING.

see that the horse kept a steady gait. "If you stopped to think how many strips were ahead of you, it was appalling.

Breaking bark did not please Ulysses so explained, was precisely like a big coffee- well as driving the team which hauled the mill put in action by a horse attached to a bark from the woods, and he escaped it in crooked sweep. Into a big iron hopper it every way possible. His father states:* was the boy's duty to break the long slabs "When I said to him, we shall have to go of bark with a mallet. The strips as they to grinding bark, he would get right up came from the woods were several feet in without saying a word and start straight length, and in order to reach the grinding for the village, and get a load to haul or passengers to carry, or something or other pieces four or five inches long. This was to do, and hire a boy to come and grind wearisome business, especially when the the bark." He was sometimes able to persuade the girls to help him by exalting the privilege, in the way of Tom Sawyer, and by earnestly detailing the need there was

^{*} Jesse Grant's letters to the "New York Ledger,"







J. D. WHITE.



IACOB W. RAND.



W. W. RICHESON.



DANIEL AMMEN.



TUDGE MARSHALL.



HON, C. A. WHITE,

Dr. Rogers was the Grant family physician at Point Pleasant, Ohio.

JOHN D. WHITE was the teacher to whom Grant owed most of his early instruction. He kept a subscription school in Georgetown between 1828 and 1839. He was the father of Carr B. White and Chilton A. White, who were among Grant's carliest playmates.

JACOB W. RAND and W. W. RICHESON kept the special school at Maysville, Ky., which Grant attended during the winter of 1836-37.

Daniel Ammen, whose distinguished service in the navy through the war raised him to the rank of rear-admiral, was born and reared in or near Georgetown, and was Grant's schoolmate and life-long friend.

JUDGE JAMES A. MARSHALL, a cousin of Grant, still lives in Georgetown, where he is a highly respected lawyer. He is a man of careful speech, and his estimate of the Grant family is of great value.

CHILTON A. WHITE is still living in Georgetown, and we are indebted to him for valuable reminiscences of Grant. He has been a prominent citizen of Southern Ohio for many years, having served as a State Senator and member of Congress.

chance to ride a horse then.

All around him during those years the came nearer to being a tanner than this. mighty battle with the forest went on. to roll the useless logs into piles to be per; to see the smoke curling up, and to

of his riding on the sweep behind the burned. There was something splendid This was great generalship, and in this work, while the tannery grew more across the space of half a century his old- and more repulsive to him, and secretly he time playmates still remember his roguish made up his mind never to be a tanner. triumph. He was always on hand also when He would grind bark in the yard, if need the wheat was being threshed, for he got a were, but to scrape hides or even handle them was out of the question. He never

About a mile to the west of the village Axes rang incessantly, trees crashed and square a little stream called White Oak fell, columns of smoke rose to the sky at Creek runs through a deep, wide coulée or mid-day, and splendid fires glowed at valley. In those days the stream was a night. It was like the attack of brownies strong, swift current, and there were mills on a chained and helpless army of giants, for grinding corn and wheat located along The steam sawmill had not yet added its its banks, and the farmers came in caravans devouring teeth to the destruction of the from the clearings far to the north with trees—it was mainly hand work. Ulysses grain to be ground, and at night they took active part in this devastation. He camped like an army corps in the splenhelped strip the bark from the oaks, and did open forest of the bottom-lands. It set fire to the stumps and the heaps of was a beautiful experience to see these branches. He drove team when the bark camp-fires gleaming all over the lowlands; was carried to the mill, and he lent a hand to hear the mules and horses call for supthese caravans.

The creek was full of fish at that time. There were swimming-holes which became skating-ponds in due season, and all good things to eat grew on these bottom-lands. Then, too, the teams filed past on their way to Higginsport with flour to load on the flat-boats bound for New Orleans. It all had mystery and allurement in it, and one of the strongest passions Ulysses Grant felt at this time was the wish to travel, to go down the Ohio River and see where the water went to; to go up the river and find out where the flat-boats came from. He said little of this longing, for he was trained to hide his emotions.

II.

Jesse Grant one of the well-to-do citizens of the town. He had a comfortable brick house, he wore gold-bowed glasses, and he possessed a carriage, which was not a common thing in those days. He owned also

a draying outfit, which Ulysses began to use when a mere child. "At eight and a half years he had become a regular teamster," his father states, "and used to work my team all day, day after day, hauling wood. At about ten years of age he used to drive a pair of horses, all alone, from Georgetown, where we lived, to Cincinnati, forty miles away, and bring home a load of passengers."

His father did not insist on his working about the bark-mill, provided he obtained a substitute, and readily enough entrusted the team to him, and was quite willing that he should have a horse of his own. Indeed, he allowed him to manage the horses and a considerable part of the farming. Chilton White remembers that he was always busy with a team. "He was a stout, rugged boy, with a good deal of sleight in his work with a team. He liked horses, and kept his span fat and slick.

It was not uncommon even at that day for fathers to believe in the extraordinary endowments of their first-born sons, but Jesse Grant seems to have made public

hear the hearty talk and laughter of the proclamation of Ulysses's unusual capabilimen. This was a favorite playing-ground ties. His praise of his son grew wearisome for the boys, and Ulysses longed to join to other fathers. His faith received strong confirmation, to his thinking, from the words of a travelling phrenologist. Of this famous incident there are two versions. The father's story runs thus:

> 'When Ulysses was about twelve years old, the first phrenologist who ever made his appearance in that part of the country, came to our neighborhood. . . . One Dr. Buckner, . . . in order blindfolded him, and then brought Ulysses forward to have his head examined.

> He felt it all over for some time, saying to himself, "It is no very common head! It is an extraor-dinary head!" At length Dr. Buckner broke in with the inquiry whether the boy would be likely

> to distinguish himself in mathematics.
> "Yes," said the phrenologist. "In mathematics or anything else. It would not be strange if we should see him President of the United States.

The village version of the incident is Ten years of careful management made quite different. With all his shrewdness and energy, the neighbors say, there was a strain of singular guilelessness in Jesse Grant. He was credulous and simple—in the old meaning of the word simple.

According to their report, Doctor Buck-



BUILDING USED BY JESSE R. GRANT AS THE FINISHING-HOUSE OF HIS TANNERY AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO, IT STILL STANDS, OPPOSITE THE OLD GRANT HOMESTEAD,

ner was only putting up a practical joke on stamped with delight. He spoke over this cident: boy's head the same word of prophecy he at him then for his "vain foolishness."

be a sober man, and an honorable man, and set boy, with his face now all over mud, Mrs, Grant was considered a fortunate had forgotten his comrades and saw only one woman by her neighbors, in that her hus- thing in the world, that was this stubborn band was "such a good provider." The peg. The bell rang, but the boy did not Grant house was considered one of the hear it. A minute later, after a final effort, best furnished in the neighborhood. Mrs. he staggered to his feet with the peg in his Grant was almost as proud of her family as mouth. The old schoolmaster was in the her husband, but she never expressed her door of the schoolhouse, with his long feelings either of pain or pleasure. She beech switch—the only person to be seen. acquiesced in the plans to make Ulysses There was glee inside at this new developa great man, and through her efforts he was ment—here was fun the boys had not always nicely dressed and ready for school, counted on. Imagine their surprise when, How much further her love went she gave as the boy came closer, and the stern old little sign.

The feeling against Jesse Grant develhis neighbor Grant. As the timid and oped rancor on the part of many of the vilblushing Ulysses was pushed forward to lage boys toward Ulysses, and he suffered the platform the crowd began to titter, and thereby not a little. According to the tales the quick-witted lecturer seized upon the of old residents, the boys "were always laysituation. It was to him another numbing for him," and he was called upon to skull son of a doting father. As he mut- suffer positive abuse. An old citizen of tered to himself the crowd roared and Georgetown, Ohio, relates the following in-

" A favorite game with the boys of John had used in a hundred similar cases. It D. White's subscription school, at Georgewas a perfectly successful joke. The father town, was mumble-the-peg. Grant couldn't believed the cheering was in honor of his play the game very skilfully, and the peg son. Thereafter he not only insisted that always got a few clandestine licks every Ulysses was to be a great man, but also time he was to pull it. On one occasion President of the United States. His faith, it was driven in so deep that the boys moreover, expressed itself in deeds—he sent thought Lys could never get it out. He Ulysses to school. Ridicule made no differ- set to work with his forehead down in the ence with him; he stuck to his faith unshak- dirt, the sun beating hot upon him, and the ably, and men are living to-day who laughed crowd of boys and girls shutting out every breath of fresh air. The peg would not With all this Jesse Grant was known to move. The red-faced, shock-headed, thickschoolmaster saw his face, he set down the

switch inside the door and came outside. One boy slipped to the window, and reported to the rest. The old man was pouring water on Lys Grant's hands and having him wash his face. He gave him his red bandanna to wipe it dry. What the school saw a minute later was the schoolmaster coming in patting this very red and embarrassed boy on the head."

And stories are still current in Georgetown also which are calculated to make him out a stupid lad. Of such is the famous horse-trade story, wherein Ulysses is said to have raised his own



AN OLD STREET IN GLORGETOWN, OHIO, AT THE PRESENT DAY.

From a photograph taken especially for McClerk's Magazini, and now first published.



EARLY HOME OF GENERAL GRANI'S MOTHER, IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA,

The wooden part of this house, with a farm of 164 acres, was purchased by John Simpson, General Grant's greatgrandfather, in 1763. It was then a bare structure of logs, the clap-board coating not being added until later. The stone part was built by John Simpson about 1765. In 1804, at John Simpson's death, his son, John Simpson, General Grant's grandfather, bought the property. General Grant's mother, Hannah Simpson, was at this time five or six years old, having been born November 23, 1798, at Whitemarsh, Pennsylvania. The picture shows the house as it stands to-day. It is from a photograph owned by Helen M. Burke of La Crosse, Wisconsin, a granddaughter of the second John Simpson and a cousin of General Grant.

bid two points without waiting for answer transact business for his father), and he had on the part of the seller. As the boy a team to drive just as if it were his own. was only eight, and eager for the colt, it These things entitled him to a certain dedoesn't seem to be conclusive proof of stu- gree of consideration on the part of his pidity.*

In spite of these stories it appears that regard for him. He had a way of doing things which commanded respect. He had travelled a great deal. He had been to

* "In the matter of Grant's famous horse trade with Mr.

* "In the matter of Grant's famous horse trade with Mr. Ralston, the version most current shows great acuteness on the part of the boy, in that, after telling Mr. R. all that his father had told him about how to go about the trade, he bought the horse for the minimum price of forty dollars. The version that Grant himself repeats in his 'Memoirs' is that one which says, that the boy by his stupidity in telling just how much he would pay had to pay fifty dollars, when really the farmer's price was only forty dollars. "Nelson Waterman, who says he was working in a field near Ralston's when the boy came down to make the trade, says that there really was no trade. When the boy told all that his father had said to him—that if he could not buy the colt for forty-five dollars, pay fifty dollars. Ralston was disgusted with the boy's lack of business ability, and would not make any sale to him; sent him home, in fact, to his father without the colt, and with some good fatherly advice.

"This accords with the current stories of Grant's early stupidity."—HENRY J. HANNAH, in a letter to the writer.

comrades.

"There were, in fact, two sets of boys in the boys who knew him best had a high the town; one very rough, and one very quiet set—that is to say, well-meaning—for while they were full of fun and noise, they were good, clean boys; they did not use Cincinnati, to Maysville, to Louisville (to liquor or tobacco, and it was to this company that Ulysses belonged. It was his habit to associate with boys older than himself, and this, with his staid demeanor, made him seem older than his years. At this time Ulysses was a plump, short, ruddy, staid, manly boy, never given to pranks. He never backed out of anything, and avoided any prominence; what he had to do he did well and promptly."

> He seldom did anything which could even be called thoughtless. "He was the soul of honor," another playmate bears witness. At ten years of age he had become a remarkable teamster. He amazed his

train horses.*

He was a successful farmer, and liked it he found time to have a little fun. very much; in fact, his life was nearer that able testimony points to his being a very busy and practical boy. He always had pocket money, earned by teaming. He worked willingly and steadily at hauling, breaking bark, and plowing. "His father owned fifty acres of wood-land with some tillable land upon it, and Ulysses had much to do with farming that land," raising fodder for the cows and horses, and vegetables for the house.

When he was not at work about the tannery or farm, he was conveying travellers to Ripley, to Maysviile, to Higginsport, to West Union, or to Cincinnati. In this way he earned enough money to buy a horse of his own. Once when he was about thirteen years of age, he took a couple of lawyers across country to Toledo. The neighbors were astonished to think Uncle Jesse would trust his boy to make such a long trip.

on the way?"

"Oh, no." replied the proud sire; "he'll take care of himself."

To understand to the full the resolution and good judgment required on this trip of several hundred miles, it must be remembered that in 1835 there were few pikes or bridges, and the streams were much deeper to ford than now. Jesse often sent his son to make collections or to transact important business. The boy certainly did not lack

*There was something mysterious in his power to communicate to a horse his wishes. He could train a horse to trot, rack, or pace apparently at will. When he was about eleven years of age he made a reputation among the boys by riding the trick pony of a circus which came in trailing clouds of glorified dust one summer day, like a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

"It was a small animal show and circus" said Judge

companions by his ability to manage and for employment, and yet in the midst of teaming, grinding bark, and going to school,

It was a good boy's country. It produced of a farmer's boy than a tanner's son. His not merely great trees, and corn and wheat, father once wrote of him, "He would it produced paw-paws, and grapes, and rather do anything else under the sun than May-apples, and blackberries, and hickory work in the tannery." Uncle Thomas Jen- nuts, and beech-nuts, and all kinds of forage nings, an old neighbor, recalls the boy's for boys. These things in due season they thrift—"While the other boys were at plucked and hoarded in the alert seriousness play, he was earning a quarter." All reli- of squirrels or young savages. Ulysses was often of these parties, and in winter many pleasant evenings were spent before the hearth cracking nuts in company with the White or Marshall boys. He could swim well, but was a poor fisherman. He could play ball fairly well, and could ride standing on one foot upon the back of a galloping horse. In winter time he was a daring and much-admired coaster down the steep street which fell away sharply from the square and ran past the tan-yard and the Grant homestead. It is a fine country to coast in, with many long curving slopes of road running under magnificent trees and past clumps of brush and over bridges.

He was a great favorite with the girls, though he was not a demonstrative lover. He was kind and considerate of them; never rude and boisterous, and never derisive. "He was one of the few boys who "Aren't you afraid he'll get into trouble had a team and sleigh at their disposal, and he took the girls a-sleighing," sitting silently in the midst of their shrieking and chatter. He never teased children younger than himself, and he never tortured animals. So runs the testimony of the women who knew him as a boy. He had the effect always of being a good listener, and was counted good company, though never an entertainer. "He was more like a grown person than a lad."

He was at fifteen a good-looking boy, with a large head, strong straight nose, quiet gray blue eyes, and flexible lips. He was short and sturdy, with fine hands and feet. "He was not a brilliant boy, but he was a good boy," "a refined boy," "the soul of honor." "He never swore or used vulgar words, and he was notably considerate and unselfish." There is little record of his fighting, though he was not given to running away.

Of his education in Georgetown little can be said. He had been schooled of nature and by work and play; but up to his fourteenth year he had attended only the winter session of John D. White's subscription school, which "took up" in a long, low brick building standing on a knoll to the south of the town. Schools in country

by riding the trick pony of a circus which came in Gailing clouds of glorified dust one summer day, like a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

"It was a small animal show and circus," said Judge Marshall, "and one part of the entertainment was to turn a kangaroo loose in the ring and ask some lively-footed boy to catch it. I considered myself a pretty good runner in those days, and I tried to catch the kangaroo, to the vast amusement of the people looking on. Ulysses, however, was a plump boy and not a good runner. He made no attempt at the kangaroo, but was deeply interested in the trick pony, which had been trained to throw off any boy who attempted to rice him. He was a very fat bay pony with no mane, and nothing at all to hang to. Ulysses looked on for a while, saw several of the other boys try and fail, and at last said, 'I believe I can ride that pony.' He anticipated the pony's attempts to throw him off, by leaning down and putting his arms around the pony's neck. The pony reared, kicked, and did everything he knew to unhorse Ulysses, but failed; and at last the clown acknowledged the pony's defeat and paid the five dollars which he had promised to the boy who would ride the pony. As Ulysses turned away with the five dollars in his hand, he said to the boys standing round, 'Why, that pony is as slick as an apple.'"

sidered of questionable virtue. was a quiet boy at school. "He never impression on young Grant. whispered or spoke in a low voice as if A. H. Markland once said.

admiration in drawing. "He could draw a horse and put a man on him." He was strong also in mathematics. "Grant was a quiet, studious fellow and a good scholar. I studied algebra with him, and I remember he would never let Carr White or me show him the way to do problems, but always ville Seminary, ranked high in all his classwanted to work them out himself." * A cer- es, and his deportment was exceptionally tain wordlessness and lack of dash, together good. He was a member of the Philowith a peculiar guilelessness, drew upon mathean Society, to which the juniors of him the ridicule of the rude. His language the institution belonged. From the secrewas so simple and bare of all slang and tary's book I find that 'Mr. Grant submitted profanity that it seemed poor and weak to his comrades. He suffered a certain persecution during all his days in Georgetown.

III.

Jesse Grant was a close reckoner in ordinary dealings, but he was more liberal with his son than most fathers of the village, and the winter that Ulysses was fourteen, he sent him to school in Maysville, a larger town just across the river in Kentucky, fifteen or twenty miles from Georgetown. This was done in the hope that something a little better might be had in way of school-

No doubt the boy gladly accepted the opportunity, for Maysville was a city to him, and besides there were the steamboats, the beautiful river, and the wharves with their daily passenger and freight traffic. It was an old town, filled with houses of the Hewit, Phillips, Adams & Co. Peter Grant old English type, such as Boston and Balti- was accidentally drowned near the mouth of more have in their older streets. It was a the Kanawha River while descending that straggling town, extending along the sloping bank between the river and the bluffs behind. It was on slave soil, but it was referred to by Professor Richeson, and find not without its anti-slavery element even at it yields a number of interesting glimpses that day. Jesse Grant, it is said, helped to of Grant. Apparently Grant entered the found the first abolition society in Kentucky in 1823.

It was a finer place for a boy's life than Georgetown. There were boating, swimming, and fishing in summer, and beautiful

O. Edwards, Mayor of Georgetown.

towns of that day were not taken very seri- skating and superb coasting in winter. Of ously by most of the citizens. To be able his life in Maysville we know little, but his to read and write and cipher was considered old teacher and some of his classmates very fair attainment. There were those, it remember him very well, as a very quiet, is true, who wished their sons and daugh- pleasant boy. W. W. Richeson, his teacher, ters to study "Lindley Murray" and higher was a college-bred man of liberal tastes, and mathematics, but such ambitions were con- his methods as a teacher were peculiar and Ulvsses original. He made a strong and gracious

In response to a letter from Mr. W. H. afraid to be heard," his old classmate Haldeman, of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," asking for some of his recollec-Chilton White recalls that he won high tions of the school-boy days of General Grant, Professor Richeson had these things to say:

"H. U. Grant entered as a pupil in the Maysville seminary during the winter season of 1836 and 1837. . . . Young Ulysses, during his school days at Maysthe following resolution:

Reselved. That it be considered out of order for any member to speak on the opposite side to which he belongs.'

"In this record you perceive his consistency, even at the early age of fifteen. In February of the same year (1837) the records show that 'Ulysses Grant and E. M. Richeson were appointed to declaim on the ensuing Friday.'* At another meeting I find that 'Mr. Grant submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That any member who leaves his seat during debate shall be fined not less than six and one-fourth cents."

While he attended the Maysville Seminary he boarded with the family of his uncle, Peter Grant, who was largely engaged in the salt trade in connection with stream with his saline flotilla.

We have ourselves examined the book Philomathean Debating Club for the first time at its thirty-third meeting, January 3, 1837. He took a prominent part at once. By a curious coincidence the question for

^{*}When the roll was called at the next meeting, however, "H, U, Grant" was absent. He was fined,

side at the thirty-fourth meeting, with this argumentative set-to. the question (a very vital one at that time), self as a free man among equals. "Resolved, that it would not be just and politic to liberate the slaves at this time." evil than war."

elected, together with his friend A. H. Mark- an unjust act from my father or mother, mittee; he also took part in the debate on to say of any parents. the question, "Resolved, that Socrates was tive, and it was again the successful side. And in all the succeeding meetings down to name does not appear. The probabilities called soon to take his place there. are, that he returned home to help put in the crop. There is a fine flavor about this club. It had a Latin motto and debated the weightiest questions the world has ever grappled with. It would seem from its record, that Grant was, as his friend Markland has said, a good debater, but that he would rather pay six-and-a-quarter cents fine than declaim.

However, his was not a nature which showed its hidden powers early, and he returned to Georgetown the next spring, not very much changed in looks or habit. He remained in Georgetown during the ensuing year, sharing the life and amusements of its best young people, attending the village school in the winter.

Of indoor amusements there were few. The better class of people in the village took a sombre view of life. Dancing was prohibited, the fiddle was seldom heard. There were no musical instruments, and little singing save of wailing hymns and droning psalms. Books were almost unligious essays. On the bureau of the Grant sitting-room, it is remembered, there stood a little cabinet containing about thirty books. What these were, there is no tra-

this first evening was, "Resolved, that the dition to tell; presumably they were not Texans were not justifiable in giving Santa poetry or fiction,* though Jesse Grant was Anna his liberty." In the names of the naturally a lover of reading. Such books as debaters this night there appears on the came his way he read with care. He kept record H. U. Grant. He was on the af- well-informed on subjects of current political firmative side. He was on the affirmative discussion, and was always ready for an His individual question, "Resolved, that females wield opinions were the result of reading and greater influence in society than the males." thought, and that they were an offence to his The affirmative side won in this case as neighbors made little difference to him. well as the other. At the thirty-fifth meet- All that he possessed he had worked for; ing his name appears on the affirmative of being beholden to no man, he carried him-

He attended the Methodist Church, though hardly so devoted in his religious Again he was on the winning side. At life as his wife. There is no record that the thirty-sixth meeting the name appears either father or mother ever used any strong "U. Grant" on the affirmative side of the effort to induce Ulysses to join the church, resolution that "Intemperance is a greater though they insisted on his recognition of the Sabbath. His home life was pleasant. At the thirty-seventh meeting he was "I never received a harsh word or suffered land and W. Richeson, as a member of a com- he wrote in later life, and it is a good deal

His sixteenth year he spent at home in right in not escaping when the prison doors Georgetown, beloved by his playmates and were opened to him." He took the affirmahappy in his activity with team and plow. His only bugbear was "the beam-room," where the reeking hides were stretched and March 27, 1837, the record shows him to scraped. It was a repulsive place to a sensihave been active; but after that date his tive person, and Ulysses expected to be

> One day they were short of hands in the tannery, and Jesse said:

> "Ulysses, you'll have to go into the beam-room and help me to-day.

> Ulysses reluctantly followed, for thus far he had escaped that work. As he walked beside his father he said:

> "Father, this tanning is not the kind of work I like. I'll work at it though," he sturdily added, "if you wish me to, until I am twenty-one; but you may depend upon it I'll never work a day longer at it after that."

> Jesse Grant, being a reasonable man, im-

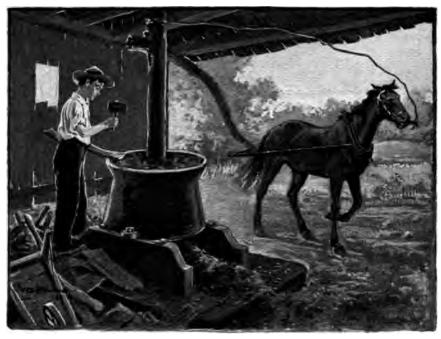
mediately replied:

"My son, I don't want you to work at it now if you don't like it and don't mean to stick to it. I want you to work at whatever you like and intend to follow. Now. what do you think you would like?'

"I'd like to be a farmer, or a down-theriver trader, or get an education." He put the education last, in his modest way.

The little farm on which Ulysses had been working in years past was rented out, and known except volumes of sermons or re- down-the-river trading hardly pleased the

* One of these was probably the famous old Weems' "Life of Washington," for Jesse Grant speaks of Ulysses reading the "Life of Washington" at about seven years of age. The lad was not much of a reader, however. "He cared more for horses than for books," his playmates remember.



THE BARK-MILL.

Grant's special work as a boy in his father's tannery was to feed the bark into the bark-mill and see that the horse that turned the mill kept moving.

see how he could send the boy away to school. miles across country and arrive safely; He thought of West Point, and said:

know the education is free there, and the insisted on solving all mathematical probgovernment supports the cadets. How lems himself; who never whispered or lied would you like to go there?"

"First rate," Ulysses promptly replied.* keenly already from the ridicule of his playmates, who made a never-ending mock of his father's prophecy of the son's future greatness. There seems no doubt of this, though he never alluded to it. † Undoubticence and apparent dulness.

of Brown County.

father, and times being very close he didn't teen who could drive a team six hundred who could load a wagon with heavy logs "How would you like West Point? You by his own mechanical ingenuity; who or swore or quarrelled; who could train a horse to pace or trot at will; who stood His life thus far had been such as makes squarely upon his own knowledge of things a boy older than his years, but it had not without resorting to trick or mere verbal given him much in way of preparation for memory—such a boy, at this distance, does West Point, and it is probable that he did not appear "ordinary," stupid, dull, or not really imagine himself a successful can-commonplace. That he was not showy or didate for the appointment. He said little easily valued was true. His unusualness about the plan, for he had suffered too was in the balance of his character, in his poise, in his native judgment, and in his knowledge of things at first hand.

Even at sixteen years of age he had a superstition that to retreat was fatal. When he set hand to any plan or started upon any edly this constant derision added to his ret- journey, he felt the necessity of going to the turn of the lane or to the end of the furrow. Some of the good people of George- He was resolute and unafraid always; a boy town, Ripley, and Batavia, however, go to be trusted and counted upon,—sturdy, far in their attempt to show how very or- capable of hard knocks. What he was in dinary Ulysses Grant was. A boy of thir- speech he was in grain. If he said, "I can do that," he not merely meant that he would try to do it, but also that he had thought his way to the successful end of the undertak-He was, in fact, an unusually determined and resourceful boy.

^{*} From a letter written to the "New York Ledger" by Jesse Grant in 1868. This does not agree with the account in the "Memoirs" of U. S. Grant, but it seems a very natural decision on the boy's part.

† This ridicule is alluded to by W. T. Galbreath, Chilton White, Nelson Waterman, O. Edwards, and other citizens



"WE LAY IN SMOTHERIN' CROSS SEAS THAT MADE THE AULD 'KITE' CHATTER FROM STEM TO STERN,"

"BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Jungle Book," etc.



you remember my highly im- trade-marks. He owned all sorts of cerproper friend Brugglesmith, tificates of extra competency, and at the you will also bear in mind his bottom of his cabin chest of drawers, friend McPhee, chief engineer where he kept the photograph of his wife, of the "Breslau," whose din- were two or three Royal Humane Society ghy Brugglesmith tried to medals for saving lives at sea. Professteal. His apologies for the sionally—it was different when crazy performances of Brugglesmith may one day steerage-passengers jumped overboard be told in their proper place, but the tale professionally, McPhee does not approve before us concerns McPhee in his sea-going of saving life at sea, and he has often capacities. He was never a racing en- told me that a new hell is prepared for gineer, and took special pride in saying stokers and trimmers who sign for a as much before the Liverpool men; but strong man's pay and fall sick the second he had a knowledge of machinery and day out. He believes in throwing boots the humors of ships that he had worked at fourth and fifth engineers when they thirty-two years to gain. One side of wake him up at night with word that a his face had been wrecked through the bearing is red hot, all because a lamp's bursting of a pressure-gauge in the days glare is reflected red from the twirling when men knew less about pressures than metal. He believes that there are only they do now, and his nose rose grandly two poets in the world; one being Robert out of the wreck, like a club in a pub- Burns, of course, and the other Gerald lic riot. There were cuts and lumps on Massey. When he has time for novels he his head, and he would guide your fore- reads Wilkie Collins and Charles Readefinger through his short iron-gray hair chiefly the latter-and he knows whole and tell you how he had come by his pages of "Very Hard Cash" by heart.

Copyright, 1896, by Rudyard Kipling.

while his engines worked.

sum of money in those days; and the governess, who was teaching Master John Holdock his scales, told me that Mrs. Holdock had told her to keep an eye on me in case I went away with coats from the hat-rack. The Holdocks never approached literature in the right spirit, and Mrs. Holdock wanted to cut out half the poetical quotations in the pamphlet till I made clear to her husband that they were not charged for as original matter. McPhee liked that pamphlet enormously, for it was composed in the Bouverie-Byzantine style, with baroque and rococo embellishments; and afterwards he introduced me to Mrs. McPhee, who succeeded Dinah in my heart, for Dinah was half a world away, and it is wholesome and antiseptic to know such a woman as Janet McPhee. They lived in a little twelve-pound house in the dark and distant East, close to the shipping. When McPhee was away Mrs. Mc-Phee read the shipping news in the daily papers and called on the wives of senior engineers of equal social standing. Once or twice, too,

In the saloon his table was next to the Mrs. Holdock visited Mrs. McPhee in a captain's, and he drank only water all the brougham with celluloid fittings, and I have reason to believe that after she had He was good to me when we first met, played owner's wife long enough they because I did not ask him questions and talked scandal. The Holdocks lived in believed in Charles Reade as a most an old-fashioned house with a big brick shamefully neglected author. Later, he garden not a mile from the McPhees, approved of my writings to the extent of for they stayed by their money as their one pamphlet of twenty-four pages that money stayed by them; and in summer I wrote for Holdock, Steiner, and Chase, you met their brougham solemnly junketowners of the line, when they bought ing by Theydon Bois or Loughton. But some ventilating patent and fitted it to the cabins of the "Breslau," "Spandau," allowed me to convey her Westward someand "Koltzau." The purser of the laughed or shivered with a simple heart; dock's secretary for the job, and Holdock, and she introduced me to a new world of who is a Wesleyan Methodist, invited me to his house, and gave me dinner with the governess when the others had finished, and placed the plans and specifica- lines of ships you have never heard of. tions in my hand, and I wrote the pam- There were sailing ships, with stewards phlet that same afternoon. It was called and mahogany and maple saloons, trading "Comfort in the Cabin," and brought me to Australia, taking cargoes of consumpseven pound ten cash down—an important tives and hopeless drunkards for whom a



" 'WHEN D'YE SHIP A NEW TAIL-SHAFT?' I SAID TO BANNISTER."



" SYNE UP WENT A ROCKET FORWARD, AN' TWA ON THE BRIDGE, AN' A BLUE LIGHT AFT. SYNE A TAR-BARREL FORWARD AGAIN."

sea-voyage was recommended; there were frowsy little West African boats, full of rats and cockroaches, where men died anywhere but in their bunks; there were Brazilian boats, whose cabins could be hired for merchandise, that went out loaded nearly awash; there were Zanzibar and Mauritius steamers, and wonderful reconstructed boats that plied to the other side of Borneo. These were loved and known, for they earned our bread and a little butter; and we despised the big Atlantic boats, and made fun of the P. and O. and Orient liners, and swore by our respective owners—Wesleyan, Baptist, or Presbyterian, as the case might be.

I had been out of England for some months, and had only just come back when Mrs. McPhee invited me to dinner at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the note-paper was almost bridal in its scented creaminess. When I reached the house I saw that there were new curtains in the window that must have cost forty-five shillings a pair; and as Mrs. McPhee drew me into the little marble-papered hall, she looked at me keenly, and cried:

"Have ye not heard? What d'ye think o' the hat-rack?"

Now that hat-rack was oak; thirty shillings at least. McPhee came down-stairs with a sober foot—he steps as lightly as a cat for all his weight when he is at sea

—and he shook hands in a new and awful manner—a parody of old Holdock's style when he says good-by to his skippers. Being a man who flatters himself that he can put two and two together, I perceived at once that it must be a legacy. I held my peace, though Mrs. McPhee was begging me every thirty seconds to eat a great deal and say nothing. It was rather a mad sort of meal, because McPhee and his wife took hold of hands like little children (they always do after voyages), and nodded and winked and choked and gurgled, and hardly ate a mouthful.

A female servant came in and waited, and I nearly fell off my chair, because there is not work for two pair of hands in that house, and, if there were, McPhee could not afford a servant; and Mrs. Mc-Phee had told me time and again that she would thank no one to do her housework while she had her health. But this was a servant with a cap, and I saw Mrs. Mc-Phee swell and swell under her garancecolored gown. There is no small freeboard to Janet McPhee, nor is garance any subdued tint; and with all this unexplained pride and glory in the air I felt like watching fireworks without knowing the festival. When the maid had removed the cloth she brought a pineapple that would have cost half a guinea at that season (only I knew McPhee had his own way

of getting such things), and a Canton of sacred and Imperial chow-chow that but themselves. perfumed the room. McPhee gets it from he doctors it with liquors. But the crown thing more first." of the feast was some Madeira of the kind McPhee's hand.

rubbing his chin, "to the eternal damna- and gold piano.

mine, and I was drinking his Madeira.

"Ye've heard nothing?" said Janet.

"Not a word, nor a whisper?"

"Not a word, nor a whisper. On my

word I have not. "Tell him, Mac," said she; and that is another proof of Janet's goodness and

in her stockings. may send the "We're rich," said McPhee. I shook aught I care."

hands all round.

hands all round a second time.

Unless-"I'll go to sea no more. —wi' a small an' handy auxiliary.'

"It's not enough for that," said Janet. "We're fair rich—well to do, but no more. theatre. We'll have it made West. "How much is it?" I asked.

month!" conspiring to beat him down.

Was it left you?'

left," said McPhee, choking. was left." canter.

The Scotch are a great people, but they china bowl of dried lichis, and a glass are apt to hang over a joke too long, plate of preserved ginger, and a small jar particularly when no one can see the point

"When I rewrite my pamphlet I'll put a Dutchman in Buitenzorg, and I think it in, McPhee. Only I must know some-

McPhee thought for the length of half that you can only come by if you know the a cigar, while Janet caught my eye and Wine, and the Man, and the Island. A led it round the room to one new thing little maize-wrapped fig of clotted Madeira after another-the new fine-patterned carcigars went with the wine, and the rest was pet, the new chiming rustic clock between a pale blue smoky silence, Janet, in her the models of the Colombo outriggersplendor, smiling on us two and patting boats, the new inlaid sideboard with a purple cut-glass flower-stand, the fender "We'll drink," said McPhee slowly, of gilt and brass, and last, the new black

tion o' Holdock, Steiner, and Chase." "In October o' last year the Board Of course I answered "Amen," though sacked me," began McPhee. "In Octo-I had made seven pound ten shillings out ber o' last year the 'Breslau' came in of the firm. But McPhee's enemies were for winter overhaul. She'd been runnin' eight months—two hunder an' forty days -an' I was three days makin' up my indents, when she went to dry dock. All told, mark you, it was this side o' three hunder pound—to be preceese, two hunder an' eighty-six pound four shillings. There's not another man could ha' nursed wifely love. A smaller woman would the 'Breslau' for eight months to that have cut in first, but Janet is five foot nine tune. Never again—never again! They may send their boats to the bottom for

"There's no need," said Janet, softly. "We're vara rich," he added. I shook "We're done wi' Holdock, Steiner, and

Chase.'

"It's irritatin', Janet, it's just irritatin'. there's no sayin'—a private yacht, maybe I ha' been justified from first to last, as the world knows, but—but I canna forgie 'em. Ay, wisdom is justified o' her children, an' any other man than me wad ha' A new gown for church and one for the made the indent eight hunder'. Hay was our skipper—ye'll have met him. They shifted him to the 'Torgau,' an' bade me "Twenty-five thousand pounds." I wait for the 'Breslau' under young drew a long breath. "An' I've been Bannister... Ye'll obsairve there'd been a earnin' twenty-five an' twenty pound a new election on the Board. I heard the The last words came away shares were sellin' hither an' yon, an' the with a roar, as though the wide world was major part of the Board was new to me. The old Board would ne'er ha' done it. "All this time I'm waiting," I said. They trusted me. But the new Board "I know nothing since last September. were all for reorganization. Young Steiner -Steiner's son-the Jew, was at the bot-They laughed aloud together. "It was tom of it, an' they did not think it worth "Ou, ay, their while to send me word. The first Iit was left. That's vara good. Of course knew-an' I was chief engineer-was it was left. Janet, d'ye note that? It was the notice of the line's winter sailin's, left. Now if you'd put that in your pamand the 'Breslau' timed for sixteen days phlet it would have been vara jocose. It between port an' port. Sixteen days, He slapped his thigh and man! She's a good boat, none better for roared till the wine quivered in the de- her work, but eighteen is her summer time, mark you. Sixteen was sheer flytin',



"IT WAS PERISHIN' COLD, BUT I'D DONE MY JOB JUDGMATICALLY, AN' CAME SCRAPIN' ALL ALONG HER SIDE SLAP ON TO THE LOWRR GRATIN' O' THE GANGWAY."

kitin' nonsense, an' so I told young Bannister.

should not ha' sent in a three hunder' pound indent.'

goes with a creamy complexion.

"My word, I was an angry man that day! Forbye I was fond o' the old "'We've got to make it,' he said. 'Ye 'Breslau,' I looked for a little consideration from the Board after twenty years' service. There was Board-meetin' on Wednesday, an' I slept overnight in the "'Do they look for their boats to be run on air?' I said. 'The Board's daft.' engine-room takin' figures to support my case. A bairn might ha' known they were married man, an' my fourth's on the ways flyin' in the face of all human possibilities. now, she says.''

Well, I put it fair and square before them "A boy—wi' red hair,'' Janet put in. all. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I've run the now, she says.'''

Well, I put it fair and square before them

"A boy—wi' red hair," Janet put in.

Her own hair is the splendid red gold that "Breslau" eight seasons, an I believe there's no fault to find in my work.

she can never do it. That is to say, she Black Ox line. can for a while, but at a risk no thinkin' man would run.

"' What the deil d'ye suppose we pass your indent for?' says old Holdock, chief engineer sacked after twenty Man, we're spendin' money like watter.'

"'I'll leave it in the Board's hands,' I said, 'if two hunder an' eighty-seven mon,' I said. pound is anything beyond right and reason adder o' Scripture.

"" We must keep faith wi' the public,"

said young Steiner.

"'Keep faith wi' the "Breslau" then," father before you. She'll need her bottom restiffenin', an' new bed-plates, an' turnin' out the forward boilers, an' returnin' all three cylinders, an' refacin' all guides, to begin with. It's a three months'

"Because one employee is afraid?" says young Steiner. Maybe a piano in 'It's thirty year since a man daur curse the chief engineer's cabin would be more me to my face. Time was I'd ha' cast ye to the point.'

"I crushed my cap in my hands an' "'Forgie's all!' I said. He was wearthanked God we'd no bairns an' a bit in' to eighty, as I knew. 'I was wrong,

put by.

"'' Understand, gentlemen,' I said. 'If the door for dooin' his plain duty he's not the "Breslau" is made a sixteen-day boat, ye'll find another engineer.'
"'Bannister makes no objection,' said

Holdock.

'Bannister has bairns.' An' then I lost my temper. 'Ye can run her into hell an' out again if ye pay pilotage,' I said, 'but to thanks. An' noo,' says he, 'what ve run without me.

' 'That's insolence, 'said young Steiner. "'At your pleasure,' I said, turnin' to

go.
"'Ye can consider yourself dismissed. We must preserve discipline among our crammed her a little -enough to show ye employees,' said old Holdock, an' he were drivin' her, an' brought her in twa looked round to see that the Board was days behind. What's easier than to say with him. They knew nothin'—God forgie ve slowed for bearin's, eh? All my men 'em—an' they nodded me out o' the line do it, and—I believe 'em.' after twenty years—after twenty years.

"I went out an' sat down by the hall virginity to a lassie? porter to get my wits again. I'm thinkin' same floor, an' looked at me, proppin' along?

if ye haud to this '—I waggled the adver- up one eyelid wi' his forefinger. Ye ken tisement at 'em—'this that I've never they call him the Blind Deevil, forbye heard of till I read it at breakfast, I do he's onythin' but blind, an' no deevil in assure you, on my professional reputation, his dealin's wi' me-McRimmon o' the

"'What's here, Mister McPhee?' said

he.
"I was past prayin' for by then. 'A years' service because he'll not risk the "Breslau" on the new timin', McRim-

"The auld man sucked in his lips an' for eight months.' I might ha' saved my whistled. 'Ah,' said he. 'The new breath, for the Board was new since the timin'. I see!' He doddered into the last election, an' there they sat, the deevi-Board-room I'd just left, an' the Dandie dend-huntin' ship-chandlers, deaf as the dog that is just his blind man's leader stayed wi' me. That was providential. In a minute he was back again. 'Ye've cast your bread on the watter, McPhee,' he says. 'Whaur's my dog? My word, is She's served you well, an' your he on your knee? There's more discernment in a dog than a Jew. What garred ve curse your Board, McPhee? It's expensive.'

"They'll pay more for the "Breslau," I said. 'Get off my knee, ye smotherin'

beast.

" Bearin's hot, eh? said McRimmon. doon the stairway for that.'

McRimmon, but when a man's put oot o'

always ceevil.'

"'So I hear,' says McRimmon. 'Ha' ye ony objection to a tramp freighter? It's only fifteen a month, but they say the "'I'm speakin' for myself,' I said. Blind Deevil feeds a man better than others. She's my "Kite." Come ben. Ye can thank Dandie here. I'm no used possessed ye to throw up your berth wi' Holdock?'

"'The new timin', said I.

"Breslau" will not stand it."
"Hoot, oot,' said he. 'Ye might ha'

"'McRimmon,' says I, 'what's her

'He puckered his dry face an' twisted I swore at the Board. Then auld Mc- in his chair. 'The warld an' a', says he, Rimmon-o' McNaughten and McRim- the vara warld an' a'! But what ha' mon—came oot o' his office, that's on the you or me to do wi' virginity, this late

"'This,' I said. thing that each one of us in his trade or Calder was engineer—he's not fit to run a profession will not do for ony considera- tug down the Solent—and he fairly lifted tion whatever. If I run to time I run to the engines off the bed-plates, an' they fell time, barrin' always the risks o' the high down in heaps, by what I heard. So she seas. Less than that under God I have filled from the after stuffin'-box to the not done. More than that by God I will after bulkhead an' lay star-gazing with not do! There's no trick o' the trade I'm seventy-nine squealin' passengers in the not acquaint wi'---'

as a biscuit.

my business.

"There was some more talk, an' next week I went aboard the 'Kite,' twenty- for retrenchment. five hundred ton, simple compound, a Jew, was at the bottom of it. three was her fair normal. Good food forward an' better aft, all indents passed wi'out marginal remarks, the best Welsh coal, new donkies, and good crews. There was nothin' the old man would not do "In January we went to dry dock, an' Atlantic weather. means? line, God bless him!

an' I'm thinkin' he liked us. He was weepin' crack ye could ha' put a penknife worth the windy side o' twa million sterlin' to. Man, it was an awfu' crack! an' no friend to his own blood-kin. "'When d'ye ship a new tail-shaft?' I Money's an awfu' thing-overmuch-for said to Bannister.

a lonely man.

again, when word came o' the 'Bres- me.

'There's just one lau's' breakdown, just as I prophesied. saloon till the 'Camaralzaman' o' Ram-"'So I've heard,' says McRimmon, dry sey and Gold's Carthagena line gave her a a biscuit. tow to the tune o' five thousand seven "'But you matter o' fair runnin's just hunder an' forty pound, wi' costs in the my Shekinah, ye'll understand. I daur admiralty court. She was helpless, ye'll na tamper wi' that. Nursing weak en- understand, an' in no case to meet ony gines is fair craftsmanship; but what the weather. Five thousand seven hunder an' Board ask is cheatin' wi' the risk o' man- forty pounds with costs, an' exclusive o' slaughter addectional.' Ye'll note I know new engines! They'd ha' done better to ha' kept me on the old timin'.

"But even so the new Board were all Young Steiner, the Black Ox tramp. The deeper she rode, sacked men right an' left that would not the better she'd steam. I've snapped as eat the dirt the Board gave 'em. They much as eleven out of her, but eight point cut down repairs, they fed crews wi' leav-

except paint. That was his deeficulty. in the next dock lay the 'Grotkau,' their Ye could no more draw paint than his big freighter that was the 'Dolabella' o' last teeth from him. He'd come down to Piegan, Piegan, and Walsh's line in '84dock, an' his boats a scandal all along a Clyde-built iron boat, a flat-bottomed, the watter, an' he'd whine an' cry an' say pigeon-breasted, under-engined, bull-nosed they looked all he could desire. Every barge of a five-thousand-ton freighter, owner has his non plus ultra, I've obsairved. that would neither steer, nor steam, nor Paint was McRimmon's. But you could stop when ye asked her. Whiles she'd get round his engines without riskin' your attend to her helm, whiles she'd take life, an', for all his blindness, I've seen charge; whiles she'd wait to scratch her-him reject five flawed intermediates one self, an' whiles she'd buttock into a dock-after the other on a nod from me; an' his head. But Holdock and Steiner had cattle-fittin's were guaranteed for North bought her cheap, and was paintin' her all Ye ken what that over. I went to see young Bannister— McRimmon an' the Black Ox he had to take what the Board gave him, an' he an' Calder were shifted together "Oh! I forgot to say she would lie from the 'Breslau' to this abortion—an' down an' fill her forward deck green an' talkin' to him, I went into the dock under snore away into a twenty-knot gale forty- her. Her plates were pitted till the men five to the minute, three an' a half knots that were paint, paint, paintin' her an' hour; the engines runnin' sweet an' laughed at it. But the warst was at the true as a bairn breathin' in its sleep. Bell last. She'd a great clumsy iron twelvewas skipper-an' forbye there's no love foot Thresher propeller-Aitcheson delost between crews an' owners, we were signed the 'Kite's'—and just on the tail fond o' the auld Blind Deevil an' his dog, o' the shaft, behind the boss, was a red

"He knew what I meant. 'Oh, yon's "I'd taken her out twice, there an' back a superfeecial flaw, says he, not lookin' at

"'Superfeecial Gehenna!' I said. 'Ye'll not take her oot in a solution o' continuity that like?'

"'They'll putty it up this evening,' he but tell me how it tastes the morn." said. 'I'm a married man an'-ye used

to know the Board.'

hour. Ye know how a dry dock echoes. I saw young Steiner standin' listenin' above ers fra' Cowes." me, an', man, he used language provocative of a breach o' the peace. I was a to think. spy and a disgraced employee, an' a corrupter o' young Bannister's morals, an' "We were no drunk in ony precesse he'd prosecute me for libel. He went sense o' the word, but Radley's showed away when I ran up the steps—I'd ha' me the dead men. There were six magaway when I ran up the steps-I'd ha' -an' there I met McRimmon wi' Dandie o' whiskey. pullin' on the chain, guidin' the auld man among the railway lines.

fight Holdock, Steiner, Chase, and Company, Limited, when ye meet. What's between his shoulders with toleration.

wrong between you?

boss. There's no power on earth will fend it just jarrin' off.'

"'When?'

- said.
 "'So it is. So it is!' said McRimmon. 'Ye're certain it was a crack?'
- tude of it. 'An' young Bannister's sayin' it's no more than a superfeecial flaw!

oor business. If ye've ony friends aboard a Scot. Men will tak' a dredger across her, McPhee, why not bid them to a bit the Atlantic, if they're well fed, an' fetch dinner at Radley's?'

"'I was thinkin' o' tea in the cuddy,' I said. 'Engineers o' tramp freighters world over.

cannot afford hotel prices.'

tered with paint like the "Grotkau." Bid side. them to Radley's, McPhee, an' send me the bill. Thank Dandie here, man. I'm Deevil. no used to thanks.' Then he turned him pagne? this is not senile dementia.'

""Preserve's! I said, clean jumped "'Preserve's!' I said, clean jumped "She was our big freighter—McIntyre oot o' mysel'. 'I was but thinkin' you're was engineer—an' I knew she'd come

fey, McRimmon.'

"Dod, the auld deevil laughed till he nigh sat down on Dandie. 'Send me the bill,' says he. 'I'm lang past champagne,

"Bell and I bid young Bannister an' Calder to dinner at Radley's. They'll "I e'en said what was gie'd me in that have no laughin' an' singin' there, but we took a private room—like yacht-own-

McPhee grinned all over, and lay back

"And then?" said I.

thrown him into the dock if I'd caught him nums o' dry champagne an' maybe a bottle

"Do you mean to tell me that you four got away with a magnum and a half "'McPhee,' said he, 'ye're no paid to apiece, besides whiskey?" I demanded.

McPhee looked down upon me from

"Man, we were not settin' down to "'No more than tail-shaft rotten as a drink," he said. "They no more than made kail-stump. For ony sakes, go an' look, us wutty. To be sure, young Bannister McRimmon. It's a comedietta.' laid his head on the table, an' greeted like "'I'm feared o' yon conversational a bairn, an' Calder was all for callin' on Hebrew,' said he. 'Whaur's the flaw, Steiner at two in the morn an' painting him galley green; but they'd been drinkin' galley green; but they'd been drinkin' "'A seven-inch crack just behind the the afternoon. Lord, how they twa oss. There's no power on earth will cursed the Board, an' the 'Grotkau,' an' the tail-shaft, an' the engines, an' a'! They didna' talk o' superfeecial flaws "'That's beyond my knowledge,' I that night. I mind young Bannister and Calder shakin' hands on a bond to be revenged on the Board at ony reasonable cost this side of losing their certificates. "' Man, it's a crevasse,' I said, for there Now mark ye how false economy ruins were no words to describe the magni- business. The Board fed them like swine (I have good reason to know it), an' I've obsairved wi' my ain people that if ye "'Weel, I tak' it oor business is to mind touch his stomach ye wauken the deil in her somewhere on the broadside o' the Americas; but bad food's bad service the

"The bill went to McRimmon, an' he "" Na!-na! says the auld man, said no more to me till the week-end, whimperin'. 'Not the cuddy. They'll when I was at him for more paint, for we'd laugh at my "Kite," for she's no plas- heard the 'Kite' was chartered Liverpool-

"' Bide whaur ye're put,' said the Blind 'Man, do ye wash in cham-The "Kite's" no leavin' here round. (I was just thinkin' the vara till I gie the order, an'—how am I to waste same thing.) 'Mister McPhee,' said he, paint on her wi' the "Lammergeyer" docked for who knows how long an' a'?'

from overhaul not three months.

morn I met McRimmon's head clerkoff wi' mortification.

"' The auld man's gone gyte,' says he. 'He's withdrawn the "Lammergeyer."

" Maybe he has reasons, says I.

"'Reasons! He's daft!'

"'He'll no be daft till he begins to

to paint her—to paint her—to paint her!' tial freight rottin' in dry dock, man; an' tins, for it cuts him to the heart, mad the like, Mac? tho' he is. An' the "Grotkau" -the ours at Liverpool!

siderin' the dinner at Radley's in connec-

tion wi' the same.

"'Ye may well stare, McPhee, says the crew swore. head clerk. 'There's engines, an' rollin' stock, an' iron bridges—d'ye ken what freights are noo?—an' pianos, an' millin-"Grotkau" o' the Jerusalem firm, and the "Lammergeyer's" bein' painted!

"Losh, I thought he'd drop dead wi"

the fits.

'I could say no more than 'Obey orders if ye break owners,' but on the 'Kite' we believed McRimmon was mad, an' McIntyre of the 'Lammergeyer' was for lockin' him up by some patent legal proc-An' a' that week South American freights good earnest. rose an' rose. It was sinfu'!

'I look to you to reimburse me! 'Fore God, why are ye not cast off? Are ye dawdlin' in dock for a purpose?'
"''What odds, McRimmon?' says Bell.

freight that might ha' been ours an' the an' chuckled—the pairfect eemage o' senile dementia. wark up an' down like a gorilla's.

"'Ye're under sealed orders,' said he, ye'll not know him-fair bitin' his nails tee-heein' an' scratchin' himself. 'Yon's they—to be opened seriatim.'

> "Says Bell, shufflin' the envelopes when the auld man had gone ashore, 'We're to creep round a' the south coast standin' in for orders—this weather too. There's no

question o' his lunacy now.

paint,' I said.

"'That's just what he's done—and along—vara bad weather we made—
than we'll standin' in to the Start, the Leezard, and "Well, we buttocked the auld 'Kite' standin' in to the Start, the Leezard, and live to see them again. He's laid her up St. David's for telegraphic orders, which are the curse o' skippers. Syne we made says the little clerk, dancin' like a hen on over to Holyhead, an' Bell opened the a hot plate. 'Five thousand ton o' poten- last envelope for the last instructions. I was wi' him in the cuddy, an' he threw it he dolin' the paint out in quarter-pound over to me, cryin': 'Did ye ever know

"I'll no say what McRimmon had "Grotkau" of all conceivable bottoms— written, but he was far from mad. There soaking up every pound that should be was a sou'-wester brewin' when we made the mouth o' the Mersey, a bitter cold "I was staggered wi' this folly—con- morn wi' a gray-green sea and a graygreen sky—Liverpool weather, as they say; an' there we lay choppin,' an' the Ye canna keep secrets They thought McRimmon aboard ship.

was mad, too.

"Syne we saw the 'Grotkau' rollin' oot ery, an' fancy Brazil cargo o' every spe- on the top o' flood, deep an' double cies pourin' into the "Grotkau"—the deep, wi' her new painted funnel an' her new painted boats an' a'. She looked her bad name, an', moreover, she coughed like it. Calder tauld me at Radley's what ailed his engines, but mine own ear would ha' told me twa mile awa', by the beat o' them. Round we came, plungin' an' squatterin' in her wake, an' the wind cut, wi' good promise o' more to come. By six it blew hard but clear, an' before ess he'd found in a book o' maritime law. the middle watch it was a sou'-wester in

"'She'll edge into Ireland this gait," "Syne Bell got orders to tak' the says Bell. I was with him on the bridge 'Kite' round to Liverpool in water-bal- watchin' the 'Grotkau's' port light. Ye last, and McRimmon came to bid's good- canna see green so far as red or we'd ha' by, yammerin' an' whinin' o'er the acres kept to leeward. We'd no passengers o' paint he'd lavished on the 'Lammer- to consider, an' all eyes being on the geyer.'
"'I look to you to retrieve it,' says rampin' home to Liverpool. Grotkau,' we fair walked into a liner Or to be preceese, Bell no more than twisted the Kite' oot from under her bows, and there was a little damnin' betwix' the twa Noo a passenger"—McPhee bridges. 'We'll be a day behind the fair at Liv-regarded me benignantly—"wad ha' told erpool. The "Grotkau's" got all the the papers that as soon as he got to the Customs. We stuck to the 'Grotkau's' "Lammergeyer's." McRimmon laughed tail that night an' the next twa days-she slowed down to five knot by my reckonin'. Ye ken his eyebrows and we lapped along the weary way to the Fastnet.'

get to any South American port, do weather, as I was sayin'.

you?" I said.

young Bannister. It was warkin' up to a awa'. North Atlantic winter gale, snow an' sleet an' a perishin' wind. Eh, it was tail-shaft, says Bell. like the deil walkin' abroad o' the surface o' the deep, whuppin' off the tops o' the jar it off yet, mark my word.' waves before he made up his mind. They'd "We were then, maybe, a hunder and bore up against it so far, but the minute fifty mile west-sou'-west o' Slyne Head she was clear o' the Skelligs she fair by dead reckonin'. Next day we made a she was clear o' the Skelligs she fair tucked up her skirts an' ran for it by Dun- hunder an' thirty-ye'll note we were not more Head. Wow, she rolled!

she meant that,' I said.

gait,' says Bell. keep her head to sea?'

''It's the tail-shaft. Ony rollin's better than pitchin' wi' superfeecial cracks

"'It's ill wark retreevin' steamers this weather, said Bell. His beard and whiskers were frozen to his oilskin, an' the spray was white on the weather side of him. Pairfect North Atlantic winter sign of a steamer not under control. weather!

three boats, an' the davits were crumpled the "Breslau." We'll go down to her,

like rams' horns.

and the same of the same

"'Yon's bad,' said Bell, at the last. 'Ye canna pass a hawser wi'oot a boat.' Bell was a vara judeecious man-for an Aberdonian.

"I'm not one that fashes himself for eventualities outside the engine-room, so I e'en slipped down betwixt waves to see how the 'Kite' fared. Man, she's the best geared boat of her class that ever left Clyde! Kinloch, my second, knew her as well as I did. I found him dryin' his socks on the main steam-pipe an' combin' his whiskers wi' the comb Janet gie'd me last year, for the warld an' a' as though we were in port. I tried the feed, speered into the stoke-hole, thumbed all bearin's, went up to the bridge again.

"Then Bell handed me the wheel, an' came up my gloves were frozen to the We'll bide whaur we are till daylight; 'an' spokes an' the ice clicked over my eye- he kept her awa'.

"But you don't go by the Fastnet to lids. Pairfect North Atlantic winter

"The gale blew out by night, but we "We do not. We prefer to go as direct lay in smotherin' cross seas that made the as maybe, but we were followin' the auld 'Kite' chatter from stem to stern. I 'Grotkau,' an' she'd no walk into that slowed to thirty-four, I mind-no thirtygale for ony consideration. Knowin' what seven. There was a long swell the morn, I did to her discredit, I couldna blame an' the 'Grotkau' was headin' into it west

"'She'll win to Rio yet, tail-shaft or no

"' Last night shook her, I said. 'She'll

ore Head. Wow, she rolled! racin' boats; an' the day after a hunder "'She'll be makin' Smerwick,' says an' sixty-one, an' that made us, we'll say, eighteen an' a bittock west, an' maybe "'She'd ha' tried for Ventry by noo if fifty-one an' a bittock north, crossin' all the North Atlantic liner lanes on the long "''They'll roll the funnel oot o' her this slant, always in sight o' the 'Grotkau, 'Why canna Bannister creepin' up by night and fallin' awa' by day. After the gale it was cold weather wi' dark nights.

"I was in the engine-room on Friday in the tail-shaft. Calder knows that night, just before the middle watch, when much, I said.

Bell whustled down the tube: 'She's done

it,' an' up I came.
"The 'Grotkau' was just a fair distance south, an' one by one she ran up the three red lights in a vertical line, the

"Yon's a tow for us, said Bell, lickin' "One by one the sea raxed away our his chops. 'She'll be worth more than

McPhee! '

"'Bide a while,' I said. 'The seas

throng wi' ships here.'

"' Reason why,' said Bell. 'It's a fortune gaun beggin'. What d'ye think, man?

"Gie her till daylight. She knows we're here. If Bannister needs help he'll

loose a rocket.

" 'Wha told ye Bannister's need? We'll ha' some rag-an'-bone freighter snappin' her up under oor nose,' said he, and he put the wheel over. We were goin' slow.

"' Bannister wad be better pleased to go home on a liner an' eat in the saloon. Mind ye what they said o' Holdock and Steiner's food that night at Radley's? spat on the thrust for luck, gie'd 'em my Keep her awa', man—keep her awa'. A blessin', an' took Kinlock's socks, before I tow's a tow, but an abandoned ship's big salvage.'

"'E-eh!' said Bell. 'Yon's an inshot went below to warm himself. When, he o' yours, Mac. I love ye like a brother.

"Syne up went a rocket forward, an' twa on the bridge, an' a blue light aft.

Syne a tar-barrel forward again.

"'She's sinkin',' said Bell. gaun, an' I'll get no more than a pair o' night-glasses for pickin' up young Bannister-the fool!'

knows as well as I one rocket would bring us. He'll no be wastin' fireworks for nothin'. Hear her ca'!'

fireworks-a regular exhibection.

when it lay a bit thick to southward.

"' What d'ye make of it?' I said.

"'Liner,' he says. 'Yon's her rocket. Ou ay; they've wankened the skipper, an' —noo they've waukened the passengers. watters.

danced on the bridge clean dementit. contract wi' the government for the due climbin' up before she rolled again. I sea; but she canna tow!—she canna tow! dried me wi' everything in his bunk an' Yon's her night-signal. She'll be up in half an hour!

"Gowk! I said, 'an' we're blazin'

a fool!'

He tumbled off the bridge forward, an' I tumbled aft, an' before ye could wink our lights were oot, the engine-room hatch was covered, an' we lay pitch dark three mile maybe from the 'Grotkau,' watchin' an' in the inside of an hour. She stopped like Mrs. Holdock's machine; down went the gangway, down went the boats, an' in ten minutes we heard the passengers cheerin', an' awa' she fled.

"They'll tell o' this all the days they live,' said Bell. 'A rescue at sea by night, as pretty as a play. Young Bannister an' Calder will be drinkin' in the saloon; an'

vara philanthropic all round.'

"We lay by till day—ye may think we waited for it wi' sore eyes-an' there sat the 'Grotkau,' her nose a bit cocked, just leerin' at us. She looked perfectly ridiculous.

"'She'll be fillin' aft, 'says Bell. 'For why is she down by the stern? The tail-"'Fair an' soft again,' I said. 'She's shaft's punched a hole in her, an'-we've signallin' to the south of us. Bannister no boats. There's three hunder thousand pound sterlin', at a conservative estimate, droonin' before our eyes. What's to do?'

"' Run her as near as ye daur,' I said. "The 'Grotkau' whustled an' whustled 'Gie me a jacket an' a life-line, an' I'll for five minutes, an' then there were more swum for it.' There was a bit lump of a sea, an' it was cold in the wind-vara cold; "'That's no for men in the regular but they'd gone overside like passengers, trade,' says Bell. 'Ye're right, Mac. Young Bannister and Calder an' a', leav-that's for a cuddy full o' passengers.' ing the gangway down on the lee side. He blinked through the night-glasses It would ha' been a flyin' in the face o' manifest Providence to overlook the invitation. We were within fifty yards o' her while Kinloch was garmin' me all over wi' oil behind the galley, an' as we ran past I went outboard for the salvage o' three They're turnin' on the electrics cabin by hunder thousand pound. Man, it was percabin. Yon's anither rocket! They're ishin' cold, but I'd done my job judgmaticomin' up to help the perishin' in deep cally, an' came scrapin' all along her side slap on to the lower gratin' o' the gangway. "'Gie me the glass,' I said. But Bell No one more astonished than me, I assure ye. Before I caught my breath I'd barked 'Mails—mails—mails!' said he. 'Under both my knees on the gratin', an' was conveyance o' the mails, an', as such, made my line fast to the rail, an' squattered Mac, ye'll note, she may rescue life at aft to young Bannister's cabin, whaur I put on every conceivable sort o' rig I found till the blood was circulatin'. Three pair drawers I mind I found—to here wi' all oor lights. Oh, Bell, ye're begin upon-an' I needed them all. It was the coldest cold I remember in all my experience.

"Syne I went aft to the engine-room. The 'Grotkau' sat on her own tail, as they say. She was vara short-shafted, an' her gear was all aft. There was four or five the lights o' the liner come up that she'd foot o' water in the engine-room slumbeen signallin' for. Twenty knot an hour mockin' to and fro black an' greasy; she came, every cabin lighted an' her maybe there was six foot. The stoke-hold boats swung awa'. It was grandly done, doors were screwed home, an' the stokehold was tight enough, but for a minute the mess in the engine-room deceived me. Only for a minute, though, an' that was because I was not, in a manner o' speakin', as calm as ordinar. I looked again to be sure. 'Twas just black wi' bilge: dead watter that must ha' come in fortuitously,

ye ken.

"McPhee, I'm only a passenger," I six months hence the Board o' Trade 'll said, "but you don't persuade me that six gie the skipper a pair o' binoculars. It's foot o' water can come into an engineroom fortuitously.'

statin' the facts o' the case—the simple, deeper gone that night than I can ca' natural facts. Six or seven foot o' dead to mind in my life before. I waukened watter in the engine-room is a vara de-ragin' wi' hunger, a fair lump o' sea runpressin' sight if ye think there's like to be nin', the 'Kite' snorin' awa' four knots more comin'; but I did not consider that an hour, an' the 'Grotkau' slappin' her was likely, and so ye'll note I was not nose under, an' vawin' an' standin' over

know about the water," I said.

more there, wi' Calder's cap floatin' on an' cubby-holes, that I would not ha' gied "Where did it come from?"

the propeller had dropped off an' the enan' no troubled himself to pick it up me to complain on. There was nothin' him at Southampton."

"I don't want to know about the cap. I'm asking where the water came from got steam on the after donkey-pump an' and what it was doing there, and why you were so certain that it wasn't a leak,

McPhee?'

cient reason.'

'Give it to me, then."

"Weel, it's a reason that does not properly concern myself only. To be had been waitin' for it to go wi' his hand precesse, I'm of opinion that it was due, on the gear. He told me as much when the watter, in part to an error o' judgment I met him ashore. There was nothin' in another man. We can a' mak' mis- started or strained. It had just slipped

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

'What's wrang?' said Bell, hailin'.

hawser..'

rope o'er the drum of a hand-winch for-

its keepin'. When the second hawser was would not stay by her. fast, I was wet wi' sweat, an' I cried Bell to tak' up his slack an' go home. I've heard soundin's, an' that kept me standin' by that Kinloch an' he got gey drunk the the hawsers, lashed to the capstan breathnight, but I turned in to young Bannister's in' betwixt green seas. I near died o' bunk an' slep' past ony expression. For cauld an' hunger, for the 'Grotkau' towed

"Who's tryin' to persuade one way a general rule I sleep wi' both ears open, or the other?" McPhee retorted. "I'm as a thinkin' engineer must, but I was at discretion. She was a most disgrace-'That's all very well, but I want to fu' tow. But the shameful thing of all was the food. I raxed me a meal fra' "I've told ye. There was six feet or galley shelves an' pantries an' lazareetes to the mate of a Cardiff collier; an' ye ken we say a Cardiff mate will eat clinkers "Weel, in the confusion o' things after to save waste. I'm sayin' it was simply vile! The crew had written what they gines were racin' an' a', it's vara possible thought of it on the new paint o' the that Calder might ha' lost it off his head foc'sle, but I had not a leevin' soul wi' again. I remember seein' that cap on for me to do save watch the hawsers an' the 'Kite's' tail squatterin' down in white watter when she lifted over a sea; so I pumped oot the engine-room. There's no sense in leavin' watter loose in a ship. When she was dry, I went down the shaft-"For good reason; for good an' suffi- tunnel, an' found she was leakin' a little through the stuffin'-box, but nothin' to make wark. The propeller had e'en jarred off, as I knew it must, an' Calder awa' to the bed o' the Atlantic as easy as a man dyin' wi' due warnin'—a most provi-"I got me to the rail again, an'- dential business for all concerned. Syne I took stock o' the 'Grotkau's' upper "'She'll do,' I said. 'Send's o'er a works. Her boats had been smashed on the davits, an' here an' there was the rail "They bent a twa-inch rope to the missin' an' a ventilator or two had fetched life-line an' a hawser to that, an' I led the awa', an' the bridge rails were bent by the seas, but her hatches were tight an' she'd ward, an' I sweated the hawser inboard taken no sort o' harm. Dod, I came to an' made it fast to the 'Grotkau's' bitts. hate her like a human bein', for I was "Bell brought the 'Kite' so close I eight weary days aboard starvin'—ay, feared she'd roll in an' do the 'Grotkau's' starvin' within a cable's length o' plenty. plates a mischief. He hove anither life- All day I laid in the bunk reading the line to me an' went astern, an' I had all 'Woman Hater,' the grandest book the weary winch-work to do again wi' a Charlie Reade ever wrote, an' pickin' a second hawser. For all that, Bell was toothful here an' there. It was weary, right: we'd a long tow before us, an' weary work. Eight days, man, I was though Providence had helped us that far, aboard the 'Grotkau,' an' not one full there was no sense in leavin' too much to meal did I make. Sma' blame her crew

"It came on to blow when we fetched

like a barge, an' Bell howkit her along through or over. It was vara thick up Channel, too. We were standin' in to make some sort o' light an' we near walked over twa three fishin' boats, an' they cried us we were overclose to Falmouth. Then we were near cut down by a drunken foreign fruiter that was blunderin' between us an' the shore, and it got thicker an' thicker that night, an' I could feel by the tow Bell did not know whaur he was. Losh, we knew in the morn, for the wind blew the fog oot like a candle, an' the sun came clear; and as surely as McRimmon gied me my check the shadow o' the Eddystone lay across our tow-rope! We were that near—ay, we were that near! Bell fetched the 'Kite' round with the jerk that came close to tearin' the bitts out o' the 'Grotkau,' an' I mind I thanked we were inside Plymouth breakwater.

"The first to come aboard was McRimmon wi' Dandie. Did I tell vou our orders were to take anything we found into Plymouth? The auld deil had just come down overnight, puttin' two an' two together from what Calder had told him when the liner landed the 'Grotkau's He had preceesely hit oor time. I'd hailed Bell for something to eat, an' he sent it o'er in the same boat wi' McRimmon, when the auld man came to me. He suchlike. Whaur was the "Kite" when grinned an' slapped his legs and worked you painted liner took off the "Grotkau's"

his eyebrows the while I ate.

"'How do Holdock, Steiner, and Chase

feed their men?' said he.
"'Ye can see,' I said, knockin' the top
off another beer bottle. 'I did not sign

to be starved, McRimmon.'

"'Nor to swim, either,' said he, for remunerative business. What's our chance Bell had tauld him how I carried the line o' salvage, Dandie?' aboard. 'Well, I'm thinkin' you'll be no loser. What freight could we ha' put into the "Lammergeyer" would equal salvage on four hunder thousand pounds-hull an' cargo? Eh, McPhee? This cuts the liver out o' Holdock, Steiner, Chase, and Company, Limited. Eh, McPhee? An' I'm sufferin' from senile dementia now? Eh, McPhee? An' I'm not daft, am I, till I begin to paint the "Lammergeyer"? Eh, McPhee? Ye may weel lift your leg, take charge an' tow her round, an' I Dandie! I ha' the laugh o' them all. Ye passed young Steiner in a boat as I went found watter in the engine-room?'

"'To speak wi'oot prejudice,' I said,

there was some watter.

"'They thought she was sinkin' after the propeller went. She filled wi' extraordinary rapeedity. Calder said it grieved before; but ye've vara little luck in keephim an' Bannister to abandon her.

"I thought o' the dinner at Radley's an what like o' food I'd eaten for eight days.

"'It would grieve them sore, I said.

"'But the crew would not hear o' stayin' and workin' her back under canvas. They're gaun up an' down sayin' they'd ha' starved first.

"' They'd ha' starved if they'd stayed,"

said I.

"'I tak' it fra' Calder's account there

was a mutiny a'most.'

"'Ye know more than I, McRimmon," I said. 'Speakin' wi'oot prejudice, for we're all in the same boat, who opened the bilge-cock?'

"Oh, that's it—is it?' said the auld man, an' I could see he was surprised. 'A

bilge-cock, ye say?'

"'I believe it was a bilge-cock. They were all shut when I came aboard, but my Maker in young Bannister's cabin when some one had flooded the engine-room eight feet over all, and shut it off with the worm-an'-wheel gear from the second gratin' afterwards.

"'Losh!' said McRimmon. 'The ineequity o' man's beyond belief. But it's awfu' discreditable to Holdock, Steiner, and Chase, if that came oot in court.

"'Aweel, Dandie's afflicted wi' the same disease. Dandie, strive against curiosity, for it brings a little dog into traps an' people?'

'Just there or thereabouts,' I said. "'An' which o' you twa thought to cover your lights?' said he, winkin'.

"' Dandie,' I said to the dog, 'we must

both strive against curiosity. It's an un-

"He laughed till he choked. 'Tak' what I gie you, McPhee, an' be content,' he said. 'Lord, how a man wastes time when he gets old! Get aboard the "Kite," mon, as soon as ye can. I've clean forgot there's a Baltic charter yammerin' for you at London. That'll be your last voyage, I'm thinkin', excep' by way o' pleas-

"Steiner's men were comin' aboard to passed young Steiner in a boat as I went to the 'Kite.' He looked down his nose, but McRimmon pipes up: 'Here's the man ye owe the "Grotkau" to—at a price, Steiner-at a price! Let me introduce Mr. McPhee to you. Maybe ye've met in' your men-ashore or afloat?'

eat him, as he chuckled an' whustled in It was not Calder, for I've asked him, an' his dry old throat.

"'Ye've not got your price yet,"

Steiner says.

'Na, na,' says the auld man in a screech ye could hear to the Hoe, 'but I've twa million sterlin' an' no bairns, ye Judeeus Apella, if ye mean to fight; an' I'll match ye pund for pund till the last McRimmon o' McNaughten and McRimmon!'

"' Dod,' he said betwix' his teeth, sittin'

thankit I'll do it now.'

the auld man was warkin' his warks, but I know the assessors valued the 'Grotkau,' all told, at over three hunder and sixty thousand-her manifest was a treat o' salvin' an abandoned ship. ship wi' men on her an' pickin' up a de- ment aboard another tramp freighter; an' food, an' there was a note o' Calder to except as a passenger, ye'll understand, the Board in regard to the tail-shaft that Janet." would ha' been vara damagin' if it had come into court. They knew better than to fight.

"Syne the 'Kite' came back, an' Mc-Rimmon paid off me an' Bell personally, an' the rest of the crew pro ratâ, I believe it's ca'ed. My share—oor share I should say—was just twenty-five thousand pound

sterlin'.

him.

"Five-and-twenty thousand pound sterfairly well acquaint wi' McRimmon's highly certificated engineer.

"Young Steiner looked angry enough to eediosyncrasies, and he'd no hand in it. he wanted to fight me. It would be in the highest degree unprofessional o' Calder not fightin', but openin' bilge-cocks—but for a while I thought it was him. Ay, I judged it might be him-under temptation.'

"What's your theory?" I demanded.

"Weel, I'm inclined to think it was one pund's oot. Ye ken me, Steiner! I'm o' those singular providences that remind us we're in the hands o' Higher Powers.'

'It couldn't open and shut itself?"

"I did not mean that; but some halfback in the boat. 'I've waited fourteen starvin' oiler, or, maybe, trimmer, must year to break that Jew-firm, an' God be ha' opened it awhile to mak' sure o' leavin' the 'Grotkau.' It's a demoralizin' thing "The 'Kite' was in the Baltic while to see an engine-room flood up after any accident to the gear-demoralizin' an' deceptive both. Aweel, the man got what he wanted, for they went aboard the liner cryin' that the 'Grotkau' was sinkin'. richness—an' McRimmon got a third for But it's curious to think o' the conse-Ye ken quences. In a' human probability he's there's vast deeference between towin' a bein' cursed in heaps at the present morelict-a vast deeference in pounds ster- here am I, wi' five-an'-twenty thousand lin'. Moreover, twa three o' the 'Grot- pound invested, resolute to go to sea no kau's' crew were burnin' to testify about more-providential's the preceese word-

McPhee kept his word. He and Janet went for a voyage as passengers in the first-class saloon. They paid seventy pounds for their berths; and Janet found a very sick woman in the second-class saloon, so that for sixteen days she lived below and chatted with the stewardesses At this point Janet jumped up and kissed at the foot of the second-saloon stairs, while her patient slept. McPhee was a passenger for exactly twenty-four hours, lin'! Noo, I'm fra the North, and I'm not till they were out of soundings. Then the the like o' man to fling awa' money rashly, engineers' mess-where the oilcloth tables but I'd gie six months' pay—one hunder are—joyfully took him to its bosom, and and twenty pounds—to know who flooded for the rest of the voyage the company are—joyfully took him to its bosom, and the engine-room of the 'Grotkau.' I'm was richer by the unpaid services of a



MY UNWILLING NEIGHBOR.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Adventures of Captain Horn," etc.



I began life as the most favorable to

farm operations.

from some of the few dwellings which content. were scattered about among the groves green and purple.

yet.

of a bore would have been welcome to to those of Jack, when I fell asleep. me. Sometimes I walked over to the town and visited my friends there, but this was ened by the increased violence of the

WAS about twenty- not feasible on stormy nights, and the five years old when winter seemed to me a very long one.

But spring came, out-door operations owner of a vine- began, and for a few weeks I felt again vard in western Vir- that I was all-sufficient for my own pleasginia. I bought a ure and comfort. Then came a change. large tract of land, One of those seasons of bad and stormy the greater part of weather which so frequently follow an which lay upon the early spring settled down upon my spirits sloping side of one and my hillside. It rained, it was cold, of the foot-hills of fierce winds blew, and I became more the Blue Ridge, the anxious for somebody to talk to than I exposure being that had been at any time during the winter.

One night, when a very bad storm was the growth of the raging, I went to bed early, and as I lay vine. I am an enthusiastic lover of the awake I revolved in my mind the scheme country and of country life, and believed of which I had frequently thought before. that I should derive more pleasure as well I would build a neat little house on my as profit from the culture of my far-stretch- grounds, not very far away from my house, ing vineyard than I would from ordinary but not too near, and I would ask Jack Brandiger to come there and live. Jack I built myself a good house of moder- was a friend of mine who was reading law ate size upon a little plateau on the higher in the town, and it seemed to me that it part of my estate. Sitting in my front would be much more pleasant, and even porch, smoking my pipe after the labors more profitable, to read law on a pretty hillof the day, I could look down over my side overlooking a charming valley, with vineyard into a beautiful valley, with here woods and mountains behind and above and there a little curling smoke arising him, where he could ramble to his heart's

I had thought of asking Jack to come and spreading fields, and above this beauty and live with me, but this idea I soon dis-I could imagine all my hillside clothed in missed. I am a very particular person, and Jack is not; he leaves his pipes about My family consisted of myself alone, in all sorts of places—sometimes when It is true that I expected some day that they are still lighted. When he came to there would be others in my house besides see me he was quite as likely to put his myself, but I was not ready for that hat over the inkstand as to put it anywhere else. But if Jack lived at a little During the summer I found it very distance, and we could go backwards and pleasant to live by myself. It was a nov- forwards to see each other whenever we elty, and I could arrange and manage pleased, that would be quite another everything in my own fashion, which was thing. He could do as he pleased in his a pleasure I had not enjoyed when I own house, and I could do as I pleased in lived in my father's house; but when mine, and we might have many pleasant winter came I found it very lonely. Even evenings together. This was a cheering my servants lived in a cabin at some little idea, and I was planning how we might distance, and there were many dark and arrange with the negro women who manstormy evenings when the company even aged my household affairs to attend also

I did not sleep long before I was awak-

storm. My house shook with the fury of which even through the din of the storm hailstones rattling against the shutters. My bedroom was one of the rooms on hailstones upon the roof.

All this was very doleful, and had a tendency to depress the spirits of a wak-I shook off this depression. It was not agreeable to be up here by myself in such a terrible storm, but there was nothing to be afraid of, as my house was new and very strongly built, being constructed of logs, weatherboarded outside and sealed within. It would require a hurricane to blow off the roof, and I believed my shutters to be hail-proof; so, as there was no reason to stay awake, I turned over and

I do not know how long it was before I ment of my bedstead. I had once felt out what had happened. It required, howthe slight shock of an earthquake, and it seemed to me that this must be something of the kind; certainly my bed moved under me. I sat up; the room was pitchy dark. In a moment I felt another movement, but this time it did not seem to me to resemble an earthquake shock; such motion, I think, is generally in horizontal directions, while what I felt was more like the slower movement of a ship upon the water. The storm was at its height, the wind raged and roared, and the rain seemed to be pouring down as heavily as ever.

I was about to get up and light the lamp, for even the faintest candle flame would be some sort of company at such a gruesome moment, when my bedstead gave another movement, more shiplike than before. It actually lurched forward as if it were descending into the trough of the sea, but, unlike a ship, it did not rise again, but remained in such a slanting position that I began to slide down towards the foot. I believe that if it had not been a bedstead provided with a foot-board, I should have slipped out upon the floor.

I did not jump out of bed; I did not do anything. I tried to think, to understand the situation, to find out whether I was asleep or awake, when I became aware of "PLEASE DON'T SPEAK LOUDLY, SHE SAID; 'I AM AFRAID IT noises in the room and all over the house,

the wind; the rain seemed to be pouring made themselves noticed by their peculion its roof and northern side as if there arity. Tables, chairs, everything in the were a waterfall above us; and every room, seemed to be grating and grinding now and then I could hear a shower of on the floor, and in a moment there was a crash. I knew what that was; it was my lamp, which had slipped off the table. the lower floor, and even there I could Any doubt on that point would have been hear the pounding of the deluge and the dispelled by the smell of kerosene, which filled the air of the room.

The motion of the bed, which I now believe must have been the motion of the ing man, alone in a good-sized house; but whole house, still continued; but the grating noises in the room gradually ceased, from which I inferred that the furniture had brought up against the front wall of the room.

Now, it was impossible for me to get up and strike a light, for to do so, with kerosene oil all over the floor and its vapor diffused through the room, would probably result in setting the house on fire; so I must stay in darkness and wait. I do not think I was very much frightened—I was so astonished that there was no room in was awakened again, this time not by the my mind for fear. In fact, all my mental noise of the storm, but by a curious move- energies were occupied in trying to find



WILL FRIGHTEN MOTHER,'

ever, only a few more minutes of reflection that it was sliding over a smooth surface. pened: my house was sliding downhill!

the valley! In a flash my mind's eye ran be firm. over the whole surface of the country beneath me as far as I knew it. I was almost positive that there was no precipice, no terrible chasm into which my house might fall. There was nothing but slopof fields.

of heavy objects falling upon the roof, and I knew what that meant; my chimney had been wrenched from its foundations, bricks banging and sliding upon the slantcaused, I supposed, by the destruction of the stakes of my vines, as the heavy house doing this I fell asleep. moved over them.

to spring out of bed, and, as quickly as possible, to get out of that thumping and clothes in that darkness and in the jumble I saw. My eyes fell upon nothing familiar. of furniture at the end of the room, and else. Therefore in my bed I stayed.

and a few more minutes of the grating, Now I noticed a succession of loud cracks bumping, trembling of my house to enable and snaps at the front of the house, and, me to make up my mind what had hap- from the character of the sounds, I concluded that my little front porch, which The wind must have blown the building had been acting as a cutwater at the bow from its foundations, and, upon the slip- of my shiplike house, had yielded at last pery surface of the hillside, probably to the rough contact with the ground, and lashed into liquid mud by the pouring would probably soon be torn away. This rain, it was making its way down towards did not disturb me, for the house must still

It was not long before I perceived that the slanting of my bed was becoming less and less, and also I was quite sure that the house was moving more slowly. Then the crackings and snappings before ing hillside, and beneath that a wide stretch my front wall ceased altogether. The bed resumed its ordinary horizontal position, Now there was a new and sudden noise and, although I did not know at what exact moment the house ceased sliding and came to a standstill, I was sure that it had done so. It was resting at last upon and the upper part of it had now toppled a level surface. The room was still perover. I could hear, through the storm, the feetly dark, and the storm continued. There was no use for me to get up until ing roof. Continuous sounds of cracking daylight came—I could not see what had and snapping came to me through the happened—so I lay back upon my pillow closed front windows, and these were and tried to imagine upon what level portion of my farm I had stranded. While

When I woke, a little light was steal-Of course, when I thoroughly understood ing into the room through the blinds of the state of the case, my first impulse was my shutters. I quickly slipped out of bed, opened a window, and looked out. Day was just breaking, the rain and wind sliding house; but I restrained myself. had ceased, and I could discern objects; The floor might be covered with broken but it seemed as if I needed some light in glass, I might not be able to find my my brain to enable me to comprehend what

I did not stop to investigate, however, even if I could dress myself, it would be from my window. I found my clothes folly to jump out in the midst of that rag- huddled together with the furniture at the ing storm into a probable mass of wreck- front end of the room, and as soon as 1 age which I could not see; it would be far was dressed I went into the hall and then better to remain dry and warm under my to my front door. I quickly jerked this roof. There was no reason whatever to open, and was about to step outside when, suppose that the house could go to pieces, suddenly, I stopped. I was positive that or that it would turn over; it must stop my front porch had been destroyed; but some time or other; and, until it did so, I there I saw a porch, a little lower than would be safer in my bed than anywhere mine and a great deal wider, and on the other side of it, not more than eight feet Sitting upright, with my feet pressed from me, was a window—the window of a against the foot-board, I listened and felt. house; and on the other side of the win-The noises of the storm, and the cracking dow was a face—the face of a young girl! and the snapping and grinding before me As I stood staring in blank amazement at and under me, still continued, although the house which presented itself at my I sometimes thought that the wind was front door, the face at the window disapmoderating a little, and that the strange peared, and I was left to contemplate the motion was becoming more regular. I scene by myself. I ran to my back door believed the house was moving faster than and threw it open. There I saw, stretchwhen it first began its strange career, but ing up the fields and far up the hillside,



"" IF YOU HAVE SCRATCHED UP LITTLE SAMUEL!" SHE SCREAMED, PANTING, BUT SHE HAD NOT BREATH ENOUGH TO FINISH THE SENTENCE."

the wide path which my house had made as it came down from its elevated position to the valley beneath, where it had ended its onward career by stopping up against another house. As I looked off the back porch, I saw that the ground still continued to slope, so that if my house had not found in its path another building, it would probably have proceeded somewhat farther on its course. It was lighter, and I saw bushes and fences and little outbuildings—I was in a back yard.

Almost breathless with amazement and if that house would ever slide downhill." consternation, I ran again to the front door. When I reached it I found a young woman standing on the porch of the built I began to think what a nice clean house before me. I was about to say something-I know not what-when she put her finger on her lips and stepped forward.

"Please don't speak loudly," she said. "I am afraid it will frighten mother; she is asleep yet. I suppose you and your house have been sliding downhill?"

"That is what has happened," said I; "but I cannot understand it; it seems to me the most amazing thing that ever took place on the face of the earth.'

"It is very queer," said she; "but hurricanes do blow away houses, and that must have been a hurricane we had last night, for the wind was strong enough to loosen any house. I have often wondered

"My house?"

"Yes," she said. "Soon after it was sweep it could make from the place where it seemed to be stuck to the side of the mountain, right down here into the valley."

least I could not meet her on her own conversational grounds. I was so agitated myself that it seemed unnatural that any my name?" one to whom I should speak should not also be agitated.

brusquely; "at least, to whom does this

house belong?"

"This is my mother's house," said she.
"My mother is Mrs. Carson. We happen just now to be living here by ourselves, so I cannot call on any man to help you do anything. My brother has always away."

"You don't seem to be a bit astonished

at what has happened," said I.

She was rather a pretty girl; of a cheertimes she had smiled as she spoke.

"or at least I was, but I have had time before. enough to get over some of it. It was at hearing something crack in the yard. I building had grown up during the night. of mortar for the ceilings of my rooms. Then I watched it, and watched it, until cause I had often thought about it, and

probably you never had."
"You are right there," said I earnestly. "It would have been impossible for me to

imagine such a thing."

"At first I thought there was nobody in the house," said she; "but when I heard some one moving about, I came breath was hot. down to tell whoever had arrived not to make a noise. I see," she added, with moment her eyes fell upon me; "and another of her smiles, "that you think I what is it doing here?" am a very strange person not to be more sure she will not like it.

"Like it!" I exclaimed. earth could like it?"

"Please speak more gently," she said.

I could not talk with a girl like this; at be with her when she wakes, so that I can explain just what has happened."

"One moment," I said. "You know

"Of course I know your name," she answered. "Could that house be up "Who are you?" I asked, rather there on the hillside for more than a year without my knowing who lived in it?" With this, she went indoors.

I could not help smiling when I thought of the young lady regretting that there was no man in the house who might help me do something. What could anybody do in a case like this? I turned and went lived with us, but last week he went into the house. I entered the various rooms on the lower floor, and saw no signs of any particular damage except that everything movable in each room was jumbled together against the front wall. ful disposition, I should say, for several But when I looked out of the back door, I found that the porch there was a good "Oh, I am astonished," she answered; deal wrecked, which I had not noticed

I went upstairs, and found everything least an hour ago when I was awakened by pretty much as it was below. Nothing seemed to have been injured except the went to a window and looked out, and could chimney and the porches. I thanked my just barely see that something like a big stars that I had used hard wood instead

I was about to go into my bedroom, I made out it was a whole house; and after when I heard a woman scream, and of that it was not long before I guessed what course I hurried to the front. There on had happened. It seemed a simpler thing the back porch of her house stood Mrs. to me, you know, than it did to you, be- Carson. She was a woman of middle age, and, as I glanced at her, I saw where her daughter got her good looks. But the placidity and cheerfulness of the younger face were entirely wanting in the mother. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were red, her mouth was partly opened, and it seemed to me that I could almost see that her

"Is this your house?" she cried, the

I did not immediately answer. I looked flurried by what has happened; but really at the angry woman, and behind her I saw, I cannot think of anything else just now through the open door, the daughter crossexcept what mother will say and do when ing the hallway. It was plain that she she comes down and finds you and your had decided to let me have it out with her house here at the back door. I am very mother without interference. As briefly and as clearly I could, I explained what "Who on had happened.

"What is all that to me?" she screamed. "It doesn't matter to me how your house "Mother is always a little irritable when got here. There have been storms ever her night's rest has been broken, and I since the beginning of the world, and I would not like to have her wakened up never heard of any of them taking a house suddenly now. But really, Mr. Warren, I into a person's back yard. You ought haven't the least idea in the world how not to have built your house where any she will take this thing. I must go in and such thing could happen. But all this is



BEGAN TO SEARCH FOR THE WELL, AND IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE I DISCOVERED ITS ROUND, DARK OPENING, . . . UNDER ONE END OF MY PORCH."

nothing to me. I don't understand, now, how your house did get here, and I don't Kitty. want to understand it. All I want is for you to take it away.'

I can. You may be very sure I will do that. But-'

"Can you do it now?" she asked. "Can you do it to-day? I don't want a minute lost. I have not been outside to see what damage has been done, but the first up little Samuel!" thing to do is to take your house away."

to summon assistance."

turned and walked to the end of her porch. There she suddenly gave a scream, which molished her steps, and it blocked up the quickly brought her daughter from the opening. "Kitty! Kitty!" cried her mother. "Do you know what he has Kitty; and then, as the older woman disapdone? He has gone right over my round peared into the house with a stifled exclaflower garden; his house is sitting on it mation, her daughter said to me: "It is this minute!"

"But he could not help it, mother," said

"Help it!" exclaimed Mrs. Carson. "I don't want him to help it; what I want-" "I will do that, madam, just as soon as Suddenly she stopped. Her eyes flashed brighter, and her mouth opened wider. She seemed to have lost the power of speech; but quickly it came back to her. "Little Samuel!" she screamed. "Kitty, do you know I believe he has scratched

I looked at her stupefied, without know-"I am going to the town now, madam, ing what she was talking about. "Little Samuel!" again screamed Mrs. Carson, Mrs. Carson made no answer, but she and she ran about wildly endeavoring to get off her porch; but my house had de-

> "The side door, mother!" said Miss my little brother she is thinking about.

She thinks your house has gone over it ing into the hall, I saw Miss Carson, who and has scratched him up." Miss Carson was standing at my front door.

"Mr. Warren," said she, "you haven't after them.

As we hurried along by my house and or vegetable beds, which had found them- fast there." selves in the course of my all-destroying dwelling. Once she turned her head thing to eat," she said, "and we can towards me, her face pallid. "If you give you some breakfast. But I want to have scratched up little Samuel!" she ask you something. I am in a good deal tinued onward with clenched fists.

My house had not passed within a hundred feet of his resting-place. Then we turned and went back to the house, or rather to the houses.

It was now well on in the morning, and some of the neighbors had become aware of the strange disaster which had happened to me, although if they had heard the news from Mrs. Carson they might have supposed that it was a disaster which had happened only to her. As they gazed at the two houses so closely jammed together, all of them wondered, some of them even laughed, but not one offered back up that mountain-side. To be sure, it might possibly be moved off sidewise; have to be cut down to let it pass.

"Which shall never happen!" cried that good lady. "If nothing else can be done, it must be taken apart and hauled aged, it must be moved, and that immediately.

who had gathered outside.

When they had said all they had to say, and seen all there was to see, these people

He died some years ago and was buried got my hat, and was about to start for the in a small graveyard back of our garden. town, when I heard my name called. Turn-

"Mr. Warren," said she, "you haven't over the railings of the porch and ran any way of getting breakfast, have

you?"

"Oh, no," said I. "My servants are into their garden, which now seemed to up there in their cabin, and I suppose they be unevenly divided into two parts, scream are too much scared to come down. But I after scream came from Mrs. Carson as am going to town to see what can be done she noticed the absence of sheds, fences, about my house, and will get my break-

screamed, panting, but she had not breath of perplexity; our two servants are out enough to finish the sentence, and con- at the front of the house, but they positively refuse to come in. They are afraid But little Samuel was not scratched up. that your house may begin sliding again and crush them all, so I shall have to get breakfast. But what bothers me is trying to find our well. I have been outside, and can see no signs of it."

"Where was your well?" I gasped.

"It ought to be somewhere near the back of your house," she said. "May I go through your hall and look out?"

"Of course you may," I cried, and I

preceded her to my back door.

"Now, it seems to me," she said, after surveying the scene of desolation immediately before, and looking from side to side, towards objects which had remained a suggestion which afforded satisfaction untouched, "that your house has passed to Mrs. Carson or myself. The general directly over our well, and must have caropinion was that, now my house was there, ried away the little shed and the pump it would have to stay there, for there were and everything above ground. I should not enough horses in the State to pull it not wonder a bit," she continued slowly, "if it is under your porch."

I jumped to the ground, for the steps but whether it was moved one way or the were shattered, and began to search for other, a lot of Mrs. Carson's trees would the well, and it was not long before I discovered its round dark opening, which was, as Miss Carson had imagined, under

one end of my porch.

"What can we do?" she asked. "We off in carts; but, no matter how it is man- can't have breakfast or get along at all without water." It was a terribly depressing thing to me to think that I, or rather Miss Carson now prevailed upon her my house, had given these people so much mother to go into the house, and I stayed trouble; but I speedily assured Miss Carand talked to the men and a few women son that if she could find a bucket and a rope, which I could lower into the well, I could provide her with water.

She went into her house to see what she went home to their breakfasts. I entered could find, and I tore away the broken my house—not by the front door, for to do planks of the porch, so that I could get that I would have been obliged to trest o the well; and then, when she came with pass upon Mrs. Carson's back porch. I a tin pail and a clothesline, I went to

and carry it to her back door.

"I don't want mother to find out what has happened to the well," she said; imagination and expedients. "That is "for she has enough on her mind al- quite another thing, ma'am," said he.

good points in her character. After a the time comes to move it, there's several time she called to me herself, and told me ways of doing that. We might rig up a to come in to breakfast; but during the powerful windlass at the top of the hill. meal she talked very earnestly to me about and perhaps get a steam-engine to turn it, the amazing trespass I had committed and and we could fasten cables to the house about the means which should be taken and haul her back to where she belongs." to repair the damages my house had done "And can you take your oaths," cried to her property. I was as optimistic as I Mrs. Carson, "that those ropes won't could be, and the young lady spoke very break, and when that house gets half way cheerfully and hopefully about the affair, up the hill, it won't come sliding down so that we were beginning to get along ten times faster than it did, and crash somewhat pleasantly, when, suddenly, into me and mine and everything I own ens and earth!" she cried, "this house is hauled up a hill back of me!"

neath my feet a sudden sharp shock—not this ground, which is almost level—" severe, but unmistakable. I remembered that both houses stood upon slightly slop- sir!" ing ground; my blood turned cold, my heart stood still-even Miss Carson was pale!

When we had rushed out-of-doors to see what had happened, or what was going to happen, I soon found that we had been needlessly frightened. Some of the broken timbers on which my house had the front part of the building had slightly descended, jarring, as it did so, the other cut up in sections about two inches thick, house, against which it rested. I endeav- and then split into matches." ored to prove to Mrs. Carson that the result was encouraging rather than other- them," she said, "taking away the little wise, for my house was now more firmly sticks in wheelbarrows!' settled than it had been; but she did not value the opinion of a man who did not subject," said Mrs. Carson. "I have know enough to put his house in a place had a great deal to bear, and I must bear where it would be likely to stay, and she it no longer than is necessary. I have could eat no more breakfast, and was even afraid to stay under her own roof until out of my own well, I must go to the back experienced mechanics had been sum- porch of a stranger. Such things cannot moned to look into the state of affairs.

not long before several carpenters and shall write to him, and see what he advises. masons were on the spot. After a thor- I do not mind waiting a little bit, now ough examination, they assured Mrs. Car- that I know that you can fix Mr. Warren's son that there was no danger, that my house so that it won't move any farther." house would do no further damage to her the front of my house against her cellar town to spend the night. wall. When that should be done it would be impossible for it to move any farther.

work with great ardor to haul up water Mrs. Carson. "I want it taken away: I want it out of my back yard!"

The master carpenter was a man of "We'll fix this gentleman's house so that Mrs. Carson was a woman with some you needn't be afraid of it; and then when

Mrs. Carson sprang to her feet. "Heav- on earth? No, sir! I'll have no house

"Of course," said the carpenter, "it She was not mistaken. I had felt be- would be a great deal easier to move it on

"And cut down my trees to do it! No,

"Well, then," said he, "there is no way to do but to take it apart and haul it

"Which would make an awful time at the back of my house while you were doing it!" exclaimed Mrs. Carson.

I now put in a word. "There's only one thing to do that I can see," I exbeen partially resting had given way, and claimed. "I will sell it to a match factory. It is almost all wood, and it can be

Kitty smiled. "I should like to see

"There is no need of trifling on the just found out that in order to get water be endured. If my son George were here, I hurried away to the town, and it was he would tell me what I ought to do. I

Thus the matter was left. My house premises; but, to make things certain, they was braced that afternoon, and towards would bring some heavy beams and brace evening I started to go to a hotel in the

"No, sir!" said Mrs. Carson. you suppose that I am going to stay here "But I don't want it braced!" cried all night with a great empty house jammed up against me, and everybody knowing he found it almost impossible to give her that it is empty? It will be the same as any advice. He thought it was a very having thieves in my own house to have queer state of affairs; he had never heard them in yours. You have come down of anything like it; but he would try and in it and take care of it!"

"I don't object to that in the least, I said. "My two women are here, and can make a fire some way or other."

here; what am I to do?"

"Well," she said, "you can eat with But Mrs. Carson never ceased to talk us. It may be two or three days before I about the unparalleled disaster which had can hear from my son George, and in the come upon her, and she must have had a meantime you can live in your own house great deal of correspondence with her son and I will take you to board. That is George, because she gave me frequent the best way I can see of managing the messages from him. He could not come thing; but I am very sure I am not going on to look into the state of affairs, but to be left here alone in the dreadful pre- he seemed to be giving it a great deal of dicament in which you have put me.

We had scarcely finished supper, when Jack Brandiger came to see me. laughed a good deal about my sudden change of base, but thought, on the whole, was very much interested in everything, troduce him.

afterwards. "I think you have chosen very agreeable neighbors.'

say to Mrs. Carson."

you know how you used to talk to me and me. about coming and living somewhere near cheer you up.'

as I can do to get along here by my-

for nearly a week, and then he wrote that the premises.

here in your property, and you can stay arrange business so that he could come home in a week or two and look into matters.

As I was thus compelled to force myself I can tell them to attend to my meals. I upon the close neighborhood of Mrs. Carhaven't any chimney, but I suppose they son and her daughter, I endeavored to make things as pleasant as possible. I "No, sir!" said Mrs. Carson. "I am brought some of my men down out of the not going to have any strange servants on vineyard and set them to repairing fences, my place. I have just been able to pre- putting the garden in order, and doing all vail upon my own women to go into the that I could to remedy the doleful condihouse, and I don't want any more trouble; tion of things which I had unwillingly I have had enough already!" brought into the back yard of this quiet "But, my dear madam," said I, "you family. I rigged up a pump on my back don't want me to go to the town, and you porch by which the water of the well won't allow me to have any cooking done could be conveniently obtained, and in every way endeavored to repair damages.

thought and attention.

Spring weather had come again, and it He was very pleasant to help the Carson ladies get their flower garden in order—at least as much as was left of it, for my house my house had made a very successful was resting upon some of the most immove; it must be more pleasant in the portant beds. As I was obliged to give valley than up on that windy hill. Jack up all present idea of doing anything in the way of getting my residence out of a and when Mrs. Carson and her daughter place where it had no business to be, beappeared, as we were walking about view- cause Mrs. Carson would not consent to ing the scene, I felt myself obliged to in- any plan which had been suggested, I felt that I was offering some little compensa-"I like those ladies," said he to me tion in beautifying what seemed to be, at that time, my own grounds.

My labors in regard to vines, bushes, "How do you know you like them?" and all that sort of thing were generally said I. "You had scarcely anything to carried on under direction of Mrs. Carson or her daughter, and as the elderly lady "No, to be sure," said he; "but I ex- was a very busy housewife, the horticult-pect I should like her. By the way, do ural work was generally left to Miss Kitty

I liked Miss Kitty; she was a cheerful, you? How would you like me to come whole-souled person, and I sometimes and take one of your rooms now? I might thought that she was not so unwilling to have me for a neighbor as the rest of the "No," said I firmly. "That cannot be family seemed to be; for if I were to judge done. As things are now, I have as much the disposition of her brother George from what her mother told me about his letters, both he and Mrs. Carson must be Mrs. Carson did not hear from her son making a great many plans to get me off

Nearly a month had now passed since as they were, and so, in some respects, did smile as we sat down. her mother; but the latter never ceased to give me extracts from some of her son and I don't want to think of any plan of George's letters, and this was always an-moving it. I am tired of seeing it there. noying and worrying to me. Evidently he was not pleased with me as such a close away, and I am tired of hearing people talk neighbor to his mother; and it was astonishing how many expedients he proposed be here, and I am never allowed to forget in order to rid her of my undesirable it. What I want to do is to go entirely proximity.

"My son George," said Mrs. Carson one morning, "has been writing to me about jackscrews; he says that the greatest improvements have been made in jackscrews.'

"What do you do with them, mother?" asked Miss Kitty.

"You lift houses with them," said she. "He says that in large cities they lift whole blocks of houses with them and we can get rid of our trouble here if we to go away," she said. use jackscrews."

them?" I asked.

tirely over mine and set it out in the road, I went with her. where it could be carried away without inon the other side of the road, and then your house might be carried along right over the cellar until it got to the road. In special object in so doing. that way, he says, the bushes and trees would not have to be interfered with."

"I think Brother George is cracked!" said Kitty.

All this sort of thing worried me very could be peaceful and tranquil with a prospective jackscrew under the very base of his comfort and happiness? In fact, my house had never been such a happy home as it was at that time; the fact of its by her on a rustic bench. unwarranted | on upon other people's grounds had c to trouble me.

But the coming son George, with his my house and I made that remarkable jackscrews, did trouble me very much, morning call upon Mrs. Carson. I was and that afternoon I deliberately went into becoming accustomed to my present mode Mrs. Carson's house to look for Kitty. of living, and, so far as I was concerned, I knew her mother was not at home, for I it satisfied me very well; I certainly lived had seen her go out. When Kitty apa great deal better than when I was de- peared I asked her to come out on her pending upon my old negro cook. Miss back porch. "Have you thought of any Kitty seemed to be satisfied with things new plan of moving it?" she said with a

"No," said I earnestly; "I have not, I am tired of thinking about moving it about moving it. I have not any right to away, and leave everything behind meexcept one thing."

'And what is that?" asked Kitty.

"You," I answered.

She turned a little pale and did not

reply.
"You understand me, Kitty," I said. "There is nothing in the world that I care for but you. What have you to say to me?"

Then came back to her her little smile. build stories underneath. He thinks that "I think it would be very foolish for us

It was about a quarter of an hour after "But how does he propose to use this when Kitty proposed that we should go out to the front of the house. It "Oh, he has a good many plans," an- would look queer if any of the servants swered Mrs. Carson. "He said that he should come by and see us sitting toshould not wonder if jackscrews could be gether like that. I had forgotten that made large enough to lift your house en- there were other people in the world; but

We were standing on the front porch, terfering with anything, except, of course, close to each other, and I think we were vehicles which might be coming along. holding each other's hand, when Mrs. But he has another plan; that is, to lift Carson came back. As she approached my house up and carry it out into the field she looked at us inquiringly, plainly wishing to know why we were standing side by side before her door as if we had some

"Well?" said she, as she came up the steps. Of course it was right that I should speak, and, in as few words as possible, I told her what Kitty and I had been saying to each other. I never saw much. My mind was eminently disposed Kitty's mother look so cheerful and so towards peace and tranquillity, but who handsome as when she came forward and kissed her daughter and shook hands with me. She seemed so perfectly satisfied that it amazed me. After a little, Kitty left us, and then Mrs. Carson asked me to sit

"Now," said she, "this will straighten. out things in the very best way. When



house will now be the same thing as a back thought of. building—and you can have the second porch properly joined to the front of your other's own.' house, will make a beautiful and spacious was not one color and the other another. house on your back!" And as to the pump, it will be very easy carry it. Between us we can make all hill to find her!"

you are married, you and Kitty can live sorts of improvements, and some time I in the back building-for, of course, your will tell you a good many that I have

"What used to be your house," she confloor. We won't have any separate tables, tinued, "can be jackscrewed up a little because it will be a great deal nicer for bit and a good foundation put under it; you and Kitty to live with me, and it will I have inquired about that. Of course it simply be your paying board for two per- would not have been proper to let you sons instead of one; and you know you know that I was satisfied with the state of can manage your vineyard just as well things, but I was satisfied, and there is no from the bottom of the hill as from the use of denying it. As soon as I got over top. The lower rooms of what used to be my first scare, after that house came down your house can be made very pleasant and the hill, and had seen how everything comfortable for all of us. I have been might be arranged to suit all parties, I thinking about the room on the right that said to myself: 'What the Lord has joined you had planned for a parlor, and it will together, let not man put asunder,' and so, make a lovely sitting-room for us, and that according to my belief, the strongest kind is a thing we have never had, and the room of jackscrews could not put these two on the other side is just what will suit houses asunder, any more than they could beautifully for a guest-chamber. The two put you and Kitty asunder, now that you houses together, with the roof of my back have agreed to take each other for each

Jack Brandiger came to call that evendwelling. And it was fortunate that you ing, and when he had heard what had happainted your house a light yellow; I have pened he whistled a good deal. "You often looked at the two together, and are a funny kind of a fellow," said he. thought what a good thing it was that one "You go courting like a snail, with your

I think my friend was a little discomnow to put a pipe from what used to be fited. "Don't be discouraged, Jack," said your back porch to our kitchen, so that I. "You will get a good wife some of these we can get water without being obliged to days; that is, if you don't try to slide up-





"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

CHAPTER III.



T was the forty-fathom slumber, that clears the soul me." and eye and heart, and

night. They cleaned up the plates and quisitive schooners on the horizon as a compans of the elder mess, who were out fishing, pliment to his powers. But now that it was sliced pork for the mid-day meal, swabbed down the foc'sle, filled the lamps, drew coal and water for the cook, and investigated Virgin and fish in the streets of that roaring the fore-hold, where the boat's stores were town upon the waters. So Disko Troop stacked. It was another perfect day-soft, thought of recent weather, and gales, curmild, and clear; and Harvey breathed to the rents, food supplies, and other domestic very bottom of his lungs.

of some liner, her hull invisible, smudged his teeth. the blue, and to eastward a big ship's topgallant sails, just lifting, made a square nick Can't we go over side a piece? It's good in it. Disko Troop was smoking by the catchin' weather.' roof of the cabin—with one eye on the craft mainmast-head.

"When dad kerflummoxs that way," said Dan in a whisper, "he's doin' some high-delightfully, dragging Harvey into the cabin, line thinkin' fer all hands. I'll lay my wage while Troop pitched a key down the steps. an' share we'll make a berth soon. Dad he "Dad keeps my spare rig where he kin knows the cod, an' the fleet they know dad overhaul it, 'cause ma sez I'm keerless." knows. See 'em comin' up one by one, He rummaged through a locker, and in less lookin' fer nothin' in particular, o' course, but than three minutes Harvey was adorned scrowgin' on us all the time. There's the with fisherman's rubber boots that came 'Prince Leboo;' she's a Chat-ham boat. half up to his thigh, a heavy blue jersey well She's crep' up sence last night. An' see darned on the elbows, a pair of nippers, and that big one with a patch in her foresail a sou'wester. an' a new jib. She's the 'Carrie Pitman' "Naow ye an' a new jib. She's the 'Carrie Pitman' "Naow ye look somethin' like," said from West Chat-ham. She won't keep her Dan. "Hurry!" canvas long onless her luck's changed since last season. She don't do much 'cep' drift. "an' don't go visitin' round the fleet. . . When the smoke puffs up in little speak the truth, fer ye don't know."

rings like that, dad's studyin' the fish. Ef we speak to him now, he'll git mad. Las' time I did, he jest took an' hove a boot at

Disko Troop stared forward, the pipe besends you to breakfast tween his teeth, with eyes that saw nothing. ravening. They emptied As his son said, he was studying the fish a big tin dish of juicy pitting his knowledge and experience on fragments of fish—the the Banks against the roving cod in his own blood-ends the cook had collected over sea. He accepted the presence of the inpaid, he wished to draw away and make his berth alone, till it was time to go up to the arrangements, from the point of view of a More schooners had crept up in the night, twenty-pound cod; was, in fact, for an and the long blue seas were full of sails and hour, a cod himself, and looked remarkably dories. Far away on the horizon, the smoke like one. Then he removed the pipe from

"Dad," said Dan, "we' done our chores.

"Not in that cherry-colored rig ner them around and the other on the little fly at the ha'af-baked brown shoes. Give him suthin' fit to wear.'

"Dad's pleased-that settles it," said Dan,

"Keep nigh an' handy," said Troop, There ain't air anchor made 'll hold her. anyone asks you what I'm cal'latin' to do,





"I'LL LAY MY VAGE AN' SHARE HE'S OVER A HUNDRED."

tom boards, while Harvey tumbled after.

"That's no way o' gettin' into a boat," to meet her."

Dan fitted the thole pins, took the forward thwart, and watched Harvey's work. vey, for his hands were beginning to blister. The boy had rowed, in a lady-like fashion, on the Adirondack ponds; but there is a dories much. Ye pull; but ye needn't difference between squeaking pins and well-pull so hard. Don't you wish you owned balanced rullocks—light sculls and stubby, her?" eight-foot sea oars. They stuck in the gentle swell, and Harvey grunted.

you're liable to turn her over. Ain't she a daisy? Mine, too."

her bows lay a tiny anchor, two jugs of Dan spoke as though she were a whaleboat

A little red dory, labelled "Hattie S.," water, and some seventy fathoms of thin, lay astern of the schooner. Dan hauled in brown dory-roding. A tin dinner-horn the painter, dropped lightly on to the bot- rested in cleats just under Harvey's right hand, beside an ugly-looking maul, a short gaff, and a shorter wooden stick. A couple said Dan. "Ef there wuz any sea you'd of lines, with very heavy leads and double go to the bottom, sure. You got to learn cod hooks, all neatly coiled on square reels, were stuck in their place by the gunwale.

"Where's the sail and mast?" said Har-Dan chuckled, "Ye don't sail fishin'-

"Well, I guess my father might give me one or two if I asked 'em," Harvey replied. "Short! Row short," said Dan. "Ef He had been too busy to think much of his you cramp your oar in any kind o' sea family till then.

"That's so. I forgot your dad's a mildaisy? Mine, too." lionnaire. You don't act millionary any, The little dory was specklessly clean. In naow. But a dory an' craft an' gear—" you one fer—fer a pet?

the only thing I haven't stuck him for.'

"Must be an expensive kinder kid to home. Don't slitheroo that way, Harve. Short's the trick, because no sea's ever dead still, an' the swells 'll-"

Crack. The loom of the oar kicked Harvey under the chin, and knocked him backwards.

"That was what I was goin' to say. I hed to learn too, but I wasn't more than eight years old when I got my teachin'."

Harvey regained his seat with aching jaws and a frown.

"No good gettin' mad at things, dad says. It's our own fault ef we can't handle 'em, he says. Le's try here. Manuel 'll give us the water.'

The "Portugee" was rocking fully a mile away, but when Dan up-ended an oar, he waved his left arm three times.

"Thirty fathom," said Dan, stringing a salt clam on to the hook. "Over with the doughboys. Bait same's I do, Harve, an' don't snarl your reel."

Dan's line was out long before Harvey had mastered the mystery of baiting and heaving out the leads. The dory drifted along easily. It was not worth while to anchor till they were sure of good ground.

your hand! Quick."

Evidently "muckle" could not be the dinner-horn, so Harvey passed over the maul, and Dan scientifically stunned the forehead. "He's all of a hundred." fish before he pulled it inboard, and wooden stick he called a "gob-stick," Then Harvey felt a tug, and pulled up zealously.

"Why, these are strawberries," he shouted. " Look!

The hook had fouled among a bunch of strawberries, red on one side and white on the other-perfect reproductions of land fruit, except that there were no leaves, and the stem was all pipy and slimy

"Don't tech 'em, Slat 'em off, Don't—" The warning came too late. Harvey had picked them from the hook, and was admiring them.

"Ouch!" he cried, for his fingers throbbed as though he had grasped many

- "costs a heap. Think your dad 'ud give means. Nothin' 'cep' fish should be teched with the naked fingers, dad says. Slat'em "Shouldn't wonder. It would be 'most off agin the gunnel, an' bait up, Harve. Lookin' won't help any. It's all in the

> Harvey smiled at the thought of his ten and a half dollars a month, and wondered what his mother would say if she could see him hanging over the edge of a fishing-dory in mid-ocean. She suffered agonies whenever he went out on Saranac Lake; and, by the way, Harvey remembered distinctly that he used to laugh at her anxieties. Suddenly the line flashed through his hand, stinging even through the nippers, the woollen circlets supposed to protect it.

> "He's a logy. Give him room accordin' to his strength," cried Dan. "I'll help ye."

"No, you won't," Harvey snapped, as he hung on to the line. "It's my first fish. Is—is it a whale?"

"Halibut, mebbe." Dan peered down into the water alongside and flourished the big "muckle," ready for all chances. Something white and oval flickered and fluttered through the green. "I'll lay my wage an' share he's over a hundred. Are you so everlastin' anxious to land him alone?"

Harvey's knuckles were raw and bleeding where they had been banged against the gunwale; his face was purple-blue between excitement and exertion; he dripped with sweat, and was half-blinded from staring at "Here we come!" Dan shouted, and a the circling sunlit ripples about the swiftly shower of spray rattled on Harvey's shoul- moving line. The boys were tired long ere ders as a big cod flapped and kicked along- the halibut. He took charge of them and side. "Muckle, Harvey, muckle! Under the dory for the next twenty minutes. But the big flat fish was gaffed and hauled in at

"Beginner's luck," said Dan, wiping his

Harvey looked at the huge gray and wrenched out the hook with the short mottled creature with unspeakable pride. He had seen halibut many times on marble slabs ashore, but it had never occurred to him to ask how they came there. Now he knew; and every square inch of his body ached with fatigue.

> "Ef dad was along," said Dan, hauling uo, "he'd read the signs plain 's print. The fish are runnin' smaller an' smaller, an' you've took 'baout as logy a halibut 's we're apt to find this trip. Yesterday's catchdid ye notice it?—was all big fish an' no halibut. Dad, he'd read them signs right off. Dad says everythin' on the Banks is signs, an' can be read wrong er right. Dad's deeper'n the Whale Hole."

Even as he spoke a pistol was fired on the "We're Here," and a potato-basket run up awberry bottom in the fore-rigging.



"What did I say, naow? That's the call o' day. Reel up, Harve, an' we'll pull back.'

They were to windward of the schooner, when sounds of woe half a mile off led them to" Pennsylvania," who was careering around a fixed point, for all the world like a gigantic water-bug. The little man backed away and came down again with enormous energy, but at the end of each manœuvre his dory swung round and snubbed herself on her

"We'll hev to help him, er he'll root an'

seed here," said Dan.

"What's the matter?" said Harvey. This was a new world, where he could not lav down the law to his elders, but had to ask questions.

"Anchor's fouled. Penn's always losing 'em. Lost two this trip a'ready—on sandy bottom too—an' Dad says next one he loses, sure's fishin', he'll give him the kelleg. That 'ud break Penn's heart.'

"What's a 'kelleg'?" said Harvey, who had an idea it might be some kind of marine

torture, like keel-hauling.

"Big stone instid of an anchor. You kin see a dory, an' all the fleet knows what it means. They'd guy him dretful. Penn couldn't stand that no more'n a dog with a dipper to his tail. He's so everlastin' sensitive. Hello, Penn? Stuck again? Don't try any more o' your patents. Come up on her, and keep your rodin' straight up an' down."

"It doesn't move," said the little man, panting. "It doesn't move at all, and, in-

deed, I tried everything."

"What's all this hurrah's-nest for rard?" said Dan, pointing to a wild tangle of spare oars and dory-roding, all matted together last night when the boats bumped. Is your by the hand of inexperience.

"Oh, that," said Penn proudly, "is a Spanish windlass. Mr. Salters showed me water enough 'tween here an' Hatt'rus to how to make it; but even that doesn't move her.

Dan bent low over the gunwale to hide a smile, twitched once or twice on the roding, and, behold, the anchor drew at once.

"Haul up, Penn," he said, laughing, "er she'll git stuck again."

They left him regarding the weed-hung flukes of the little anchor with big, pathetic blue eyes, and thanking them profusely.

"Oh, say, while I think of it, Harve," said Dan, when they were out of ear-shot, "Penn one day Penn's church as he'd belonged to, ain't quite all caulked. He ain't nowise the Moravians, found out where he wuz dangerous, but his mind's give out. See?"

"Is that so, or is it one of your father's fer the whole crowd. Dad's onter some judgments?" Harvey asked as he bent to his thing, er he'd never break fishin' this time oars. He felt he was learning to handle them more easily.

" Dad ain't mistook this time. Penn's a just ready to flirt the dory over the still sea, sure 'nuff loony. No, he ain't thet exactly, so much ez a harmless ijjit. It was this way (you're rowin' quite so, Harve), an' I tell you 'cause it's right you orter know. He was a Moravian preacher once. Jacob Boller wuz his name, dad told me, an' he lived with his wife an' four children somewheres out Pennsylvania way. Well, Penn he took his folks along to a Moravian meetin'camp-meetin' most like—an' they stayed over jest one night in Johnstown. You've heerd talk o' Johnstown?"

Harvey considered. "Yes, I have. But I don't know why. It sticks in my head same as Ashtabula."

"Both was big accidents—thet's why, Harve. Well, that one night Penn and his folks was to the hotel Johnstown was wiped out. Dam bust an' flooded her, an' the houses struck adrift an' bumped into each other an' sunk. I've seen the pictures, an' they're dretful. Penn, he saw his folks drowned all 'n a heap 'fore he rightly knew what was comin'. His mind give out from see a kelleg ridin' in the bows fur's you can that on. He mistrusted somethin' hed happened up to Johnstown, but for the poor life of him he couldn't remember what, an' he jest drifted araound smilin' an' wonderin'. He didn't know what he was, ner yit what he hed bin, an' thet way he run agin Uncle Salters, who was visitin' 'n Allegheny City. Ha'af my mother's folks they're all scattered inside o' Pennsylvania, an' Uncle Salters he visits around winters. Uncle Salters he kinder adopted Penn, well knowin' what his trouble wuz; an' he brought him East, an' he give him work on his farm."

"Why, I heard him calling Penn a farmer

Uncle Salters a farmer?'

"Farmer!" shouted Dan. "There ain't wash the furrer-mould off'n his boots. He's jest everlastin' farmer. Why, Harve, I've seen that man hitch up a bucket, long towards sundown, an' set twiddling the spigot to the scuttle-butt same's ef 'twuz a cow's bag. He's thet much farmer. Well, Penn an' he they ran the farm-up Exeter way, 'twuz. Uncle Salters he sold it this spring to a jay from Boston as wanted to build a haouse fer summer, an' he got a heap for it. Well, them two loonies scratched along till drifted an' layin', an' wrote to Uncle Salters. palian mostly—but he jest let 'em hev it ner such things to Penn, 'r Uncle Salters both sides o' the bow, 's if he was a Bap- he'll heave ye overboard." tist; an' sez he warn't goin' to give up come to dad, towin' Penn-thet was two trip for their health. Guess he thought the but I wanted to tell ye first. Moravians wouldn't hunt the Banks fer Jacob Boller. Dad was agreeable, fer Uncle other boats a little behind them. Salters he'd been fishin' off an' on fer thirty 'We're Here'; an' the trip done Penn so much good dad made a habit o' takin' him. Some day, dad sez, he'll remember his wife



UNCLE SALTERS BETWEEN THE SHOULDERS, AND DRENCHED

Never heerd what they said exactly; but an' kids an' Johnstown, an' then he'll die-Uncle Salters was right mad. He's a 'pisco- dad sez. Don't ye talk abaout Johnstown

"Poor Penn," murmured Harvey. Penn to any blame Moravian connection in shouldn't ever have thought Uncle Salters Pennsylvania or anywheres else. Then he cared for him by the look of 'em together."

"I like Penn, though; we all do," said trips back—an' sez he an' Penn must fish a Dan. "We ought to ha' give him a tow,

They were close to the schooner now, the

"You needn't heave in the dories till years, and he took quarter-share in the after dinner," said Troop from the deck. "We'll dress daown right off. Fix table, boys!'

> "Deeper'n the Whale-Deep," said Dan, with a wink, as he set the gear for dressing down. "Look at them boats that hev edged up sence mornin'. They're all waitin' on dad. See 'em, Harve?'

> "They are all alike to me." And indeed the nodding schooners around seemed, to a landsman, run from the same mould.

> "They ain't, though. That yaller dirty packet with her bowsprit steeved that way, she's the 'Hope of Prague.' Nick Brady's her skipper, the meanest man on the Banks. We'll tell him so when we strike the Main Ledge. 'Way off yander's the 'Day's Eye.' The two Jeraulds own her. She's from Harwich; fastish, too, an' hez good luck; but dad, he'd find fish in a graveyard. Them other three, side along, they're the 'Margie Smith,' 'Rose,' an' 'Edith S. Walen,' all frum home. Guess we'll see the 'Abbie M. Deering' to morrer, dad, won't we? They're all slippin' over from the shoal o' 'Oueereau."

"You won't see many boats to-morrer, Danny." When Troop called his son Danny, it was a sign that the old man was pleased. "Boys, we're too crowded," he went on, addressing the crew as they clambered inboard. "We'll leave 'em to bait big an' catch small." He looked at the catch in the pen, and it was curious to see how little and level the fish ran. Save for Harvey's halibut, there was nothing over fifteen pounds on deck.

" I'm waitin' on the weather," said Troop. "Ye'll have to make it yourself, Disko, for there's no sign I can see," said Long Jack, sweeping the clear horizon.

And yet, half an hour later, as they were dressing down, the Bank fog dropped on them, "between fish and fish," as they say. It drove steadily and in wreaths, curling and smoking along the colorless water. The men stopped dressing down without a word. Long Jack and Uncle Salters slipped the



windlass brakes into their sockets, and began to heave up the anchor, the windlass jarring as the wet hempen cable strained on the barrel. Manuel and Tom Platt gave a hand at the last. The anchor came up with a sob, and the riding-sail bellied as Troop steadied her at the wheel. "Up jib and

foresail," said he.
"Slip 'em in the smother," shouted Long Jack, making fast the jib-sheet, while the others raised the clacking, rattling rings of the foresail; and the foreboom creaked as the "We're Here" looked up into the wind and dived off into blank, whirling white.

"There's wind behind this fog," said Troop.

It was all wonderful beyond words to Harvey; and the most wonderful part was that he heard no orders except an occasional grunt from Troop, ending with, That's good, my son!

"Never seen anchor weighed before?" said Tom Platt, as Harvey gaped at the damp canvas of the foresail.

"No. Where are we going?"

"Fish and make berth, as you'll find out 'fore you've bin a week

know what may come to us. Now, take me stung hands. —Tom Platt—I'd never ha' thought—

"It's better than fourteen dollars a month rolling one eye at his brother. an' a bullet in your belly," said Troop, from the wheel. "Ease your jumbo a grind."

"Dollars an' cents better," returned the man-o'-war's man, doing something to a big jib with a wooden spar tied to it. "But we didn't think o' that when we manned the windlass brakes on the 'Miss Jim Buck,'* outside Beaufort Harbor, with Fort Macon pourin' hot shot at our stern, an' a livin' gale atop of all. Where was you then, Disko?'

" Jest here, or hereabouts," Disko replied, "earnin' my bread on the deep waters, an' dodgin' Reb privateers. Sorry I can't accommodate you with red-hot shot, Tom Hi! That found him where he feeds.' on wind 'fore we see Eastern Point.'

There was an incessant slapping and chatter at the bows now, varied by a solid thud and a little spout of spray that clattered down on the foc'sle. The rigging dripped clammy drops, and the men lounged along the lee of the house, all but Uncle Salters,

*The "Gemsbok," U. S. N.?



" FOR AN HOUR LONG JACK WALKED HIS PREY UP AND DOWN, TEACHING, AS HE SAID, 'THINGS IVRY MAN MUST KNOW, BLIND, DRUNK, OR ASLEEP.

aboard. It's all new to you, but we never who sat stiffly on the main-hatch nursing his

"Guess she'd carry stays'le," said Disko,

"Guess she wouldn't to any sorter profit. What's the sense o' wastin' canvas?" the farmer-sailor replied.

The wheel twitched almost imperceptibly in Disko's hands. A few seconds later a hissing wave-top slashed diagonally across the boat, smote Uncle Salters between the shoulders, and drenched him from head to foot. He rose sputtering, and went forward only to catch another.

"See dad chase him all around the deck." said Dan. "Uncle Salters he thinks his quarter share's our canvas. Dad's put this duckin' act up on him two trips runnin'. Platt, but I guess we'll come aout all right Uncle Salters had taken refuge by the foremast, but a wave slapped him over the knees. Disko's face was as blank as the circle of the wheel.

> "Guess she'd lie easier under stays'le, Salters," said Disko, as though he had seen

> "Set your old kite, then," roared the victim through a cloud of spray; "only don't

You ought to hev more sense than to bum bad." araound on deck this weather."

doin' so fer a spell. There's nothin' in cre- theation deader-limpsey-idler 'n a Banker when she ain't on fish.'

"I'm glad ye spoke, Danny," cried Long Jack, who had been casting round the boat in search of amusement. "I'd clear forgot we'd a passenger under that T-wharf hat. There's no idleness for thim that don't know their ropes. Pass him along, Tom Platt, an' we'll larn him."

"'Tain't my trick this time," grinned Dan. "You've got to go it alone. Dad learned

me with a rope's end."

For an hour Long Jack walked his prey up and down, teaching, as he said, "things ivry man must know, blind, drunk, or asleep." There is not much gear to a seventy-ton schooner with a stump foremast, but Long Jack had a gift of expression. When he wished to draw Harvey's attention to the peak halyards, he dug his knuckles into the back of the boy's neck and kept him at gaze for half a minute. He emphasized the difference between fore and aft generally by fixed in Harvey's mind by the end of the rope itself.

The lesson would have been easier had the throat halyards again." deck been at all free; but there appeared to be a place for everything except a man. Forward lay the windlass and its tackle, with the chain and hemp cables, all very unpleasant to trip over; the foc'sle stove-pipe, and the gurry-butts by the foc'sle hatch to hold the fish-livers. Aft of these the foreboom and booby of the main hatch took all the deck that was not needed for the pumps and dressing-pens. Then came the nests of dories lashed to ring-bolts by the quar- hand on thim as I call." ter-deck; the house, with tubs and things time. It was like trying to dance in a ship- him. chandler's store; the store itself dancing to no known step.

Tom Platt, of course, could not keep his oar out of the business, but ranged alongside with enormous and unnecessary de-"Ohio."

lay it to me if anything happens. Penn, me, Innocince. Tom Platt, this bally-hoo's you go below right off an' git your coffee, not the 'Ohio,' an' you're mixin the bhoy

"He'll be ruined for life, beginnin' on a "Now they'll swill coffee an' play check- fore-an'-after this way," Tom Platt pleaded. ers till the cows come home," said Dan, as "Give him a chance to know a few leadin' Uncle Salters hustled Penn into the fore- principles. Sailin's an art, Harvey, as I'd cabin. "Look's to me like's if we'd all be show you if I had ye in the fore-top o'

> "I know ut. Ye'd talk him dead an' cowld. Silince, Tom Platt! Now, after all I've said, how'd you reef the foresail, Harve? Take your time.'

"Haul that in," said Harvey, pointing to

leeward. "Fwhat? The North Atlantuc?"

"No, the boom. Then run that rope you showed me back there-"

"That's no way," Tom Platt burst in.

"Quiet! He's larnin', an' has not the names good yet. Go on, Harve."

"Oh, it's the reef-pennant. I'd hook the tackle on to the reef-pennant, and then let down-'

"Lower the sail, child! Lower!" said Tom Platt, in a professional agony.

"Lower the throat and peak halyards," Harvey went on. Those names stuck in his head.

"Lay your hand on thim," said Long

Harvey obeyed. "Lower till that roperubbing Harvey's nose along a few feet of loop — on the after-leach — kris — no, it's the boom, and the lead of each rope was cringle—till the cringle was down on the boom. Then I'd tie her up the way you said, and then I'd hoist up the peak and

> "You've forgot to pass the tack-earing, but wid time and help ye'll larn. There's good and just reason for ivry rope aboard, or else 'twould be overboard. D'ye follow me? 'Tis dollars an' cents I'm puttin' into your pocket, ye skinny little supercargo, so that fwhin ye've filled out ye can ship from Boston to Cuba an' tell thim Long Jack larned you. Now I'll chase ye around a piece, callin' the ropes, an' you'll lay your

He began, and Harvey, who was feeling lashed all around it; and the sixty-foot rather tired, walked slowly to the rope main-boom in her crutch, splitting things named. A rope's end licked round his lengthwise, to duck and dodge under every ribs, and nearly knocked the breath out of

> "When you own a boat," said Tom Platt, with severe eyes, "you can walk. Till then, take all orders at the run. Once more—to make sure!'

Harvey was in a glow with the exercise, scriptions of sails and spars on the old and this last cut warmed him thoroughly. Now, he was a singularly smart boy, the son he says; attend to of a very clever man and a very sensitive



systematic spoiling had nearly turned to mulish obstinacy. He looked at the other men, and saw that even Dan did not smile. It was evidently all in the day's work, lowed the hint with a gulp and a gasp and an hour. a grin. The same smartness that led him him very sure that no one on the boat, except, maybe, Penn, would stand the least nonsense. One learns a great deal from a mere tone. Long Jack called over half a dozen more ropes, and Harvey danced over the deck like an eel at ebb tide, one eye on Tom Platt.

little schooner I make, with all her ropes.

So we shall learn."

"Fust-class fer—a passenger," said Dan. " Dad he's jest allowed you'll be wuth your salt maybe 'fore you're drownded, headsail banging wildly 'Thet's a heap fer dad. I'll 'zarn you more and looked at the boys.

our next watch together."

through the fog as it smoked over the bows. There was nothing to be seen ten feet beyond the surging jib-boom, while alongside came the endless procession of solemn, pale waves whispering and lipping the bait right into his stomach. one to the other.

"Now I'll learn you something Long cried Harvey, turning him over. Jack can't," shouted Tom Platt, as from a locker by the stern he produced a battered deep-sea lead hollowed at one end, smeared the hollow from a saucer full of mutton tallow, and went forward. "I'll learn you how to fly the blue pigeon. Shooo!"

Disko did something to the wheel that checked the schooner's way, while Manuel, with Harvey to help (and a proud boy was Harvey), let down the jib in a lump on the they've all been herdin' together by the boom. The lead sung a deep droning thousand, and when they take the bait that song as Tom Platt whirled it round and round.

"Go ahead, man," said Long Jack, imtrick to ut.'

"Don't be jealous, Galway." The released lead plopped into the sea far ahead as the schooner surged slowly forward.

"Soundin' is a trick, though." said Dan, "when your dipsey lead's all the eye you're like to hev for a week. What d'you make as much as dad knows. Guess we'll run it, dad?"

Disko's face relaxed. His skill and this, than from the dory, ain't it?" honor were involved in the march he had stolen on the rest of the fleet. "Sixty, a dory the weight of a cod is water-borne

woman, with a fine resolute temper that with a glance at the tiny compass in the window of the house.

> "Sixty," sung out Tom Platt, hauling in great wet coils.

The schooner gathered way again. though it hurt abominably. So he swal- "Heave!" said Disko, after a quarter of

"What d'you make it?" Dan whispered, to take such advantage of his mother made and he looked at Harvey proudly. But Harvey was too proud of his own performances to be impressed just then.

"Fifty," said the father. "I mistrust we're right over the nick o' Green Bank on

old Sixty-Fifty.'

"Fifty," roared Tom Platt. They could scarcely see him through the fog. "Ver' good. Ver' good done," said bust within a yard—like the shells at Fort Manuel. "After supper I show you a Macon."

"Bait up, Harve," said Dan, diving for a line on the reel.

The schooner seemed to be straying promiscuously through the smother, her headsail banging wildly. The men waited

"Heugh!" Dan's lines twitched on the "Taller!" grunted Disko, peering scored and scarred rail. "Now haow in thunder did dad know? Help us here, Harve. It's a big un. Poke-hooked, too.' They hauled together, and landed a goggle-eyed twenty-pound cod who had taken

"Why, he's all covered with little crabs."

"By the great hook-block, they're lousy already," said Long Jack. "Disko, ye kape your spare eyes under the keel.'

Splash went the anchor, and they all heaved over the lines, each man taking his own place at the bulwarks.

"Are they good to cat?" Harvey panted. as he lugged in another crab-covered cod.

"Sure. When they're lousy it's a sign way they're hungry. Never mind how the bait sets. They'll bite on the bare hook."

"Say, this is great," Harvey cried, as the patiently. "We're not drawin' twenty-five fish came in gasping and splashing—nearly feet off Fire Island in a fog. There's no all poke-hooked, as Dan had said. "Why can't we always fish from the boat instead of from the dories?

> "Allus can, till we begin to dress down. Efter thet, the heads and offals 'ud scare the fish to Fundy. Boat fishin' ain't reckoned progressive, though, unless ye know aout a trawl to-night. Harder on the back,

It was rather back-breaking work, for in mebbe—ef I'm any judge," he replied, till the last minute, and you are, so to speak, abreast of him; but the few feet of a schoon- it in the dark, without looking, while Harer's freeboard make so much extra dead vey caught his fingers on the barbs and hauling, and stooping over the bulwarks bewailed his fate. But the hooks flew cramps the stomach. But it was wild and through Dan's fingers like tatting on an old furious sport so long as it lasted; and a big pile lay aboard when the fish ceased biting.

"Where's Penn and Uncle Salters?" Harvey asked, slapping the slime off his oilskins, and reeling up the line in careful imi-

tation of the others.

"Git's coffee and see."

the pawl-post, the foc'sle table down and opened, utterly unconscious of fish or weather, sat the two men, a checker-board Penn's every move.

"What's the matter naow?" said the former, as Harvey, one hand in the leather loop at the head of the ladder, hung shouting to

"Big fish and lousy—heaps and heaps," Harvey replied, quoting "How's the game?" Long Jack.

Little Penn's jaw dropped. "'Tweren't none o' his fault," snapped Uncle Salters. " Penn's deef."

"Checkers, weren't it?" said Dan, as Harvey staggered aft with the steaming coffee in a tin pail. "That let's us out o' cleanin' up to-night. Dad's a jest man. They'll have to do it."

"An' two young fellers I know 'll bait up a tub or so o' trawl, while they're cleanin', said Disko, lashing the wheel to his taste.

"Um! Guess I'd ruther clean up, dad." "Don't doubt it. Ye wunt, though. Dress down! Dress down! Penn'll pitch while you two bait up."

"Why in thunder didn't them blame boys tell us you'd struck on?" said Uncle Salters, shuffling to his place at the table. "This

knife's gum-blunt, Dan."

"Ef stickin' out cable don't wake ye, guess you'd better hire a boy o' your own, the tubs full of trawl-line lashed to windward of the house. "O Harve, don't ye want to slip down an' git's bait?

shag-fishin' will pay better, ez things go."

handed in the little bait-barrels. The tubs even smiled dryly at the anxious Harvey. were full of neatly coiled line, carrying a big baiting of every age of the bait clear, is a scient business. Dan managed reelly."

maid's lap. "I helped bait up trawl ashore 'fore I could well walk," he said. "But it's a putterin' job all the same. O dad!"
This shouted towards the hatch, where Disko and Tom Platt were salting. "How many skates you reckon we'll need?"

"'Baout three. Hurry!"

"There's three hundred fathom to each Under the yellow glare of the lamp on tub," Dan explained; "mor'n enough to lay out to-night. Ouch! 'Slipped up there, I did." He stuck his finger in his mouth. "I tell you, Harve, there ain't money in between them, Uncle Salters snarling at Gloucester 'ud hire me to ship on a reg'lar trawler. It may be progressive, but, barrin' that, it's the putterinest, slimjammest business top o' the earth.'

> "I don't know what this is, if 'tisn't regular trawling," said Harvey sulkily. "My fingers are all scratched to frazzles."

> "Pshaw! This is jest one o' dad's blame experiments. He don't trawl 'less there's mighty good reason fer it. Dad knows. Thet's why he's baitin' ez he is. We'll hev her saggin' full when we take her up er we won't see a fin."

> Penn and Uncle Salters cleaned up as Disko had ordained, but the boys profited little. No sooner were the tubs furnished than Tom Platt and Long Jack, who had been exploring the inside of a dory with a lantern, snatched them away. loaded up the tubs and some small, painted trawl-buoys, and hove the boat overboard into what Harvey regarded as an exceedingly rough sea. "They'll be drowned. Why, the dory's loaded like a freight-car," he cried.

> "We'll be back," said Long Jack, "an' in case you not be lookin' for us, we'll lay into you both if the trawl's snarled.'

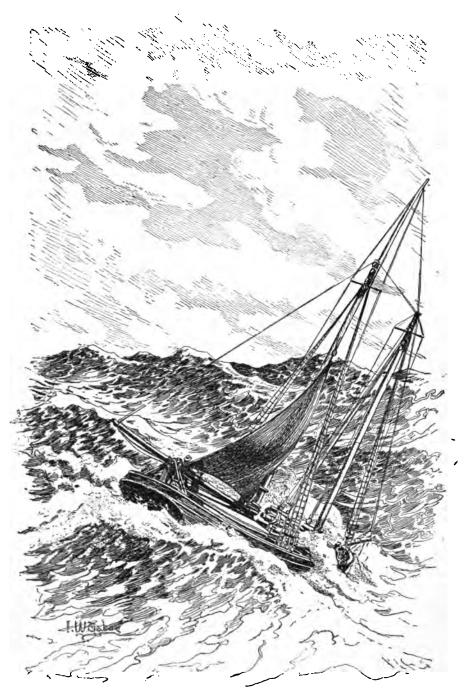
The dory surged up on the crest of a wave, and just when it seemed impossible that she could avoid smashing against the said Dan, muddling about in the dusk for schooner's side, slid over the ridge, and was swallowed up in the damp dusk.

"Take hold here, an' keep ringin' steady," said Dan, passing Harvey the lanyard of a "Bait as we are," said Disko. "I mistrust bell that hung just behind the windlass.

Harvey rang lustily, for he felt two lives That meant the boys would bait with depended on him. But Disko in the cabin, selected offal of the cod as the fish were scrawling in the log book, did not look like cleaned—an improvement on paddling bare- a murderer, and when he went to supper he

"This ain't no weather," said Dan. "Why, hook each few feet; and the testing and you an' me could set thet trawl! They've igle hook, with the stow- only gone out jest far 'nough so's not to line, so that it shall run foul our cable. They don't need no bell,





"IF WAS THICK WEATHER OUTSIDE, WITH A RISING WIND. . . . THE NOSING BOWS SLAPPED AND SCUFFLED WITH THE SEAS."

"Clang! cling! clang!" Harvey kept "for his mother and his father, who think another half-hour. There was a bellow and a bump alongside. Manuel and Dan raced to the hooks of the dory-tackle; Long Jack aft and finish your game with Uncle Salters. and Tom Platt arrived on deck together, it Tell dad I'll stand Harve's watch ef he seemed, one-half the North Atlantic at don't keer. He's played aout." their backs, and the dory followed them in

"The pleasure av your comp'ny to the banquit," said Long Jack, squelching the water from his boots as he capered like an elephant and stuck an oil-skinned arm into a snore. Harvey's face. "We do be condescending to honor the second half wid our presence." And off they all four rolled to supper, where watches. into his bunk.

thing," said Penn, watching the boy's face, round.

it up, varied with occasional rub-a-dubs, for he is dead. To lose a child—to lose a man-child!"

"Get out o' this, Penn," said Dan. "Go

"Ver' good boy," said Manuel, slipping the air, landing with a clatter.

"Nary snarl," said Tom Platt as he black shadows of the lower bunk. "Expect dripped. "Danny, you'll do yet." he make good man, Danny. I no see he is out of his boots and disappearing into the he make good man, Danny. I no see he is any so mad as your parpa he says. Eh, wha-at?"

Dan chuckled, but the chuckle ended in

It was thick weather outside, with a rising wind, and the elder men stretched their The hours struck clear in the Harvey stuffed himself to the brim on fish- cabin; the nosing bows slapped and scuffled chowder and fried pies, and fell fast asleep with the seas; the foc'sle stove-pipe hissed just as Manuel produced from a locker a and sputtered as the spray caught it; and the lovely two-foot model of the "Lucy boys slept on, while Disko, Long Jack, Tom Holmes," his first boat, and was going to Platt, and Uncle Salters, each in turn, show Harvey the ropes. He never even stumped aft to look at the wheel, forward twiddled his fingers as Penn pushed him to see that the anchor held, or to veer out a little more cable against chafing, with a "It must be a sad thing—a very sad glance at the dim anchor-light between each

(To be continued.)

OF THIS GENERATION.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN,

Author of "The Sowers," "Flotsam," etc.

beer, so called, of Munich.

beauty of the prospect, sat a young Englishman, gracefully idle, and wearing with a becoming indifference a most trying the door of the hotel.

The Englishman was startlingly clean, with thin soft hair carefully brushed back short. The more elderly sirens engaged from a bland forehead. His face was nar- in the pursuit of eligible junior attaches, row, with a prominent nose, suggesting kept an eye on Passavant as a sheep dog

'HE Grand Hotel at Zell-am-Zee has, the frequent use of soap and water. The as many know, a garden bordered by countenance was expressive of one domithe lake, where in the very necessary shade nant quality, as nearly all countenances of lilac trees contemplative Austrians sit at are if studied with understanding, and small tables and consume the deep-colored that nothing less than the desire to be instantly and persistently agreeable. Ladies Among these, and within sound of their given to the exercise of that species of sober exclamations of wonderment at the hospitality which has for its aim the bringing together of young people, and for its end the hope that some of these may elect to remain together till death do them headcovering at that time fashionable and release, invariably secured Algernon Austill known at Cambridge as a "beast" hat. gustus Passavant. Algernon, it appeared, He was watching the approach of a counmade things go. Some very young girls trywoman-young, wholesome, sunburnt, thought him stupid, and did not always and energetic—who had just emerged from understand his humor. They thought that he lacked poetry and was uninteresting. His hair, in fact, was too thin and too

Copyright, 1896, by H. S. Scott.



keeps an eye upon the shepherd. A few make excellent hats. mistaken mammas set little traps for him, you mistaken for Miss Burdon? and he made himself invariably agreeable to the bait, without being hooked.

this time about to receive a call to a higher that I was Miss Burdon.' court from whence no despatches are delivered.

woman, Passavant stood up, raised his aroused.

ing to some fronds in the girl's hand, "do you are Miss Burdon?" not grow wild in this part of the world. But so long as you were not observed-"

swered Miss Britten, with all the careless behind a huge mug of beer. confidence of her generation, pointing toward the mountains with her parasol.

- the spot where you—stole those flowers.'
 - "I never saw it."

"No-but it was there."

The girl laughed. She was no longer quite youthful, and had that air of capability which is a characteristic of the day. She had obviously tried most things—except love, bien entendu. The universal young person has usually missed that, and fills up the blank with the current amusements in their due course, prosecuting them with a skill worthy of a higher object than the mere killing of time.

"And as I came down," she continued,

"a queer thing happened to me."

Passavant looked gravely at her. modern knight errant is a young woman, and she seeks adventures, for the most to have its attention fixed on Zell-am-Zee.' part, in continental hotels or on board the adventure, and his face being eminently I suppose?" guileless, did not express that thought.

"I was mistaken for some one else,"

dor's daughter."

"Ah, I have twice been mistaken for some one else. Once it was for a bookin the shop waiting for my hat to be and kindly tolerant of their ignorance of ironed. I took it as a compliment. They the world.

By whom were

"By a German gentleman who must have followed me up the hill. I met him Passavant had seen two ambassadors when I turned back. He asked me the come to and go from Vienna, where he way out; then asked me whether he was held office. And a third—a power in mistaken in supposing that I was Miss Europe—in bed in the best bedroom of the Burdon. I thought I told him he was, Grand Hotel at Zell-am-Zee—seemed at but he seems to have understood me to say

Passavant's attention, which had been centred on a free-hand design executed in On the nearer approach of his country- gravel with a walking-stick, was suddenly

"Ah," he said, "and this German genhat, and drew forward an iron chair. "Ah," he said, "and this German gen"Those flowers," he said, gravely point- tleman is still under the impression that

"Yes," answered Miss Britten.

Passavant reflected, with his light-blue "I gathered them right up there," an- eyes fixed on a small girl half-concealed

"Ah! Your boxes were marked with a large 'B.' I noticed it myself. Miss "As a nation we are inclined to think Burdon was expected yesterday, but did that if we only climb high enough we rise not come. She sent a telegram to say above the law. There is a villa just above that she was detained at Vienna by the illness of her mother.'

'Then you know the ambassador?" suggested Miss Britten, who had an exalted idea of the diplomatic service.

"I am his domestic chaplain," returned Algernon Augustus Passavant with solemnity. "It is my privilege to comfort his last moments."

Miss Britten laughed, and then looked grave again.

"Is he so very ill?"

"Very," answered Passavant abstract-

"But why is his health so important?" inquired Miss Britten, who was intelligent, The and therefore inquisitive. "No one speaks of anything else—all Europe seems

"Ah, that is a long story. But who great steamers. Passavant thought that has displayed this enormous interest in Miss Britten was too good for that sort of Lord Burdon's life-your German friend,

"Well, yes. He made inquiries."

"Hm—yes. A man with a mild gray she said; "for Miss Burdon, the ambassa- eye and a beautiful crop of hair-speaks English well?"

"Yes; that describes him."

Passavant nodded his head with an air stall man, when, with great presence of of abstraction which had frequently been mind, I sold a penny newspaper. The accounted to him for foolishness. Miss second time I was mistaken for Mr. Lin- Britten looked at him with shrewd, calcucoln or Mr. Bennett, I never ascertained lating eyes, such as one would expect in which, while I was standing bareheaded a girl who is cleverer than her parents of course you do," she said.

She is my cousin.'

"Then Lord Burdon is your uncle."

bility. He has made me—well—what Britten, with her energetic laugh. you see. Irreproachable. He sort of "Alice; musical," he answer

adopted me-years ago, when I was a youth-in the mahogany age, early Victorian, you know.

He sighed, and dusted the toe of his narrow boot with his

"Is Lord Burdon such a very important person?" asked Miss Britten.

"Next to myself he is at once the hope and despair of Europe. He knows so much to the discredit of his neighbor-the surest means to success.

Passavant rose.

"We are ob-served," he said, "by the lady who travels with you. What is her name-Smale, is it not? I hope she is not a relation. She has been watching us from her bedroom window for some time, and now, having pinned her veil round her hatought she not to wear bonnets, by the way, at her time of life?—she is coming

respectable—probably because I wear pat- noble lord as a suitable substitute for the ent leather shoes. Will you tell her I do sick man-said noble lord being well it in order to save the expense of reward- known for the length of his descent and ing the hotel boots? Tell her I have a the shortness of his comprehension. In real lord for an uncle, and teach in the the mean time, the representatives ex-Sunday-school attached to the British Em- changed formal calls at Vienna and disbassy at Vienna. Tell her I am respect- played an astonishing amount of brotherly able, Miss Britten. And-if you will love. A German newspaper, however, allow me to suggest it—you might let the with singularly little tact, suddenly blurted German gentleman continue to think that out its opinion, that Lord Burdon's illness you are Miss Burdon. It may be amusing was a ruse to gain time, and that Eng-and don't let him get into conversation land expected important despatches by a with Miss Smale. Here she comes. She certain steamer which could not reach

"Do you know this Miss Burdon-but is surprised and hurt to see you talking to a young man—she belongs to that period."

"What is Miss Burdon's Christian name, "Precisely, and my badge of respecta- and what are her tastes?" asked Miss

"Alice; musical," he answered, and

wandered away beneath the lilac trees.

During the next two days Europe continued, as Miss Britten had jestingly said, to watch Zell-am-Zee. Lord Burdon's illness was, in fact, most ill-timed. A conference of the Powers had been summoned to meet at Vienna for the purpose of amicably dividing a territory as large as the British Isles.

"It is to be a raffle," explained Passavant to Miss Britten in a moment of expansion, "a sort of lucky bag; but Lord Burdon tied up the packages, so they want to keep his hand out of the bag if possible.'

The representatives of certain other countries were at this time endeavoring to exclude Lord Burdon from the conference by the simple means of refusing to delay their

sitting any longer. down to interrupt. She thinks I am not They were so kind as to name another



THE GERMAN GENTLEMAN WITH THE FIELD-GLASSES.

Southampton before the end of the week. den to attend to his official duties, and did day.

he posted to Vienna. There are crossroads in a man's career where it is woefully easy to take a wrong turning, and Pasits peach.

"It was certain to happen, sooner or later," commented Passavant; "she eats

peaches all day.'

There were, however, other ladies who were duly scandalized at this time by the behavior of Mr. Passavant and Miss Brit-

"He is only amusing himself with her," said some.

"She is making a fool of him,"

would like you to walk by the side of the bulletins for the newspapers.

Lord Burdon out for a solemn promenade in the sun, with the hood of the lined chair drawn over him to protect his ancient head from the heat of the day. Miss Britten walked by the side of the chair and stooped to arrange the patient's cushions from time to time with a most touching filial devotion.

especially those of Germany, took due note of these facts. They reported that Lord Burdon, attended by his devoted His lordship had, however, been forbid- steadily.

The writer of the article thought it likely not even receive his usual correspondthat his lordship would be better on Mon- ence. Under these circumstances, it was now certain that England would not be Passavant smiled as he read this jour- represented at the International Confernal, and then wrote out a bulletin which ence by her ambassador to the court of Austria. And the joy of the journals was but ill-concealed.

The affable gentleman who had accosted savant had awaited his promotion through Miss Britten continued to enjoy the inlong, uneventful years. He had improved comparable views obtainable on the surupon his slight acquaintance with Miss rounding mountains, and in order to lose Britten, and sat next to her at table d'hôte. nothing of their beauty, carried a pair of Miss Smale, whose watchfulness over her field-glasses slung across his shoulders neighbor's morals was frequently inter- with all the dash of a city clerk at a subrupted by a poignant anxiety respecting urban race-meeting. He was in the habit her own health, was fortunately stung by of sitting for hours on the vine-clad slopes a wasp at this time, and retired to her above the village, looking down through own apartment. The wasp, it appears, his binoculars at the Grand Hotel and its stung her on the nose while she was eating shady garden. Passavant, from his window in the bedroom adjoining Lord Burdon's private salon, looked up frequently and saw the German gentleman concealed like that small man Zaccheus among the

tree-tops.

Thus the week drew toward its close, and the great and good journals contradicted each other daily, while a certain steamer pounded up Channel, and a brownfaced little man sat in one of its deck cabins writing out vast reports on Colonial laughed the rest. And the German gen- Office stationery, and cursing between tleman, who was always endeavoring to times the slowness of the engines. Then get speech with Miss Britten and was in- it was decided by the Powers that the convariably frustrated just in time by Passa- ference could no longer be delayed, but vant, scowled over his soup-spoon with must take place on the following Monday, such ardor that he spilt more potage-à-la- Lord Burdon or no Lord Burdon. And jardinière than usual. "Ignotus," and "Paterfamilias," and "Tell them," said Passavant to Miss "True Briton" wrote to the "Times," Britten one evening, "that Lord Burdon naming substitutes who were either imposis better, and will probably take the air in sible, absent, or dead. And Algernon a bath-chair to-morrow. His lordship Augustus Passavant sat gravely and wrote

"All lies," commented Miss Britten one The next day Passavant's servant and day. They had grown singularly familiar. Lord Burdon's confidential valet took as people do who possess in common

some knowledge desired of others.

" Jeux de mots, we call them," replied Passavant, with his boyish smile.

It was on the Saturday night that the small comedy for the moment threatened to turn to drama. It was, in fact, after ten o'clock that Miss Britten sought Passavant where he sat under the lilac trees The newspapers of Europe, and more smoking. For a moment he looked surprised, then noted that her face was white.

"What is it?" he asked curtly.

"There is some one unscrewing the lock daughter, the Honorable Alice Burdon, on the door of communication between was now convalescent at Zell-am-Zee. my room and the next," answered she un-However modern, however



of mother and grandmother the twentieth-century young persons may be, they will still be hampered by a wholesome feminine fear of something or other-of a burglar, for instance, or a mouse, or the Hereafter.

"But there is a bolt," said Passavant, with apparent heartlessness.

"It has been drawn back."

"And you did not dare to push it for- probably never go in there at night." ward again."
"No," confessed Miss Britten.

"I am glad of that. I feared that you were afraid of nothing. Have you the key of your salon?"

She looked at him. The moonlight filtering through the trees showed his face to be as bland and pleasant as usual. She handed him the key.

"If I may suggest that you go to Miss Miss Britten angrily. Smale's room for a moment," he said, as porter." they walked toward the house together, "just to see how the sting on her nose is progressing. Give me ten minutes."

"What are you going to do?" she deep scorn. asked.

don's salon. Some one has got locked in upstairs, and Miss Britten followed him. there by mistake, Miss Britten. A man of

resource—he is unscrewing the lock in order to effect his escape through the neighboring salon, which he can see through the keyhole to be deserted. You

'Never-I forgot something this evening and went to get it. What are you

going to do?'

She repeated the question rather anxiously, and Passavant, noting the tone of her voice, paused for a moment, looking up to the moon with a mildly speculative eye.

"Mine are the ways of peace," he said. "But it is useless to run risks," said iss Britten angrily. "Send the hotel

" No-this is a delicate matter." And Passavant laughed softly.

"Theft," muttered Miss Britten with a

'They call it journalism," explained The room next to yours is Lord Bur- Passavant. He ran swiftly and silently

She saw Passavant take the key of Lord

room beyond,-her own private salon, where Passavant immediately followed into journalist sarcastically. the darkness, unarmed. She had time to think that he was brave, at all events, as with her back against it. affable on every occasion came stumblingly out into the brilliantly lighted room. closed door with Lilian Britten standing before it. He turned on his heel—another closed door with Passavant in front of it. like look behind the gold eye-glasses.

'Ah,'' said the journalist.

"Yes," answered Passavant, "caught." The man looked from one to the other and bit his lip. The cruel electric light shone down on his twitching gray face.

"But I will let you go," said Passavant, almost kindly, "because it suits my purpose. You have suited my purpose

most excellently all along.'

clever-you and Miss Burdon.'

"There is no Miss Burdon in this hotel. There never has been," said Passavant.

The German shrugged his shoulders and suddenly. He was about to say something, and had a spiteful air.

"Be careful!" said Passavant, sharply,

and the other changed his mind.

pose is frustrated."

"Pardon me, Lord Burdon is now travelling from Southampton to Vienna, where to attend the International Conference."

"But I saw him taking the air in his sought the garden.

bath-chair.'

seen very plainly through your fieldglasses from the hillside.'

"And the Conference was delayed—"

Burdon's private salon from his pocket "I only issued bulletins of his lordand open the door of that mystic apart- ship's health on receipt of my daily telement. She heard the click of the electric- gram from him in England. You suplight button, and was on the threshold plied the rest—the local color, I think you of the room before the light leaped into call it. Burdon was really very unwell life. She saw a dark form vanish into the but not too ill to travel—you understand."

"You are very clever," muttered the

Passavant bowed.

"Considering that these rifled drawers she closed the door behind her and stood and dishevelled bureaus do not look well, There came I would suggest that you take from your from the room the sound of hurrying feet room such light luggage as you may reand overthrown furniture. In a moment quire, and-er-well, are called suddenly the German gentleman who had been so away. I will put this room tidy before the hotel servants see it.

He went toward the door, from which His face fell when he saw the Miss Britten had now stood aside, and opened it. The German passed out, and

Passavant followed him.

"By the way," he said at the head of For a moment there was a distressed, rat- the stairs, with his sudden smile. "Shall we agree to forget this little affair? After all, it was with both of us merely a matter of business." He held out his hand. The German looked at it, and then took the thin fingers in his great grasp, swallowing some obstruction in his throat the while. They both turned at the rustle of a dress and saw Miss Britten pass upstairs to her room.

It being Sunday, the beer-garden was "Ah, yes!" said the journalist, with a fuller than usual the next day, and Miss sickly smile. "You think yourself very Smale read at her open window a book which could only have been devotional, so stiff was her attitude. She was obviously conscious of putting to shame the whole beer-drinking Austrian nation. looked at Miss Britten, who had flushed Britten, with the intelligent and inquiring enterprise of her generation, attended a Roman Catholic service in the little church near the lake. It was glaringly hot, and there are few warmer spots in Europe than "However," he said carelessly, "Lord Zell-am-Zee. Miss Britten retired to her Burdon is ill in that room, so your pur- own room after luncheon, and Algernon Augustus Passavant smoked gloomy cigarettes in the verandah.

After table d'hôte, which Miss Smale he will arrive on Monday morning, in time attended under visible compulsion and with a protestant appetite, the visitors Passavant took a walking-stick, called his dog, and set off "Myself," explained Passavant suavely. rather ostentatiously for a walk. He "I am not strong," he paused and gave turned back, however, before he had been the conventional chest cough, "and Miss gone ten minutes, and rather neatly Britten was kind enough to speak to me caught Miss Britten in her favorite chair in my—perambulator. You cannot have under the lilac tree nearest to the lake. Night was just falling, and a full moon sailing amid fleecy clouds cast a silver shaft across the lake to the very wall of "By me," explained Passavant blandly. the hotel garden. Passavant brought a

chair, picked up in passing, and sat quietly down beside Miss Britten, which set more and was conscious of his steady gaze. than one head to wag. Miss Britten had a book in her hand, but it was now too dark to read. She, however, after a side glance at her companion—opened the added bluntly. volume and fixed her eyes upon the thing that I have never done before.'

Miss Britten."

out any encouragement in her voice. If Passavant had made a jest then—even a ous at that moment.

"I go to Vienna to-morrow morning,"

he said. " Oh."

"At five-thirty."

"Indeed."

"Yes, Miss Britten," said Passavant.

"And I am glad to have this opportunity too old to change my mind now. But I of thanking you for your assistance. We -we tricked Europe, and that is not so easily done as one would imagine. This success may make a difference to my unimportant career.'

She was sitting a little in front of him, He spoke lightly, but there was a ring of anxiety in his voice.

"I was honest with you at any rate," he "And I have done some-

Indeed.'

"Yes-I have tallen in love, Miss Brit-"Yes," answered that young lady, with- ten," and Passavant caught his breath. Miss Britten liked him for it. She looked, over her book, across the moonlit water mild one—she would have hated him. But shimmering at their feet. Not only did Passavant was not inclined to be humor- she detect the little catch of the breath, but also a note in Passavant's quiet voice which suddenly opened up a new world to her-a world which had hitherto been shut off, and around which she had bicycled, and ridden, and danced, and otherwise travelled vainly all her life.

"I am thirty-one," he went on, "and

am deadly poor, Miss Britten.'

She turned, looked at him slowly, and gave a queer little laugh which suddenly threw open the gates of Eden for Algernon Augustus Passavant.

THE INQUISITION.

By WILLIAM CANTON.

I woke at dead of night; The room was still as death; All in the dark I saw a sight Which made me catch my breath.

Although she slumbered near, The silence hung so deep I leaned above her crib to hear If it were death or sleep.

As low-all quick-I leant, Two large eyes thrust me back; Dark eyes—too wise—which gazed intent; Blue eyes transformed to biack.

Heavens! how those steadfast eyes Their eerie vigil kept! Was this some angel in disguise Who searched us while we slept;

Who winnow'd every sin, Who tracked each slip and fall, One of God's spies-not Babykin, Not Babykin at all?

Day came with golden air; She caught the beams and smiled; No masked inquisitor was there, Only a babbling child!

From "W. V. Her Book," by William Canton; Stone & Kimball, publishers, New York. By special permission.



VIRGIN AND CHILD, SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST, AND AN ANGEL.

From a painting now in the National Gallery, London. The painting is commonly credited to Sandro Botticelli (born at Florence, 1447; died there, 1515); but some of the authorities hold that it is more probably the work of one of Botticelli's students, done, possibly, from a cartoon by the master. Whether Botticelli's or not, there is agreement that it is entirely worthy of him; and it is one of the celebrated Madonnas. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.



THE TOWER OF DAVID AND THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM.

The Tower of David is on the left as one leaves Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate for Bethlehem. The road to Bethlehem is shown winding away on the right.

BETHLEHEM.

By S. S. McClure.

Illustrated from photographs taken under the direction of the writer expressly for McClure's Magazine.

lands northeast of Palestine and Hebron, where he lived many years. The Moham-medans call Hebron, El Khalil, which means "the friend," because Abraham was called of Judea.

Bethlehem is by carriage, but as I was plan- ficing at Bethel, a place about half a day's

BETHLEHEM lies six miles almost dining a long tour in Palestine, from Jerurectly south of Jerusalem. One of salem to Damascus and thence by Baalbeck the few macadamized roads in Palestine to Beyrout—a fifteen days' journey that runs from Jerusalem through Bethlehem must be made on horseback—I determined to Hebron-about twenty-five miles in to overcome as far as possible the disadvanall. It is one of the oldest and most his- tage of twenty years of a horseless life by toric routes in the world. Abraham made making my short journeys around Jerusalem journeys, back and forth, over it between on horseback. I was accompanied by Jussuf, a dragoman, who, after the manner of his kind, rode a gayly caparisoned animal.

Less than a mile from Bethlehem, and immediately on the roadside, one comes "The friend of God." Between Jerusalem upon a striking and pathetic memorial of and Bethlehem the road lies mainly on a the early times—the tomb of Rachel. Jacob cultivated plateau in the midst of the hills had slowly made his way southward, stopping a long time at Shechem, a place about The easiest way to go from Jerusalem to two days' journey north of Jerusalem, sacri-



THE CONVENT OF ST. FI IAS.

This convent is about four miles from Jerusalem, on the Bethlehem road, and about two miles from Bethlehem.



VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS JERUSALEM FROM THE CORVENTION OF ST. ELIAS.

The tower shown in the distance on the right is on the Mount of Olives, and Jerusalem lies about a mile

east of it



THE TOMB OF RACHEL, ON THE ROAD FROM JERUSALEM TO BETHLEHEM, ABOUT HALF A MILE FROM BETHLEHEM

Drawn from a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine.



VIEW FROM THE CONVENT OF ST. BLIAS, LOOKING TOWARDS BETHLEHEM, WHICH IS ABOUT TWO MILES DISTANT. OLIVE ORCHARDS IN THE FOREGROUND.

From a photograph taken for MeCi trre's Magazine.



AN ARAB MERCHANT OF BETHLEHEM ON HIS DONKEY.

journey north of Jerusalem, and had nearly reached Bethlehem, when his beloved wife Rachel was overtaken with child-labor and died in giving birth to Benjamin. The account in the Bible is brief, but it is not difficult, standing on the spot, to realize the tragedy of four thousand years ago.

Bethlehem is the centre of one of the most pleasing and fertile regions in Palestine, and is probably one of the oldest towns in the East. It is the scene of the story of Ruth. Just across the hills and the Dead Sea, to the southeast, is Moab, and there Naomi and her husband and two sons went from Bethlehem during a famine. Her husband died, as well as her two sons, who had married daughters of the land of Moab. She determined to return to her own country, and one of her daughters-in-law, Ruth, insisted on accompanying her. If the story of Ruth is unfamiliar to any of my readers, now is a good time to read one of the masterpieces of the world's literature. Ruth, soon after she came to Bethlehem, married a kinsman, Boaz, evidently the foremost man of the place; and, although Ruth was a Moabi-

tess, she was destined to be the mother of kings, and to be a part of the most important genealogy in human history. David was her great-grandson.

On these hills and in these valleys David watched the flocks of his father Jesse. His love for this part of Judea, arising both from the fascination of its scenery and from his constant outdoor life, is evidenced by many words and acts of his later life. In whatever direction one looks, one sees scenes made famous by David's deeds. Fifteen or twenty miles to the west, across the hills. in the Valley of Elah, the armies of the Israelites and Philistines were drawn up in battle array. David was sent by his father with provisions for his brothers. When he arrived the people were excited by the daily challenge of a great Philistine warrior named Goliath, who came from a town about six miles west of the battlefield. David, though a mere stripling and not a man at arms, said: "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God?" He accepted the challenge, and slew the Philistine.

Twelve or fifteen miles to the southwest of Bethlehem tradition locates the Cave of Adullam. David, with a few brave followers, was entrenched in this cave when





GENERAL VIEW OF BETHLEHEM FROM DAVID'S WELL.



MARKET PLACE, PETHLEHEM.



VIEW OVERLOOKING BETHLEHEM TOWARD THE FIELDS OF THE SHEPHERDS. Drawn from a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine.

Bethlehem was in the hands of the Philisdrink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, and three of his bravest warriors made their way through the forces of the enemy and secured the coveted water.



YOUNG GIRLS OF BETHLEHEM.

Much of the story of David's life is tines. He expressed an eager desire for a interwoven with this locality. But it is not interest in David especially that attracts the eves of the world to Bethlehem. Centuries after David's time—centuries during which Greece waxed and waned, and a new nation, founded long after David's death, became mistress of the world, with the land of Israel for one of its provincesthe emperor of Rome had issued a decree that all peoples under his rule should be taxed; and because David had been born in Bethlehem, and because Joseph and Mary were of his lineage, nearly two thousand years after the fatal journey of Rachel and a thousand years after David's time, Mary, the mother of Jesus, passed down this same highway, having journeyed from Nazareth, through Shechem, past Shiloh, through Bethel and past Jerusalem-a four days' journey—since "all went to be taxed, everyone into his own city."

The recorded circumstances of the birth of Jesus are very meagre; yet one cannot pass over the very route traversed four thousand years ago by Rachel and nearly two thousand years ago by Mary, both travelling in much the same way, and both enduring much the same suffering, without filling out the picture. Speaking of the manner of the birth of our Lord, Dr. Stalker says:

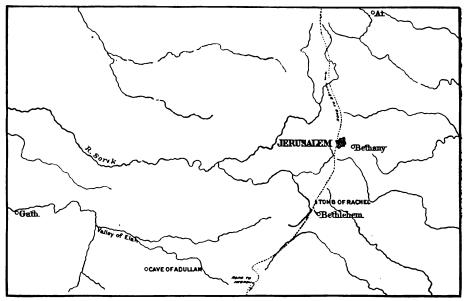


FIELDS OF THE SHEPHFFIPS, WITH BATHLEHFM IN THE DISTANCE,

Drawn from a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine



view of betheenem from the church of the nativity. Drawn from a photograph taken for McClube's Magazine



MAP SHOWING THE POINTS MENTIONED IN THE ARTICLE.

"No friendly house opened its door to noise of a market-day and the bustle of a wrapped Him in swaddling-clothes and laid Europe." Him in a manger.

Jesus. I never felt the full pathos of the the "Bethlehem men," as they are calledscene, till, standing one day in a room of mechanics, masons, carpenters, laborers an old inn in the market-town of Eisleben, returning on foot from their long and hard in Central Germany, I was told that on that day's work in Jerusalem. The hours of very spot, four centuries ago, amidst the labor in the East are from sunrise to sun-

receive them, and they were fain to clear public-house, the wife of the poor miner. for their lodging a corner of the inn-yard, Hans Luther, who happened to be there else occupied by the beasts of the numer- on business, being surprised like Mary ous travellers. There, that very night, she with sudden distress, brought forth in sorbrought forth her first-born Son; and be- row and poverty the child who was to be-cause there was neither womanly hand to come Martin Luther, the hero of the assist her, nor couch to receive Him, she Reformation and the maker of modern

I went to Bethlehem several times, return-"Such was the manner of the birth of ing usually towards dusk. I constantly met

> set; and these men would leave Bethlehem early in the morning, and, after walking the six miles to their daily task, work all day, and walk back at dusk to their late and scanty supper. younger men looked worn out: the older men seemed to have lost all strength, and their eyes frequently looked dull and almost glazed.

I was invited to visit a family in Bethlehem. Their home was on the second floor of a building. It consisted of a single room, about fifteen feet square, with a concrete floor, and not a single article of furniture save a tiny charcoal stove. It was clean; there were plenty of windows;



BETHLEHEM WOMEN.

and the window-sills were low and broad and occupied by the owner or his servants, to were used instead of chairs. There were guard the fruit or crops at night, remindlittle cupboards built in the walls, which ing one of the parable of the "householder held the food and the few dishes. At one which planted a vineyard, and hedged it side of the room was a larger recess, per- round about, and digged a wine-press in it, haps two feet deep, three feet high, and and built a tower." six feet long. Here were piled blankets, a dining-table.

with an elevated floor inside -which are see them now.

I have not mentioned the Church of the rugs, and quilts, neatly folded. At night Nativity, nor given any pictures of the place the rugs were spread on the floor and the where it is claimed that Jesus was born. family slept on them, using the blankets No one can tell the place; but the hills and quilts for covering. On great occa- and mountains and valleys and fields; the sions a little circular table, about three sun, the sky, the air; the distant view of feet across and one foot high, was used as the mountains of Moab across the Dead Sea -these have remained; and it is enough In all the vineyards and fields around to feel that Rachel and David and Mary Bethlehem are towers—circular structures and Jesus and John saw them, just as we



VIRGIN AND CHILD. (MICHAEL ANGELO.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE AND YOUNGER READERS.

It has been well said that any book that could be read with interest by young readers would be found equally interesting to older readers. The editors of McClure's Magazine believe that they have established the converse of this proposition; and they wish to call the attention of parents to the value of this magazine as interesting and instructive reading for their children. Mr. Kipling's serial story will be found of especial interest to the boys and girls of America. It is written, in a certain sense, expressly for them, just as the Jungle stories were written for them. It is Mr. Kipling's first long story for younger readers. At the same time we venture to say that the story will be none the less interesting to our grown-up readers.

Again, Mr. Garland's articles on the early life of General Grant might very appropriately have appeared in a magazine devoted to young people. Practical and yet picturesque articles on such subjects as flying-machines, balloons, submarine boats, and fast railroading, which are appearing in McClure's from time to time, and articles like the one on Dr. Nansen in the present number, are, we have reason to believe, read as eagerly by the young as by the old. In fact, if an article on exploration, adventure, or scientific discovery is sufficiently clear to be enjoyed by the average adult reader, it will be found attractive to the bright boy or girl. The extraordinary series of portraits of Franklin, Hamilton, Washington, Webster, and the other great Americans, which is to begin in the January number, will be found not only interesting to young people, but instructive to a degree. In no better way can the personality and services of the great patriots of our country be brought to the minds of American vouth.

It is, indeed, our constant aim, inasmuch as we have a magazine that almost any one can afford to buy, to so conduct McClure's as to render it of great service to our younger readers. We want it to be, to every family, an uplifting force.

MISS TARBELL'S LIFE OF LINCOLN.

MISS TARBELL'S next paper will be entitled "The Election of Lincoln to the Presidency." It will be published in the February or March number. In her last two papers, "The Lincoln-Douglas Debate" and "The Nomination of Lincoln," Miss Tarbell shows with what force and brilliancy she may be expected to deal with the story of Lincoln as the great War President. In preparing the new series of articles Miss Tarbell will not only make a careful study of material in America, including recollections not find it interesting from cover to cover.

of living men and women, but she will make a special study abroad of the foreign diplomatic relations of the United States during the Civil War, and utilize such material as pertains directly to Lincoln. This series of papers will be preëminently a study of the man Lincoln from his inauguration in March, 1861, to his death in April, 1865. It will follow him day by day in cabinet meetings, public receptions, and private interviews, picturing his daily life at the White House and at the Soldiers' Home, and in his formal visiting of the departments and the camps, the battlefields, and the hospitals. It will show him the real head of the government, exercising to the fullest the powers the Constitution gave him; the commander-in-chief of the army, providing money and men, making and unmaking generals, directing military manœuvres; the counsellor and final authority of every member of his cabinet and of the government. The extraordinary relations of sympathy and confidence which existed between Lincoln and the people of the North during the war: the faith in his honesty and good intentions which developed in the South, in the same period, will be depicted. Throughout the entire series, the reader will be kept at the side of the great War President, viewing events through his eyes.

SEVERAL MAGAZINES IN ONE.

McClure's Magazine is not a Magazine of Fiction, and yet the greatest of living masters of fic-

tion contribute to its pages.

It is not a Magazine of American History and Biography, and yet its lives of Lincoln and Grant, and the series of short biographies of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Webster, and others which will appear month by month during 1807, and its papers of reminiscence by men who have helped make history, and its gallery of American portraiture, would almost entitle it to that name.

It is not a Magazine of Popular Science, and yet its contributions in this field give it almost a unique position as an expositor of scientific discoveries,

exploration, new inventions, etc.

It is not a magazine of light reading, and yet it is above all a magazine of entertainment. It does not claim to be an Art Magazine, and yet every number contains pictures which not to possess makes one

It is so cheap in price that the annual subscription is merely nominal, and yet it maintains the highest standards in literature and art, in exposition and discussion.

It is not a Religious Magazine, and yet no Christian family but will find it helpful.

It is not a Youth's Magazine, but it would be hard to imagine the intelligent boy or girl who would







McClure's Magazine

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1897

I.	Grant After Leaving West Point. A Portrait taken probably when Grant was on his way to Mexico
II.	Grant at West Point. The Story of his Cadet Days
III.	The Pity of It. A Story
IV.	"Captains Courageous." A Story of the Rudyard Kipling 221 Grand Banks. Chapters IV. and V
v.	The "Martha Washington" Case Lida Rose McCabe 236 With portraits.
VI.	In a Bowery Regiment. The Story of My Captain Musgrove Davis. 245 With pictures by Dan Beard.
VII.	The Making and Laying of an Atlantic Henry Muir 255 With pictures.
III.	Life Portraits of Great Americans: Fifteen Original Portraits of Benjamin Franklin. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Charles Henry Hart
IX.	The Makers of the Union: Benjamin W. P. Trent 273
X.	The Derelict "Neptune." A Story Morgan Robertson 278 With pictures by W. L. Sonntag, Jr.

Terms: \$1.00 a Year in Advance; 10 Cents a Number. Subscriptions are received. by all Newsdealers and Booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publishers.

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us not later than the tenth of the month, in order to take effect with the following number.

BOUND VOLUMES in dark green linen and gold, post-paid, \$1.25 per volume; in buckram and gold, \$1.50 per volume. Back numbers, returned post-paid, will be exchanged for corresponding bound volumes in linen at 75 cents per volume, and in buckram at \$1.00 per volume, post-paid. Missing numbers will be supplied, when volumes are returned to us for binding, at the regular subscription price of 8½ cents a copy, excepting the numbers from August, 1893, to December, 1894, inclusive, which are 15 cents a copy. Indexes will be supplied to those who wish to do their own binding.

OUT OF PRINT.—The numbers for June and July, 1893, and November and December, 1895, are out of print. Bound Vol. L is also out of print. We can still supply all the other volumes in either style of binding.

BINDERS, holding firmly any number from one to six copies of McClure's Magazine, post-paid, 75 cents.

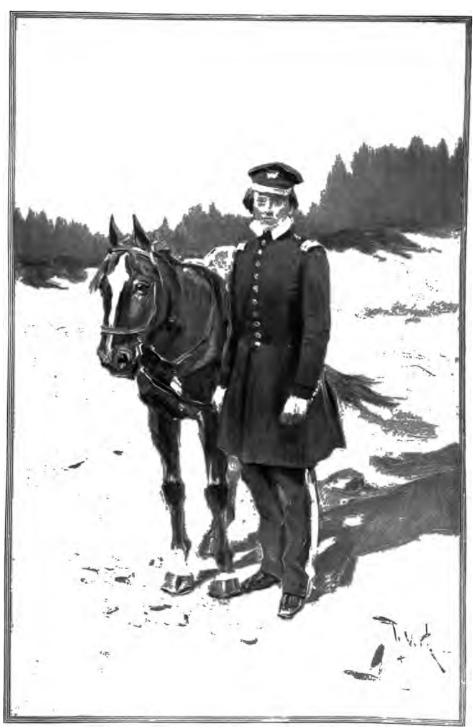
8. S. McCLURE, President JOHN S. PHILLIPS, Treasurer ALBERT B. BRADY, Secretary THE S. S. McCLURE CO. 141-155 East Twenty-fifth Street, New York City

McClure's Magazine.

Vol. VIII.

JANUARY, 1897.

No. 3.



GRANT AFTER LEAVING WEST POINT.

After a daguerrectype taken, probably, when Gram was on his way to Mexico. The original portrait we have been unable to secure or trace, even with the aid of members of the Grant family. But Mr. U.S. Grant, Jr., has kindly loaned us a photograph copy of it; and this the artist Mr. T. V. Chominski has redrawn for the present reproduction, giving a very faithful and vivid interpretation.



LIGHT BATTERY DRILL AT WEST POINT, From an instantaneous photograph by Pach Brothers, New York

GRANT AT WEST POINT.

THE STORY OF HIS CADET DAYS.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

[THIS SERIES OF PAPERS ON THE LIFE OF GRANT BEGAN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

I.

great distinction in tary heart of Captain noble and capable woman.

seeking an appointment to West Point for his son, he intended that Ulysses should go to West Point was become a soldier, however, is in doubt.

The outlook for an appointment was not 1839, especially to the son at the moment promising. A year or two of a Western tanner. It before, Jesse Grant had fallen into violent meant, supposedly, associa- discussion of the banking question with his tion with brilliant young friend and neighbor, the Hon. Thomas L. men from all over the Hamer, Congressman from that district. United States, assembled They had succeeded in saying bitter things in a historic and most beau- and had parted in anger; and they were tiful spot. It meant a free no longer in correspondence, and did not education in a good school, shake hands when they met in the street, and also an honorable posi- though secretly each felt for the other the tion under the government same high regard, and Mr. Hamer loved after graduation; and Jesse Ulysses as if he were a son, and held Grant had in him the mili- Hannah Grant in high esteem as a most

Noah Grant. His strong, During this estrangement Mr. Hamer alert, aggressive nature appointed to the cadetship George Bartassorted well with mili- lett Bailey, a son of Dr. Bailey, who lived tary affairs. Whether, in just across the street, and whose family



Copyright, 1896, by the S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved.



THOMAS L. HAMER, WHO AFFOINTED GRANT TO WEST POINT.

was very intimate with the Grant household. In February, 1839, young Bailey resigned, but his resignation did not become at once known in Georgetown. Meanwhile Jesse Grant, knowing that each United States Senator had the power also to appoint a cadet, wrote to Senator

Thomas Morris of Ohio, asking if he had a vacancy in his appointment. Senator Morris replied:

"I have not. There being no application for the cadetship, I waived my right to appoint in favor of a member of Congress from Pennsylvania. But there is a vacancy in your own district, and doubtless Mr. Hamer, your representative, will fill it with your son." *

This was news to Jesse Grant, and he immediately wrote to Mr. Hamer a polite and dignified letter.+

Georgetown, February 19, 1839. To Hox. Thos. L. Hamer:

Pear Str:-In consequence of a remark from Mr. Morris (Senator from Ohio), I was induced to apply to the War Department, through him, for a cadet appointment for my son, II. Ulysses. A letter this morning received from the department informs me that your consent will be necessary to enable him to obtain the appointment. I have thought it advisable to consult you on the subject, and if you have no other person in view for the appointment, and feel willing to consent to the appointment of Ulysses, you will please signify that consent to the department.

* Richardson's "Life of Grant."

+ This letter, hitherto unpublished, and one which Ulysses Grant did not know was in existence, is valuable for several things. It tixes the boy's name and the method of appointment. This letter is now in possession of Wm. Loudon. The Grants were unaware of its existence at the time the "Memoirs" appeared.



DISTINGUISHED GENERALS WHO WERE EFFLOW-CADETS OF GRANT AT WEST POINT. From the Civil War collection of Mr. Robert Coster,



VIEW OF WEST POINT IN 1839. From an old engraving.

When I last wrote to Mr. Morris I referred him to lor, and which afforded the best instrucyou to recommend the young man, if that were neces-Respectfully yours, sarv.

"Jesse R. Grant."

Mr. Hamer generously gave his endorsement, and Ulysses was appointed. It is pleasant to add that by this manly act the Hamers and Grants were reunited.

It is a tradition in Georgetown that, when the news of Ulysses Grant's appointment came, there was much surprise. One man meeting Jesse Grant on the street, said:

"I hear Ulysses is appointed to West Point. Is that so?'

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's a nice job. Why didn't they appoint a boy that would be a credit to the district?"*

To Ulysses himself the honor came with certain obvious disadvantages. One of these was home-leaving. He loved his home. Then he was the most unmilitary of boys in a military age. The story of his grandfather's battles, sieges, and marches had seemingly made little impression upon him. The "trainings" and 'general muster" of the militia had interested him rather less than the infrequent circuses of the day. He had small love for guns, could not bear to see things killed, and was neither a hunter nor a fighter. When the news of his appointment came he was living in Ripley. He had entered an academy there, which was superintended by the Rev. William Tay-

tion in the country.

Several of Grant's classmates still live in Ripley, and remember him very well. "Grant was then about sixteen years old," said one of them, Mr. W. B. Campbell, "and in appearance was short, stout, stubby, hearty, but rather sluggish in mind and body. I was in the same class with him. We studied algebra together. He was excellent in mathematics. We studied Latin also, as beginners. He was not much of a talker-was rather quiet and serious. We all spent a good deal of time on the river in little boats. He



This story, told by Richardson, is corroborated by GENERAL W. B. FRANKLIN, LEADER OF GRANT'S CLASS AY WEST POINT.

people in Ripley and Georgetown.

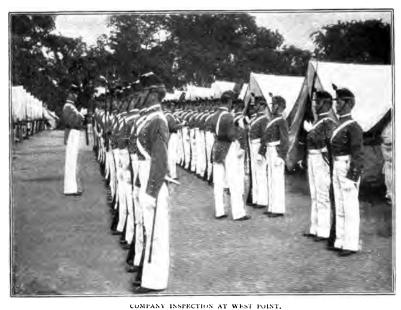


A WATER-COLOR SKETCH MADE BY GRANT ABOUT THE TIME HE WAS AT WEST POINT.

Reproduced by permission from the original, owned by Mrs. Rotherey, Newark, N. J., and now first published.



Reproduced by permission from the original drawing, owned by C. F. Gunther, Chicago, and now first published



From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

roused he was strong and active. He home-made butternut jeans. used to wrestle, but I never knew him to fight, and he was never quarrelsome.

member of his using tobacco or liquor, pleasantly as a member of the Johnson He never talked about military life. He household, and it is related of him that he never went on trips or excursions with us except in our boating or skating; he was occupied with his studies. Everybody liked him, for he was so amiable and friendly and helpful. He was a good student, though we did not consider him a brilliant boy in studies."

Richard Rankin, another schoolmate, talked with clear memory of Ulysses. "Ulyss was a heavy-made, good-looking boy, clever and social, modest and quiet. He was steady and studious. He was there for business. I sat in the same seat with him the spring term. He was a good, steady boy, with no bad habits.'

Jane Porter Chapman, whose brother was a classmate of Grant's, remembers him as a "fair-faced boy of sandy complexion, short and stocky. He looked awkward and countrified, and as if he didn't think much how he looked. He was quiet and slow in everything he did.'

Benjamin Johnson, another classmate, adds a new observation to the meagre list: "He was a great hand to ask questions. He seemed to want to get information and opinions from everybody. He said little From a painting in the Army and Navy Club, Washington; himself." Mrs. Mary A. Thompson recolby special permission.

played ball and was good at it. When lects that "he was always dressed in

In a letter to a Ripley friend long afterward, Grant said: "I remember with 'His habits were good. I don't re- pleasure my winter in Ripley." He lived





VIEW UP HUDSON RIVER FROM MORTAR AND SIEGE BATTERY, WEST POINT. From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

taught Betty Osbon, the cook, how to there can be no question of his mother's make buckwheat cakes, and that he took his love for him. "trick" at baking them of a morning. He was not in the society of girls much, though the change of name. Up to the start

lived securely, though meagrely. He had experienced no struggle nor turbulence in his life in Georgetown, and while he breathed quick with the thought of the great cities to be seen, he left Georgetown with regret. His mother said goodby in her singular self-repressive manner, and Ulysses started out to take the stage to Ripley. As he went by the Bailey house Mrs. Bailey and her daughters came out to wish him good journev. It was a beautiful Mav day, the most bewitching time of all the year in southern Ohio, and the girls met Ulysses on the soft green grass before the house. Mrs. Bailey, warm-hearted and impulsive, kissed him and said tearfully, ''Good-by, Ulysses.'' As she turned away, Ulysses, deeply moved, said wonderingly, "Why, Mrs. Bailey, my own mother didn't cry!" Yet

It is at this moment that we come upon he took a shy delight in speech with them. for West Point, Grant had been Hiram In such wise was he living when the ap- Ulysses, or H. Ulysses Grant. The young pointment to West Point came to change traveller required a trunk, and Thomas the gentle current of his life. There is no Walker, a local "genius," was the man to record that he showed exultation or that he make it. He did so, and, to finish it off, dwelt upon it in talk with his mates. His he traced on the cover, in big brass tacks, life had been active and happy. He had the initials H. U. G. James Marshall,



From a photograph loaned by Lieutenant S. C. Hazzard, West Point.

e big glaring letters. rth into the world.

By his teaming and farming he had acimulated about \$100, which was a great al of money for a boy of his age in as used for the deposit at West Point, id he took a manly pride in knowing at he had earned more than enough to ly his entrance charges.

Of the long journey by boat to Pittsburg, d by stage and canal to Philadelphia, othes, and large coarse shoes with toes e streets, seeing all there was to be seen.* town, for he lingered, boy-fashion, to the st moment in Philadelphia and New York, d headed toward West Point only when felt he must.

He registered at Roe's Hotel, West ent of his neighbor's son. He knew od when Ulysses faced the adjutant. He asked to have it changed, but was to stay." d it was impossible without the conit of the Secretary of War.

er the military academy, and enter I ill. An initial more or less does not .tter." † He was known to the Governnt thereafter as U. S. Grant.

This being settled, he was given the 300k of Regulations," and sent across

lysses's cousin, went to help him carry the area to the old South Barracks to report e new trunk home. Ulysses looked at to the cadet officers. Next he was sent to "I won't have the quartermaster for his outfit, which con-'he said. "It spells 'hug'; the sisted of two blankets, pillow, water-pail, ys would plague me about it." And he broom, a chair, etc.; and he was required ereupon shifted his middle name, and to carry all these things himself on the came Ulysses H. Grant, and so he went handle of his broom, past the officers' quarters, past the howling cadets, while every mother's son of them said:

"Hello, plebe; how do you like it?"

These belongings he was taught to pile iose days. Forty-eight dollars of this and place in his room under instruction of his room-mates. For two weeks he slept on the floor in the barracks, on two thin blankets. It was all literally camping under a roof. Ulysses and Rufus Ingalls were assigned to the upper floor of the old North Barracks (which long since gave ere is little record. An aunt on his moth-place to new buildings); and here, in a bare, 's side in Philadelphia remembers Ulysses dreary room, he faced the four years of a he then appeared: a rather awkward cadet's life. "It was a mournful time untry lad, wearing plain, ill-fitting for us," says General W. B. Franklin.* "We were all homesick and lonesome, and broad as the soles. He strolled about depressed by the hard manner of life. We knew no one, and were not in a condition e enjoyed his visit thoroughly; that is to resent any impertinence or joke of the upper classmen.

During this time Grant was drilled by "squad marchers" in "plebe" drill, in "cits" clothing, and suffered all modes of "plebe jumping." Life must often have int, on the 29th of May, as "U. H. been a burden and a weariness of flesh. ant," and the same day reported to the At last, when he had passed his prelimijutant, George G. Waggaman, deposited nary examination, he shucked out of his rty-eight dollars, and signed his name home-made clothes and into the skin-tight ysses Hiram Grant. His name as re- uniform, and became a private soldier in rted from Washington, however, was U. the summer camp of the cadets. He went Grant, and the error arose in this way: into training as a cog in the machinery of ie Hon. Thomas Hamer received the let- an army. "The clothes of the 'plebes' of Jesse Grant only the day before the in Grant's day," says General Franklin, see of his term, and being much hurried, "were wonderful. They were of all cuts, down at once and wrote to Secretary colors, and kinds. They came with the War Poinsett, asking for the appoint- local peculiarities of Ohio, Tennessee, Maine, South Carolina, and Boston; and : boy's name to be Ulysses, and infer- when we lined up in squad drill we were as g that his middle name was Simpson, comical as the awkward squad of a spring filled in the application, and thus it training. We were not measured for uniforms till the authorities felt sure we were

The entering class and the bulk of all the cadets were ranked as private soldiers with 'Very well," he said; "I came here to the pay of corporals. From the third class twenty corporals were detailed to act as junior non-commissioned officers. From the second class a sergeant-major, quartermaster sergeant, and four first sergeants and sixteen sergeants were detailed as senior non-commissioned officers. From the first or graduating class the commis-

From an interview in the Philadelphia "Times," July, Richardson's "Life of Grant."

^{*} General W. B. Franklin, Grant's classmate, led the class during the four years.



GRANT'S BARLIEST AUTOGRAPH AT WEST POINT. FACSIMILK OF A PORTION OF THE REGISTER AT ROB'S HOTEL. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Grant registered at Roe's Hotel, West Point, May 29, 1839, as "U. H. Grant." Four names below his, on the same date, appears the name of Frederick T. Dent, whose sister some years later became Mrs. Grant.

soldierly qualities. supreme.

At this time had already grown up cushim. The names by which he is designated show this. He is called a "thing," a "beast," an "animal," before his examinations. "Plebe" is his kingliest out of here! Move! What d'ye mean by title during his first year. From the time that? Step lively, now. Fall in!" he comes in sight of the adjutant's office Senator, a millionnaire, or a farmer, he tolerably well—though once some one must suffer the same. This first year's yelled ferociously: persecution is a levelling process. It instructs, yet seems hard. At the end of Grant!" two days the "plebe" wishes in his secret heart to resign, and only pride and man felt like responding who did not. rage enable him to go on.

sioned officers were appointed, and con-like a bivouac in the face of an enemy. sisted of four captains, sixteen lieutenants, It is an army in miniature. A complete a quartermaster, and sergeant-major, guard is posted, and no one is allowed These men were subject only to the in- to leave camp without permit. Everystructors and to the regular army officers where is elaborate and grim detail of in charge. The promotions in Grant's procedure-detail enough to govern the day were made without reference to aca- army of Russia, or destroy it. Grant and demic standing; they were always for his fellow "animals" were at once be-From the dullest wildered by the salutes innumerable, the 'plebe'' to the superintendent of the post wheelings, marchings, roll-calls, policing was a regular series of commands, each calls, shouts of command real and mock. succeeding higher rank with less numbers, They were hustled into ranks with opprountil, like the glittering apex to the pyra- brious mutterings of comment on the part mid, the superintendent shone solitary and of the corporals, whose delight was to send a man to the guard-house.

They slept little the first night; the floor toms and traditions stronger even than of the tent was harder even than the floor of military regulations. In a half-jocular the barracks,—and the mosquitoes fed on and half-ferocious way the entering man each "plebe" with the spirit of the upper is made to feel the power of those above classmen. Hardly had they fallen asleep

Thus assisted they got into line for rollto the end of his first encampment he is call; with jackets fairly on, but with not allowed to forget that he cumbers the dreaming eyes. All about, the fog and earth. He is the victim of orders, of chill of early dawn made the world unreal. jests, of hootings, and of revilings. He Then the "policing call" brought more is under command of everybody, and like work: sweeping out and making ready for a wastrel cat he has no place of refuge. morning inspection. Ulysses kept a sharp It matters not whether he be the son of a eye on his neighbors, and so got through

"You want to wake up there, Mr.

When the "sick-call" sounded, many a

Then came "peas upon a trencher" The summer camp of cadets is precisely call, and everybody formed into line for



FACSIMILE SHOWING GRANT'S AUTOGRAPH IN THE ADJUTANT'S RECORD, WEST POINT. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

This signature—" Ulysses Hiram Grant "—was written the same day as the one—" U. H. Grant "—in the register at Roe's Hotel, May 29, 1839.



FACSIMILE OF GRANT'S CERTIFICATE OF ENLISTMENT. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

This certificate was signed by Grant September 14, 1839, after he had passed his examinations. It bears what is, so far as known, Grant's earliest autograph as U. "S." Grant. By this time, the mistake of Congressman Hamer in so naming him to the War Department had fixed that as his official designation.

backs strained almost to breaking, and possible chance to eat 'cadet hash.' with the "file-closer" giving them fits as they moved.

Breakfast was as simple as a lumberthe tables without cover. There were no napkins, and only common steel knives and forks. The cups were heavy as bowls,

and the plates were white-ware.

"The fare was very bad," says General Franklin. "West Point at that time was isolated from the world. It had no railways, and in winter no steamboats. There were, in fact, no farms very near. Breakfast was quite generally hashed beef with coffee. Dinner, roast beef or boiled beef, with sometimes fish or mutton. Mutton was not a popular dish. We used to ba-a like a sheep when we came into the dining-room. I think we had a table-cover, but I am not certain. Of this I am certain: Our forks were of the two-tined, bone-handled variety, and from long washing in hot, greasy water they had decomposed, and they gave out a powerful smell, he lives. It was horrible. 'tack,' helped out the starvation menu of

comfortably. One man was detailed to more heart-bruising instruction. steal bread, another meat, another salt of the sentinel.

"This stuff we put into a pillow-case, and at night we beat it up with a bayonet and cooked it over the grate, which was of anthracite coal and quite handy. Our marching to dinner and marching back. dishes were slices of bread or toast. These were 'cadet hashes,' and were an ing up' tent or gun. The "plebe's" institution in our day. No man, no cadet clothes fitted so close he felt compressed; officer in fact, was ever known to refuse an he had no moment of ease in all the day, invitation to a 'cadet hash.' I don't par- At last "Retreats" sounded, and the gun

breakfast: the "plebes" in the rear rank but as he was a farmer boy and a growing of course, with palms thrown forward and boy, I've no doubt he accepted every

It is said that one night a chicken was being roasted in Grant's room, when a "tack" (tactical officer) was heard at the camp meal. The dining-hall was bare, and door. Grant hid the chicken and saucepan and stood "attention" before the fire with face quite impassive. The officer entered. Grant saluted, the officer walked around the room, looking very hard at the ceiling and walls, where nothing could be seen. "Mr. Grant, I think there is a peculiar smell in your room."

"I've noticed it, sir," replied Grant.

"Be careful that something does not catch fire."

"Thank you, sir. I will, sir."

The poor "plebes" "were assigned seats near the centre of the table, where it was hardest to get anything," and they commonly went away hungry.

At last came the call, "Prepare to rise!"

"Company A, RISE!" "Company D, RISE!"

Once more the torture of the march which no old cadet can forget as long as back to the camp, whence no one could 'Tea' was escape without permission. Each hour largely tea and very little besides, and the thereafter was filled with "calls" to boys used to provide for it by sticking a duties, drills, and studies. There seemed fork into a big hunk of beef from the to be no free hour. Mock inspectors dinner and jabbing it fast under the came by and rated the "plebes." Third-This, when unperceived by the class men, assuming authority, demanded salutes and service. Innocent and scared 'plebes' were sent to the professor of "This thin fare led to all sorts of 'for- mathematics for a half-dozen right lines aging on the enemy,' and men were de- and on other fool's errands across "the tailed to steal from the dinner-table. We guard line," only to be stopped and turned wore caps of morocco with a big flat top. back with military promptness by the We called them 'gig-tops,' and they held guard. They forgot to salute the officer potatoes and salt-cellars and bread very of the day as he came by, and received

They were drilled incessantly by acting and pepper, and so on. The sentinels who corporals, ambitious for promotion, who stood guard over our eating wore a sort of thrust their noses almost into their victim's bell-crown cap of stiff leather, like those eyes, while they hissed and snarled out of Napoleon's body-guard, and these caps blasting phrases whose words were harmless could contain four quarts of boiled pota—even polite. At morning inspection each toes, and only add to the soldierly bearing scared "plebe" had his musket clawed from him by a stubby little martinet, who flung it back at his victim with intent

(apparently) to smash his nose.
At noon "roast-beef call," and more More drill-always drill and always "cleanticularly recall Grant in this connection, boomed imperiously, and supper, even

more welcome than dinner, was eaten. The night came, and sly deviltry broke loose. Some "plebes" escaped by inconspicuousness, but others were made to do absurd and useless tasks. Some were put on false guard and made to walk all night. Tormentofficer of the day—quietly, of course, but " Plebes with precision, nevertheless. were set to catching imaginary flys in some "yearling's" tent. Boat races in wash-bowls were arranged.

At 9.30 came the wailing sweet music of 'tattoo,' then 'taps,' and not even the mosquitoes and the "yearling" or the hard boards beneath could keep the weary plebe'' awake.

"There are few compensations during the first year; it is hard work, early rising, You rise at 5 A.M. close application. summers and 6 A.M. winters, and every hour is filled till 7.30 P.M. You are obliged to scrub the floor and to make up your own bed and keep your gun and room and uniform in perfect order, and also to be subject to the upper classmen.

"In the second year, however, you can bully the entering class and swagger around doing corporal duty. The third year you can bully two classes, and wear a red sash around your waist in parade, to show you are a senior cadet officer; and in the fourth year you can do most anything you please. You can, in fact, do the very things you kept your subordinates from doing in the second year."

All this, or something like it, Ulysses Grant went through. No doubt he was able to escape much by reason of his quiet and obliging nature. Then, too, he became a favorite, speedily, of some of the more powerful men in the classes above him, and that smoothed his way a little; but he studied the tack, "braced," "finned out," policed camp, scrubbed floors on Saturday, got "skinned" for "bone-snapper," and endured all the educational abuse and discomfort which is the lot of the average "plebe."

In a letter to McKinstry Griffiths, a cousin in Batavia, he expressed his general feeling about the place—a fine, buoyant, well-expressed letter it is, too. It had a few misspelled words, but it is doubtful whether there were many more young men of seventeen in Georgetown who could have written so bright a letter.*

MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, N. Y., September 22, 1839.

DEAR Coz:

I was just thinking that you would be right glad to hear from one of your relations who is so far away as I am. So I have put away my algebra and French, and am going to tell you a long story about ing went on in the tents farthest from the this prettiest of places, West Point. So far as it regards natural attractions, it is decidedly the most beautiful place that I have ever seen. Here are hills and dales, rocks and river; all pleasant to look upon. From the window near I can see the Hudson-that far-famed, that beautiful river, with its bosom studded with hundreds of snowy sails,

Again, I look another way I can see Fort "Putt," now frowning far above, a stern monument of a sterner age, which seems placed there on purpose to tell us of the glorious deeds of our fathers, and to bid us to remember their sufferings-to follow their example.

In short, this is the best of places—the PLACE of all PLACES for an institution like this. I have not told you HALF its attractions. Here is the house Washington used to live in-there Kosciuszko used to walk and think of HIS country and of OURS. Over the river we are shown the dwelling-house of Arnold-that BASE and HEARTLESS traitor to his country and his God. I do love the PLACE—it seems as though I could live here forever, if my friends would only come too. You might search the wide world over and then not find a better. Now all this sounds nice, very nice; what a happy fellow you are; but I am not one to show false colors, or the brightest side of the picture, so I will tell you about some of the DRAWBACKS. First, I slept for two months upon one single pair of blankets. Now this sounds romantic, and you may think it very easy; but I tell you what, Coz, it is tremendous hard.

Suppose you try it, by way of experiment, for a night or two. I am pretty sure that you would be perfectly satisfied that it is no easy matter; but glad am I these things are over. We are now in our quarters. I have a splendid bed (mattress) and get along very well. Our pay is nominally about twenty-eight dollars a month, but we never see one cent of it. If we wish anything, from a shoestring to a coat, we must go to the commandant of the post and get an order for it, or we cannot have it. We have tremendous long and hard lessons to get, in both French and algebra. study hard, and hope to get along so as to pass the examination in January. This examination is a hard one, they say; but I am not frightened yet. If I am successful here you will not see me for two long years. It seems a long while to me, but time passes off very fast. It seems but a few days since I came here. It is because every hour has its duty which must be perleaving the flint in his gun instead of the formed. On the whole I like the place very muchso much that I would not go away on any account. The fact is, if a man graduates here, he is safe for life, let him go where he will. There is much to dislike, but more to like. I mean to study hard and stay if it be possible; if I cannot, very well, the world is wide. I have now been here about four months, and have not seen a single familiar face or spoken to a single lady. I wish some of the pretty girls of Bethel were here, just so I might look at them. But fudge! confound the girls. I have seen great men, plenty of them. Let us see: General Scott, Mr. Van Buren, Secretary of War and Navy, Washington Irving, and lots of other big bugs. If I were to come home now with my uniform on, the way you would laugh at my appearance would be curious. My pants set as tight to my skin [the trousers were poorly made of white stuff that would shrink] as the bark to

^{*} The original was long in the possession of Mr. Griffiths, and was first published in a Clermont County paper in 1885. It is now in the possession of C. F. Gunther of Chicago.

206

tree, and if I do not walk military,—that is, if I bend over quietly, or run,—they are very apt to crack with a report as loud as a pistol. My coat must always be buttoned up tight to the chin. It is made of sheep's gray cloth, all covered with big round buttons. It makes one look very singular. If you were to see me at a distance, the first question you would ask would be, "Is that a fish or an animal?" You must give my very best love and respects to all my friends, particularly your brothers, uncles Ross and Samuel Simpson. You must also write me a long letter in reply to this, and tell me about everything and everybody, including yourself. If you happen to see any of my folks, just tell them that I am happy, alive, and well.

I am truly your cousin and obedient servant,

U. H. GRANT. MCKINSTRY GRIFFITHS.

N. B .- In coming I stopped five days in Philadelphia with our friends. They are all well. Tell Grandmother Simpson that they always have expected to see her before, but have almost given up the idea now. They hope to hear from her often.

U. H. GRANT.

I came near forgetting to tell you about our demerit or "black marks," They give a man one of these "black marks" for almost nothing, and if he gets two hundred a year they dismiss him. To show how easy one can get these, a man by the name of Grant, of this State, got eight of these "marks" for not going to church. He was also put under arrest, so he cannot leave his room perhaps for a month; all this for not going to church. We are not only obliged to go to church, but must march there by companies. This is not republican. It is an Episcopal church. Contrary to the expectation of you and the rest of my Bethel friends, I have not been the least homesick. I would not go home on any account whatever. When I come home in two years (if I live), the way I shall astonish you natives will be curious. I hope you will not take me for a baboon.

My best respects to Grandmother Simpson. I think often of her. I put this on the margin, so that you will remember it better. I want you to show her this letter and all others that I may write to you. I am going to write to some of my friends in Philadelphia soon. When they answer I shall write you again to tell you all about them, etc.

Remember and write me very soon, for I want to hear much.

"I remember, as plain as if it were yesterday, Grant's first appearance among us," said General Sherman. "I was three years ahead of him. I remember seeing his name on the paper in the hall on the bulnewcomers were posted. I ran my eye down the columns and there saw 'U.S. Grant.' A lot of us began to make up names to fit the initials. One said 'United Another 'Uncle Sam States Grant.' Grant.' A third said 'Sam Grant.' name stuck to him." *

Grant fell into ranks quietly and with little friction, being so equable and obliging of temper no one but a bully could find heart to impose upon him. He was small, also, and there was meagre sport in

* An interview in July, 1885, New York "Herald."

jumping" such a little fellow. He was a good boy here, as at home. He took little part in the small rogueries of the class. It was impossible to quarrel with Grant, said one who roomed with him for a year. "We never had a 'spat.' I never knew him to fight."

His page of demerits shows scarcely a single mark for any real offence against good conduct. They are mainly "lates" and negligences. He was "late at church," "late at parade," "late at drill." He was a growing boy, and a little sluggish of a morning, no doubt. Once he sat down on his post between five and six in the morning; for this he received eight demerits. Twice in his second year as squad marcher he failed to report delinquencies in others and received five demerits each time. His amiability led to this. Once he spoke disrespectfully to his superior officer on parade. The provocation must have been very great to have led to this. The probabilities are the officer was mistaken.

"I remember Grant well," says General D. M. Frost. "He was a small fellow, active and muscular. His hair was a reddish brown, and his eyes gray-blue. We all liked him, and he took rank soon as a good mathematician and engineer, and as a capital horseman. He had no bad habits whatever, and was a great favorite, though not a brilliant fellow.

"He couldn't or wouldn't dance. had no facility in conversation with the ladies,—a total absence of elegance,—and naturally showed off badly in contrast with the young Southern men, who prided themselves on being finished in the ways of the world. Socially the Southern men led. At the parties which were given occasionally in the dining-hall, Grant had small part. I never knew Grant to attend a party. I don't suppose in all his first year he entered a private house.'

"A military life had no charms for letin board, where all the names of the me," he wrote many years after, " and I had not the faintest idea of staying in the army, even if I should be graduated. which I did not expect. The encampment which preceded the commencement of academic studies was very wearisome and uninteresting. When the 28th of August came, the date for breaking up camp and going into barracks, I felt as though I had been at West Point always, and that if I stayed till graduation I would have to remain always.

• "Personal Memoirs." This is the old man's comment. The boy's letter should be set over against it.

most desirable things in the world.

and was much benefited thereby. wrote some capital letters home, telling of his life and reading. When the examination came in January he surprised himself disreputable, even in his French. never quite reached the foot in anything.

duced in Congress to abolish the West the most scrupulous regard for truth. wonderful interest, hoping it would be said an untruthful word even in jest. carried. "It never passed, and a year it succeed. through the course, secure a detail for a always did shape my course different from seemed to feel some premonition of a my plans." *

bank, just outside the reservation. It was expressing himself." considered very wild to slip down to Benny's and smoke a cigar and drink a served or priggish. at this point.

"He was a lad without guile," testifies frolic or a game of foot-ball at any time." General Longstreet. "I never heard him a boy of good native ability, although by vacation and secured it.

Undoubtedly the boy was homesick, no means a hard student. So perfect was Every wind that blew from the west was a his sense of honor that, in the numerous lure and whisper of recall. Every letter cabals which were often formed, his name from his cousins, his companions, from his was never mentioned, for he never did father and mother, made him long for the anything which could be subject for critilittle Ohio town. He had no realization cism or reproach. He soon became the of its squalor, its narrow bigotry. He most daring horseman in the academy." knew only the boy's side of it. It was all He had a way of solving problems out of poetry when in recollection. Its security, rule, by the application of good hard repose, and homely good-will seemed the sense, and Rufus Ingalls ends by saying: "When our school days were over, if the During this time, before he had settled average opinion of the members of the into place among the fellows, Grant read class had been taken, every one would have a great many novels of the standard sort, said: 'There is Sam Grant; he is a splen-He did fellow, a good honest man, against whom nothing can be said, and from whom everything may be expected.'

Allowing for the bias of his after life by taking a very good place in the class, upon the above witnesses, their statements especially in mathematics and kindred will stand as probably the approximate studies. He was not a good linguist, as estimate of young Grant's powers. He might be inferred, but was not positively knew as little of his latent capabilities as He any one else. They were far down below consciousness, involved and dormant. He was not resigned to being a soldier. One of the keenest observers in his class, even after the January examination, and for a year his room-mate, perceived more when in the mid-winter a bill was intro- in him than his instructors. "He had Point Academy, he read the debates with He never held his word light. He never

"He was a reflective mind and at times later I would have been sorry to have seen very reticent and sombre. Something My idea was then to get seemed working deep down in his thought —things he knew as little about as we. few years as assistant professor of mathe- There would be days, even weeks, at a matics at the academy, and afterward time, when he would be silent and sombre obtain a permanent position in some —not morose. He was a cheerful man, respectable college; but circumstances and yet he had these moments when he great future - wondering what he was to He was not involved in any mischief at do and what he was to become. He was the academy, and there is no record that moved by a very sincere motive to join the he ever went to "Benny Havens'," though Dialectic Society, which was the only he may have done so. "Benny Havens'" literary society we had. I did not belong, was one of the institutions at West Point but Grant joined whilewewere room-mates, —a little tavern and bar on the river with the aim to improve in his manner of

All this does not mean that he was re-He was generally glass of gin. Grant was a good boy ready for any fun which did not involve without being effeminate. The testimony deceit or lying. "He had a sense of of his companions, Quinby, Ingalls, Ham- humor," W. B. Franklin said. "No man ilton, Longstreet, Franklin, is concurrent can be called 'a good fellow,' as Grant was, and be a dullard. He was ready for a

The two years wore away at last, and utter a profane or vulgar word. He was with a very good record he applied for a

> In Bethel memories still linger of Grant's return on furlough when he was nineteen years of age. His father had removed

Personal Memoirs." † General James Longstreet, afterwards an eminent and able general in the Confederate army.

furlough during the course of study, and and boys of his acquaintance. Ulysses looked forward with great eagerness to his return to Ohio.

Grant at that time was a fine-looking, in dress, wearing always white duck trous- tired of talking of 'my Ulysses.' ers and blue sack coat; and Mrs. Rotherey ject of conversation or words. horsemanship were topics of unfailing wore off in a few days, and the pleasant interest, while current events and neight things reasserted their charm. borhood gossip came in for their proper

ence of ladies."*

Grant, on reaching home, went straight to his sweet and gentle mother, of course. "Why, Ulysses," she said, with a face shining with pride, "you've grown much straighter and taller."

"Yes, mother," he replied; "they teach us to be erect.''

The father's pride in his boy was

* From an interview written by Delia T. Davis.

from Georgetown to Bethel, a small town boundless. He provided him with a fine a few miles nearer Cincinnati, and had young colt to ride, and after a day at established a fine tannery there. The home Grant rode, like a pursued Sioux cadets of that day were allowed only one Indian, over to Georgetown to see the girls

The people commented freely on the young cadet's improved manners, and the From Harrisburg homeward he had the Georgetown "Gravel Club," which met company of his Grandmother Simpson and under the trees before the court-house of Miss Kate Lowe, a young lady from door, admitted that he might make a New York, who helped him bear in pa- decent mark for muskets after all. "I tience the long canal-boat ride to Holli-daysburg. remember well," his friend George W. Fish-back writes, "his neat undress uniform, "Miss Lowe, now Mrs. Rotherey, hark- his erect carriage, pleasant face, and his ing back to those bygone days, says that easy and graceful horsemanship. I remember his father also; he was often in smooth-faced young man, with clear eyes litigation, and came to attend the sittings and good features; but was chiefly attrac- of the court at Batavia, where my father, tive on account of his splendid carriage Judge Fishback, lived. Jesse Grant was and soldierly bearing. He was fastidious a stern, aggressive man, but never grew

With rides and walks with the girls and adds that he must have had a fresh pair games with the boys, the vacation passed. for every day in the week. She says also It was all too sorrowfully short, and the that though somewhat bashful, he was young cadet said good-by with a sigh of never awkward, and though rather re-pain. To return to the barrack life after the served and reticent in company, there was glorious freedom of the vacation was like always a perfectly easy flow of talk when returning to prison. Again the insistent tête-à-tête. He never lacked either a sub- gnarl of the drum summoned to roll-call. The The drum, the morning gun, the staccato strongest bond between them was their commands of officers brought a routine mutual love of riding, and horses and which clamped like an iron band; * but this

It had its compensations, this life, which share; polite literature was also a fruitful got hold of Cadet Grant at last. It was a theme, for Grant at this time was a great healthful life—this ceaseless marching to lover of good novels—was given, indeed, and fro, this vigorous regular routine. to spending rather too much of his time The instruction was good, the exercise at West Point devouring them; Bulwer, well-timed and well-considered, and the Cooper, Marryat, Scott, Lever, and Wash- cadets were all markedly graceful, strong, ington Irving taking their turn with many and well. It had its beautiful side, too. Its surroundings were noble, and the sun "His most charming characteristic, rose and set in unspeakable glory of however, was his extreme courtesy; he color. The shaven green of the lawn, the was full of delicate and kind attentions, gleam of tents, the ripple of pliant snownot less to his aged grandmother than to white trousers beneath a band of blue, the the most fascinating young woman. When crash of horn and cymbals, the clamor asked if Grant was much of a smoker at and squeal of drum and fife, the boom of that time, Mrs. Rotherey said that she only sunset gun, the rumble and jar of wheelknew that he never smoked in the pres- ing artillery, all these sounds and pictures came to be keen pleasures to divide the dull gray hours of hard study with moments of purple and gold.

> The cavalry drill, which was added in 1841, undoubtedly helped Cadet Grant to endure these last years. Every morning of the autumn, while the maples turned from green to gold and orange and scar-

Ĺ

^{*} This is made evident by the increase of demerit marks during the first month after vacation.

let, the battalion wheeled over the parade army, and wished to enter the cavalryground. The call of the bugles, the thrill- moved thereto, of course, by his love of ing commands, the reel of the horses, the horses; but as there was only one regiclang of sabres, the splendid voices of the ment of cavalry in the army at that time, commanders, the drumming of hoofs, the the chance for a position in the cavalry was swift swing into perfect alignment—all not good. Nevertheless, he indicated as these things helped him to forget his his first choice the cavalry, and as his sechomesickness and gave him appetite for ond choice the Fourth Infantry. dinner and what came after. Riding his horse "York," he leaped a bar five feet the Fourth Infantry, and ordered to report six and a half inches high—a mark, it is to his command at Jefferson Barracks, St. said, which has never been surpassed. Louis, after a short vacation. General James B. Frye recalls this:

was at West Point, a candidate for admission to the Military Academy, I wandered the graduating class were going through lieutenant. their final mounted exercises before Major When the regular services were man. completed, the class, still mounted, was hall, the riding-master placed the leaping-bar higher than a man's head and called

out, 'Cadet Grant!'
"A clean-faced, slender young fellow, weighing about 120 pounds, dashed from two years. During the third year he was the ranks on a powerfully built chestnutsorrel horse, and galloped down the opposite side of the hall. As he turned at the farther end and came into the straight stretch across which the bar was placed, the horse increased his pace and measured his strides for the great leap before him, life. Its never-ending salutes, reprimands, bounded into the air and cleared the bar, carrying his rider as if man and beast were breathless.

Herschberger, the riding-master, and the books from the library than to books reclass was dismissed." *

When spoken to about this feat, Grant was accustomed to smile a little bashfully and retreat by saying, "Yes, York was a wonderfully good horse."

A deeper effect was beginning to appear. He felt some stirrings of ambition to be a military leader. They were not very pronounced, but sufficiently definite to enable him to write afterwards:

"In fact, I regarded General Scott and Captain C. F. Smith, the commandant of cadets, as the two men most to be envied in the nation."

He concluded at length to remain in the

He was brevetted second lieutenant of

The entire army of the United States "One afternoon in June, 1843, while I at that time numbered less than 8,000 men, and the supply of officers was embarrassingly large. It was the custom, into the riding-hall, where the members of therefore, to brevet graduates second

He graduated twenty-first in a roll of Richard Delafield, the distinguished engi- thirty-nine, with a fair record in all things neer, then superintendent, the academic —a good record in mathematics and engiboard, and a large assemblage of specta- neering and a remarkable record as horse-

More than a hundred had entered with formed in line through the centre of the him, but one by one they had dropped out till only thirty-nine remained.

Apparently Grant remained markedly unmilitary throughout the four years' course. He served as a private throughout the first made sergeant, but was dropped (promo. tions at that time were made for soldierly qualities, and had no exact relation to excellence in studies), and during the fourth year he served again as private. He had no real heart in the military side of the drills, and parades wore upon him.

"I did not take to my studies with avidwelded together. The spectators were ity; in fact, I rarely read over a lesson the second time during the entire cadet-"Very well done, sir,' growled old ship. I devoted more time to reading lating to the course of studies."*

Notwithstanding this modest statement. Cadet Grant stood well in his studies. The first year he took up French and mathematics, and though the course was severe, including algebra, geometry, trigonometry, application of algebra to geometry, etc., he stood fifteenth in a class of sixty in mathematics, and forty-ninth in French, and twenty-seventh in order of general merit. The second year he climbed three points in general merit, and stood twentyfourth in a class of fifty-three. He ranked Frederick Steele and Rufus Ingalls, and stood tenth in mathematics, twenty-third in drawing, but was below the middle in ethics and French. In his third year he

^{*} General James B. Fryc in "North American Review." Captain L. Shields and General E. G. Viele also speak of Grant's remarkable horsemanship.

^{* &}quot;Personal Memoirs."

ing indeed. He rose to twenty in general remember the splendid occasion. merit, sixteen in engineering, seventeen and infantry practice.

as a student and a very high record pale. as a man. He was not a man of obvious their very heart; and yet, as he left and his trousers seemed to be white, the gate of West Point, he seemed the though they may have been a light gray. last man to do great things. He was He wore a cap, and a red sash around his small, obscure, poor, and without political waist, and he rode his horse in fine style. friends or influential relatives. No man not set lightly and easily to the surface.

Daniel Ammen, one of his playmates, early in July, 1843. man I had left a few years before in Georgetown rather an ordinary boy, now lieutenant of infantry.'

during August of 1844. annual musterings of the possible soldiery did he care to do? of the nation had come to be a jolly farce. toggery, woofed and grunted and howled talk politics, while the men traded horses, of a duty well done.

that Cadet Grant was to be present and West.

rose in his drawing to nineteen, and was drill the troops, and that added to the intwenty-second in chemistry and fifteenth terest. William Wilson and Peter Wamax in philosophy, which was a very good stand- are two of the few witnesses living who

It impressed itself ineffaceably on young in mineralogy and geology, but was a Wilson's mind, because it seemed wonderlittle below the average in ethics, artillery ful, even revolutionary, to see a young lad such as Cadet Grant looked, ordering In general, it may be said that he left the pompous old officers about. "He the academy with a good average record looked very young, very slender, and very

> "He was dressed in a long blue coat Certain things he knew to with big epaulettes and big brass buttons,

"I was particularly struck with his then would have had the temerity to name voice—that is, his way of using it. The Cadet Grant as other than a kind, oblig-old men barked out their commands. You ing, clean - lipped, good - hearted country couldn't tell what they said. Noise boy, who could ride a horse over a picket seemed to be their idea of command, but fence or across a tight rope. In such Grant's voice was clear and calm and cut ways do human judgments run. The across the parade ground with great prebrilliant, expressive, erratic men attract. cision. It was rather high in pitch, but it Grant had repose, balance, inner powers was trained; I could tell that, though I was only a boy."

At this time Grant was a small young remembers meeting him in Philadelphia fellow, a little over five feet seven inches in "I found the young height, and weighing but 117 pounds. His face was strongly lined like his father's, with fine straight nose and square jaws. a self-reliant, well-balanced, brevet second A pleasant and shrewd face it was, with a twinkle in the gray-blue eyes when amused, Grant left West Point in midsummer and and a comical twist in the long flexible spent his furlough in Bethel and George- lips when smiling. His hair was a sandy town. He was invited by the officers of brown, and his complexion still inclined the militia to drill the troops at "general to freckles. Here he stands, unstained, muster," which took place at Russelsville untroubled, facing the world's millions. These semi- What will he do? What can he do? What

His ambitions were not inordinate. He The people came on horseback and afoot still held to the idea of getting permission from every nook of the country, with such to teach in some quiet place, with a salary soldierly belongings as they had—guns of sufficient to support a wife and babes. all eras and coats and caps of all sorts and He had no corrupting desire for glory, colors. The officers, pompous in martial for personal aggrandizement. He had no sombre and lurid dreams of conquest. their orders at the straggling files for an He did not look away to Mexico or Peru hour or two; then laid off to lunch and as a field for a sudden rise to sole and splendid command. He had in mind a and settled any odd scores they might have little wooden cottage somewhere under on hand by fist and face encounters, and the maples, with a small woman to care at sundown every one went home conscious for the home and to meet him at the door as he returned from his daily duties as pro-In 1844, however, the Mexican War ex- fessor of mathematics in Blank College. citement was rising, and the turnout was In the least military of moods he finally naturally larger; then, too, it was known took his way to his regiment in the Far



town than

Ballyquay could probably not be found in the three kingdoms.

the rest of Ireland and face to the North Pole.

sands of miles of ocean, without even a lighthouse to mar the effect of distance, and possesses that which is of much more importance to its inhabitants than any sea esplanade, which was then but a rough view—a substantial stone quay and shel- cart track, there stood, jutting out beyond tered harbor, where vessels of two hun- the line of frontage, a good-sized shed, dred tons can ride at anchor, the like of which, before the famine, had been utilwhich might be sought for many a long ized by an enterprising Glasgow dealer as mile along that wild coast, and sought in a store for potatoes, oatmeal, bacon, and

A cold, bare-looking, many-windowed hotel faces the quay. More inland stands the latter are to be found the small tenefile of an Irish town. In the former a few old hotel, patronized chiefly by anglers, Ballyquay frequently.

tor who cares to pursue the roads leading his donkey. to church and chapel farther up the rising ground which backs the town, will find himself rewarded by glimpses of wild and lovely scenery-lakes sparkling in the the warehouse. Tom munched his hay in sun; farms green as emeralds, set in the the counting-house, while the cart he midst of gray rocks and barren moor; hills drew found shelter in an outer office where and valleys, mountains and defiles—a much business had been transacted and a glorious land, though one where food has great deal of bad language spoken and

LESS attractive who, in Donegal, is not inclined to give her children bread.

At some not remote future period a railroad will be cut to Ballyquay, and the Situated, as all the world doubtless is little town become famous. Meantime, aware, in the great county of Donegal, save for a dozen new houses built along much nearer to the Ennishorn Mountains the modern esplanade, a branch bank, and than Muckish, it stands not "with back to the cold-looking hotel previously men-Great Britain and face to the West," but tioned, the place does not look very differwith back turned uncompromisingly on ent from what it did five years after the great famine of 1846, when the stoutest hearts might well have failed them for It has a fine outlook over some thou- fear, had they realized starvation and pestilence were but the precursors of worse troubles to come.

> About half way along the present any other articles he could export or import with advantage.

Concurrently with the famine, trade the original town, which consists of three languished at Ballyquay. Mr. M'Cracken, wide streets and several narrow lanes. In the Glasgow dealer, being a shrewd individual and seeing all chance of profit ments, with what auctioneers would call stopped for an indefinite period, came to "no elevation," which form the rank and an arrangement with his landlord, Mr. Deamer, shut up his store, and departed. shops, a Presbyterian meeting-house, an No one else proving equally enterprising, or, rather, everyone else evincing an amazcommercial travellers, and others who ing amount of common sense, the agent from any cause have occasion to visit was glad to let the edifice for a mere trifle; and thus it chanced that a certain cold More inland still are the parish church winter found Mr. M'Cracken's former and Roman Catholic chapel, both sur- store tenanted, as indeed it had been tenrounded by bog and heather; and the visi- anted for two years, by an old man and

> The old man's name was Peter Craig, and he called his donkey Tom.

Craig made his home in what had been to be literally wrested from mother earth, heard. For there the country folk once



"THERE STOOD, JUTTING OUT BEYOND THE LINE OF FRONT-AGE, A GOOD-SIZED SHED."

upon a time tried to drive very hard bargains with Mr. M'Cracken's manager, and there the manager, strong in possession of what he called "the coin," usually won America; but of those who could not go to the day.

But all that good period of prosperity was gone by, and from week's end to he sometimes thought he saw.

As regards human companionship, the poor old fellow had none. He was alone Two living sons were in in Ireland. belonging to him; poor as, even in that that he could not keep for himself. land of poverty, a man could well be.

He never made merry—heaven save the mark-in any neighbor's house; neither did he ever ask any neighbor to make merry with him. He had too much to do to keep the wolf from the door to think of pleasure, even if he had been inclined to it; and his heart was full of such bitter memories that he did not feel that life could ever seem aught but a very solemn thing for him for the future.

Yet, though grave, he was not morose or desponding, and toiled on contentedly, strong in the belief that whatever fortune it might please God to send was the right fortune.

"Praise him for this grand shelter," he would reverently say when the glowing turf fire lit up the rough dresser, with its display of old and cracked crockery ware, all set out "best face to London," and revealed the rest of his furniture-two

chairs; a round wooden table; a threelegged stool; a pair of bellows; a few cooking utensils; a red curtain, drawn across the six panes of glass which formed the window; a four-post bedstead, up-holstered in blue and white check, and covered with a patchwork quilt; and a clothes-horse, which, when some old sacks were thrown over it, formed a "fine screen" from the wind.

The floor was of earth beaten hard, the walls rough and bare-but what do externals matter if the eye which beholds them be satisfied, and the mind which considers them grateful?

And Peter was grateful. Many a man he knew, as industrious and as well-to-do as himself, had not, when swept away from old landmarks by the famine, powerful and relentless as any flood, been drifted into such a safe haven. The roadside, the workhouse, the pauper's grave, proved the last refuge of most. Some few hundred thousand found work and homes in America, what man shall ever surely tell the fate?

Craig was in possession of a snug farm week's end no voice broke the silence of when the blight appeared. He had money that formerly busy place, save when Peter in the bank, a horse and cart, and pigs and spoke to his donkey or to a vision which cows; but it was not long ere he had to part with first one thing and then another, in order to stave off the inevitable end. which came at last.

Everything was against him. The down-America, and a dead wife and child lay in hill journey once commenced, the pace a quiet graveyard ten miles from Bally- grows more rapid day by day. To begin quay. No other kith or kin, not a soul with, he had not much of a reserve; but



TOM'S QUARTERS.

He could not. One of a people amongst whom, whatever their faults, selfishness is almost unknown, with whom charity is a religion, how was it possible for him to turn hollow-cheeked, wildeyed, famine-stricken creatures from his door empty? No. The handful of meal, the battered penny, the few sods for a fire, the fervent "God help you," never failed while Peter Craig had meal or penny or turfstack.

True, it was not much he had to give, but we know how heavy such seeming trifles will weigh in the scales of eternity.

proved none the less on that account.

Those who could and would work, it money, which Craig had not. was said, had but to get there to be prosperous, happy, and respected. The only difficulty in the way of all these good he owned not being worth ten shillings, things was to get there; and many never he was permitted to take them and Tom succeeded in their endeavors, because the and Tom's cartlet to that house beside passage money was to them as hard to the wide Atlantic where Mr. M'Cracken raise as it would be for a chancellor of the had once driven a prosperous trade, and exchequer to pay off the national debt.

Craig's elder son, however, was among living." the fortunate minority. He went out, and sent enough money back to enable his brother to join him. He also set sail for there had been a slight fall of snow over the land of promise; and his last words night, which lay on the ground, waiting were: "I'll not be parted long from you, father. I'll work hard to make enough money to pay the passage for you and mother to come to us. Ye will come, bitter, when Peter Craig opened his door won't ye?" and looked away straight to the Pole.

Peter answered that they would, but a mightier than Peter intervened. Craig sickened, and after a long illness, died. For her there was no America, or for Peter either. He was a prematurely old, broken man.

'What for would I go to a strange country now?" he wrote. "I'll just content myself here for the rest of my time, and be laid beside her that's gone.'

So far he had held on to his farm, but passed, and there was no remittance. at last he was forced to give it up. His



"HIS MASTER BACKED HIM INTO THE LITTLE CART."

At that time there was great talk about landlord could not be accounted a hard a new land of promise, called America, a man, but the times had tried him, like name which has since become mightily everyone else. Craig's rent was two familiar to Irishmen of all ranks and years in arrears, and not a farthing re-Then it was not so familiar, but mained in the bank. Land cannot be the enchantment which hung round it cropped without seed, or tilled lacking labor; and both seed and labor cost

> He did not wait to be turned out of his holding. He went; and the few articles where Peter Craig hoped to "make off a

> It was a cold, raw winter's morning; for more; the north wind was whistling between its teeth a low, ominous tune; the sky looked gray and lowering; the air was

He did not think about the view, grand Mrs. though it was, for his mind felt troubled. He had "made off a living," but it was getting a poorer living each day. He and Tom were growing older and somehow able to earn less; and though his sons sent what they could, the help did not reach him regularly. In their last letter they said he might expect to receive an order in a fortnight, and now five weeks had

Matters were very hard with him that



" 'I JUST CALLED TO ASK IF THÊRE WAS A LETTER FOR ME," ANSWERED PETER, SHYLY."

morning, but they had been very hard be- the worst, oat-cake. Well, may be we'll back into his house, Peter felt as if the can start." dawn must be very nigh at hand.

man feels no desire to shave, and has stand what was said. neither tea nor coffee, nor any sort of food hills which would bring him in a trifle, and them. there was nothing to delay his departure except swallowing a mouthful of breakfast. Tom had eaten up his last morsel of hay, and stood ready, harnessed with many an old bit of rope knotted together. His master backed him into the little cart, then went indoors for a piece of Indianmeal bread that he knew lay on the shelf. man walked beside him. Craig was tall It was the only scrap of food in the house, and large boned, and the rough frieze coat yet Craig could not finish it. He broke he wore gave his figure an artificial apoff a corner and offered it to Tom, but the pearance of bulk his worn, hard-featured donkey decidedly refused it.

fore and came right. It is always the contrive to get ye a bite of a loaf to-night. darkest hour before dawn; and, turning I've only to put on my coat and then we

This was the way he talked to the dumb He did not light a fire, because when a brute, who seemed in a fashion to under-

Man and donkey had lived so long alone to prepare, fire seems a superfluity. Peter together, that it would have been strange was going out, also; he had a job over the if no comprehension existed between

"Now we'll be going," cried Peter, in as cheerful voice as he could muster, closing the door while he spoke-there was no need to lock it. The possession of nothing confers an important feeling of independence when one's lot is cast even tied up the traces with some twine, and amongst an absolutely honest population.

The donkey moved slowly on, and the face belied. Tom was small, and seemed "Ah, ye rogue," said Craig. "Noth- to grow smaller each time his master haring will serve ye but white bread or, at nessed him; indeed, Peter did not much care to pat the poor creature, the bones lay so near the skin.

Such as they were, however, they pursued their way, along the cart track, now the present esplanade, up the main road leading from the quay to the town, till they arrived at a cross street where, in front of a mongrel sort of shop, Craig, with a "whoa, Tom," brought the donkey to a stand.

The shop was a double one, separated only by a door, and it belonged to a certain Mr. Hagarty, who dispensed whiskey on the right-hand side of the premises, while his wife, on the left, sold almost every imaginable article in the way of oil and butterman's good, as well as grocery. Bread, moreover, could be had there, and Mrs. Hagarty further presided over the Ballyquay postoffice; letters were only might have left my sister's box for her; delivered in the town proper. Everyone who resided outside a certain very small radius had to send for what fate might have provided, and many a missive was to and strong, earning regular wages, and be seen stuck against the glass in Mrs. there was no harm in wishing the few Hagarty's window, among glass bottles pence attached to that box had come to a filled with lozenges, comfits, barley-sugar, and various other delicacies which caused the mouths of the Ballyquay children to

Craig went into the grocery department, his stick, with which he could never find it in his heart to strike Tom, held as a useless ornament. It was the roughest shop imaginable, paved with bricks, the counter of plain deal, the walls white-washed, the rafters bare; yet the Hagartys did a good business, and had plenty of money in the bank.

There was also a baby on view in the shop. In one corner, near the turf fire, stood what might be called a day-cradle, since it was never used save to lay the (time-being) infant down in working hours. The Hagartys owned two cradles. which had come to them as heirlooms.

"That's a cold morning, Mrs. Hagarty," said Craig, looming big and tall against the counter. "I'm glad to see you home again."

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Craig; and indeed I never was better pleased than to be back in Ballyquay. I have not been away more than three weeks this very day, and yet it seemed to me like three months; and what can I get for you?'

"I just called to ask if there was a letter for me," answered Peter, shyly. He had called on the same errand so often lately he began to feel ashamed of his "CRAIG BETHOUGHT HIM THAT HE WOULD LOOK WHETHER A own persistence.

Mrs. Hagarty looked among her sweet stuff, and turned over all the correspondence exhibited in the window. Very carefully she examined each address, while Peter watched the proceedings with an anxious face.

"There is none for you this time, Mr. Craig," said Mrs. Hagarty at last.

"When will the next post be in from America?" asked Craig.

"' Deed, I'm not rightly sure," was the reply. "Father Freeling is the one knows best about that.'

There was a pause; then Craig, gathering himself together, prepared to depart.

"I'm going over the hill," he observed, as a sort of afterthought; "can I take any message for you?"

"If I'd known ten minutes ago, you but I gave it to Jim Kennan, as he said he would be passing the door."

Craig checked a sigh. Jim was young man who wanted money far more than Kennan.

"We've got on the wrong side of good luck to-day, I'm thinking, Tom, my man, said the poor old fellow to his donkey, as they resumed their journey. "But I mustn't talk like that and may be one of the boys ill. They'd never-'



HANDFUL OF MEAL WERE LEFT IN THE BARREL,"

"Have you heard the news?" said a

towards the speaker.

"That Mrs. Deamer is coming home or conferred by rank. to-day.'

"Ay ?-after all this time?"

"She thinks she ought to spend her money in the place she gets it from; it'll be a sore trouble to her going back to the house husband and son were carried out of in one day."

"It will be so."

her hair's gray and her eyes dim. I mind her hair dark as a raven's wing, and her eyes as black as sloes. You never saw her?"

"I never set eyes on her."

"There was not a prettier or better lady betwixt this and Dublin; and many a poor back at Fairy Hill. She used to have the sweetest laugh. It minded me of a lot of spring birds all singing together. God help her! I'm thinking there is not much of a laugh left in her now."

"It was a great trial," agreed Craig; and he went on his way with a heart full of pity for the lonely woman death had left desolate, who was poor in the midst

himself.

about," he considered—a truism he im- own which he had been wont to hear, but mediately supplemented with, "but there's a hollow, changed voice, that might have always something to be thankful for.'

To outward view what had this gaunt voice at this instant, which prevented old fellow, whose youth and prosperity were Craig from finishing his muttered conjectleft so far behind, to be thankful for? Just that which a rich man might envy "What news?" he asked, turning and many a king lacks; for the power of being happy cannot be bought by money

> Master and donkey trudged up the hill, and for a little way down the descent leading to a pleasant valley which lay beyond. There Craig had a few things to move for

a man who was "flitting."

He asked for water for the "beast," but Tom would not drink; so his bit being taken out, he was left to nibble such herb-"They say she's greatly changed; that age as he could find. Tom did not nibble, however, though Craig was unaware of the fact. He stood still where he was left, looking straight before him, with no speculation in his eye, a patient, willing, half-starved old donkey.

When he and his master had finished body's heart will rejoice to know she's their work, the woman who should have paid them said: "Tim will be in town tomorrow and pay you, Mr. Craig.

Mr. Craig had been right in telling Tom they had got that day on the wrong

side of good luck.

It was growing dark when donkey and owner started to return home. How long the road seemed, how weary the way! the old donkey feeble and spent, the old man of plenty and more solitary even than faint and empty. Peter tried to speak to his dumb companion, but the sound of his "There's mostly something to fret own voice frightened him. It was not his belonged to some broken-down and hope-



". . . AND GROPE HIS WAY TO THE FIRE AND KINDLE A BLAZE ON THE HEARTH."

less creature. Never before had he so longed for the sight of his home, to see the ruddy glow of the peat fire, to hear the music of the great Atlantic, to feel safe within bare though kindly walls—safe and sheltered, free to forget his cares for a space. Like his predecessor who flourished many years ago, he walked, so as not to distress his donkey, and thus they finally arrived at Ballyquay, where once again they passed the grocery shop, and Craig walked into the public house.

"Will you let me have an armful of hay?" he asked. "I'll pay ye when I

get paid myself, to-morrow likely."

Poor Craig! He would not have asked credit for his own needs, but the "brute beast" could not altogether fast.

"As much as you want. Here, Ned, fill a sack and put it on Mr. Craig's cart. It is a nasty night, Peter; a glass of whiskey will do you no harm."

"Thank ye kindly," was the answer, but don't fill one for me. I used to be able to take half a glass with any man, but I can't now—no, I can't now.'

Mr. Hagarty, struck by something in the old man's tone, looked at him curiously "HE PUSHED CRAIG GENTLY TO ONE SIDE AND DEPARTED. for a moment. His wife had told him about Craig's anxiety concerning the American letter, and added that she thought he had "failed greatly of late."

day I left home," she went on, "but I'm afraid what he wanted was not in it." pathetic.

"Is there nothing else we can put up for ye?" he asked, full of a vague impression help was wanted, and great desire to help if he could. "You know ye can have what ye like here, and pay when ye please,' which was certainly most liberal.

"I am obliged, but I need nothing more, ' answered Craig with a certain he knew he could not endure anyone to Atlantic waves sing the children's lullaby and the storm king rides in his might, could be found hundreds who, like Peter Craig, would rather die than beg.

tuning up for a storm, it's my notion," he plenty for you to eat over to-morrow,

"Ay, it looks that way," answered Come, lad. Peter, and then he and the donkey took the homeward road.



THE OLD MAN STOOD FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES LIKE ONE DAZED.

As they drew near the shore, Peter "There was a letter came for him the heard the dull roar of the distant cannon, which on that awful coast heralds an approaching hurricane. For twenty-four And for this reason that repetition of "I hours that artillery practice precedes the can't now "sounded to the publican almost tempest, and well did Craig know its sound.

As he and Tom plodded along the rough cart track, he heard a noise as if of the cannon of Waterloo.

"Now God help all women who have sons, lovers, husbands at sea this night,' he said solemnly, and then he came to his own door.

It did not take long to unharness Tom stiffness. He felt he could starve, but and lead him to his stable, or to push the cart into the outer office, or to open his think he was starving. In all countries own door and grope his way to the fire, there live such people, and sure am I that and kindle a blaze on the hearth. When in that wild and desolate land, where he had done all this, he drew water for the donkey and set it before him, at the same time placing some hay in the rough box which served for a manger.

"Fill yourself, boy," said Craig. Ned put the hay in the little cart. "It's "We're now all safe and sound, with remarked as Craig came out to Tom's head. meadow hay as good as ever I smelled.

But the lad would not come or fill himself, and when Craig laid a persuading

shivering like someone in ague.

the cold ye are!" he exclaimed. "Poor shelf. old chap, come and have an air of the grand fire I've made up. My good Tom, my fine, brave Tom!" And thus dishis knees; and then, slowly, like some stiff old man, lay down and stretched out his legs that had travelled so many a long mile.

tainly not at his ease, for he was trem-

bling and shaking all over.

"It was cruel cold out there to-day, not knowing what he uttered. wasn't it?" observed Peter; and the donkey, as if in answer, shivered exceed-

"Well, just content yourself," went on the old man; "you needn't stir all night, and you've no call to go out to-morrow.'



" COULD I HAVE SPEECH WITH THE MISTRESS?" HE ASKED."

hand on his neck, he found the animal was Craig bethought him that he would look whether a handful of meal were left in "Ah, Tom, dear, and it's starved with the barrel, or a morsel of bread on the

No; as he believed, the barrel was

empty and the shelf bare.

"I can do well enough," said the old coursing, he led the donkey to the hearth, man. "Thanks be to God, there is hay where, after stupidly blinking at the blaze for Tom!" and he was crossing the bare for a moment, the animal sank wearily to floor when his door opened and a gentleman came in.

> The stranger was well clad and not unpleasant to look at, yet a ghost would

"Ah, poor boy! you're getting fond of a bit of heat, like your master," said Craig; "just lie there at your ease."
Tom, nothing loth, lay there, but cer-and holding first one hand and then the other to the glowing peat.

"Av, it's a brave fire," answered Craig.

"I looked in a while ago," went on the gentleman, "but you were out. You have the rent ready, I hope.'

"No, sir; but I'm expecting money

every day.'

"So you were six weeks ago. There is more than a year due. I have been It was quite still in the cottage when very patient, but you'll have to make up

the money by twelve o'clock to-morrow, or else-

"What, sir?"

"Give up possession. I can let this place for much more than you pay;" and he turned towards the door with an easy, swinging gait, as if he had said the pleasantest thing in the world, and was going out into the night, when Craig stopped

"For God's sake, sir," he

"Now, now, my good fellow, that will do. We understand all about that. Twelve o'clock to-morrow." With which clincher he pushed Craig gently to one side and departed.

The old man stood for a couple of minutes like one dazed, wringing his hands in abject despair. Then he seized his hat, and rushed

out into the night.

A keen wind stirred his scant gray hair, and drove a salt rime on his cheek; but Craig did not feel the bitter blast or misty spray. There



"AND THE POOR OLD FELLOW FELL AT HER FEET, AND RAISED HIS CLASPED HANDS IN AN AGONY OF ENTREATY,"

houses, beyond the quay, up the road leading to the town.

"Lord grant," he muttered over and over again. Soul and body were too through the house. numb with misery to permit of his finishing the prayer, but He who made him tress?" he asked. knew the words his lips failed to articu- "I'll see," was the reply. "Sit down late. On for another mile, through the off your feet a minute." cold and the darkness; on, with that

was a storm in his heart which would have storm which never lulled sweeping madly drowned the noise of a fiercer tempest than through his heart, losing memory now and ever raged and raved along that terrible again, staggering at times as though coast. He had left home with one idea, drunk, feeling a horrible faintness-for, which sufficed to carry him on through save the scrap of bread, he had not broken darkness and biting cold, past the large his fast for twenty-four hours-the old man held grimly to his task till he stood at the hall door of Fairy Hill, and gave one loud, single knock which echoed

"Could I have speech with the mis-

But Craig did not sit. He stood as in

a sort of dream, seeing the hall and yet Mrs. Deamer, inexpressibly shocked, trynot perceiving it; looking at the furniture, ing to steady her own voice. "You shall but taking no heed of a single article. not be turned out of your house. Do rise. The while Mrs. Deamer was asking:

"And who is this Craig, Jane?"

"He is a decent old fellow, mem, as ever lived, and the world has been very tered. The reaction was so great he could sore against him. Do see him, mem. He scarce believe his ears and he had no looks in some great trouble, and he is I see a wonderful breaking up fast. change in him.'

Mrs. Deamer left her tea, a comfortable chair, and warm fire, and passed into

sentence.

When he saw her he tried to speak, but "Why, nothing," she replied. "I am could not. He could only stand looking very glad to be able to help you. Preswith eyes of misery at the sweet woman, who said in a low voice, like the faint have a cup of tea; you look ill and tired." chime of bells:

"You wished to see me?"

twice no word passed his lips.

Mrs. Deamer saw he was struggling for speech, saw some mortal trouble was keep- won't come.'

ing him dumb. "Do have a cup "What can I do for you?" she asked. would do you good." "If it is in my power to help you I will."

that had been pent up within him.

Without break, without pause, in one impulsive sentence the gaunt old man told the tale of his sorrows. He who had he was moving to the door when Mrs. never begged before, begged then for He would pay her honestly if—if He did not say anything against the tance arrives.' agent. He did not inveigh against fate. his losses, or his loneliness. He only prayed for-time.

said, in that rugged Northern accent prove an offence. which holds such power for pathos in its "You can pay me at your convenience," very harshness; "and if you'll let me she went on, seeing that he hesitated. stop you'll not be a penny the loser. O "You had better take a pound;" and she mem! will you? A pound, maybe, isn't opened a little case in which many a crisp very much to you to lie out off, but it is note lay snug. as bad as thousands to me till my sons out without a roof over my head—me and the dumb beast, too, that has nobody besides." And the poor old fellow fell at bread, I'd like well to have it for Tom. her feet, and raised his clasped hands in an agony of entreaty, while the tears streamed down cheeks that were furrowed much sense as many a Christian." by care and worn by privation.

I cannot bear to see you kneeling to me. You may go home quite happy.'

"Did you say I might stop?" he fal-

power to cease sobbing.

"Of course you shall stop. Now sit down for a little while, and try to com-

pose vourself."

"What'll I say to ye, mem? What can the hall, where Craig stood awaiting his I say to ye?" he asked, covering his face with his hands and weeping hysterically.

ently you must go into the kitchen and

"I couldn't touch bite or sup," he answered huskily. "I want nothing but Twice Craig essayed to answer, and words;" and he stopped as if about to break down again; then went on bravely: "I want words to thank you, but they

"Do have a cup of tea; I am sure one

"It is you, mem, who have done me all Then, all at once, the string of his tongue the good in the world, and I want nothing was loosed, and he poured forth the misery more, thank you kindly, but to be alone with my God, that I may praise his name and ask him to bless you.'

With a humble gesture of deep gratitude

Deamer stopped him.

"You are quite without money. Let she would wait a little while for her money. me lend you a trifle till your son's remit-

It was characteristic of her that, speak-He did not make mention of his age, or ing even in haste, she said lend, not give; but she knew well enough such men as Craig to be aware that in the one case her "It has been home to me, mem," he offer might be accepted, and in the other

"I'd be dreaming I was robbed and send the order they've promised. I never murdered if I'd as much as that in the kneeled before but to my God, but I do house," Craig answered with a smile, such kneel now to pray that you won't turn me a smile, so wan, so feeble, it haunted Mrs. Deamer's memory for many a long day; "but if you'd give me a bit of white

"Who is Tom?" she asked.

"Just my donkey, mem; and he has as

The fire had burned low by the time "My poor man! my poor man!" cried Craig reached home, and that vision he so often saw seemed to his fancy to come out of the shadows and meet him.

said. "Oh, but that is the lovely lady! And see what she gave me for Tom. My boy, you haven't stirred far since I went band. away.

He broke off a piece of bread and offered it to the donkey, who made no effort to take it, only opened one eye and

looked wearily at his master.

"Well, I'll leave it beside you. You've quit trembling, I see; that's right." And he made up the fire, drew the stool close beside the hearth, sat down with his back against the wall—for chimney-piece there was none-and, without intending to do so, fell off to sleep.

arty, feeling that the place required a thorough cleaning, sent for Moggy Stewart to "Hello, Peter," he shouted, "you are come the following morning to "ridd things having your sleep out this morning. up." Moggy was a capital worker, and proceeded to turn everything upside down. out of the day cradle, and carried it in her apron to the pig-stye. As she threw it over she caught sight of something white, and boldly going in among a number of porkers, rescued a letter from destruction.

"I found this in the child's cradle," Moggy said, handing her find to Mrs.

Hagarty.

this come in the cradle?"

The little nurse-girl's face showed that she knew; but, without waiting to adminis-"We'll do yet, Jane, my woman," he ter to her more than a stinging box on the ear, Mrs. Hagarty called, "William."
"What do you want?" asked her hus-

'Look here at what Moggy has found."

"Is it a letter?"

"It is so, and the one that came for Peter Craig the morning I left, and that he has never had. I'll kill that little huzzy; she has given it to the baby to play with.'

"The best thing I can do is to take the letter to Craig and tell him the truth,"

said Hagarty.

When he reached Craig's house he lifted the latch without ceremony and went in. The red curtain was still drawn across After three weeks' absence Mrs. Hag- the window, and he could not at first see anything very distinctly.

Wake up, man; I've a letter for you.'

Then he began to discern objects more Amongst other matters she took the straw clearly, and saw the old man sitting on the stool, and the donkey lying before a fire which had burnt itself to white powder.

Something in the silence struck him. He made one stride to the window, and tore aside the curtain. Then the cold daylight streaming into the room showed that the donkey lay stiff, with a piece of The postmistress cried out: "How did bread beside him, and that Craig was dead, too, with a smile on his lips.



"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Harvey Cheyne, the pampered son of an American mill-ionnaire, falls overboard from an Atlantic liner as he is voyaging to Europe in company with his mother. He is picked up, off the Grand Banks, by the fishing schooner "We're Here," of Gloucester. His story of his rich connec-

CHAPTER IV.

ARVEY waked to find the "first half" at breakfast, the foc'sle door drawn galley over the glare of the stove, and the pots and pans in the pierced wooden board plunge. Up and up the foc'sle climbed, yearning and surging and quivering, and then, with a clear, sickle-like swoop, came down into the seas. He could hear the shot. Followed the woolly sound of the wild jerks allowed. cable in the hawse-hole; a grunt and squeal of the windlass; a yaw, a punt, and a kick, of Manuel. and the "We're Here" gathered herself "Till she together to repeat the motions.

"Now, ashore," he heard Long Jack two days more. You do not like? Eh, saying, "ye've chores, an ye must do thim in any weather. Here we're well "I should have been crazy sick a week" clear of the fleet, an' we've no chores-an' that's a blessin'. Good night, all." He passed like a big snake from the table to his lowed his example, and Uncle Salters, with Penn, fought his way up the ladder to stand his watch, and the cook set for the " second half."

ate till it could eat no more; and then tugee men ever are drowned.' Manuel filled his pipe with some terrible tobacco, crotched himself between the pawl-

up on the table, and smiled tender and indolent smiles at the smoke. Dan lay at length in his bunk, wrestling with a gaudy, gilt-stopped accordion, whose tunes went to a crack, and every square inch of the up and down with the pitching of the schooner singing its own tune. The black "We're Here." The cook, his shoulders bulk of the cook balanced behind the tiny against the locker where he kept the fried pies (Dan was fond of fried pies), peeled potatoes, with one eye on the stove in case before it jarred and racketted to each of too much water finding its way down the pipe; and the general smell and smother were past all description.

Harvey considered affairs, wondered that he was not deathly sick, and crawled into flaring bows cut and squelch, and there was his bunk again, as the softest and safest a pause ere the divided waters came down place, while Dan struck up "I don't want on the deck above, like a volley of buck- to play in your yard," as accurately as the

- "How long is this for?" Harvey asked
- " Till she get a little quiet, and we can row to trawl. Perhaps to-night. Perhaps
- "I should have been crazy sick a week ago, but it doesn't seem to upset me now -much."
- "That is because we make you fisherman, bunk, and began to snore. Tom Platt fol- these days. If I was you, when I come to Gloucester I would give two, three big candles for my good luck."
 - "Give who?"
- "To be sure -- the Virgin of our Church It came out of its bunks as the others had on the Hill. She is very good to fishermen entered theirs, with a shake and a yawn. It all the time. That is why so few of us Por-
 - "You're a Roman Catholic, then?"
- "I am a Madeira man. I am not a Porto post and a forward bunk, cocked his feet Pico boy. Shall I be Bapptist, then? Eh,

Copyright, 1846, by Rudyard Kipling.



"' 'TIS A CONCERT,' SAID LONG JACK, BEAMING THROUGH THE SMOKE. 'A REG'LAR BOSTON CONCERT.'

three more when I come to Gloucester candle. Ye can buy candles at the store, Manuel."

"I don't sense it that way," Tom Platt put in from his bunk, his scarred face lit Platt, turning on his elbow. up by the glare of a match as he sucked at his pipe. "It stands to reason the sea's goin', candles or kerosine, fer that matter."

"'Tis a mighty good thing," said Long guess Enoch he never done it fer a sacrifice; Jack, "to have a frind at coort, though. an' the way I take it is——" I'm o' Manuel's way o' thinkin'. About thicker'n burgoo. dhrunk, wid his chin waggin' on the tiller, an' I sez to myself, 'If iver I stick my boathuk into T-wharf again, I'll show the saints fwhat manner o' craft they saved me out av.' Now, I'm here, as ye can well see, an' the model of the dhirty ould 'Kathleen that took me a month to make, I gave ut to the priest, an' he hung ut up forninst the altar. There's more sense in givin' a model

wha-at? I always give candles—two, that's by way o' bein' a work av art than any The good Virgin she never forgets me, but a model shows the good saints ye've tuk trouble an' are grateful.'

"D'you believe that, Irish?" said Tom

"Would I do ut if I did not, Ohio?"

"Wa-al, Enoch Fuller he made a model the sea; and you'll git jest about what's o'the old 'Ohio,' and she's to Salem museum Mighty pretty model, too, but I now.

There were the makings of an hour-long tin years back I was crew to a Sou' Boston discussion of the kind that fishermen love, market-boat. We was off Minot's Ledge where the talk runs in shouting circles and wid a northeaster, butt first, atop of us, no one proves anything in the end, had not The ould man was Dan struck up this cheerful rhyme:

> Up jumped the mackerel with his striped back. Reef in the mainsail, and haul on the tack; For it's windy weather-

Here Long Jack joined in.

And it's blowy weather: When the winds begin to blow, pipe all hands together!

Dan went on, with a cautious look at Tom Platt, holding the accordion low in the bunk:

Up jumped the cod with his chuckle-head, Went to the main-chains to heave at the lead; For it's windy weather, etc.

Tom Platt seemed to be hunting for something. Dan crouched lower, but sung louder:

Up iumped the flounder that swims to the ground. Chuckle-head! Chuckle-head! Mind where ye sound!

Tom Platt's huge rubber boot whirled across the foc'sle and caught Dan's uplifted arm. There was war between the man and the boy ever since Dan had discovered that the mere whistling of that tune would make him angry as he heaved the lead.

don't like my music, git out your fiddle. I ain't goin' to lie here all day an' listen to you an' Long Jack arguin' 'baout candles. Fiddle, Tom Platt; or I'll learn Harve here the tune!"

called a machette.

"Tis a concert," said Long Jack, beaming through the smoke. "A reg'lar Boston concert."

There was a burst of spray as the hatch opened, and Disko, in yellow ollskins, descended.

"Ye're just in time, Disko. Fwhat's she doin' outside?"

" lest this!" He dropped on to the lockers with the push and heave of the "We're Here."

"We're singin' to kape our breakfasts down. Ye'll lead, av course, Disko," said Long Jack.

"Guess there ain't im re'n baout two old songs I know, an' ye've heard them both."

His excuses were cut short by Tom Platt launching into a most follow us tune. like unto the mounting of winds and the creaking of masts. With his eyes fixed on the Long Jack under his breath beams ab ve. Disko began this unclent. arcient ditty. Tom Platt flourishing all round him to make the tune and words fit at the Banks - that was before the war of 1812, ::::e:

You may talk o' your fliers—' Swallow-tail' and 'Black Ball'—

But the 'Dreadnought's 'the packet that can beat them all.

" Now the 'Dreadnought' she lies in the River Mersey

Because of the tug-boat to take her to sea; But when she's off soundings you shortly will

(Chorus.)

She's the Liverpool packet-O Lord, let her go!

" Now the 'Dreadnought' she's howlin' 'crost the Banks o' Newfoundland,

Where the water's all shallow and the bottom's all sand.

Sez all the little fishes that swim to and fro:

(Cherus.)

' She's the Liverpool packet—O Lord, let her go!"

There were scores of verses, for he "Thought I'd fetch yer," said Dan, re- worked the "Dreadnought" every mile of turning the gift with precision. "If you the way between Liverpool and New York as conscientiously as though he were on her deck, and the accordion pumped and the tiddle squeaked beside him. Tom Platt followed with something about "the rough and tough McGinn, who would pilot the ves-Tom Platt leaned down to a locker and sel in." Then they called on Harvey, who brought up an old white fiddle. Manuel's felt very flattered, to contribute to the eneve glistened, and from somewhere behind tertainment; but all that he could remember the pawl-post he drew out a tiny, little were some pieces of "Skipper Ireson's Ride" guitar like thing with wire strings, which he that he had been taught at the camp-school in the Adirondacks. It seemed that they might be appropriate to the time and place, but he had no more than mentioned the title when Disko brought down one foot with a bang, and cried, "Don't go on, young feller. That's a mistaken jedgment—one o' the worst kind, too, becaze it's catchin' to the ear."

"I erter ha' warned you," said Dan, "Thet allus fetches dad."

"What's wrong?" said Harvey, surprised and a little angry.

"All you're goin to say," said Disko. "All dead wrong from start to finish, an' Whittier he's to blame. I've no special call to right any Marblehead man, but 'tweren't no fault o' Ireson's. My father he told me the tale time an' again, an' this is the way .w.:.z.

"For the wan hundredth time," put in

"Ben Ireson be was skipper of the Betty, young feller, comin home frum but jestice is jestice at all times. They fund the Active of Portland, an Gibbons of that town he was her skip on a they fund her leakin' off Cape Cost 1 ght - There was a terrible gale on, an they was gettin'

^{**} There is a muck market—cruck packet of fame. She halls from No. York, and the Obsculan ught's her name.

the 'Betty' home 's fast as they could craowd her. Well, Ireson he said there a while by itself, and then: wasn't any sense to reskin' a boat in that sea; the men they wouldn't hev it; and he laid it before them to stay by her till the sea run daown a piece. They wouldn't hev that either, hangin' araound the Cape in any sech weather, leak or no leak. They jest up stay'sle an' quit, nat'rally takin' Ireson with 'em. Folks to Marblehead was mad at him not runnin' the risk and becaze nex' day, when the sea was ca'amer (they never stopped to think o' that), some o' the 'Active's' folk was took off by a Truro man. They come into Marblehead had shamed the town an' so forth an' so on; an' Ireson's men they was scared, seein' public feelin' agin' 'em, an' they went back on Ireson, an' swore he was respons'ble for the hull act. 'Tweren't the women neither that tarred and feathered him—Marblehead women don't act that way—'twas a passel o' men an' boys, an' they carted him araound town in an old dory till the bottom fell aout, an' Ireson he told 'em they'd be sorry for it some day. Well, the facts come aout later, same's they usually do, too late to be any ways useful to an honest man; an' Whittier he come along an' picked up the slack eend of a lyin' tale, and tarred an' feathered Ben Ireson all over onct more after he was dead. 'Twas the only time Whittier ever slipped up, an' 'tweren't fair. I whaled Dan good when he brought that piece back from school. You don't know no better, o' course, but I've give you the facts, hereafter an' evermore to be remembered. Ben Ireson weren't no sech kind o' man as Whittier makes aout; my father he knew him well, before an after that business, an' you beware o' hasty jedgments, young feller. Next!"

Harvey had never heard Disko talk so long, and collapsed with burning cheeks; but, as Dan said promptly, a boy could only learn what he was taught at school, and life was too short to keep track of

every lie along the coast.

Then Manuel touched the jangling, jarring little machette to a queer tune, and sang something in Portuguese about "Nina, innocente!" ending with a full-handed sweep that brought the song up with a jerk. Then Disko obliged with his second song, to an old-fashioned creaky tune, and all joined in the chorus. This is one stanza:

Here the fiddle went very softly for

Wheat-in-the-ear, my true-love's posy blowin'; Wheat-in-the-ear, we're goin' off to sea; Wheat-in-the-ear, I left you fit for sowin'; When I come back a loaf o' bread you'll be!"

That made Harvey almost weep, though he could not tell why. But it was much worse when the cook dropped the potatoes and held out his hands for the fiddle. Still leaning against the locker door, he struck into a tune that was like something very bad but sure to happen whatever you did. After a little he sang, in an unknown tongue, with their own tale to tell, sayin' how Ireson his big chin down on the fiddle-tail, his white eyeballs glaring in the lamplight. Harvey swung out of his bunk to hear better; and amid the straining of the timbers and the wash of the waters the tune crooned and moaned on, like lee surf in a blind fog, till it ended with a wail.

"Jiminy Christmas! Thet gives me the blue creevles," said Dan. "What in thunder

is it?"

"The song of Fin McCoul," said the cook, "when he wass going to Norway." His English was not thick, but all clear cut, as though it came from a phonograph.

"Faith, I've been to Norway, but I didn't make that unwholesim noise. 'Tis like some of our old songs, though," said Long

Jack.

"Don't let's hev another 'thout somethin' between," said Dan; and the accordion struck up a rattling, catchy tune that ended:

"It's six an' twenty Sundays sence las' we saw the land.

With fifteen hunder quintal, An' fifteen hunder quintal, 'Teen hunder toppin' quintal, 'Twix' old 'Queereau an' Grand!"

"Hold on," roared Tom Platt. "D'ye want to nail the trip, Dan? That's Jonah sure, 'less you sing it after all our salt's wet."

"No, 'tain't. Is it, dad? Not unless you sing the very las' verse. You can't learn me anything on Jonahs!"

"What's that?" said Harvey.

a Jonah?"

"A Jonah's anything that spoils the luck. Sometimes it's a man—sometimes it's a boy —or a bucket. I've known a splittin'-knife Jonah two trips till we was on to it," said Tom Platt. "There's all sorts o' Jonahs. Jim Bourke was one till he was drowned on George's. I'd never ship with Jim Bourke, not if I was starvin'. There wuz a green dory on the 'Ezra Flood.' Thet was a Jonah too, the worst sort o' Jonah.

[&]quot; Now Aprile is over and melted the snow, And outer Noo Bedford we shortly must tow; Yes, out o' Noo Bedford we shortly must clear, We're the whalers that never see wheat in the ear."



SHEED OF COUNTY OF THEED TO COUNTY OF STORE THEE : - .

Drowned from men she init an used to said Dan, as his father departed. shine fery of nights in the nest.

a mock of Jonahs, young feller,

"Well. Harve ain't no Jinah. Day after we catched nim." Dan stuck in, "we had a tonsin' good catch."

The cook threw up his head and laughed

sudienly—a queen thin laugh. He was a most discontenting nigger.

"Murder!" said long fack. "Don't do that again, diction. We ain't used to ut".

"What's wring?" said Dan. "Ain't he our maso to an diche they strike on good. after we i struck him?

m Oth in jess, it strip the incident in I know that, but the naturities put follshipst "

The aintigin to it us any harm," said Dan, hitly, "What are ye hintin" and edgin to it. He'rall right

f No harm . But one day he will be your

wun't - nut by a mean.
" Master, " said the "Master, sail the look, pointing to Harvey "Man Canlike pointeld Man, "Enails news live son? Sail Dan, wiin a laugu

"How in thunder-days wick that list?" said Tom Platt

"In my head, where I can see.

dropped his head, and went on perling the sick's sur from time to time, that made

putatees, and not another word could they get out of him.

"Well," said Dan, "a heap o' things 'Il her to come abacut fore Harve's any master c' mine: but I'm glad the doctor ain't chaisen to mark him for a Jonah. Now, I mistrust Uni'e Salters fer the Jonerest Jinah in the fleet regardin his own special luck. Dunn: ef it's spreadin' same's smallpex. He sught to be on the 'Carrie Pit-man.' That beats her own Jonah sure trews and gear no make no differ. Jiminy Christmas ! She'll eith liese in a flat ca am

"We to well clear of the fleet, anyway." sald Liske ""Carrie Pitman" an' all." There was a rapping on the deck,

"Unile Salters has catched his luck,"

miltis bl. who clear." Disko offed, and all the fit isle tumi led up for a breath of fresh air. remembering what item Platt had said The fig had give, but a sullen sea ran in about taniles and models "Haven't we all git to take what's servei?"

A mutter of itssent ran round the banks ditthes which felt quite sheltered and "Outboard, yes; inblurications and happen," said Wiskis "Monty a git to making a mock of I maks, young feller"

Said starvey. To see turniled and an the first part a breath of fresh air. The "We're Here" shid as it were, into long, sank avenues and ditthes which felt quite sheltered and no melike if they would only stay still; but pen," said Wiskis "Monty a git to making they changed without rest or meres and a mock of I maks, young feller" flung up the schooner to crown one peak if a thousand gray hills, while the wind haatel fürrugh her rigging as she zigzagged down the slopes. Far away a sea would burst in a sheet of foam, and the others would follow suit as at a signal, till Harvey's eyes swam with the vision of interlaring whites and grays. Four or five Mather Carey's chalkers stormed round in harries, shricking as they swept past the hows. A rain squall or two strayed aimlessly over the hopeless waste, ran down winf and back again, and melted away.

" Seems to me I saw somethin' flicker fest natwiever vender," said Uncle Salters. painting to the hortheast

"Can't be any of the fleet," said Disko, neering under his eyebrows, a hand on the master. Darny in the said Isan, plundly, "He into the thoughts, "Sea's color over dretful fast. Danny, foot you want to skip up a first. Danny, foot you want to skip up a ritede and see how abut trawl-buoy lays?

Danny, in his big boots, trotted rather than slimbed up the main rigging (this consamed Harvey with envyy, hitched himself "In some years, and I shall see it around the reeling cross-trees, and let his Master and man—man uni master eye rove till it caught the tiny black buoyfaz in the shoulder of a mile-away swell.

"She's a'll right," be hailed, "Sail O! Dead to the nothland, comin' down like This from all the others at smoke! Schooner she be, too "

They waited yet another half-hour, the "I do not know, but so it will be." He sky clearing in patches, with a flicker of foremast lifted, ducked, and disappeared, to be followed on the next wave by a high stern with old-fashioned wooden snail's-horn davits. The sails were red tanned.

neither. Da-ad!"

"That's no French," said Disko. "Salters, your blame luck holds tighter'n a screw in a keg-head."

"You can't nowise tell fer sure." "I've eyes. It's Uncle Abishai."

"The head-king of all Jonahs," groaned Tom Platt. "O Salters, Salters, why wasn't you abed an' asleep?"

"How could I tell?" said poor Salters,

as the schooner swung up.

She might have been the very "Flying Dutchman," so foul, draggled, and unkempt was every rope and stick aboard. Her oldstyle quarterdeck was some four or five o' wind. He's in fer worse. Abishai! feet high, and her rigging flew knotted and Abishai!" He waved his arm up and tangled like weed at a wharf-end. She was running before the wind-yawing frightfully—her staysail let down to act as a sort of extra foresail, "scandalized," they call it, and her foreboom guyed out, over the side. Her bowsprit cocked up like an old-fashioned frigate's; her jib-boom had been trip, all you Gloucester haddocks. fished and spliced and nailed and clamped beyond further repair; and as she hove herself forward, and sat down on her broad tail, she looked for all the world like a blouzy, frouzy, bad old woman sneering head yelled something about a dance at at a decent girl.

"That's Abishai," said Salters. "Full o' gin an' Judique men, an' the judgments o' Providence layin' fer him an' never takin'



THERE WERE DAYS OF LIGHT AIRS, WHEN HARVEY WAS TAUGHT how to steem the schooner from one berth to another,"

patches of olive-green water. Then a stump- good holt. He's run in to bait, Miquelon

"He'll run her under," said Long Jack.

"That's no rig fer this weather."

"Not he, 'r he'd a-done it long ago," "Frenchmen!" shouted Dan. "No, 'tain't Disko replied. "Looks if he cal'lated to run us under. Ain't she daown by the head more'n natural, Tom Platt?'

"Ef it's his style o' loadin' her she ain't safe," said the sailor, slowly. "Ef she's spewed her oakum he'd better git to his pumps mighty quick."

The creature threshed up, wore round with a clatter and rattle, and lay head to

wind within ear-shot.

A gray-beard wagged over the bulwark, and a thick voice yelled something Harvey could not understand. But Disko's face darkened. "He'd resk every stick he hez to carry bad news. Says we're in fer a shift down with the gesture of a man at the pumps, and pointed forward. The crew mocked him and laughed.

"Jounce ye, an' strip ye, an' trip ye!" yelled Uncle Abishai. "A livin' gale—a livin' gale. Yah! Cast up fer your last You won't see Gloucester no more, no more!"

"Crazy full—as usual," said Tom Platt. "Wish he hadn't spied us, though."

She drifted out of hearing while the graythe Bay of Bulls and a dead man in the foc'sle. Harvey shuddered. He had seen the sloven decks and the savage-eyed crew.

"An' that's a fine little floatin' hell fer her draught," said Long Jack. "I wondher what mischief he's been at ashore.

"He's a trawler," Dan explained, "an' he runs in fer bait all along the coast. Oh no, not home, he don't go. He deals along the south an' east shore up yonder." He nodded in the direction of the pitiless Newfoundland beaches. "Dad won't never take me ashore there. They're a mighty tough crowd—an' Abishai's the toughest. You saw his boat? Well, she's nigh seventy year old, they say; the last o' the old Marblehead heel-tappers. They don't make them quarterdecks any more. Abishai don't use Marblehead, though. He ain't wanted there. He jes' drif's araound, in debt, trawlin' an' cussin' like you've heard. Bin a Jonah fer years an' years, he hez. Gits liquor frum the Feecamp boats fer makin' spells an' sellin' winds an' such truck. Crazy, I guess."

"'Twon't be any use underrunnin' the cuss us. I'd give my wage an' share to see That was liquor.' him at the gangway o' the old 'Ohio' 'fore we'd quit floggin'. Jest about six dozen, an' Sam Mocatta layin' em on criss-cross!" The dishevelled "heel-tapper" danced

drunkenly down wind, and all eyes followed her. Suddenly the cook cried in his phonohim speak so! He iss fev—fey, I tell you! Look!" She sailed into a patch of watery dropped into a hollow and—was not.

"Run under, by the Great Hook-Block!" shouted Disko, jumping aft. "Drunk or out together. sober, we've got to help 'em. Heave short

and break her out! Smart.

shock that followed the setting of the jib and foresail, for they have short on the cable, and to save time, jerked the anchor bodily from the bottom, heaving in as they moved away. This is a bit of brute force seldom resorted to except in matters of life and death, and the little "We're Here" complained like a human. They ran down to where Abishai's craft had vanished; found two or three trawl-tubs, a gin-bottle, and a picking them up. "I wouldn't hev a match that belonged to Abishai aboard. Guess she run clear under. Must ha' been spewin' her oakum fer a week, an' they never thought to pump neither. That's one more boat gone along o' leavin' port all hands drunk." "Glory be!" said Long Jack. "We'd ha'

been obliged to help 'em if they was top o'

"Fey! Fey!" said the cook, rolling his "He hass taken his own luck with eyes. him.'

"Ver' good thing, I think, to tell the fleet when we see. Eh wha-at?" said Manuel. " If you runna that way before the wind and she work open her seams-" He threw out his hands with an indescribable gesture, while Penn sat down on the house and sobbed at the sheer horror and pity of it all. Harvey could not realize that he had seen

Then Dan went up the cross-trees, and their own trawl-buoys just before the fog the split fish into the hold. blanketted the sea once again.

"We go mighty quick hereabouts when trawl to-night," said Tom Platt, with quiet we do go," was all he said to Harvey. despair. "He come alongside special to "You think on that fer a spell, young feller.

After dinner it was calm enough to fish from the decks-Penn and Uncle Salters were very zealous this time—and the catch

was large and large fish.

"Abishai has shorely took his luck with him," said Salters. "The wind hain't backed graph voice: "It was his own death made ner riz ner nothin'. How about the trawl?

I despise superstition, anyway."

Tom Platt insisted that they had much sunshine three or four miles distant. The better haul the thing and make a new berth. patch dulled and faded out, and even as But the cook said: "The luck iss in two the light passed so did the schooner. She pieces. You will find it so when you look. I know." This so tickled Long Jack that he overbore Tom Platt, and the two went

Underrunning a trawl means pulling it in on one side of the dory, picking off the fish, Harvey was thrown on the deck by the rebaiting the hooks, and passing them back to the sea again—something like pinning and unpinning linen on a wash-line. It is a lengthy business and rather dangerous; but when they heard: "And naow to thee, O Capting," booming out of the fog, the crew of the "We're Here" took heart. The dory swirled alongside well loaded; Tom Platt velling for Manuel to act as reliefboat

"The luck's cut square in two pieces," stove-in dory, but nothing more. "Let 'em said Long Jack, forking in the fish, while go," said Disko, though no one had hinted at Harvey stood open-mouthed at the skill with which the plunging dory was saved from destruction. "One half was jest punkins. Tom Platt wanted to haul her an' ha' done wid ut; but I said, 'I'll back cookie that has the second sight,' an' the other half come up sagging full o' big 'uns. Hurry, Man'nle, an' bring's a tub o' bait. There's luck afloat to-night."

The fish bit at the newly baited hooks from "Thinkin' o' that myself," said Tom which their brethren had just been taken, and Tom Platt and Long Jack moved methodically up and down the length of the trawl. the boat's nose under the wet line of hooks, stripping the sea-cucumbers that they called pumpkins, slatting off the fresh-caught cod against the gunwale, rebaiting, and loading

Manuel's dory till dusk.

"I'll take no risks," said Disko then, "not with him floatin' around so near. Abishai won't sink fer a week. Heave in the dories, an' we'll dress down after supper."

That was a mighty dressing-down, atdeath on the open waters, but he felt very sick. tended by three or four blowing grampuses. It lasted till nine o'clock, and Disko was Disko steered them back to within sight of thrice heard to chuckle as Harvey pitched

"Say, you're haulin' ahead dretful fast,"

said Dan, when they ground the knives after the men had turned in. "There's on the water, courtesying with a floursomethin' of a sea to-night, an' I hain't ish of pride, impressive enough had not heard you make no remarks on it.

"Too busy," Harvey replied, testing a blade's edge. "Come to think of it, she is a high-kicker."

The little schooner was gambolling all around her anchor among the silver-tipped as a herrin'," said Dan enthusiastically, as

waves. Backing with a start of affected surprise at the sight of the strained cable, she pounced on it like a kitten, while the spray of her descent burst through the hawse-holes with the report of a gun. Shaking her head, she would say: "Well, I'm sorry I can't stay any longer with you. I'm going North," and sidled off, halting suddenly with a dramatic rattle of her rigging. " As I was just going to ob-serve,'' she would begin, as gravely as a drunken man addressing a lamp-post. The rest of the sentence (she acted her words in dumb-show, of course) was lost in a fit of the fidgets, when



"A WHITENESS MOVED IN THE WHITENESS OF THE FOG. . . . IT WAS HIS FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE DREAD SUMMER BERG OF THE

stung by a hornet, as the whim of the sea took her.

"See her sayin' her piece. She's Patrick she is a toothpick." Henry naow," said Dan.

She swung sideways on a roller, and gesticulated with her jib-boom from port to starboard.

"But—ez—fer—me, give me liberty—er give me-death."

Wop! She sat down in the moon-path the wheel-gear sniggered mockingly in its

Harvey laughed aloud. "Why, it's just as if she was alive," he said.

"She's as stiddy as a haouse an' as dry

he was slung across the deck. "Fends 'em off an' fends 'em off, an' 'Don't ye come anigh me, she sez. Look at her-jest look at her! Sakes! You should see one o'them toothpicks histin'up her anchor on her spike outer fifteenfathom water."

"What's a toothpick, Dan?"

"Them new haddockers an' herrin' boats. Fine's a yacht forward, with yacht sterns to 'em, an' spike bowsprits, an' a haouse that ud take our hold. I've heard that Burgess himself he made the models for three or four of 'em. Dad's sot agin 'em on account o' their pitchin' an' joltin', but there's heaps o' money in 'cm.

she behaved exactly like a puppy chewing Dad can find fish, but he ain't no ways a string, a clumsy woman in a side-saddle, progressive—he don't go with the march a hen with her head cut off, or a cow o' the times. They're chock full o' laborsavin' jigs an' such all. Ever seed the 'Elector' o' Gloucester? She's a daisy, ef

"What do they cost, Dan?"

"Hills o' dollars. Fifteen thousand, p'haps; more, mebbe. There's gold leaf an' everything you kin think of." himself, half under his breath, "Guess I'd call her 'Hattie S.,' too."

CHAPTER V.

saw a lock of her hair-which Dan, finding him first how to "fly the blue pigeon" watch rather worse than sleeping. Harvey the unseen board. was no match for Dan physically, but it says

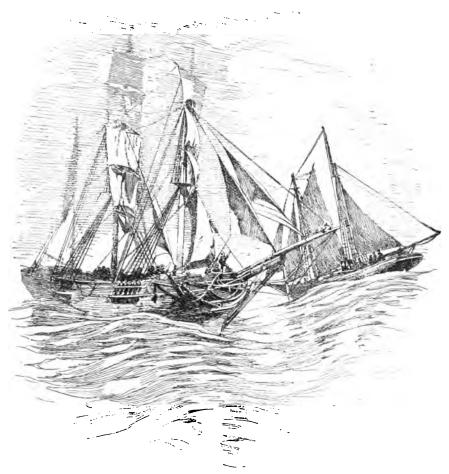
wrists, where the wet jersey and oilskins cut the fishing-flect. into the flesh. The salt water stung them the mark of the caste that claimed him.

bother his head with too much thinking. der, guying the cook, who had accused him and Dan of hooking fried pies, it occurred to smoking-room of a hired liner.

the chief engineer of the liner could have done no more. The said "hog-yoke," an Eldridge chart, the farming almanac, THAT was the first of many talks with Blunt's "Coast Pilot," and Bowditch's Dan, who told him why he would transfer "Navigator," were all the weapons Disko his dory's name to the imaginary Burgess- needed to guide him, except the deep-sea modelled haddocker. Harvey heard a good lead that was his spare eye. Harvey nearly deal about the real Hattie at Gloucester; slew Penn with it when Tom Platt taught fair words of no avail, had "hooked" as she and, though his strength was not equal to sat in front of him at school that winter—and continuous sounding in any sort of a sea, a photograph. Hattie was about fourteen for calm weather on shoal water Disko years old, with an awful contempt for boys, used him freely. As Dan said: "'Tain't and had been trampling on Dan's heart soundin's dad wants. It's samples. Grease through the winter. All this was revealed her up good, Harve." Harvey would tallow under oath of solemn secrecy on moonlit the cup at the end, and carefully bring decks, in the dead dark, or in choking fog; the sand, shell, sludge, or whatever it might the whining wheel behind them, the climb- be, to Disko, who fingered and smelt it and ing deck before, and without, the unresting, then gave judgment. As has been said, clamorous sea. Once, of course, as the boys when Disko thought of cod he thought as a came to know each other, there was a fight, cod; and by some mysterious mixture of which raged from bow to stern, till Penn instinct and experience, moved the "We're came up and separated them, but promised Here" from berth to berth, always with the not to tell Disko, who thought fighting on fish, as a blindfolded chess-player moves on

But his board was the Grand Bank—a tria great deal for his new training that he angle of two hundred and fifty miles on each took his defeat and did not try to get even side—a waste of wallowing sea, cloaked with his conqueror by underhand methods, with dank fog, vexed with gales, harried That was after he had been cured of with drifting ice, scored by the tracks of the a string of boils between his elbows and reckless liners, and dotted with the sails of

For days they worked in fog—Harvey at unpleasantly, but Dan treated them when the bell—till grown familiar with the thick they were ripe with Disko's razor, and as- airs, he went out with Tom Platt, his heart sured Harvey that now he was a "blooded rather in his mouth. But the fog would not Banker." The affliction of gurry-sores was lift, and the fish were biting, and no one can be helplessly afraid for six hours at a time. Being a boy and very busy, he did not Harvey devoted himself to his lines and the gaff or gob-stick as Tom Platt called for But one day, as he stood on the foc'sle lad- them; and they rowed back to the schooner guided by the bell and Tom's instinct; Manuel's conch sounding thin and faint behim that this was a vast improvement on side them. But it was an unearthly experitaking snubbings from strangers in the ence, and, for the first time in a month, Harvey dreamed of the shifting, smoking He was a recognized part of the scheme floor of water round the dory, the lines of things on the "We're Here"; had his that strayed away into nothing, and the air place at the table and among the bunks; above that melted on the sea below ten feet and could hold his own in the long talks on from his straining eyes. A few days later stormy days, when the others were always he was out with Manuel on what should have ready to listen to what they called his been forty-fathom bottom, but the whole "fairy tales" of his life ashore. He knew length of the roding ran out and still the where Disko kept the old green-crusted anchor found nothing, and Harvey grew quadrant, that they called the "hog-yoke"— mortally afraid, for that his last touch with under the bed-bag in his bunk. When he earth was lost. "Whale-hole," said Manuel, took the sun, and with the help of a "Robert hauling in. "That is good joke on Disko. B. Thomas" almanac, found the latitude, Come!" and he rowed to the schooner to Harvey would jump down into the cabin find Tom Platt and the others jeering at and scratch the reckoning and date with a the skipper because, for once, he had led nail on the rust of the stove pipe. Now, them to the edge of the barren Whale



'HI! SAY! ARRETEZ VOUS! ATTENDEZ! NOUS SOMMES VENANT POUR TABAC.' 'AH, TABAC, TABAC!'"

Deep, the blank hole of the Grand Bank, ing that it would break a snake's back to fol-They made another berth through the fog, low the wake. But, as usual, pride ran before and that time the hair of Harvey's head a fall. They were sailing on the wind with stood up when he went out in Manuel's the stay-sail—an old one, luckily—set, and dory. A whiteness moved in the whiteness Harvey jammed her right into it to show Dan of the fog with a breath like the breath of how completely he had mastered the art. the grave, and there was a roaring, a plung- The fore-sail went over with a bang, and the ing, and spouting. It was his first introduction to the dread summer berg of the stay-sail, which was, of course, prevented Bank, and he cowered in the bottom of the boat while Manuel laughed. There were days, though, clear and soft and warm, when it seemed a sin to do anything but loaf over few days under Tom Platt's lee, learning to the hand-lines and spank the drifting "sun- use a needle and palm. Dan hooted with scalds" with an oar; and there were days joy, for, as he said, he had made the very of light airs, when Harvey was taught how same blunder himself in his early days. to steer the schooner from one berth to another.

That was magnificent, in spite of Disko say- "Ohio" stride along the deck.

fore-gaff stabbed and ripped through the from going over by the main-stay. They lowered the wreck in awful silence, and Harvey spent his leisure hours for the next

Boylike, Harvey imitated all the men by turns, till he had combined Disko's peculiar It thrilled through him when he first felt stoop at the wheel, Long Jack's swinging the keel answer to his hand on the spokes and overhand when the lines were hauled, slide over the long hollows as the foresail Manuel's round-shouldered but effective scythed back and forth against the blue sky. stroke in a dory, and Tom Platt's generous

"'Tis beautiful to see how he takes to ut," moral o' things. lay my wage an' share 'tis more'n half play- 'll believe he's a rich man. Yah!" actin' to him an' he consates himself he's a back now!

Platt. "The boys they make believe all the say, an makes out he's a fisherman!" time till they've cheated 'emselves into bein' men, an' so till they die—pretendin' an' pre- expense. tendin'. I done it on the old 'Ohio,' I know. Stood my first watch—harbor-watch—feelin' finer in Farragut. Dan's full o' the same kind o' notions. See 'em now, actin' to be genewine moss-backs-every hair a ropevarn an' blood Stockholm tar." He spoke down the cabin stairs. "Guess you're mis- this day. took in your judgments fer once, Disko. What in Rome made we tell us all here the fig. Caught a few fish.

"July 19. This day comes in with light

loon when he come aboard; but I'll say he's

"Tother night he told us abaout a kid of his own size steerin' a cunnin' little rig an' four 'twas, an' givin' suppers to a crowd o' sim'lar kids. Cur'us kind o' fairy-tale, but blame or twice he suggested that, if it was not an interestin'. He knows scores of 'em."

head," Disko called from the cabin, where throat at the mere notion, reminded him that he was busy with the log-book. "Stands he was not a preacher and mustn't think of to reason that sort is all made up. It don't such things. "We'd hev him rememberin'

silence: he was a Cape Cold man, and had on end sometimes, though he played checknot known that tale more than twenty eas, listened to the songs, and laughed at years. Untile balters went in with a rasp- the stories. When they tried to stir him up,

was jest right, charut Lirin', 'Ha'af on ingit say. My head feels quite empty. I've the tallar,' he said, 'an' tilther ha'af blame almost forgotten my name." He would finely and they told me she's married a light turn to Uncle Salters with an expectant man Simien Peter Calh, un he hadnit no

reef to his mouth, an' talked that way."

"He didn't talk any Pennsylvania Dutch,"
Tem Platt replied "You'd better leave a Cape man to tell that tale. The Calhouns was gypsies frum way back."

"Why, Pennsylvania Pram," Salters would "Why, Pennsylvania Pram," Salters would shout "No-never." Penn would say, shutting his lops frumly, "Pennsylvania Pratt, of course," he would repeat over and over.

That's jest abaout what said Long Jack, when Harvey was looking aour Harve be! Ha'af on the town, an' out by the windlass one thick noon. "I'll t'other ha'af blame fool; an' there's some

"Did ve ever think how sweet 'twould be bowld mariner. Watch his little bit av a to sail wid a full crew o' Salterses?" said Long Jack. "Ha'af in the furrer an' other "That's the way we all begin," said Tom ha af in the muck-heap, as Ca houn did not

A little laugh went round at Salters's

Disko held his tongue, and wrought over the log-book that he kept in a hatchet-faced, square hand: this was the kind of thing that ran on, page after soiled page:

"July 17. This day thick fog and few fish. Made berth to northward. So ends

"July 18. This day comes in with thick

"He wuz," Disko replied. "Crazy ez a breeze from N. E. and fine weather. Made a berth to eastward. Caught plenty fish.

sobered up considible sense. I cured him." "July 20. This, the Sabbath, comes in "He yarns good," said Tom Platt. with fig and light winds. So ends this day.

Total fish caught this week, 3.478."

They never worked on Sundays, but ponies up an down Toledo, Ohio, I think shaved, and washed themselves if it were fine, and Pennsylvania sang hymns. Once impertinence, he thought he could preach a "Guess he strikes 'em outen his own little. Uncle Salters nearly jumped down his take in no one but Dan, an he laughs at it. Johnstown next," Salters explained, "an' I've heard him, behind my back." what would happen then?" So they com-"Y'ever hear what Sim'on Peter Ca'houn promised on his reading aloud from a book said when they whacked up a match 'twix' called "Josephus." It was an old leather-his sister Hitty an' Lorin' Jerauld, an' the bound volume, smelling of a hundred trips, boys put up that fike on him daywn to very solid and very like the Bible, but en-George's?" drawled Uncle Salters, who was livened with accounts of battles and sieges; dripping peaceably under the lee of the and they read it nearly from cover to cover. Starboard dury-nest.

Otherwise Penn was a silent little body. Otherwise Penn was a silent little body. Tem Platt puffel at his pipe in seemful. He would not utter a word for three days he would answer: "I don't wish to seem "Similar Peter Calbrum he said, and he unneighborly, but it is because I have nothsiii.e.

"Wal, I don't profess to be any eloou- So betimes it was Uncle Salters who forgot, tionist," Salters said. "I'm comin to the and told him he was Haskins or Rich or till next time.

still day, managed to shin up to the mainderision to the nearest schooner. and treated him, like the rest of the crew, sobered young blood.

thumbed and pricked chart, which, he said, laid over any government publication whatsoever; led him, pencil in hand, from berth to berth over the whole string of banks-Green, and Grand-talking "cod" mean- their horses there in the summer and enterwhich the "hog-yoke" was worked.

In this Harvey excelled Dan, for he had inherited a head for figures, and the notion of stealing information from a glimpse of the sullen Bank sun appealed to all his keen capped him. As Disko said, he should have begun when he was ten. Dan could Salters had a gurry-sore on his palm, could dress-down by sense of touch. He could the "We're Here" just when she needed it. Harvey.

Still there was a good deal of general information flying about the schooner on stormy days, when they lay up in the fospare eye-bolts, leads, and rings rolled and

McVitty; but Penn was equally content— rockets that went off wrong-end-first and bombarded the trembling crews; of cutting He was always very tender with Harvey, in and boiling down, and the terrible "nip' whom he pitied both as a lost child and as of '71, when twelve hundred men were made a lunatic; and when Salters saw Penn liked homeless on the ice in three days-wonthe boy, he relaxed, too. Salters was not an derful tales, all true. But more wonderful amiable person (he esteemed it his business still were his stories of the cod, and how to keep the boys in order); and the first they argued and reasoned on their private time Harvey, in fear and trembling, on a businesses deep down below the keel. Long Jack's tastes ran more to the supernatural. truck (Dan was behind him ready to help), He held them silent with ghastly stories of he esteemed it his duty to hang Salters's big the "Yo-hoes" on Monomoy Beach, that sea-boots up there—a sight of shame and mock and terrify lonely clam-diggers; of With sand-walkers and dune-haunters who were Disko, Harvey took no liberties; not even never properly buried; of hidden treasure when the old man dropped direct orders, on Fire Island guarded by the spirits of Kidd's men; of ships that sailed in the fog to "don't you want to do so and so?" and slap over Truro township; of that harbor "guess you'd better," and so forth. There in Maine where no one but a stranger will was something about the clean-shaven lips lie at anchor twice in a certain place because and the puckered corners of the eyes that of a dead crew who row alongside at midnight with the anchor in the bow of their Disko showed him the meaning of the old-fashioned boat, whistling—not calling, but whistling—for the soul of the man who broke their rest.

Harvey had a notion that the east coast of his native land, from Mount Desert south, Le Have, Western, Banquereau, St. Pierre, was populated chiefly by people who took Taught him, too, the principle on tained in country-houses with hardwood floors and Vantine portières. He laughed at the ghost tales-not as much as he would have done a month before—but ended by sitting still and shuddering.

Tom Platt dealt with his interminable wits. In other sea-matters, his age handi- trip round the Horn on the old "Ohio" in the flogging days; with a navy more extinct than the dodo—the navy that passed away bait up trawl or lay his hand on any rope in the great war. He told them how redin the dark; and at a pinch, when Uncle hot shot are dropped into a cannon, a wad of wet clay between them and the cartridge; how they sizzle and reek when steer in anything short of half a gale by they strike wood, and how the little ship's the feel of the wind on his face, humoring boys of the "Miss Jim Buck" hove water over them and shouted to the fort to These things he did as automatically as he try again. And he told tales of blockade skipped about the rigging, or made his dory long weeks of swaying at anchor—varied a part of his own will and body. But he only by the departure and return of steamcould not communicate his knowledge to ers who had used up their coal (there was no change for the sailing-ships); of gales and cold—cold that kept two hundred men, night and day, pounding and chopping at the ice on cable, blocks, and rigging, when c'sle or sat on the cabin lockers, where the galley was as red-hot as the fort's shot, and men drank cocoa by the bucket. rattled in the pauses of the talk. Disko Tom Platt had no use for steam. His spoke of whaling voyages in the fifties; service closed when that thing was comof great she-whales slain beside their young; paratively new. He admitted that it was a of death agonies on the black, tossing seas, specious invention in time of peace, but and blood that spurted forty feet in the air; looked hopefully for the day when sails of boats smashed to splinters; of patent should come back again on ten-thousandton frigates with hundred-and-ninety-foot was closely watched-"scrowged upon," booms.

in the dry beds of streams, by moonlight, mission in life was to prove the value of his finger at Harvey, to whom it was all Greek. Little Penn was so genuinely pained when Harvey made fun of Salters's lectures that the boy gave it up and suffered in polite silence.

conversations. As a rule, he only spoke when it was absolutely necessary; but at was specially communicative with the boys, some poor ground for a change, then." and he never withdrew his prophecy that one day Harvey would be Dan's master and that he would see it. He told them of mail-carrying in the winter up Cape Breton way, of the dog-train that goes to Coudray, his soul would go to lie down on a warm. Old Virgin.' white beach of sand with palm-trees waving taste; and this always made the "second by consequence.

But while Harvey was taking in knowlkenches of well-pressed fish mounted higher note is as that of a consumptive elephant. and higher in the hold. No one day's work days were many and close together.

Dan called it—by his neighbors, but he had Manuel's talk was slow and gentle—all a very pretty knack of giving them the slip about pretty girls in Madeira washing clothes through the curdling, glidy fog-banks. Disko avoided company for two reasons. under waving bananas; legends of saints, He wished to make his own experiments, in and tales of queer dances or fights away in the first place; and in the second, he obthe cold Newfoundland baiting-ports. Sal- jected to the mixed and curious gathering ters was mainly agricultural, for, though of a fleet of all nations. The bulk of them he read "Josephus" and expounded it, his were mainly Gloucester boats, with a scattering from Provincetown, Harwich, Chatham, green manures, and specially of clover, and some of the Maine ports, but the crews against every form of phosphate whatso- drew from goodness knows where. Risk ever. He grew libellous about phosphates; breeds recklessness, and when greed is he dragged greasy "Orange Judd" books added, there are fine chances for every kind from his bunk and intoned them, wagging of accident in the crowded fleet, which, like a mob of sheep, is huddled round some unrecognized leader. "Let the two Jeraulds lead 'em," said Disko. "We're baound to lay among 'em fer a spell on the Eastern Shoals; though ef luck holds, we won't hev The cook naturally did not join in these to lay long. Where we are naow, Harve, ain't considered noways good ground."

"Ain't it?" said Harvey, who was drawtimes a queer gift of speech descended on ing water (he had learned just how to wighim, and he held forth, half in Gaelic, half gle the bucket), after an unusually long in broken English, an hour at a time. He dressing-down. "Shouldn't mind striking

"All the ground I want to see-don't want to strike her-is Eastern Point," said Dan. "Say, dad, it looks 's if we wouldn't hev to lay more'n two weeks on the Shoals. You'll meet all the comp'ny you want then, and of the steamer "Arctic," that breaks Harve. That's the time we begin to work, the ice between the mainland and Prince No reg'lar meals fer no one then. 'Mug-up Edward Island. Then he told them stories when ye're hungry, an' sleep when ye can't that his mother had told him, of life far keep awake. Good job you wasn't picked down to the southward, where water never up a month later than you was or we'd froze; and he said that when he died never ha' had you dressed in shape fer the

Harvey understood from the Eldridge above. That seemed to the boys a very chart that the Old Virgin and a nest of odd idea for a man who had never seen a curiously named shoals were the turningpalm in his life. Then, too, regularly at point of the cruise, and that with good luck each meal, he would ask Harvey, and Har- they would wet the balance of their salt vey alone, whether the cooking was to his there. But seeing the size of the Virgin (it was one tiny dot), he wondered how half "laugh. But they had a great respect even Disko with the hog-yoke and the lead for the cook's judgment, and in their hearts could find her. He learned later that Disko considered Harvey something of a mascot was entirely equal to that and any other business, and could even help others. A big four-by-five blackboard hung in the edge of new things at each pore and hard cabin, and Harvey never understood the health with every gulp of the good air, the need of it till, after some blinding thick "We're Here" went her ways and did her days, they heard the unmelodious tooting business on the Bank, and the silvery gray of a foot-power fog-horn—a machine whose

They were making a short berth; towing was out of the common, but the average the anchor under their foot to save trouble. " Square-rigger bellowin' fer his latitude," Naturally, a man of Disko's reputation said Long Jack. The dripping red headsails of a bark glided out of the fog, and the "We're Here" rang her bell thrice, using sea shorthand.

clamor and shoutings.

"Frenchman," said Uncle Salters, scornfully. "Miquelon boat from St. Malo." The farmer had a weatherly sea-eye. "I'm

most outer 'baccy, too, Disko.'
"Same here," said Tom said Tom Platt. "Hi! Backez vous-backez vous! Standez away ez, you butt-ended mucho-bono! Where you

from-St. Malo, eh?"

"Ah, ha! Mucho bono! Oui! oui! Clos Poulet—St. Malo! St. Pierre et Miquelon," cried the other crowd, waving woollen caps and laughing. Then all together, "Bord! Bord!'

me how them Frenchmen fetch anywheres, exceptin' America's fairish broadly. Fortysix forty-nine's good enough fer them; an' I guess it's abaout right, too.'

Dan chalked the figures on the board, and they hung it in the main-rigging to a

chorus of Mercis from the bark.

"Seems kinder unneighborly to let 'em swedge off like this," Salters suggested, feel-

ing in his pockets.

"Hev ye learned French then sense last trip?" said Disko. "I don't want no more stone-ballast hove at us 'long o' your callin' Miquelon boats 'footy cochins,' same's you did off Le Have."

" Harmon Rush he said that was the way to rise 'em. Plain United States is good enough fer me. We're all dretful short on terbakker.

Young feller, don't you speak French?"
"Oh, yes;" said Harvey valiantly; and he "Oh, yes;" said Harvey valiantly; and he bawled: "Hi! Say! Arretez vous! Attendez! Nous sommes venant pour tabac."

"Ah, tabac, tabac / " they cried, and

laughed again.

"That hit 'em. Let's heave a dory over, anyway," said Tom Platt. "I don't exactly hold no certificates on French, but I know Harve, an' interpret."

The raffle and confusion when he and Harvey were hauled up the bark's black side was indescribable. Her cabin was all The larger boat backed her topsail with stuck round with glaring colored prints of the Virgin—the Virgin of Newfoundland, they called her. Harvey found his French of no recognized brand, and his conversation was limited to nods and grins. But Tom Platt waved his arms and got along swimmingly. The captain gave him a drink of unspeakable gin, and the opera-comique crew, with their hairy throats, red caps, and long knives, greeted him as a brother. Then the trade began. They had tobacco, plenty of it-American, that had never paid duty to France. They wanted chocolate and crackers. Harvey rowed back to arrange with the cook and Disko, who owned "Bring up the board, Danny. Beats the stores, and on his return the cocoa-tins and cracker-bags were counted out by the Frenchman's wheel. It looked like a piratical division of loot; but Tom Platt came out of it roped with black pigtail and stuffed with cakes of chewing and smoking tobacco. Then these jovial mariners swung off into the mist, and the last Harvey heard was a gay chorus:

> " Par derrière chez ma tante, Il y a un bois joli, Et le rossignol y chante Et le jour et la nuit . Que donneriez vous, belle, Õui l'amenerait ici? le donnerai Ouébec. Sorel et Saint Denis."

"How was it my French didn't go and your sign talk did?" Harvey demanded when the barter had been distributed among the "We're Heres.'

"Sign talk!" Platt guffawed. "Well, yes, 'twas sign talk, but a heap older 'n your French, Harve. Them French boats are chock full o' Freemasons, an' that's why.'

"Are you a Freemason then?"

"Look's that way, don't it?" said the man-o'-war's man, stuffing his pipe; and another lingo that goes, I guess. Come on, Harvey had another mystery of the deep sea to brood upon.

(To be continued.)



THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE.

By Lida Rose McCabe.



palatial country seat on the disasters. Pacific Siope. A knock at

on his parchment-like face. His hair and and charged half a score of men, several moustache were snow-white. High cheek of them prominent in the business and bones, and a receding forehead, em-social circles of Cincinnati, with loading phasized by bushy eye-brows from which the "Martha Washington" with simupeered restless steel-gray eyes, completed lated freight and then causing her to be a striking personality.

Kissane," said the officer.

answered: "Drive round to that clump of large, he was favorably known as a proscucalvptus and I will send him to you.'

the eucalyptus trees was soon rejoined by dence furnished by him, twelve arrests the same man of military bearing, who were made, and a preliminary hearing held said: "I am William Kissane."

identified with either the crime or the trial have passed away.

A steamer called "Martha Washing-California. In her cabin were thirty passpite the loss of sixteen lives, together ability was soon given an interest in the

T nightfall in May, 1887, an with the cargo, the catastrophe excited no officer of the law halted at a more comment at the time than many like

Towards the close of the same year, the door was answered by a however, there appeared before P. B. tall man of military bearing. Wilcox, United States Commissioner at Fraces of trouble were graven Columbus, Ohio, one Sidney C. Burton, set on fire, for the purpose of defrauding "I have papers from the United States the insurance companies whose policies Court which I wish to serve on William they held on the steamer and her cargo. At Cleveland, Ohio, where Burton carried The other turned deathly pale, and on business, and in the mercantile world at perous dealer in wool and sheepskins. The officer did as requested, and under On the strength of his charges and evibefore the Commissioner. Foremost The officer then served a summons to among the accused was Captain Cumappear in court and answer to a charge of mings, the owner of the "Martha Washguilt for a crime committed thirty years ington." He was a typical Mississippi before. "All right, all right," said the steamboat commander of the old time, other hurriedly; "I acknowledge service. daring, handsome, and popular. His Please excuse my not asking you into the home was at Grand Cove, Louisiana. house. We are all broken down." And During the Mexican War, in company with feebly he retraced his steps across the lawn. one Lyman Cole, a man named Holland, and four brothers named Chapin, to whose No romance surpasses in dramatic inter- sister he was married, the captain had est the adventures of this hero of the plied the waters of the Rio Grande, traffick-"Martha Washington" case. To recall ing with the army. Not the least of the that famous trial is to revivify a phase of ventures of the partners was a gambling American civilization now almost obliter- den on the Rio Grande. The close of the ated. It is nearly half a century since war found them all in Cincinnati, where the singular crime which the trial revealed the Chapins, forming a partnership with a was perpetrated, and most of the persons young man from the East, embarked in the manufacture of boots and shoes, under the firm name of Filley and Chapin.

They employed some 200 men in their ton" left the Cincinnati docks late in the factory, and carried on for a time the night of January 7, 1852. She was heavily largest boot and shoe business in that freighted with a cargo consigned to New city. Soon the Chapins formed a friend-Orleans and the markets of Texas and ship with their business neighbors, Smith and Kissane, leading candle-makers and sengers. When seven days out, on the pork merchants. Kissane, young, shrewd, coldest night known to river men, she and clever, had been employed in the great burned to the water's edge, off Island pork house of Pugh and Johnson as book-Sixty-five, in the Mississippi River. De- keeper, and in recognition of his business

management of all the outside transactions mings insured the steamer for \$4,500, of the firm. The business of his life had taking the policy in the name of his necessitated almost constant association pilot, Lewis Choate, in order to avoid

with river men. There was little of their traffic with which he was not familiar. In this way he learned that great profits might be made by shipping consignments large of miscellaneous merchandise to Texas and California. On the Pacific coast at that period—shortly after the discovery of gold -Hungarian boots, which were out of style in the Cincinnati market, sold for fortyeight dollars a pair. Other merchandise brought proportionate prices.

In time Kissane became acquainted with Captain Cummings, who, since the Mexican War, had been lounging about Filley

and deeper meaning.

firm, with whom he remained until 1849, leather; sheepskins; boxes of boots, when their pork house was destroyed by shoes, and hats; candles, pork, whiskey, fire, under suspicious circumstances. Then brandy, brooms, and barrels of oil. The Kissane formed a partnership with Smith. shippers then took out insurance amount-In his new venture Kissane had the ing in all to \$300,000, while Captain Cum-

trouble with old credi-

The unusual severity of the winter had

greatly interfered with river traffic. The "Martha Washington" was the first steamer to go down the river after the breaking of the ice. Contrary to the design of the conspirators, thirty persons sought passage on the illfated steamer, and sixteen of them perished. To Holland, the boatswain, the conspirators intrusted the burning of the boat. How well he did his hellish work, how skilfully every step was covered, was fully revealed at the trial of the conspirators.

In all probability and Chapin's store and the Cincinnati the crime would never have been dedocks, without apparent occupation. In tected but for the dogged perseverance some manner he even became the captain's of Sidney Burton. He was a heavy credicreditor for \$2,000. In December, 1851, tor of Filley and Chapin. Shortly be-Cummings bought the "Martha Washing- fore the sailing of the "Martha Washington," a well-known steamboat that had ton" he went to Cincinnati, and there seen much service. Kissane showed much learned for the first time that the firm interest in the purchase. In his insinuating had failed, and that Lyman Cole had way, which never failed to win confidence, possession of the stock. The preceding he communicated to the Chapins his idea of fall he had sold the firm 162 dozen sheepthe profit of shipping goods to Texas and skins, and at the same time had stored in California. The firm of Filley and Chapin the firm's warehouse 182 dozen more which had at this time failed, assigning to one of belonged to him. When he demanded the its creditors, Lyman Cole. The Chapins, money for the skins he had sold and the themselves men of limited business sa- return of those he had stored, the firm gacity, foresaw in Kissane's suggestions a refused to pay him what was owing him or profitable way of disposing of their stock, to return the skins he had left in store. while Lyman Cole, the assignee, a daring Burton returned home smarting under the adventurer and a man of brains and ill-treatment. Some time afterwards he resource, detected in them even a further met in New York City one of the Chapins, who told him he was there trying to get Before the "Martha Washington" set \$10,000 insurance, due, as he claimed, out on her first voyage under the com- on goods lost on the "Martha Washing-mand of Captain Cummings, she took on ton." He said the insurance companies apparently an immense cargo-rolls of had treated his firm badly and were giving



JOHN McLEAN, THE JUDGE BEFORE WHOM THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE WAS TRIED.

have the policy.

pany, where he was shown the application. Railroads had barely begun to weave their

The policies, he discovered, had been taken out on the very sheepskins which he had stored with Filley and Chapin, and which he knew were in the factory at the time. Further developments convinced him that the whole cargo shipped on the lost steamer was simulated. He communicated his misgivings to the insurance companies, who had already paid \$60,000 of the sum claimed; and aided by the companies and his private fortune of \$50,000, he set out to run down the conspirators.

The final trial took place at Columbus, Ohio, October, 1853, before Judge John

veloped into an immense popular sensation. The array of legal talent engaged was brilliant. The defendants were represented by Judge T. Walker and John Kebler of Cincinnati; Judge N. H. Swayne, later Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court; Samuel Galloway, a close friend and adviser of Abraham Lincoln in the darkest days of the exceptional power and a good appetite for war; Ex-Governor Morehead of Ken- brandy. Three times a day he empties a tucky; George E. Pugh, a distinguished tumbler. member of Congress; George H. Pendleand the elder Thomas Ewing, first Secretary of the Interior. The government was represented by United States Attorney Morton of Cleveland, Ohio, and Henry he resigned to defend Johnson in the ers are their wives, mothers, sisters, or

it much trouble. He even offered to pay famous impeachment trial. Four hundred Burton his claim against the firm-\$3,000 witnesses were summoned from towns along -if he would help him recover the insur- the Rio Grande, Mississippi, and Ohio rivance. He refused, however, to let him ers, while curious spectators came in crowds from far and near, travelling often with Burton's suspicions were aroused. He much discomfort. It was still the day of went to the office of the insurance com- flatboats, saddle-bags, and stage-coaches.

> serpentine network across the country.



Enter the west door of the quaint old courtroom. Against the east wall rises the judge's bench, a high, wooden structure not unlike the pulpit of a mediæval village church. With all the solemnity of old-time court dignity sits Judge McLean
—a large, imposing gentleman of the old school, his thin, long silver hair lending a patriarchal halo to a fine head. In obedience to the impulse of age and the tradi-

tions of the Ohio bench, and despite the forensic brilliancy of the attorneys and McLean. It continued a month, and de- the harrowing testimony of witnesses, he indulges, at intervals, in nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. In front of the judge's bench sits Ewing, towering like a giant among his fellows, Swayne, Walker, and Pugh, all solid, remarkable men. Conspicuous always is the short thick body and Napoleonic head of Judge Walker. Quick, shrewd, brilliant, he is a lawyer of

Every eye, every ear is strained when ton, subsequently Minister to Germany; without is heard the rumbling of the old T. J. Gallagher; O. Brown; R. H. Stone; omnibus which pulls up daily at the court General Durbin Ward, long a leading orato deposit the prisoners. Their hands and tor and counsellor of the Ohio Democracy; feet are heavily ironed. A cheer of approval or rumble of dissatisfaction from the crowd at the door rends the air as they disappear within the court, followed by lawyers, jurors, and prominent witnesses, Stanbery, afterwards Attorney-General in all of whom live as one family at the President Johnson's Cabinet, from which neighboring hotel. Attending the prison-



HENRY STANBERY, ATTORNEY FOR THE PROSECUTION IN THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE,

sympathetic admiration.

defendants take their seats. annals of piratical daring might have Washington,' you would not blame me. I stepped Lyman Cole, a large, commanding am sure I would have killed the incendi-

dark eyes, long moustache, and heavy beard. While the most damaging evidence is given, he coolly adjusts his gold-rimmed glasses and calmly surveys the witness. In complete contrast to Cole is Kissane,-tall, slender, graceful. with wavy blond hair, sunny blue eyes, pleasing manner, and voice of irresistible persuasiveness. He smiles often on his pretty sister and trusting mother, the latter a beautiful old Irish lady, who follows his interests with all a mother's watchful love. Farther back are seen the rugged face of Captain Cummings and the younger, but less

broke out.

"I stood at the wheel until a line was visitors are scarcely less moved. made fast to a tree. There was no person alive in the cabin when the boat struck seemed scarcely possible that a steamer the shore. I could hear the glass rattling should float with so large a cargo as it like hail in the burning cabin, where the was claimed that the "Martha Washing-flames roared like a tornado. I jumped ton" had on board. The ablest matheashore from the pilot-house—a hard spring matician of the country testified that no it was; I struck partly in the water and steamer could possibly float with such a partly on shore. All the passengers who cargo. In direct contradiction to this ever got ashore did so at the instant the testimony, old river men swore that it was steamer struck the bank. Yes," he adds impossible to overload a steamer. The in a tragic voice, "if I had believed that prosecution introduced testimony tending Captain Cummings set the boat on fire, to show that the boxes represented as con-

sweethearts. Handsome, dashing women, I would have taken his life that night. becomingly attired, they never fail to win If you," addressing Mr. Stanbery, who stands erect and alert, the very Bayard of The hum of conversation ceases. The the bar, "had seen the misery, the suffer-From the ing, that night, on board the 'Martha man, with hair as black as a raven's wing, ary on the spot. It was the coldest night

I ever saw in that country. No one could quench the flames. As well describe a hurricane as that fire, so fierce, so swift was the destruction it wrought. In less than a minute after the engineer shouted back to me that there was no fire, the flames flashed ten or twelve feet above the hurricane deck. The cabin of the boat had been painted over, God only knows how often -perhaps twenty times. It was not the coal-tar paint on the chimneys I smelled; it was a pine and turpentine smell."

The thread dropped by the pilot

is now picked up by agreeable, face of Holland, the boatswain, Captain Cummings, who revivifies that to whom was intrusted the burning of the fatal night by telling how he strove to On the witness-stand is the save two children by grasping their long pilot, Lewis Choate. "I was at the wheel hair and dragging them through the when the 'Martha Washington' burned," flames, until the smoke drove him back. says he. "Captain Cummings was with He lost his hold, and the children, fallme in the pilot-house. I remarked that I ing through the flames, disappeared in smelled fire. The captain looked about, the dark, icy bosom of the Mississippi, and said there was no fire. He went down
The tears stream down his weatherbeaten stairs, however, and immediately the flames face as he tells his story, while judge, counsel, jury, and the whole crowd of

Many complicated points arose.



THOMAS EWING, ONE OF THE ATTORNEYS FOR THE DE-FENCE IN THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE.

defence by presenting at the decisive bling-house on the Rio Grande. One day moment the testimony of the father of as he sat dealing faro there, his affianced

Chapin's partner Filley. Before the conspiracy was fully detected, Filley himself had died. was a man of delicate constitution, and the crime so weighed on his conscience as to hasten his death. He made a deathbed confession of the whole plot to his father, in the presence of witnesses. This gave the testimony of the father the highest interest, and the prosecution eagerly awaited his arrival. But at Buffalo, while on his way to the trial, Filley the father was seized by masked men, gagged, and spirited to Canada, where he was concealed in a cellar until after a verdict had been rendered.

In the beginning of the trial, newspaper reporters were excluded by the court, and for some time spirited war waged be-

he won his famous soubriquet of "Sunset." ever seen in a Western court.

The jury was chosen with difficulty. During their five weeks' service the members of it were assailed on every side by accused. By every art possible to youth, beauty, and wit, and the reckless abandon of lives largely spent in the companionship vengeance on every one who had testified of adventurers, were they approached, against them, was now the ambition of the "If you do not go into that jury-room and vote 'not guilty,' in an hour you will be a dead man," said the wife of Captain Stanbery was blown open and all the Cummings, confronting an aged juror on papers of the case removed. Nine witthe staircase. Sprung from an old and nesses met violent deaths. One was shot

taining boots and shoes were filled with a singularly beautiful, brilliant, dashing scraps of old leather, sand, and sawdust, woman. As Olive Chapin she had gone in and that the reputed barrels of oil and early girlhood to the West, and become brandy were nothing more than so much enamoured of the picturesque river captain. Cummings did not see fit to marry her, and The prosecution designed to shatter the went off to Mexico and opened his gam-

presented herself. guised in man's attire and armed with a brace of pistols, she had made her way without detection to the Rio Grande. She was a skilled shot, and could hit a dollar across a room. Levelling a pistol at the recreant lover's head, she said in a short, sharp voice, "Captain Cummings, marry me, or take this in your head." The astounded captain replied, "Why, Ollie, my dear, is that you? The marriage ceremony was performed that day.

Tears were the weapons that Lyman Cole's equally handsome wife employed, while smiles sufficed Kissane's pretty sister and fond mother. The jury were a week in coming to a verdict. Finally, on Monday after-

noon, November 14, 1853, tween the judge and the press. With char- they pronounced the defendants "not acteristic persistency the reporters finally guilty." The verdict was received, on the gained admittance. In the vanguard was part of the accused and their friends, S. S. Cox, for many years a leading mem- with tears, smiles, laughter, sobs of relief, ber of Congress from New York, then on and cries of joy. Kissane, pale and hag-the staff of the "Ohio Statesman," where gard, fell into his mother's arms. But from the public came curses and grumbling, for At this trial served the first stenographer there were few outsiders who, having followed the testimony, did not believe the prisoners guilty. With wine and song the acquitted lavishly celebrated their deliverance. The trial cost the government the zealous feminine sympathizers of the \$50,000, while it left the defendants one and all penniless.

To recuperate their fortunes and to reek respected Massachusetts family, she was dead while seated on his horse, talking to



S. S. COX, WHO REPORTED THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE FOR THE "OHIO STATESMAN;" FOR MANY YEARS A LEAD-ING MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

assassin was never discovered.

less in their pursuit of Sidney Burton. he was travelling in a railway train an ex- was discovered near Cleveland, serving as plosion occurred and shattered the seat he an ox-driver. He was captured and taken had occupied, but by chance had left only back to jail, but again escaped. a moment before. Eleven times chemical analysis revealed poison in his food. Counterfeit money was placed in his house. One day in New York he met the wife of requested an interview and wished him to was suspicious, and noticing several men in communication with her, he attempted to get away. The men approached threateningly. Burton stepped into a doorway arrested, and, when searched, were found Mrs. Cummings was armed.

Despite disappointment, broken health, and depleted fortune, Burton continued himself, requested to see samples. He his efforts against the conspirators. He gave an assumed name. While looking secured the indictment of Kissane, Cum- over the samples, he purloined several of mings, and Cole at Helena, Arkansas, on the blank checks made for Thompson and a charge of arson and murder. Several of the lost passengers of the "Martha Washington" had been residents of Arkansas. The prisoners were admitted to bail, and when the trial was called, neither had in some way got hold of \$2,000, Kissane nor Cole responded. Cummings was again acquitted.

The remarkable skill and devotion of when he returned to New York. him a special agent to ferret out abuses in house. the Treasury. Burton refused to accept the in Finlay's room at the hotel. Washington" people. When the President's intention became known, the Kissane party employed lobbyists to prevent the passage through Congress of the apby two votes. Then Burton's health gave Berdell & Co. of New York. way. For months he was unable to lie troduced "James Bishop." down, and he finally died sitting in his

had been under indictment on this charge meet a friend of "old Joe Hughes." He when arrested for setting the "Martha invited Mr. "Bishop" to call on him Washington" on fire. The forgery he had again the next day. "Bishop" did so.

his wife at the door of his house, and the committed on his early benefactors and sassin was never discovered. employers, Johnson and Pugh. He was The conspirators were especially relent-convicted, but while waiting sentence escaped. Disguised in a garb made of bed-Once his house was blown up, and once as ticking and tied about him with a rope, he

THE CHEMICAL BANK FORGERY.

In July, 1854, about seven months after Captain Cummings on Fulton Street. She the "Martha Washington" trial, Kissane went to New York, and in company with accompany her to a designated place. He one Andrew Finlay engaged in buying and selling uncurrent money. Some of their dealings were with John Thompson and Very and Gwynne, brokers, and in the course of them they came into possession and drew a revolver. The assailants were of checks of Thompson's and of Very and Gwynne's. Having ascertained who made armed with pistols and bowie knives; even the blanks on which these checks were written, Kissane visited the maker, and, under pretence of getting a check-book for Very and Gwynne.

Kissane and Finlay now retired from New York for a little while, and Kissane, learning that his old associate Lyman Cole Captain induced Cole to join him and Finlay in their enterprises. Cole accompanied him Kissane Burton in the affair attracted the notice of and Finlay established themselves at a Franklin Pierce, then President of the hotel, where Finlay registered as "Robert United States. Through the Secretary of Hamilton," and Kissane as "William the Treasury, President Pierce appointed Johnson." Cole took lodging in a private They passed most of their time appointment until it was agreed that he they spent a large portion of several days should retain a portion of his time to con- in practising the writing of signatures, and tinue his prosecution of the "Martha in preparing several letters of introduction. One of these letters purported to be from Joseph C. Hughes of Kentucky to Mr. Van Brunt of the firm of Van Brunt and Watrous, New York pork brokers; another propriation for the service which Burton from White, Cunningham & Co. of Cinwas to conduct. The appropriation failed cinnati to Robert H. Berdell of Robert H. They in-

On the 25th of August, 1854, Finlay called at Mr. Van Brunt's packing-house, Kissane, the head of the conspiracy, on and under the impersonation of "James his acquittal was carried to Lebanon, Ohio, Bishop" presented the letter from Joseph to answer to the charge of forgery. He C. Hughes. Van Brunt was pleased to appeared).

On the way he stopped at the Chemical opened. Bank and drew out \$1,950 of the \$2,000 he sane, who decided that their last movement must be made at once. That afternoon, near three o'clock, "Bishop" called bill of hogs he had purchased, at the same through the water-closet window. up."
"How so?"

are too much for me.

He represented himself as a large dealer swiftly counted out \$870 in one-hundred, in hogs, and in the course of conversation fifty, and twenty dollar bills, and the \$14,disclosed that he had considerable money ooo in \$500 bills. "Bishop" asked to with him, and questioned whether it was have smaller denominations, but in his safe to be carrying so large a sum about haste the teller refused, and thereby, as in his pocket. Mr. Van Brunt suggested subsequently appeared, he probably saved to his partner Watrous that he take the bank the loss of a considerable part of Mr. "Bishop" to the Chemical Bank and the amount of the check. While Finlay, let him deposit his money. The suggestor "Bishop," was playing his part thus tion was immediately acted upon, and on triumphantly within the bank, Lyman Cole Mr. Watrous's introduction, Mr. "James stood outside, on the opposite side of Bishop" was permitted to open an account Broadway, and kept watch. Later in the at the Chemical Bank with an initial deposit day, Cole, Finlay, and Kissane met in of \$2,000 in bills (the \$2,000 brought into Thirty-second Street, and divided the the enterprise by Cole, as subsequently spoil. Kissane, it is supposed, took \$6,500 as his share, and Finlay \$5,300, while Cole The next day "Bishop" started down got the balance, together with the \$1,950 town to present his letter to Mr. Berdell. of his \$2,000, with which the account was

The forgeries were soon detected, and had deposited the day before. His recep- measures taken to secure the forgers. An tion by Mr. Berdell was not satisfactory, old acquaintance of theirs and sufferer A "feeler" he threw out towards opening at their hands, learning what "Bishop" a bank account was met by a proposition had said to the teller about the hard paveon the part of Mr. Berdell that he leave ments of New York, thereby identified him his burden of money with Mr. Berdell's with Finlay. Finlay was found concealed firm. At this Finlay (alias "Bishop") in a house in Baltimore. On his person, became alarmed. He hastened to Kis- hidden under the lining of his vest, was found \$4,000 in \$500 notes of the Chemical Bank.

Kissane was arrested in Cincinnati. At again at the bank. He pretended to be a Hornellsville, New York, while the train little the worse of "old Kentucky rye." was moving at a rapid rate, he escaped He invited the cashier to inspect a long the vigilance of the guards and leaped time requesting him to place to his credit train was stopped, but search failed to a certified check for \$12,000, drawn upon find him. Several days later he appeared the American Exchange Bank by John at Buffalo at the house of John Lynch, for-Thompson, and another for \$6,018.58, merly bar-keeper on the "Martha Washdrawn on the Continental Bank by Very ington." Lynch took him to the house of and Gwynne. He stated that he would a man named Sparrow, a small farmer livhave to settle for the hogs that day. But ing near Buffalo. Kissane sent Lynch to he had been "around with the boys," he Cincinnati with a letter to his brother felt "a little shaky," would the cashier be Reuben Kissane. The brother sent back kind enough to fill out a check for him for by Lynch a bottle of magnesia, from \$14,870, and he would sign it? Of course which, on opening it at Lynch's house, Kisthe cashier could not decline to oblige a sane took \$6,500 in \$500 Chemical Bank gentleman so well endorsed. With the notes. He carried these notes with him to check once in hand, "Bishop" lost no Sparrow's farm. There for three months time in getting to the paying-teller's desk. he assisted in field work. Evening leisure As he presented the check he remarked, at the farm was devoted to altering bank "Mr. Teller, your city has knocked me notes by the cutting and pasting process. Sparrow was detected passing these notes on the storekeepers. Several were cashed "Well, you see I am used to travelling before their fraudulency was discovered. on soft ground, and your hard pavements. He was arrested. He protested innocence, and swore that the bills had been given him It was near the closing hour; all was on his farm by a man named Lynch, the bustle and hurry; no need to question the name by which Kissane was known to the check of a patron well introduced, written farmer. A raid was made on the farm and in the cashier's own hand. The teller Kissane captured, together with a bundle

of papers he had placed in the charge of not become a "man among men," he Sparrow's wife. \$6,500 of Chemical Bank notes. Locked are not without a charm even in this profast to an officer with handcuffs, the key saic day. of which was in the pocket of the bank arrested.

Kissane's trial opened March 14, 1855, prosecution being conducted by A. Oakey day. Finlay turned State's evidence. In name he was soon appointed and comless than ten minutes after retiring the jury missioned assistant commanding general,

returned a verdict of guilty.

made a plea for mercy which revealed talent of a high order. He told of his early home life, his struggle to business and social eminence, and his fall among evil associates. He humbly accepted the court's decree, and avowed a resolution to lead a better life. The judge was so affected by this appeal, that he mitigated from the highest to the lowest penalty strangers and once more been a man among men. But Providence has decreed laged of gold, silver, and jewels. and a better man.'

charged.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

turn State's evidence against an organized outgrowth of the "Martha Washington" ment, Kissane was pardoned. Governor in cold blood. Myron H. Clark had been overwhelmed Greeley and Thurlow Weed.

in seeking a strange land, where, if he did of as a participant in the Chinese rebel-

In it was found the failed not to commit deeds of prowess that

Into the Walker Nicaragua expedition, teller, Kissane was brought safely to New made up for the most part of "men of York. Meanwhile Cole also had been strong character, tired of the humdrum of common life, and ready for a career which might bring them the sweets of adbefore Recorder James M. Smith, the venture or the rewards of fame," Kissane now threw himself with all the abandon of Hall, then District Attorney, and James his daring nature. He arrived at Nicara-R. Whiting. It was the sensation of the gua February 1, 1856. Under an assumed with the rank of major, and ordered to When brought up for sentence, Kissane take charge of the commissariat of 'the army. He showed such ability that Walker soon promoted him. For eight or nine months he had the entire finances of the country in his hands, and but for his careful management, the filibustering scheme, it is conceded, would have met an earlier defeat.

When General Walker marched to the sentence, to his regret in later years, Rivas, he left Granada in charge of Kissane. The latter made sudden sallies on two years and six months' imprisonment in the neighboring haciendas, and capturing Sing Sing. "The whole world may for- the wives and daughters of prominent give me," said Kissane, "but I cannot Nicaraguans, held them as hostages to be forgive myself. I had hoped to reach exchanged for money or provisions. He some distant country where those who is reputed to have made a fortune in the had known me could know me no more, sale of confiscated haciendas and vouchwhere I could have settled down among ers. Under his direction cathedrals and convents and private dwellings were pilotherwise. Were I permitted to depart plunder, which filled six large cedar chests, this day, and whenever it shall please the was melted, packed in small bulk, and powers that be to permit me to depart, shipped to New Orleans. Robed in such shall be my course—I trust a wiser priestly vestments, and carrying the holy eucharist, Kissane led a triumphant pro-Cole was tried twice; both times the cession through the streets of Granada. jury disagreed, and finally he was dis- His audacity and bravery won him devoted followers. Few, if any, of his companions in arms suspected his early history. Nevertheless the tropics did not shield him wholly from memory of the past. Recog-December 8, 1855, under promise to nizing in one of the youthful followers of the army the son of a man who had testified band of insurance swindlers, said to be the against him in the "Martha Washington" case, Kissane had the young man arrested conspiracy, after nine months' imprison- on some trumped-up charge, and shot down

At the collapse of the expedition, Kissane with petitions in the prisoner's behalf, caused to be published in the papers ac-These petitions are still in the archives of counts of the heroic death of himself the Governor's office, and make a large under his new name. Meanwhile he esvolume. One of them is from Horace caped from the country to Panama on board the United States sloop of war St. Liberty regained, Kissane lost no time Mary's, Captain Davis. He is next heard lion. His shrewdness soon secured him he went to San Francisco as civil engineer names.

mento, where he invested in real estate, firm. embarked in business, and was quickly popular citizen.

the most beautiful in all that region.

hoped to meet him. Some ten years ago shaken.

the favor of the Emperor, who raised for a railroad company. At a meeting of him to the rank of general of the army, the board of directors he recognized in one The close of the rebellion found him pur- of the directors the object of his thirty suing pleasure in the capitals of Europe, years' search. After the meeting, he enaccompanied by a Japanese body-servant countered the director in the street and captured by his troops at Shanghai. accosted him: "Hello, Bill Kissane! How Finally he drifted to California, whither are you?" The director haughtily rehis mother and brothers had preceded sented such familiarity in a subordinate, but him and were living, also under assumed ever after carefully avoided Darr. Subsequently General Darr became interested On the Fraser River, British Columbia, in a wine house for which Kissane's vinethree thousand miles from railroad or yards yielded their choicest vintage. At telegraphic communication, the soldier of a board meeting, Darr recognized in the fortune now delved into the bowels of the firm's counsel a brother of Kissane. It earth. He had the Midas touch. With was not long before General Darr was bags of gold dust he soon sought Sacra- forced to relinquish his interest in the

Having in these various encounters recognized as a shrewd, spirited, and clearly established Kissane's identity, General Darr notified the Chemical Bank of Then came the Gold Hill excitement. New York, and the bank gave him a power Kissane again wooed fortune in the mines, of attorney to collect the balance of prinand with his usual luck. He retired with cipal and interest still due on the old fora fortune. Then shunning large cities, gery claim. Through reputable lawyers the where the past might confront him, he account was quietly enclosed to Kissane, purchased a fine country seat in Sonoma who, taking the cue, sent an attorney, a County, six miles from the little town of man who knew his past, to New York, to Petaluma. This was in 1863. Thence- satisfy the account and quietly clear his forth it was his object to make this seat record. But the attorney somehow failed in his mission, the matter got into the But while Kissane was building up a new courts, and the story of Kissane's career life in the land of sunshine and flowers, play- in all its romantic details was recited to the ing with lordly grace the rôle of a wealthy world through the press. Thus Kissane's country gentleman, a second Nemesis had thirty years' struggle to bury the past came picked up the thread dropped by Sidney to nought. Yet, never, perhaps, was the Burton. Among the Cincinnatians who power of wealth and personal influence met financial ruin at the hands of Kissane more strikingly exemplified than in the were members of the family of General promptitude with which managers of rail-Francis Darr. With a fixity of purpose as roads, telegraphs, and newspapers, secret tenacious, as all-absorbing, as that which fraternities, and legal authorities compossessed Burton, General Darr followed bined to shield the man. A California Kissane's migrations for thirty years. A court decided that disguises and changes graduate of West Point, General Darr of name did not stop the running of the served gallantly in the war on the staffs of statute of limitations, and denied the General's Rosecrans, Buell, and Foster, Chemical Bank its claim. Thus Kissane and was in command of New York City was discharged of the duty of making resafter the draft riots. He never credited titution, and dismissed to resume his luxuthe report of Kissane's death in Nicara- rious life in the bosom of his family, whose gua, and throughout the Rebellion he confidence and love had remained un-



IN A BOWERY REGIMENT.

THE STORY OF MY FIRST COMMAND.

BY CAPTAIN MUSGROVE DAVIS.



April, and we were in Potomac. camp at a place known as the Capital to take up my

destroyed my liking for sweets.

guard-house for being without the countersign, and languished there for quite half soon as this fact dawned on me, I made other sentry for the 199th New York. haste to communicate with the officer of the guard, who, on sight of my commission, was the reply. at once gave me the word, and off I went to the hotel.

ton, where I allowed not a spear of grass tia.' to start under my feet until I had ordered my complete lieutenant's uniform, including shoulder-straps that made up in size felt that I owned Washington. At one know.' time I would issue from my hotel in the full splendor of sword, sash, belt, and midst of an army of strangers and not gauntlets; at another I would sally forth able to even hear of my regiment! in fatigue jacket and white gloves. In could ask at brigade headquarters, the either array I knew myself for a paragon man suggested. I did so, but the assistof martial beauty, and few store windows ant adjutant-general knew of no such did I pass without stopping to feast on regiment. "General Wadsworth must my reflection in the glass, under pretext of have mistaken," he added; "for I have a examining the goods displayed for sale.

shal-General, and accordingly to him I number." He said, further, that he was applied for the location of my regiment. I sorry for me; but I was sorry for myfound it was Colonel Harrison's Regiment, self, for that matter. The question was, of Benton's Brigade, Couch's Division, What to do?

EN my appointment as Sumner's Corps, McClellan's Army of the second lieutenant in the Peninsula. Provided with this direction 199th New York Volun- and a pass on a government steamer, I teers reached me it was embarked at Alexandria, and so down the

About two o'clock of a hot afternoon Catlett's Station, not far we arrived at City Landing, where, on all from Washington. The sides, little was to be seen but huge piles next morning I bade the of quartermaster's stores, hundreds of old 15th good-by, and army wagons, and in the background corstarted in high spirits for duroy roads diverging into the woods.

The army was at that time encamped commission. At Man- before Yorktown. Putting my valise into assas, on the way, we a wagon that belonged to Benton's Brigwere cut off by rebel cav- ade, and strapping on sword, haversack, alry for thirty-six hours, with, I remember, and canteen, I set out on foot, in comnothing to eat but molasses, sweet-cakes, pany with a number of other officers, for and sardines: a ration which effectually the front. When we had covered three or four miles, guide-boards began to appear, Reaching Alexandria, finally, in the and soon, as my companions separated for night, I was promptly clapped into the their different divisions and brigades, I was proceeding all alone. Coming presently upon a sentry, I asked the way to an hour before remembering that, as an Benton's Brigade, and arriving in due time officer, I was entitled to receive it. As at the place indicated, I inquired of an-

"No such regiment in the brigade,"

"What regiments are there in it?"

"The 4th Minnesota, 19th Massachu-In the morning I proceeded to Washing- setts, 50th Ohio, and 3d New York Mili-

> "You are sure this is Benton's Brigade?" I persisted.

"Yes, and Couch's Division; but there what I lacked in rank. Thus accounted I is no 199th New York in this corps, I

Here was a fine state of affairs. In the list of all the regiments in McClellan's General Wadsworth was Provost-Mar- Army, and there is no such New York

called me back to wait while he looked at way of knocking, and a gruff voice said: some new instructions. Then it came out that orders had that day been received 3d Militia. This cleared the matter up, ask: "Is this Colonel Harrison?" tant that, as all militia regiments disliked bloated, brutal face, with blood-shot eyes

very much to have the numbers of their organization changed, I take the figures off my cap, especially since the 199th were a rather ugly lot from the Bowery, and might otherwise make me trouble. I at once acted on the advice. But remembering that "Lieutenant Mus-grove Davis, 199th N. Y. Volunteers," was painted in large letters on the end of my valise, I wondered how they would take

Up to this time I had had no doubts as to the importance of my rank, believing that to see my straps would be to respect me. I was soon to realize, however, that possibly such was not the case.

I arrived at my regiment, and, passing the guard-house, made directly for the

known by its position. On the way officer coolly resumed his reading. thither I happened upon a feature of my ing in a way to convince me that a "mill"

very warm. The flaps of the colonel's tent and rank. were up, and as I drew near I could see

As I turned away, I chanced to over- inside the figure of a man lying on a camp hear the clerk say something about the bed in his shirt-sleeves, with a newspaper "3d Militia," and immediately the officer before him. I scratched on the canvas by

"What d'ye want?"

I stepped just inside, took off my cap, from Washington giving the title of and stood for some seconds staring at the "199th New York Volunteers" to the old immovable newspaper before venturing to

my camp was pointed out, and I started Down came the paper, and up rose the off again, with a suggestion from the adju- man to a sitting posture, revealing a red,

> and a decidedly illpleased expression. With an oath he re-

plied:

"No! He's in jail!" This seemed a most unlikely statement, but was afterwards found to be perfectly correct. The colonel had been arrested for appropriating and selling regimental rations and forage.

"May I ask your name, sir?" I made

bold to inquire.

"Oh, yes [with another oath], you may ask, fer all I care!"

"What I wish to ascertain is who might be in command?'

"I can't tell you who might be in command, but I know who is. I am."

"Then, sir, I should like to know your name and rank, I continued.

"My name and rank is none of your business, that I know

commanding officer's tent, which is always of," was the answer, and with that the

By this time I was pretty thoroughly new environment which was, to say the frightened, and wished myself anywhere least, a little surprising. It consisted in a else and my commission in the moon. ring of officers and men shouting and act- Meanwhile a lot of rough-looking brutes had gathered around, attracted by the was going on in the middle. Men and conversation; and, altogether, for a officers mingling to cheer a fight, and that within the regimental lines! "What sort of a place," wondered I, "have I got into?" and, altogether, for a smooth-faced stripling the situation possessed few attractions. However, I managed to say that I had official orders to the commanding officer of the regiment. and It was now about four o'clock, and still therefore must insist on learning his name

> "Well, I am Lieutenant - Colonel



"I FELT THAT I OWNED WASHINGTON."

and tell him that I can fill my own offices, tion. and that he had better get a new set of brains pumped into his fool head. Tell got no bottles to bring up children on. Get out of this; I hain't got no use fer ye!"

stood transfixed. At its conclusion, how- becoming an officer and a gentleman," and ever, a reaction set in. I seemed to see was himself liable to court-martial and the whole situation in a flash. Colonel dismissal, nerved me. The consciousness Thomas probably imagined that I was the that not only my honor but my family's son of some rich man or influential poli- was at stake fired me. The recollection tician, who had procured my appointment of the insults and abuse that I had just through favoritism, and that I had seen no listened to sent the hot blood bounding service—knew as little of soldiering, in through my veins as if it would burst other words, as he did of preaching. If them. I felt that I would rather die than he could only frighten me out of camp he submit, and that I would rather fight than had but to report me "absent without do either. It seemed as if I weighed a leave," to ensure my instant dismissal; for ton. I started a step forward, and my the hundred or more of his men who were tongue was loosed. Epithets and explestanding about might be relied on to swear tives rose to my lips like water to a pump, black was white if I ever succeeded in and I poured them out as freely. I wound



" IUST WHAT I THOUGHT!" HE CONTINUED. "YOU'RE AM-OTHER OF THOSE USELESS YOUNG FOOLS THAT THAT ASS OF A GOVERNOR MAS BEEN SENDING DOWN HERE,"

Thomas, commanding. Where are your was his "game." The idea was not flat-orders?" laying down the paper and tering to the lieutenant-colonel and his thrusting out his hand, in which I placed command, but further acquaintance with my orders as second lieutenant of Com- them proved it correct, for if ever there was a set of blackguards outside of "Billy "Just what I thought!" he continued. Wilson's Zouaves," this regiment con"You're another of those useless young tained them. The extent to which they fools that that ass of a Governor has been would steal, and lie, and fight, and fight, sending down here. You a second lieu- and lie, and steal was almost beyond betenant? Why, you little runt, you ain't lief. I ought to add, though, that they fit fer a gun-swab! I don't want you! would stand up against the enemy as stub-Take your orders back to the Governor bornly as any regiment I ever saw in ac-

I have said that I saw Colonel Thomas's game." I perceived, also, that to back him that I don't keep no nursery. I hain't down would be to invite disgrace, perhaps violence. Clearly, it was "sink or swim," "fish or cut bait." The knowledge that I was entirely right and he entirely wrong— During this astonishing outburst I had that he had been guilty of "conduct unhaving the matter brought to trial. That up by assuring him that, as he didn't seem to know to whom he was talking, it should be my early and great pleasure to let him know, through my father's friend, General Sumner, and in a way which he wouldn't soon forget; advising him to pack his little "kit" meanwhile, as he wouldn't be in command of the regiment at midnight.

> This threat was a piece of sheer, consummate "cheek" on my part, for, as a mat-ter of fact, General Sumner did not know that such a man as my father existed. But something had to be done, and I was not disappointed in the effect of my little stratagem.

> I had finished and was half way through the ruffianly crowd before Thomas recovered himself sufficiently to call out:

"Come back here, boy!"

I turned and asked him what he wanted. "Come here, come here! It won't do you no good to go to General Sumner. I and all my men would swear your story was a lie.'

I judged this remark to be a "feeler": so, standing by my colors, I replied: "You

me," and I turned to go.
"Come back," growled the colonel, in a tone which nevertheless showed that the shot had not been without effect, "and I'll see if the captain wants you."

Wheeling and walking up to him, I said,

looking him straight in the eve:

"Colonel Thomas, I care not one straw whether you or the captain wants me. I know my rights, and I know how to get them. I'll have them, too, in spite of you after him. and your whole crew. And although it would serve you right if I used the power reply. I have, still, if within five minutes you assign me to duty, I shall go no farther. If my company, to be sure; but alone, with you do not, I shall waste no more words with you, but as sure as there is a sun in heaven I will secure speedy justice for myself and prompt disgrace for you. Make no mistakes, sir, for I am granting you a favor. I hold you between my fingers. I ask nothing of you; on the contrary, I defy you. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

This shot also told; the man was now evidently alarmed. "Orderly," said he,

call Captain Baker."

minutes there appeared a tall, lean man, with a rough but not bad-looking face.

"Captain Baker," said the colonel, "here's a saucy infant the Governor has sent you to bring up. He holds a commission as second lieutenant in your company. You may take him, and be --him.'

Thus was I introduced to my captain. However, I was satisfied that this careless tone was mere bravado, put on to impress the bystanders and cover a case of pretty thorough fright; and as I was not anxious colonel, with the usual oath. to carry my Sumner subterfuge any farther, feeling that I had put upon it about all that it would bear, I made up my mind to let well enough alone.

The captain gave me a cold, vacant I gave him one equally cold and vacant in return. Then he said, "This way," and off we started. The crowd laughed and jeered me as we went, and the only thing approaching a compliment, I caught just as I passed without the quisition, and to be quick about it, too. I'm It was from a bull-headed sergeant, who muttered: "Be gorry, I believe speaking of rights and duties, allow me to the spalpeen'll fight!"

than I ever did again; indeed, it was after- be in blissful ignorance, but one which you ward asserted that on hearing this obser- will have cause to know better, and re-

will see, sir, that in that quarter my little vation I had turned like a young tiger and finger has more weight than your entire snapped out something about thrashing carcass or the whole of your regiment. the whole lot of them. I don't remember You'll know me better next time you see it; but joke or no joke, I had never felt so desperate—never. I verily believe I could have fought a stone wall.

> Captain Baker sullenly took the lead, and I as sullenly followed. Not a word was spoken until we reached the company street (camps are laid out in company streets), when my guide halted, said curtly: "Here's the company," and turning on his heel, walked away. "Where is my tent, captain?" I called

"I don't furnish tents," was the leering

I could not dispute that. Here I was in a lot of brutal faces sneering at me, and with no cover for my head. I was still too angry to falter; and so, knowing that the quartermaster was the person charged with furnishing such supplies, I made my way to his tent and stated my wants, only to be met with: "I don't know you, and I can't give you a tent without the colonel's order." I asked if he could make himself acquainted with me to the extent of a pen and a bit of paper. These he gave Off went the orderly, and in two or three me, and making out a requisition in proper form I returned to the colonel's tent.

> Upon entering I was greeted snarlingly with: "Well, what do you want now?

"Well, I want a tent now," I mildly replied, "and here is a requisition which I will thank you to approve."

"Approve nothing!" was the rough rejoinder; "I hain't got no tent for you."

"That being the case, you will oblige me by so writing across the face of the requisition."
"No, I will not," ejaculated the angelic

"You must do one thing or the other," was my rejoinder. "It seems, sir," I went on, "that you know as little about the duties of a soldier as you do about the habits of a gentleman; and since I happen to know my rights and your rights, my duties and your duties, I shall proceed to teach them to you in a way that will prevent their slipping your memory. I ask, I demand of you to approve or disapprove that regetting you where I want you now. And mention to you the title of a book con-Well, I confess I felt fuller of fight then cerning the contents of which you seem to you. I refer to the 'Army Regulations.'"

He knew that he was wrong and I right, Seeing that I was firm, he sullenly and unwillingly took the requisition and wrote Approved " across its face.

the pioneers to put the tent up.'

The colonel looked at me to see that I was in earnest, and, growling something sergeant grinned, the captain meanwhile

which I didn't try to understand, gave the order.

The tent was soon erected and the trench dug about it, and that was all. Not a thing inside, and the position was as undesirable as one could conceive. I needed some bedding; but I had no right to order any one to bring boughs from the wood, so off I trudged for an armful myself, and arranged it into a bed.

Presently the drum sounded for dress parade. "Thank Heaven," I thought, "I can't be called upon to do duty for twenty-four hours.' Vain delusion! Almost the next minute I heard the captain call, outside: "Lieutenant Davis, get ready for dress parade.'

At first I was inclined to refuse, and stand upon my right to twenty-four

whether it was a right or only a custom. I doubt, you must be aware that you So, deeming it better to do too much than have not the right to put me on duty too little, I obeyed the order.

first sergeant.

inch they will take an ell." Without a may do what you like with him. second's delay, therefore, I stepped to the

member, too, before I have done with front of the company, where the captain was standing, and said:

"Captain Baker, is that gentleman now but his hope had been in my ignorance. acting as first lieutenant a commissioned officer?"

"What's that to you, sir?" was the reply. "You are a second lieutenant, and "To avoid the unpleasant possibility of all I want of you is to take your position another visit, Colonel Thomas," I con- and obey orders; I'll attend to the rest. tinued, "I will thank you to give orders to Your own rank is enough for you to the pioneers to put the tent up." know."

The men began to titter, and the late

swelling with the consciousness of having, as he thought, effectually settled me. Again my blood rose to fever heat. I saw that to yield now was to lose what little I had gained; so, looking the latter full in the eye, I said:

"Captain Baker, you perhaps know something of the scene I have had with Colonel Thomas. It is plain that he hopes by persecution to drive me from this regiment, and it is equally plain that you intend to help him. Now, sir, let me say that you won't succeed. I am commissioned, I am here, and if I live, by Heaven, I'll stay in spite of the whole pack of you. You can't frighten me, you can't bluff me, and it's useless for you to try. If you know



A TYPICAL MEMBER OF COMPANY B.

hours' freedom; but on anything about your reflection I could not feel entirely certain duty, or the 'Army Regulations,' which for twenty-four hours after joining your As I took position in rear of the sec- company, or to place me under a subordiond platoon, I noticed that the sleeves nate officer. The first I will submit to, the of the man in the first lieutenant's place second I will not. Let that be distinctly bore unmistakable traces of chevrons, understood. I have been obliged to teach showing that he had but lately risen from the colonel his duty; and now that my hand is in, I don't mind giving you a les-"This," said I to myself, "is the chap son as well. It is evident from what I whose nose I have broken, whom the have seen that I can teach your whole regicolonel had intended for my place. But ment more of soldiering than you ever of course he has no commission, and if knew. Now, sir, I ask you once for all, is not, I rank him and must at once assert that gentleman a commissioned officer? my rights; for if I yield these fellows an If he is not, I will take his place, and you

The captain did not dare gainsay me, nor

"I refuse duty, captain, unless you court-martial. If it comes to that, one of us will be dismissed, and it won't be I."

rear of the company, he gave the order: "Mr. Allen, take the rear of the second platoon." the place of first lieutenant.

The blow was a stunning one to the captain, and not without effect upon the men. Moreover, we moved out so late to parade that the captain came in for a reproof from the adjutant, though little did the reply. that officer know the cause of the delay. walked solitary and alone to my tent, amid the jeers and taunts of officers and men. Meanwhile the quartermaster's wagons had arrived at brigade headquarters, bringing my valise, which I carried to the tent; and, spreading a blanket over the boughs and stretching myself thereon, I drew a little needed strength and comfort from a certain flask which the new arrival contained.

It was growing dusk, and the din of supper-getting filled the air as the men sallied in search of the sutler's tent.

ished its own sutler that he had finally taking his place.

I made my purchases, consisting of her-

did he wish to stultify himself; so he hesi- short, I was incontinently tossed in a blanket by the privates of my own company. I went skyward until the men were comply. That will bring the matter to a tired, nor did a single officer appear to point, and then we shall see who wants a interrupt the harmony of the occasion. When I was near swooning they let me go, will be dismissed, and it won't be I." and I returned giddy and faint to my tent;
This "settled" him. Stepping to the simply remarking, "You are having your fun now; my turn may come later on.

Presently tattoo sounded, and I had just Allen accordingly skulked about concluded that I would try to sleep, thither, while I, inwardly exulting, took when there came a scratch on my tent. I said, "Come in." Immediately the flaps parted, and a head was thrust in with the inquiry: "Is this Lieutenant Davis?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Officer of the guard to-morrow," was

There it was again! Another violation In due time parade was dismissed, and I of the "Regulations," and another act of persecution.

"Are you the adjutant?" I asked.

" I am.

"Whose order is this?"

"The colonel's, sir."

A thousand angry thoughts flashed through my mind, but, resolved that my persecutors should not have the least pretext on which to accuse me of shirking duty, I said: "Very well, sir," and the adjutant departed.

Now guard-mounting is about as diffigathered around their fires. As for me, I cult and particular a duty as an officer has had no means of preparing a meal, and no to perform. Positions are reduced to one offered me a word or a morsel. I did paces, and paces almost to inches, and feel desolate and alone. "Keep a stiff salutes and orders must come at exactly upper lip, Musgrove; you haven't time to certain times; so that a person not well get blue," said I to myself; and out I posted in the manual is almost certain to blunder. All this the colonel had no I had to go into the next camp before I doubt thought of, and he was probably found such an institution, for the 199th chuckling at that very moment in anticihad, by its peculiar attentions, so impover- pation of my failure and consequent disgrace on the morrow; for if I did fail he departed, and nobody seemed desirous of would be sure to have me tried for incompetency.

"No, you won't," thought I, and makring, crackers, coffee, sugar, and a tin ing another trip to the sutler's, I soon recup, and, regaining my tent, prepared a turned with half a dozen candles and a box lonely but tolerable supper. The meal of matches. Out came next the "Regudespatched, I lay wearily down upon my lations" and a copy of the tactics, and blanket and gave myself up to gloomy to work I went. I broke the matches thoughts. As darkness came on I stepped into men, platoons, and officers, and tentatively outside my quarters, in order to put them repeatedly through the entire get the fresh air and to obtain a better manœuvre, until when daylight came it idea of my surroundings. I was almost found me innocent of a wink of sleep, instantly seized, and, in the fear, perhaps, but with the whole order of guardthat I had not been made to feel suffi- mounting and guard duty at my finger's ciently at home, certain unconventional ends. This acquisition was made easier amenities were offered me-even forced by the fact that, on the Christmas during upon me. My rank was not allowed to my connection with the 15th, the colonel interfere with the convivial hospitality; in had for that day turned over the regiment to officers elected from among the privates duty without them, and I shall take great officer of the guard.

cordingly, the crowd now pressed.

latter. As I did so I heard a murmur go friends. round, followed by laughter and jeers; perse with expressions of satisfaction their tents for the two hours just pre-which seemed to say, "We've got him vious to standing guard, in order that they ishment, I asked what the things were for, and send out the first relief.' and was told that I would find out fast enough before the day was over. With that whether they meant to say that I did not the old guard marched past, received its know the men I had to deal with, or proper salute, and departed.

score a point. These men have evidently the handcuffs into the furthest corner of been treated more like beasts than human the guard-house, and turned to the inspecbeings, and if I can awaken a spark of tion of the guard-book. The first relief manhood in them, if they have any pride went out; the old relief came in and were left, I can now turn it to my account." So, with the bracelets still in hand, I sergeant; the second relief went to their stepped to the front of the guard and ad- tents, and I was left to myself with the

dressed them as follows:

"Men, for a year I have been, like yourselves, a private. I have carried a gun say a pleasant word to each of the men and knapsack; I have gone through with left at the guard-house, and to visit all my duties in camp and on the march; but those upon post, changing their beats for never did I need one of these things upon the better when I could. This done, I my wrists They are for felons, not for honest soldiers; and I see no one here who If then the men promptly responded to the looks as if he deserved anything of the call, I should be master of the situation. kind." (A compliment which involved a If they did notsevere strain of the truth.) "You can, and I am sure you will, discharge your call to be sounded, and then turned away.

and "non-coms," and I had been chosen pleasure in doing what I can to lighten that duty. I make no threat as to what I got my breakfast (what little I ate) as will happen if you fail, for I am sure you I had got my supper, and nervously awaited will not. We are all here, not from choice, the guard-mounting call due at half-past but to serve our country, and we have eight. When the time came I was belted, equal rights and interests. It is, of course, entire regiment, from the colonel down, its officers. The government, feeling that were gathered "to see the little upstart I deserve a commission, has given me bilge," as they expressed it.

I deserve a commission, has given me one, and I shall do all in my nower to lge," as they expressed it.

one, and I shall do all in my power to
Desperation had made me perfectly calm honor it. The mere fact of my having to all outward appearances, and I went shoulder-straps is not proof that I am betthrough the various evolutions, and ter than you, but, in this case, evidence of marched my men off to the guard-house longer service; and I trust you will not without a blunder. There further formali- follow the example of some of your supeties were to be gone through between the riors and condemn me before trial, but old and the new guard, and thither, ac- rather wait and judge for yourselves. If ever I ask you to go where I will not lead, I marched my new guard past the old, then censure me. I am sure that when and dressed them up on a line with the this tour of duty is over we shall be better

"It has been the custom, where I have and immediately the crowd began to dis- served, to allow each relief to rest in This threw me into a cold perspi- may be fresh for duty; the other relief ration. I could not see the mistake, and not on duty remaining at the guard-house I dared not hesitate. With my heart in to turn out for general officers. I shall my boots I aligned the men, and went for- follow that course here until I see good ward to meet and salute the old officer of reason to change it. It is needless for me the guard and receive from him the stand- to ask that the instant the call is sounded ing orders. These he repeated to me as you come promptly to the guard-house, as he had received them, and ended by taking that will be necessary not only to a good from his belt and handing over three or understanding, but to the continuance of four pairs of handcuffs. Feigning aston- the privilege. Sergeant, tell off the men

The guard looked at one another, but whether I had found and touched a sus-Here," thought I, "is a chance to ceptible chord, I could not tell. I threw marched away under command of their third.

During the next two hours I managed to waited most anxiously for eleven o'clock.

At five minutes to eleven I ordered the

measured by seconds.

At length the five minutes passed. With- the big corporal sang out: out turning I ordered the sergeant to "fall in the guard." The order was given. I

"Number One," "Two," "Three," and the officers may go to—the hospital for all I care."
"Eight" (to each came the answer "Here!" and my breast began to heave), "Nine," "Ten," "Eleven," "Twelve," without thought of food, sank upon my -ail there!

thus betray the presence of a heart.

can I make ye a cup o' coffee, sur?"

in this regiment.

That opened the ball. One man wanted

I cannot begin to describe the agony of the first time to something near a healthy that interval. It seemed an hour. Every level, and I began to see daylight. I few seconds I would consult my watch, talked familiarly but dignifiedly with the half believing that it must have stopped. men, and the rest of the twenty-four hours What if they should not come? Were not passed without so much as a shadow of officers and men against me? Would not annoyance. Never were soldiers better the colonel himself wink at disobedience? behaved or more prompt. Not a word, Possibly he had even given the men secret not an act, that was not both cheerful and instructions to disregard me. Should I respectful. So, when we were relieved order a corporal's guard to arrest all de- the next morning, I marched my guard to linquents, and if the guard refused, or the the parade-ground, and there spoke briefly men resisted, should I shoot them? I had my heartfelt satisfaction and gratitude, a right to do this, but it would be a ter- assuring them that it should not be my rible measure. My own life would not be fault if we were not soon the best of worth a penny in that event, and would be friends; then dismissed them and turned away. I had gone but a pace or two when

"Three cheers fer the new lootinant!" And cheer they did, with such a will as heard the stir of men and the handling to bring the whole camp, officers and men, of muskets, and knew that some, at least, out of their tents. I raised my cap in were present. In a moment the sergeant acknowledgment, and walked on to my began to call the roll, while I listened tent, feeling as proud as a lord, and saving to myself, "I've got the men on my side.

blankets. Forty-eight hours had I been My heart leaped to my throat, and without sleep, the greater portion of the tears filled my eyes. I turned, but time under intense excitement, my nerves everything swam before me. I attempted strained to the utmost. Now the reaction to speak, but my chin trembled and my came, and losing all self-control, prone, tongue refused its office. I felt that I with arms outstretched, with the tears was fast losing control of myself; so, streaming down my burning cheeks, and whirling upon my heel, I walked a few with a heart almost bursting, I wailed: paces away. A moment sufficed to subdue "Mother! Mother! hast thou forgotten my feelings, and returning I spoke a few thy only son? If there is a God, if there earnest words of gratitude to the men and is a heaven, if it is given to those who sent them about their duty. Nor was I have passed beyond to guard and guide the only one affected, for I saw a big cortheir loved ones, come to me! Come to poral draw his sleeve across his face, and me, my mother! I am sore tired. Hold up my hands in this my hour of need:' I allowed the next relief to go to their and there did come to my heart a warm, tents, and again visited the sentries. When soothing pressure. Arms-whether of rec-I returned to the guard-house at noon the ollection and imagination I care not-but big corporal came awkwardly toward me, arms encircled me; I seemed to hear a and, touching his cap, said: "Lootinant, voice of bygone years saying, "Sleep, my in I make ye a cup 6' coffee, sur?" poor boy, sleep! The morrow will bring Again I was ready to break down, and you courage." My eyes closed. My it was seconds before I could answer; head sank slowly back upon the breast of "Thank you, Corporal, not only for the breasts. I felt the beat of the heart of coffee, which I shall take with pleasure, hearts. I saw the little cot of my childbut also for the first kind word I have had hood and her sitting beside it. I smiled, and-and-that is all I recall.

How long I may have slept I do not to fetch the water, and another, putting a know, but some time in the afternoon I bit of pork on a stick, roasted it over the was roused by a scratch at my tent. coals for me. In fact, it was evident that Wondering what new form of persecution I had won the day. My spirits rose for might be at hand, I said, "Come in," To cut out. He observed it the same in- have such a lootinant.' stant, and our eyes met. For a moment nothing was said. Then, doubling up his the tears filled my eyes as I grasped it fist, he broke silence with:

'If I knew the scoundrel who done

favorite mode of punishment in the regiment, as I afterwards found.

The incident was a godsend to the man, for it afforded a cloak to his embarrassment, and opened the way for what it was soon evident he had come to say.

"Fact is, Lootin-ant," said he, "I'm a rough man, but I mean to be square, and I come to tell ye that I made a great fool of myself day before yesterday, and I ax your pardon. I was mad when ye come here, fer I had calc'lated on your place fer the first sergeant, and allowed ye was the son of some rich man who had got

ye in by influence. I didn't suppose that ye freely after that, the captain and I; he tellhad been in the army or knowed anything ing of his service and I of mine. Finally, about soldiering; but I see yesterday at at my request, Sergeant Allen, "the man guard-mounting that ye wasn't no slouch, whose nose I had broken," was sent for. and that ye knowed more'n we did. D'ye When he presented himself I told him that remember when somebody laughed?"

mistake I made?"

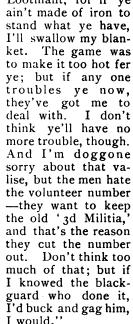
wasn't right. Then says I to the other he was deservedly promoted. officers, 'I guess we better study our From that day all went smoothly in the

my surprise it was the captain who parted "Regulations" instead of laughing at the flaps, and in a seemingly friendly tone this 'ere young feller, for he's got us where asked me how I felt. I answered that I the hair is short.' I watched ye all day, felt quite well, and again bade him come and I see'd ye knowed yer biz; and when Mumbling something about not the men come back this morning and said wanting to disturb me, he finally did step ye had been in the army longer'n we had, inside. As I turned my valise on end to I wuz ashamed of myself, and I couldn't make him a comfortable seat, I noticed that wait no longer till I come to ax ye to take the name and number had been completely my hand, and tell ye that I was proud to

He extended a long, bony hand, and with both mine.

"Excuse me, Captain," I said, "but I am that I'd tie him up by the thumbs"—a so unstrung that I cannot control myself.

" Don't say a word, Lootinant, for if ye the old '3d Militia,



I would.' We talked long and although my commission interfered with his "I do, Captain. Tell me, what was the advancement, I did not see how I could do otherwise than hold it; that I was very "That's the joke of it. You didn't sorry, but felt sure that in like circummake no mistake; it was us! We always stances he would do as I had done; and dressed the new guard two paces in the concluded by promising him my best efforts rear of the old guard, and when you to make his position pleasant and secure dressed 'em on a line, I says to myself, for him a speedy commission. He left in 'He's done all the rest right, and maybe excellent humor, and there was no more he's right in this.' So I went and looked friction between us. In a short time, at the tactics, and I'll be dashed if you through my recommendation and others,



"WE WALKED BACK TO CAMP ARM IN ARM, AND GREAT WAS THE ASTONISHMENT OF THE REGI-MENT AT SIGHT OF US."

regiment, and, with the exception of a few

providing them with tobacco.

in every instance, after sobering up, he would thank me for having punished him, and abuse himself for having offended.

Do we understand each other now, sir?"

"Davis," persisted the man, "I know and abuse himself for having offended.

I did you a great wrong. I wanted to

him, so indignant at the way in which he say, and I'll say anything." had treated me, that I always avoided out his hands imploringly. him. He often came into tents where I into my heart that he made no headway.

while I was taking down the young fellow's once, and softened me completely. last messages and requests. At such a man. He departed shortly, but I stayed cannot intend to be unjust. with the dying lieutenant until the end.

As I came out of the hospital tent I per- not offered long ago. Say not another ceived the colonel standing under a tree. word.' I touched my cap and would have hurried want to speak to you."

"What are your orders, colonel?" I

talk to you.

communication with you, sir," I replied, and started on.

in the face, I said:

"Colonel Thomas, more than a month officers who were ashamed to admit that ago I received from you the most brutal, they had been in the wrong, the greatest insulting, cowardly treatment it has ever cordiality existed among us. The men been my misfortune to experience or even had not been paid off for months, and I hear of. You have never been man enough won the hearts of my own company by to apologize for it, and, until you do, I shall decline to have anything but official I could govern them all pretty well, intercourse with you; and when I tell you either drunk or sober, excepting my first that I loathe and despise you, you will and staunchest friend, the tall corporal—probably wish, as I do, that we may have who, by the way, when he got drunk, which as little to do with each other as possible. I am sorry to say was often the case, would So long as I am unfortunate enough to always reiterate his favorite threat of kill- have you as a commanding officer I shall ing me. He was the only man in the army obey your orders; nothing more. You whom I ever had to order into irons; but, have done your worst, and I defy you.

My reconciliation with the colonel was a apologize long ago, but you never give me matter of more time. He tried repeatedly a chance. I can't talk as some men can, to engage me in friendly conversation, but but my heart is in the right place, and you beyond official matters I would not go. haven't got a better friend in the army. I He even showed me preferment in duty, want your friendship; I want to apologize but I was so thoroughly disgusted with a hundred times over. Tell me what to And he held

The pain depicted on the poor fellow's was, simply, as I believed, to make friends countenance touched me, and what he with me, and as often I made some excuse said carried with it the conviction of sinto go out. Through the captain and other cerity. He was a brave man, I knew, for officers he tried to win me over with com- I had seen him that day where cowards pliments, but my wrongs had burned so would not have ventured. Besides, we had met upon sacred ground at the death-On the evening of the battle of West bed of our friend. And had we not faced Point, a lieutenant of the regiment was destruction together that very afternoon, mortally wounded, and later the colonel and were we not likely to do so again on and I met beside his cot in the hospital, the morrow? All this came over me at

"Colonel Thomas," I said, "my hand. time I could not but speak civilly to the You are a brave man, and as such you I accept your apology, though I regret that it was

We walked back to camparm in arm, past, but he stopped me with: "Davis, I and great indeed was the astonishment of

the regiment at sight of us.

From that day the colonel and I were fast friends. He recommended me to the "No, no, I have no orders; I want to vacant first lieutenancy, and offered to make me adjutant. His concern when I "I wish to hold nothing but official was wounded at Seven Oaks was such that he went himself to General McClellan's headquarters to hurry my leave of absence. "For God's sake, stop, Davis, and hear Afterward, upon my return to the regime," pleaded the colonel, this time with a ment, I found that he had meanwhile plaintive earnestness that arrested me at recommended me to General Benton for once. So, turning and looking him full staff duty, which I accepted and remained in until I left the army.



THE CABLE SHIP " PARADAY." From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

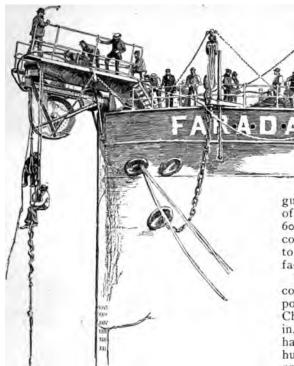
THE MAKING AND LAYING OF AN ATLANTIC CABLE.

BY HENRY MUIR.



be good copper; for only in proportion to its purity is it favorable to the passage of of the unwary in the factory street, is set aside to go into the cable; that is, a happens rarely.

first visual acquaintance with the first place, a single wire is too easily an Atlantic cable began at broken. To make it stronger it is spun Woolwich, London, England, into rope. Each hank of accepted wire is in the central street of the first wound on a spool. Twelve of these Siemens factory, or electrical are then taken (the copper conductor may village, as it might be called, have more or less than twelve strands, but since it is made up of several twelve was the number used in the cable buildings, has a dock of its own, runs I am describing), and mounted on a spinits own little hotel for officers and guests, ning machine. The threading of this maand has a population of over two thou- chine is peculiar. One spool is placed in sand. In this street, before the entrance the centre, and the strand carried horizonto one of the workshops, were piled tally to a guide, and then on straight to great coils of copper wire. This wire, an iron "nose," through which it passes. I was informed, was to be the "con- The eleven remaining spools are placed ductor" in a new cable which was then in iron frames, and mounted in a circle process of construction, copper, in marine around the central spool. The result is a lines as in land lines, having been found wheel of spools, one forming the hub, and to carry the electric current better than the other eleven the tire. The wires from any other available material. But it must the eleven exterior spools are carried through eyes on to the guide, through which the central strand passes, and then the current. Each hank of this copper to the "nose," where they meet the central wire, which lies ready to trip up the feet wire. The machine is now threaded. When started, the central strand is fed carefully tested for resistance before it is horizontally into the "nose"; but as the wheel of outer spools rotates, the spools sample of it is compared with a standard themselves keep always a horizontal posiwhich has been selected. A bit which tion, just as do the baskets in the Ferris shows less than ninety-eight per cent, of wheel. The result is that the eleven wires, the standard is thrown out. But this in entering the "nose," are twisted by the revolution of the wheel around the Even if it shows the required conductiv- central one, and that, as the whole passes ity, however, it must not be supposed that from the "nose," we have a rope of it is ready to go at once under seas. In copper wire. It is the conductor. If by



THE STERN OF THE "FARADAY," SHOWING THE STERN-BAULKS THE APPARATUS FOR LOWERING THE CABLE INTO THE SEA CLEAR OF THE PROPELLER.

chance one strand of it is broken, the usefulness of the whole is not injured. Indeed, ten of them may be broken in one place, and all of them at different places, stroyed.

man!" I heard an irritated London tele- main between conductor and insulator. graph manager exclaim. "Why, it takes

gutta-percha. As the specific resistance of gutta-percha has been estimated to be 60,000,000,000,000,000 times that of copper, it certainly looks as if it were equal to the task assigned it; and, as a matter of fact, it does very well.

The gutta-percha used at Woolwich comes direct to the factory from Singapore, and in as virgin a state as Malay and Chinese adulteration ever allow it to depart in. It arrives in big lumps which often have grotesque shapes-rude animals, droll human figures, things never seen "on sea or land." The lumps are sliced into small pieces, softened by hot water and steam, and torn to pieces in a "develling" machine to get rid of the sago-flour, sawdust, clay, and stones put in by enterprising Orientals. When cleansed, it is passed into a series of troughs, where it is steamed, crushed, pummelled, and twisted and the conductivity still not be de- into a reddish-brown substance of an extraordinary rebellious look, quite capable, When the "thread is out" there should one would think, of resisting any amount be about one nautical mile of copper rope, of electricity. More rolling and beating which, if nothing has happened to the reduce this mass to a pliable condition. wire in its passage through the machine, and when it comes from the final rollers will be found, when tested, to be an ad- it is in sheets of varying thicknesses, mirable conductor. Admirable as it is, which are soft and supple, and adapted to however, it would be utterly useless under all sorts of uses. It is the thicker sheets water, for while electricity will travel so which are used to insulate the copper rope. fast in copper, it will not stay there if it They are packed around it so firmly and can help itself. "Electricity a good work- smoothly that not an air-bubble can re-

When the insulated strand, or the a battery of seventy cells to work the land "core" of the cable, as it is henceforth line between Land's End and this town, called, passes from this operation, it must just because the current is always watching go to the testing-room, to determine if the for a chance to waltz down the pole and insulation is really perfect, or if a little go home again." And in water, matters electricity still can escape from the copper. It would be useless to make this test To keep the electricity in the copper in the air, since even without an insulator rope, then, the cable-maker insulates it; that the current does not pass readily into air. is, he packs round it a substance which It must be tested under water, in the meoffers a great resistance to the passage dium in which it is to be employed. Shalof the current. The substance chosen is low tanks filled with water receive each

section; and after a section has lain twenty-four hours in the water in order to delicate operations in cable-making. It come to the same temperature as the must be so done that every one of the water, the test is applied. If the effect which ought to be produced on his galvanometer by passing into the core a certain quantity of electricity, does not re- may cause a future expense of tens of sult, the electrician knows that there is a thousands of dollars, and untold inconflaw, and that the insulation is imperfect venience to business and loss of credit to —that is, that the electricity is escaping.

There is nothing that can be measured knows how much he pours in. He can an electric wire is dealt with almost as a is easily repaired.

Each section of core is, as said above, about one nautical mile in length. As the cable line in question was to cover 2,201 nautical miles, it would comprise 2,201 sec-The sections, as fast as they had passed the testing-room, were stored in tanks under water until the time came to cable-cores were passed up to the assistjoint them.

Jointing is one of the most difficult and twelve copper wires in the conductor is perfectly joined and also perfectly insulated. The least imperfection at the joint the makers.

To see a joint made I climbed, on one with more accuracy than electricity. The of my visits to Woolwich, up into a swallaws which govern its flow in a body low-nest of a cabin, fastened in some mysare perfectly understood. The electrician terious way to the side of a wall of the "core" tank-room. In the centre of the draw it out, measure it, treat it, in short, little room sat an imposing individual, as if it were water in a pipe. A leak in whose characteristics seemed to be rotundity, profuse sweating, and absolute cleanleak in a water-pipe is, and can be located liness. An assistant shared the narrow quite as exactly. When once located it space with him; a few simple iron tools and several big gas-jets served as his equipment.

By the time I had succeeded in perching on the edge of this aerial workshop in such a way as not to fall into the gas-jet burning at my elbow, or into the cabletank gaping below, two lithe, shiny, black ant. With them came a tag bearing the



THE CABLE TANKS IN THE SIEMENS FACTORY AT WOOLWICH, ENGLAND. From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

of cable is numbered and recorded, and their becoming callous by rougher work. its history, from the day it is made up here

This wrapwire. ping insures a connection in case the soldering should some time break.

The other man so far had done nothing. It was explained that in the work of jointing the copper he was not allowed to share lest it should "spoil his hands." His duty was to joint the guttapercha, an operation in which much depends on delicacy of touch. When the copper joint was done, the core was passed on to him, and he proceeded to pare down the guttapercha until he had perhaps a foot in all to work on; he then heated the gum on each side with a spirit-lamp,

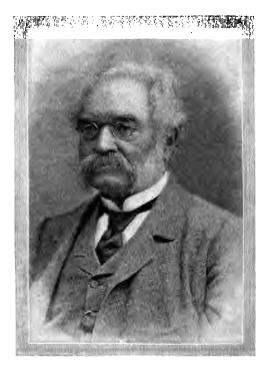
plied, wound around the core, and careful- the same fashion. ly worked and moulded the length of the

number of the joint to be made, for finished satisfactorily; hence the care to every joint in all this two thousand miles keep them always sensitive, to prevent

The joints of each day are tested at in the jointer's nest until it falls into the night by the electrician, first for their size sea, can be traced. First the assistant cut with a gauge, and then for the insulation. off a few inches from the two ends; pared This latter test is simple and interesting. down the gutta-percha in such a way as to One end of the length of core is applied leave two or three inches of copper con- to a battery, and the other insulated in ductor uncovered; bevelled each end with the air. The joint is then laid in a dish a file, laid them together, soldered them, of water, placed on an insulated table, and and then wrapped the joint tightly for the a copper wire is run from the water to a distance of half an inch with fine copper galvanometer. The current being turned

on, any electricity escaping from the joint must pass into the water, be taken up by the copper wire, and marked by the galvanometer needle. If none escapes, or not more than the amount allowedfor no absolute insulation is possible —the joint is marked "passed."

marked "passed."
The "core" is now finished. But as it now stands it is in no wise fitted to meet the shocks that await it at the bottom of the sea. It must be protected against the chafing of sands and rocks and the possible wrenches of anchors. This protection lies in a sheath of steel wires, separated from the soft gutta-



DR. WERNER VON SIEMENS, ELECTRICAL INVENTOR AND HEAD OF THE CABLE FACTORY AT WOOLWICH, ENGLAND.

and with his fingers worked it down until percha of the core by a packing of jute. the copper was all evenly covered. His The jute is spun about the core exactly as next step was to build up the insulator. the eleven copper wires of the conductor One after another, strips of gutta-percha, are spun about a central wire; and about which had been heated at the end, were ap- all, finally, is spun the steel sheathing in

As one goes about among the spinning wound. Should a bit of dust, an air-bub- machines, he notices that the sections ble, a speck of moisture, be left in the in- of steel sheathing vary much in thickness. sulator, it would give trouble later. Hence Here is one woven of twenty-four wires, this heating and kneading and caution one of thirteen, and one of twelve. And against dirt. Experience has shown, too, the wires also vary; so that the section of that no machine will pack the gutta-percha fewest wires is the largest in diameter. at this critical point so perfectly as the Here is a section made, not of single human fingers. They alone can feel when wires at all, but of strands of three wires. the work is progressing properly and is In fact, one sees seven different varieties.

The occasion for such diversity is this: day" built into the frame of the ship, In the middle of the Atlantic a cable is and holding altogether 1,700 miles of dropped to a depth of two or three statute deep-sea cable. The two larger of these miles, and as it is payed out to such a tanks are each forty-five feet in diameter depth it must have a great burden to sus- and thirty feet deep. The cable is coiled tain in its own weight. To make the into them just as it is in the tank-house weight as little as possible, consistent with ashore, but with much more bustle. The needful quality and strength, becomes tanks are larger; the workmen are more therefore important. is laid the less its liability to disturbance, spectators hanging silently over the rim, and the deep-water sections therefore may half-hypnotized by the huge swaying, be made much lighter than the shallow- writhing cable, by the steady running of water sections. As the cable draws nearer the men, by the crooning songs into which the shore, where the dangers grow greater, they break when all goes smoothly. It is a heavier and heavier sheathing is adopted, hard to get away from the tanks, though until, in what is known as the "shore it is a mistake to stay there too long. comes the heaviest of all. end,

As the finished cable comes from the round and round, guiding the cable into ments, the marine galvanometer. place, others at equal intervals hold the

is paid rapidly into her hold from the top of the tank-house, passing, in its way, over it not stopped by the brake. scaffolding rigged up on a couple of barges to support it, and leaving on pulleys and ways, as it passes, great streaks and blotches of whitewash.

The deeper a cable numerous. There is always a circle of There are too many other things to see.

First of all, there is the testing-room, sheathing machine it is given three or for now, as always, the end of each length four coatings of tar. From these tar of cable is within the reach of the elecbaths it is run out of the strange weaving- trician, and receives its daily test. The room over pulleys into the tank-house, testing-room lies nearly amidships, forwherein it is stored under water until the ward of the engines, where it feels as time comes to take it to sea. It is an in-little as possible the vibration of the twin teresting operation. As the cable comes screws and the pitch in heavy seas. It over the pulleys into the tank, the men at is supplied with all the appliances for the bottom guide it evenly round and electrical testing: batteries by the score round in great coils from the rim to the fitted against the walls, condensers, testcone which fills the centre. It is not so ing-boxes, telegraphic apparatus for sigsimple a matter, and every coil must be nalling to and from the shore when the watched to keep it from kinking or from cable is paying out, and, on a large table overlapping the last. While one man runs in the centre, the most essential of instru-

In laying a cable it is of the first imcoils in position. Of the lengths of cable portance to have the cable always under thus stowed away, the ends are always left control. Control is secured first by passaccessible; so that connections can be made ing the cable under and over a series of with the testing apparatus, for the testing grooved iron wheels, running aft down the still continues at frequent intervals even on the finished cable. Centre of the ship's deck. The hold thus obtained is considerable, but it is the As soon as a fair portion of a flake is greater if the cable comes slightly bent laid, a curious operation begins—giving from the tank. From the series of wheels the cable its whitewash bath. This is done the cable runs over a pulley, and passes to keep the freshly tarred coils from stick- three times around a drum some eight feet ing. At the end of each day's work the in diameter. Connected with this drum water is turned on, and the cable is left to is a brake which is used to restrain the soak in its element. Indeed, it is never cable from paying out too fast. A cable left long enough without water to become pays out too fast when it goes to the bottom slack instead of taut; and, in spite of When enough cable has been finished the fact that the ship is always steaming and stored in the tanks, it is conveyed ahead, and the further fact that the water aboard the cable-ship "Faraday," to be in its resistance supplies something of a carried to sea and laid. The "Faraday" check, yet as the cable weighs some two lies moored in the Thames, and the cable and a half tons to the mile, its own weight would pull it over much too rapidly, were

Aft of the brake there is an instrument called a dynamometer, which shows exactly the strain to which a cable paying out is subjected. This strain is signalled to the There are three iron tanks on the "Faraman at the brake by an arm which rises 260

and falls, and he, knowing just what strain at the stern, presided over by the cable is allowed, manipulates his brake accordingly.

From the drum the cable runs to the stern-baulks—a projection carried out from electrical condition of the cable. the stern to keep the cable clear of the

propeller-and drops into the sea.

disturbance of conductivity in landing, the paying out begins in earnest.

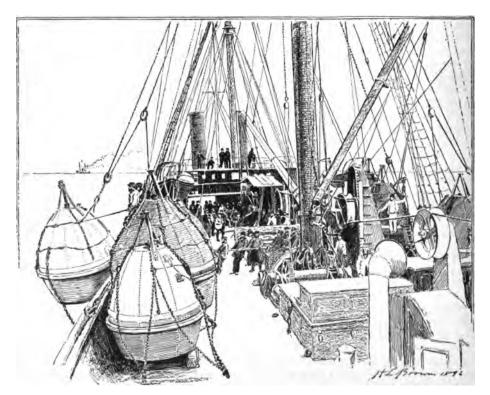
in the extreme during the regular work. up together, fouling in the most baffling The ship exists for the cable, and during way. the paying out it is the cable's staff which always on his charge, however, and at gives the orders for the manœuvres. The the first indication of kink or foul he can signals are placed at the bow and stern, signal to the engine-room to stop. in order that the orders to the engine-room is in the testing-room that the watch is can be given according to the demands of probably closest. The "spot-chaser," as the picking-up and paying-out gear.

in the tank, presided over by a cable fore- the spot of light by which the motions of man, which sees that the cable goes out of the magnetic needle are marked on the

engineer, which sees that the cable passes properly into the sea; and that in the testing-room, which is responsible for the

The captain is supposed merely to put the ship where the navigating officer When the "Faraday" moors off the wants her; that is, to follow the cable's starting point, the end of the cable passed path at the speed necessary for the work. over the stern-baulks is carried ashore, This path, in the case of an Atlantic cable, run into a testing-house, and communica- is well known. The hills and valleys of tion with the ship is at once established. the Atlantic bottom between Ireland and As soon as the end is safe ashore, and it Newfoundland are as clearly marked on has been proved that there has been no the chart as the hills and valleys on a map of England.

In spite of the whitewash, the coils some-The scene on board a cable-ship is novel times stick together, and two or three come The eye of the cable foreman is the electrician is called in cable-ship argot, The cable crew is really threefold: that perched on a stool, keeps his eye fixed on the tank to the machinery all right; that scale, and if for an instant it quivers and



VIEW OF THE DECK OF THE "FARADAY" LOOKING TOWARD THE STERN,

hesitates, or if, surest sign of all, it sud- to fix them to. But not so to the captain; denly gasps and disappears, he knows that he will turn his ship's head to the buoy there is something wrong, and instantly without veering. And if the buoy is gone, signals to stop the paying out. Then a which may happen from accident or malice? search begins for the fault or break. Some- Well, the cable itself is below, out of the times this means the hauling in of long reach of storm and meddling; and the first lengths of cable already paid out, though thing to do is to pick it up. usually the flaw is in a part still in the clear of the ship are, of course, small.

now reduced the chances of accident to the gambling, since the probability was that minimum. In the early days of cable- they would be lost in the operation and or less of an adventure, even so skilful a And, indeed, there was trouble enough recable engineer as Fleeming Jenkin might covering lost cables in the earlier days. well say "that life, when working with But thirty years' experience and study cables, was tame without difficulties." But have overcome all difficulties, and it is the modern engineer encounters his most now possible to pick up a cable even serious obstacles in the draughting-room, the testing-room, and the factory; and the picking up is managed in the following stration of complete accord between re- runs a narrow projection, similar to the sults and calculations, and so an occasion stern-baulks, and called the bow-sheave. less of trial than of triumph.

is properly insulated, to begin with; and brake, and an indicator. then the cable is bent firmly around a mushchain is attached to one of the huge iron buoys which decorate the "Faraday's" gay "till we meet again." And away steams the "Faraday" for Nova Scotia.

Woolwich to take on a new store.

This time she takes aboard the deep- finally is hooked. water cable—a different variety from the

To pick up a cable two miles or more ship or only just passed over. The chances under water does not seem simple. Inof an accident to the cable after it is well deed, so impossible did it seem thirty years ago that many people contended that lay-Science and experience, however, have ing deep-sea cables was nothing more than laying, when the whole business was more it would be impossible to recover them. when lost as deep as three miles. laying is in the main a gratifying demon- way: Over the cutwater off the bow there On the bow is a large guide-wheel, and When the "Faraday" has laid the shore farther aft a big machine called the pickend and some lengths of an Atlantic cable ing-up gear. It is similar to the payingon the European side, she drops the end. out gear at the other end of the deck, There is no risk whatever in this. The end though heavier, having, like it, a drum, a

Suppose that the end of the cable which room anchor, which has been fastened to the "Faraday" wants is lying a mile one end of a chain. The other end of the down. A manilla rope, strengthened with steel, something over a mile in length, is attached at one end to the drum of the deck, and with a rattle and clamor from picking-up gear. To the other end is men and iron, the whole goes sliding into fastened a grapnel. This instrument is the sea. As the waves catch the great simply a huge fishing-hook of six barbs, iron bladder and toss it merrily up and which vary from short and stubby to long down, the crews give a hearty cheer and a and thin, as the bottom on which the And away grapnel is to be used is rocky or sandy. ova Scotia. When all is ready the grapnel is thrown The same operation which we have been overboard, and the ship wheeled around tracing from the European shore is re- at right angles to the course of the cable. peated from the shore end on the Ameri-can side. When the "Faraday" has laid the grapnel across the path of the cable. some seven hundred miles of cable and If nothing is hooked, the ship turns and her tanks are empty, she steams back to recrosses. She thus plays back and forth over the path of the cable until something

The moment that the grapnel catches cable she has just laid. In a month she is there is a strain on the rope, which is at again en route, bound for the end left once shown on the indicator. If the grapnel buoyed on the European side some six continues to hold as the ship pulls continuweeks before. A landsman has difficulty ously at it, the ship is stopped, the pickin realizing that a sea-captain can find his ing-up gear put in motion, and an attempt way directly to a particular spot in an made to wind in the rope. If it is the apparently shoreless sea. Latitude and cable which is hooked, the rope will conlongitude seem to him to lose their mean- tinue to rise, and the strain on the dying when there are neither hills nor valleys namometer will increase as more and more



FLOATING THE CABLE ASHORE.

of the cable rises. When this happens tain that the "Faraday" has seen the last ship be easy to direct—the "Faraday" that the tug of the cable and the jerks that coast are also dangerous. must come upon it in winding in a great core this is done exactly as we saw it

deep-sea cable. the ship is free to go back to Woolwich.

the cable engineer is certain he has the of it. Cables have their adversities even end sought, for no other object could be on the bottom of the Atlantic. Icebergs hooked which would produce this result. passing over sometimes cut them in two. If the grapnel is caught in a rock, which Volcanic eruptions sometimes injure them. happens frequently, the rope will not pull A few years ago three Atlantic cables in, and the barb caught will either be went down at the same time and in about pulled loose or will be broken off. The the same spot. No other explanation has essential points in picking up are that the been found but volcanic disturbance. Near shore the risks multiply. One of the comwill turn in her own length—that the rope monest is the anchors of fishing smacks, a and grapnel be strong enough to support whole fleet sometimes riding on a cable at immense strains, and the gearing so heavy once. The rocks and breakers near the

An Atlantic cable has, fortunately, few weight in an unstable element like the At- animal enemies, though in the English lantic, will not loosen the grip. The loose Channel, the Irish Sea, and the North Sea end recovered, the next step is to make a the teredo, the special cable pest of the joint with the cable on board. With the Mediterranean, does some mischief. This "miserable little mollusk," as the cable done in the factory. In the jute packing men call it, first made itself a reputation and the steel-wire sheathing the joints are by eating up wooden ship hulks, until made at different points over a distance of builders took to plating them with iron, several feet so as to distribute the weakness. and by burrowing into the dikes in Holland As soon as the joint is made the ship is until the whole country was threatened of course again in communication with the with inundation. When the cable came, She now begins reeling out the it took to it at once. It wriggles its way The work is done in in between the steel wires of the most about ten days, and the ship has reached tightly wrapped core, and eats away jute the loose end left from the first paying and gutta-percha until there is nothing but out on the American side. It is a short a wire skeleton left. Happily, however, as task to pick up the end, connect it with already indicated, our own particular cable the end on board, and test the work. has little to fear from the teredo; and the This done, the cable is done; Europe and best wish we can give it, as it lies at the America exchange congratulations, and bottom of the Atlantic, is that it may never have a history, and that the time may be The cable is finished, but it is not cer- long before the "Faraday" sees it again.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF **GREAT AMERICANS**

EDITED BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN:

Born, Boston, Mass., January 17, 1706. Died, Philadelphia, Penn., April 17, 1790.

THE series of historical portraits begun hostilities, returning to Philadelphia in from life, of persons in American history 1776 he went to France, where he represent such portraits as shall give best company of Houdon, the statuary. an idea of the living man at different periods of his life; and photographs direct by Matthew Pratt, circa 1756; Mason from the original pictures will alone be Chamberlin, between 1760 and 1762; David used for reproduction, with a few notable Martin, 1767; Patience Wright, between exceptions, in the case of eminently char- 1772 and 1775; Cochin, Nini, and Greuze in acteristic and typical portraits where the 1777; Duplessis in 1778 and 1783; Houdon originals are lost. In such instances the and Filleul, in 1778; Carmontelle, circa most reliable contemporary engravings 1780; Ceracchi, circa 1784; Renaud, circa from the originals will be reproduced. In 1785, and Charles Willson Peale, 1787. the case of busts use will be made solely Thus two Philadelphia artists open and of those modelled from life.

those of many other men, have gotten into supreme confusion by failure to keep in tion of that by Wilson, are the only satmind a record of his habitation. Franklin isfactorily authenticated ones that are first walked the streets of Philadelphia, known; and while this series will not aswith his memorable roll, in October, 1723. sume to settle finally controverted ques-The next year he went to England, where tions, yet as the result of long and careful he was detained for nearly two years be- investigation with the sole object of asfore he could accumulate sufficient money certaining which are authentic and orig-to carry him back to the land of his birth; inal, it is felt that the conclusions may arriving in the city of his adoption just be relied upon. It must be borne in mind three years after he had first entered it. that portraits painted of the same subject Here he remained thirty-one years—until by different artists at nearly the same time he was sent to England in 1757. He visited must necessarily, if each is like the sitter, Edinburgh in 1759, Holland in 1761, and be somewhat like each other; but when returned to Philadelphia November 1, we find closely similar portraits by well-1762. Two years later he was sent back known and unknown names, we are forced to England, and made his first visit to to the deduction that the unknown names France in 1767 and his second in 1769, are assumptions by mere copyists. Like-He remained in England, "watching af- wise pictures are frequently assigned to

in this number of McClure's MAG- May, 1775. It was at this period that he AZINE with the portraits of Franklin will abandoned his cumbersome bag wig for include only authentic original portraits his thin gray hair. Toward the close of whose lives and works have given them mained until the fall of 1785, when he made an established fame. The aim will be to his final voyage across the ocean, in the

Portraits of Franklin are here repoduced close the pictorial cycle of thirty-one years, The periods of Franklin's portraits, like furnishing the earliest and latest portraits.

These fifteen portraits, with the addifairs," until after the commencement of noted names when the work itself, either technically or from impossibility of time lady seems to smile, as well pleased."

and place, belies the assignment.

the case of Benjamin West. There is no upon it in Franklin's letter, it was of authenticated portrait of the great philoso- course painted several years before the pher known painted by the Pennsylvanian acknowledgment. However this may be, President of the Royal Academy. Yet it, as well as the stolen one it replaced, is Franklin and West were familiar friends not known to be in existence. and correspondents. That West did paint Franklin seems assured from the postscript Franklin by Jaques Thouron or Thourond, to a letter from Thomas Pownall to Frank- which, if painted from life, as is claimed, lin, February 28, 1783: "I am this day embodies to such a degree the artist's idealmade happy by having received and hung ization as to be valueless as a portrait. up an excellent portrait of you, my old friend, copied from that which West did for mental painter of more than ordinary abil-you." Edward Duffield, one of Franklin's ity in his line, painted a portrait of Frankexecutors, had a portrait that was "sup- lin as a sign for Brook's tavern, near posed to have been done by West," but Douglassville, Pennsylvania, which would clearly could not have been unless he cop- seem to have been from life, by the entry ied it. It now belongs to one of Franklin's in John Penn's diary, April 7, 1788: " Left descendants, Dr. Thomas Hewson Bache, the tavern at half past seven o'clock, after of Philadelphia, and from its rigidity and admiring a strong likeness of Dr. Frankhardness would seem without doubt to be lin, drawn by one Rutter, a limner I ema not very faithful copy of the portrait ploy in Philadelphia." It is not unlikely painted by Benjamin Wilson, which is now it was from this sign a portrait owned by known only through McArdell's mezzo- the Library Company of Philadelphia, tinto, published in 1761, and not repro- founded by Franklin, was copied. duced here, because so similar to the Pratt portrait of about the same era.

Wilson's picture is doubtless the one more likeness in her [their daughter's] 23, 1788, to Madame Lavoisier, an accomtrait, and its history is purely mythical. plished amateur, the wife of the great chemist, and afterwards of the American, Count Rumford: "I have a long time been disabled from writing to my dear friend by a severe fit of the gout, or I seen it to have great merit as a picture in and issued with the name of Franklin. every respect; but what particularly en-You have replaced the husband, and the William Franklin.

this portrait was from life, as it would With Franklin these conditions fit exactly appear to have been from the comment

The Louvre possesses a miniature of

One George Rutter, a sign and orna-

In conclusion, three not unfamiliar portraits require noting to be condemned.

It seems the height of absurdity to look Franklin refers to in writing to his wife upon the so-called "Sumner portrait of from London, June, 1758: "I fancy I see Franklin at twenty," belonging to Harmore likeness in her [their daughter's] vard University, as an authentic portrait. picture than I did at first. Yours is at the Where did Franklin, who was grubbing for painter's, who is to copy and do me of funds to carry him home at the time this the same size." This match portrait of picture is supposed to have been painted, Franklin was carried off from his house, in get the money for the "purple and fine Philadelphia, when the British occupied linen" in which he is arrayed, let alone to the city, and Major André, who lived in pay the artist for his work? Aside from Franklin's house, has the odium of the Franklin's circumstances being against its pillage. Relative to this circumstance, authenticity, his Autobiography is silent Franklin writes from Philadelphia, October upon so important a subject as this por-

Another picture that has no better claim to be considered a likeness of Benjamin Franklin, hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and was painted by Stephen Elmer, an English still-life painter. should sooner have returned my thanks There is nothing to show that it was given for her very kind present of the portrait the name of Franklin until 1824, when a which she has done me the honor to make plate engraved by Ryder and published in of me. It is allowed by those who have 1782, as "The Politician," was relettered

The last picture to be mentioned in this dears it to me is the hand that drew it. expurgatorial list is of the first importance Our English enemies, when they were in as a work of art. It was painted by possession of this city and my house, Thomas Gainsborough, and is in the col-made a prisoner of my portrait and carried lection of the Marquis of Lansdowne; but it off with them, leaving that of its comit is clearly not Benjamin Franklin. It is, panion, my wife, by itself, a kind of widow. in my opinion, the portrait of Governor THE EARLIEST AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN, PAINTED BY MATTHEW PRATT, ABOUT 1756.

From the original picture in the possession of the writer. Canvas, 24 by 29 inches. Matthew Pratt was born in Philadelphia, September 23, 1734, and died there January 9, 1805. His father was an intimate friend of Franklin, which afforded the artist the opportunity to give us this portrait. It is the earliest authentic portrait of Franklin, and was painted before his second visit to England, and by an American who had received no training out of his native land. It remained in the possession of the artist and his descendants from the time it was painted until now, and is extremely well done, full of mobility and animation.

FRANKLIN AS PAINTED BY CHAMBERLIN, BETWEEN 1760 AND 1762.

From the original portrait, in the possession of Mr. Victor Van der Weyer, London, England. Mason Chamberlin was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and died in London January 26, 1787. He painted Franklin for Colonel Philip Ludwell of Virginia, who went to England in 1760 and died there. Franklin ordered a replica painted for his son, Governor William Franklin, and Edward Fisher made a fine mezzotinto of it about 1763. Ten years later it was engraved in Paris, for an edition of Franklin's Philosophical Papers, concerning which he wrote to his wife September 1, 1773: "To the French edition they have prefixed a print of



BARLIEST PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN. PAINTED BY MATTHEW PRATT, ABOUT 1756.

your old husband, which, though a copy of that by Chamberlain, has got so French a countenance that you would take him for one of that lively nation." The present owner inherited the picture from his grandfather, Joshua Bates of Boston, who presented a copy by G. D. Leslie to Harvard University.



FRANKLIN AS PAINTED BY CHAMBERLIN, ABOUT 1760.



FRANKLIN ABOUT 1772. WAX MODEL BY PATIENCE WRIGHT; NOW FIRST REPRODUCED.

FRANKLIN AS MODELLED BY PATIENCE WRIGHT BETWEEN 1772 AND 1775. NOW FIRST REPRODUCED.

After a copyright photograph by C. S. Bradford of Wes Chester, Pennsylvania, made expressly for McClure's Maga-ZINE from the original wax in his possession; now made public for the first time. Patience Lovell was born in Bordentown. New Jersey, of Quaker parentage, in 1725, and died in London March 23, 1736. When twenty-three she married Joseph Wright, who left her a widow with three children in 1769. She early showed her aptitude for modelling, using dough, putty, or any material that came in her way, and being left by her husband unprovided for, she made herself known by her small portraits in wax. In 1772 she sought a wider field for her abilities by removing to London, where for many years she was the rage, not only for her plastic work, but for her extraordinary conversational powers, which drew to her all the political and social leaders of the day. By this means she was kept fully advised as to the momentous events transpiring relative to the colonies, and being on terms of familiar intercourse with Doctor Franklin, she communicated her information regularly to him, as shown by her numerous letters in his manuscript correspondence. She visited Franklin in France in 1781, and writes him from London, July 30, 1782: "I am very happy to hear by Mr. Whitefoord and others that my son is painting your portrait." The identity of this portrait, if not the portrait itself, is lost. Mrs. Wright had a piercing eye, which seems to have penetrated to the very soul of her sitters and enabled her to read their inner selves and fix their characters in their features. Thus the wax profile here first published is the strongest characterization of Franklin to be found in any of his early portraits, and its discovery and reproduction mark an

important epoch. This truly great "find" was given by Franklin to Mary Hewson, the daughter of Mrs. Stevenson of Craven Street, where Franklin made his home in London. From Mrs. Hewson it descended to her great-grandson, the present owner.

FRANKLIN IN 1767. PAINTED BY MARTIN.

From the original portrait in the possession of Mr. Henry Williams Biddle, Philadelphia. Canvas, 50 by 60 inches. David Martin was born at Anstruther, Fife, in 1736, and died in Edinburgh in 1798. He was a pupil of Allan Ramsay, went with him to Rome, and on his return settled in London and became a member of the Incorporated Society of Artists. He was a mezzotinto engraver as well as portrait painter, but never attained very high rank in either branch of art. This picture, familiarly known as the "Thumb portrait," was painted to the order of Robert Alexander of Edinburgh, to commemorate Franklin's service to him by the advice given after the perusal of certain papers. A niece of Alexander having married Franklin's grand-nephew. Jonathan Williams, the portrait was given to them, "to descend to the eldest male heir in perpetuity as the joint representative of both parties." Franklin has himself given the guinea stamp to the picture as a correct likeness. He had Martin paint him a replica, which he retained during his life, and by his will bequeathed to the State of Pennsylvania. It is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas McKean of Philadelphia. Edward Savage made a large mezzotinto plate of this portrait. and not Martin himself, as has frequently been stated.



FRANKLIN IN 1767. FAINTED BY MARTIN.



FRANKLIN ABOUT 1785. MEDALLION BY RENAUD.



FRANKLIN IN 1777. MEDALLION BY NINI.

From the terra cotta in the Metropolitan Museum of

was born in Sarreguemines, Bas Rhin, and was living in 1817. He was a modeller in wax and clay, a sculptor in marble, and an engraver of medals. He exhibited at the Salon de la Correspondance, in 1787, and subsequently at the Salons and elsewhere. This medallion was unknown until recently found in Paris and is of considerable interest; not the least being its superlative inscription. It was quite the fashion in Paris to affix simply the word vir to portraits of Franklin, in honor of his elevated genius. But Renaud had to emphasize his admiration by a contraction of VIR SPECTABILIS. From the contour of the features, the date of Renaud's first public exhibition. and the fact that in May, 1785, Franklin sent his medallion to his friend George Whatley, in London, I assign this terra cotta to the last year of Franklin's sojourn in France.

From the terra cotta in the cabinet of the Pennsylvania Art, New York. Size, 5 by 5 inches. Jean Martin Renaud Historical Society, Philadelphia. Size, 44 by 44 inches. Jean



FRANKLIN IN 1778. MODELLED BY HOUDON.

Italian modeller who was engaged at Chaumont, on the Loire, to manufacture fictile products from the native clay. He made medallions of many prominent persons, including Franklin with the famous fur cap, to which Franklin refers in writing to his daughter, June, 1779: "The clay medallion of me you say you gave to Mr. Hopkinson was the first of the kind made in France. A variety of others of different sizes have been made since, some to be set in the lids of snuff boxes, and some so small as to be worn in rings, and the number sold are incredible. These, with the pictures, busts, and prints, of which copies upon copies are spread everywhere, have made your father's face as well known as that of the moon." Nini is said to have modelled another medallion of Franklin, without the cap, in 1779.

Baptist Nini was an

From the plaster cast in the Boston Athenæum. Jean Antoine Houdon was born at Versailles, March 20, 1741, and died at Paris, in the Palace of the Institute, July 16, 1828. The creator of the great statue of Voltaire, in the Odeon, Paris, needs no comment. His bust of Franklin was exhibited in the Salon of 1779, and again in 1791, which would leave the inference that he had made two different busts of Franklin, and would tend to sustain the tradition that he modelled one in Philadelphia, in 1785. As great a sculptor as Houdon was, his bust of Franklin lacks the fine character of the one by Ceracchi. The cast reproduced was presented by Houdon to Thomas Jefferson.



FRANKLIN IN 1777. DRAWN BY COCHIN.

FRANKLIN IN 1777. DRAWN BY COCHIN.

From a contemporary engraving by Augustin de Saint Aubin, in the collection of Mr. C. S. Bement, Philadelphia. Charles Nicholas Cochin, the younger, was born in Paris, February 22, 1715, and died there, in the Louvre, April 29, 1790. Eminent as a designer, he was admitted a member of the Academy of Painting and Sculpture in 1751, and the following year became Keeper of the King's Cablnet of Drawings and was ennobled. His original drawing of the celebrated "fur-cap portrait" of Franklin has not servived; but the print reproduced was engraved for and published by him, which is a guaranty of its correctness It is dated 1777, and on January 12th, a few weeks after Franklin's arrival in Paris, he writes to Mrs. Hewson: "Figure to yourself an old man with gray hair, appearing under a martin fur cap, among the powdered heads of Paris. It is this odd figure that salutes you with handfuls of blessings on you and your little ones." Three days later the French police enter this description on their record: "Dr. Franklin lately arrived in this country. This Quaker wears the full costume of his sect. He has an agreeable physicgnomy, spectacles always on his eyes, but little hair; a fur cap is always on his head. He wears no powder; tidy in his dress; very white linen. His only defence is a walk-ing-stick."

FRANKLIN IN 1777. PASTEL BY GREUZE,

From the original portrait in the possession of Mrs. Thomas Lindall Winthrop, Boston, Massachusetts. Size, 12 by 25 inches. John Baptiste Greuze was born at Tournus in Burgundy, August 21, 1725. and died in Paris, at the Louvre, March 21, 1835. His career and justly high position as a painter are so well known that repetition would be idle. This picture belonged to Prince Demidoff, and was purchased by the present owner at the famous San Donato sale in March, 1870. It is the only portrait of Franklin attributed to Greuze that shows the unmistakable qualities of his art. Its early history is gleaned from "Mémoires secrets pour servir à l'histoire de la République de lettres en France." Under date of June 10, 1777, we find: "M. Greuze, an excellent painter of character heads, has secured that of Franklin, of which the rough draft has been shown. It exhibits much resemblance as well as character." July 2-th, it is stated that "M. Greuze has finished a portrait of Franklin, which is to be engraved;" and September 15th we read, "M. Greuze, who has not for a long time shown anything at the Salon, has opened an exhibition at home to which the public are admitted. The portrait of Franklin is especially noticeable. It would be difficult to find a head and hatred of tyranny."



FRANKLIN IN 1777. FASIFI BY GREUZE,

with a more characteristic expression. We there see kindliness happily allied to high spirit; an equal love of humanity



FRANKLIN IN 1778. PAINTED BY DUPLESSIS.

From the picture in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, owned by Dr. Clifford F. Snyder, Berlin, Germany. Canvas, 24 by 28 inches. Joseph Siffrein, Sifrede, or Silfrede Duplessis was born in Carpentras, Vaucluse, September 22, 1725, and died at Versailles, where he was conservator of the Museum, April 1, 1802. He attained a high rank as a portrait painter and was received into the Academy of Painting and Sculpture in 1774. His original portrait of Franklin was painted in 1778, for M. Donatien le Ray de Chaumont, whose "petite Maison," at Passy, Franklin occupied during his residence in France. It was exhibited in the Salon of 1779, and was sold in 1791 upon the bankruptcy of M. de Chaumont. It is one of the most familiar types of Franklin's portraits, from having been frequently engraved, and is known as the "fur-collar portrait." The picture reproduced has all the intrinsic evidence of originality. Replicas are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and the Green Tree Insurance Company of Philadelphia. Many copies of this portrait attributed to Duplessis are by other hands. A miniature belonging to a descendant of Franklin, if original, shows no characteristics distinct from this portrait.



FRANKLIN IN 1783. PASTEL BY DUPLESSIS.

In the Lenox Library, New York; owned by the Hon. John Bigelow. Size, 23 by 28 inches. This exceedingly fine and interesting portrait of Franklin was generally unknown until its acquisition by Mr. Bigelow in 1867, when American Minister to France. It was presented by Franklin to his friend and neighbor at Passy, M. Louis de Veillard, to whom he also presented the manuscript of his notable Autobiography. No replica of this picture is known, although it seems to have served a legion of copyists whose pictures have come down as the works of Duplessis, Greuze, West, and others.



FRANKLIN IN 1784. MODELLED BY CERACCHI.

1751, and died in Paris by the guillotine, January 31, 1801. From Vienna Dr. Ingenhouse writes to Franklin in Paris, April 29, 1783; "A few days since the greatest favorite of the Emperor, Count Laly, marechal of our armies, requested a favor of me, viz.: to ask you whether you should think it would answer the purpose of the famous statuary, Mr. Ceraqui of Rome, who has worked in London and has now finished an excellent bust of the Emperor, of Maréchal Laly, and others, should go over to America in expectation of being employed in making a public monument commemorative of the revolution." Franklin threw cold water on the project, which failed, however, to dampen Ceracchi's ardor. He went to Paris the next year, made two busts of Franklin, one of which was sent to Willam Carmichael at Madrid, and then entered a protest against the employment of Houdon to make the statue of Washington, when his application had been refused. With the fire of republicanism burning in his breast, he came to America in 1791, but returned to Europe the following year. He was subsequently detected in a From the original marble in the gallery of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. Photographed by Charles Truscott. Giuseppe Ceracchi was born in Rome, July 4, conspiracy to assassinate Napoleon, and went to the guillotine on a Roman triumphal car of his own design. Ceracchi's bust of Franklin is truly the head of a philosopher.



FRANKLIN IN 1778. PAINTED BY MADAME FILLEUL,

From a contemporary engraving by Louis Jacques Cathelin, in the collection

of Mr. C. S. Bement, Philadelphia. Madame Filleul's name is to be found in print only on the plate reproduced, which was exhibited at the Salon in 1779. For a long time it was suspected to be a nom de guise, until among the Franklin manuscripts, in the American Philosophical Society, two brief conventional notes were found from her, but without date, and not referring to the picture. It is known as "the open shirt portrait." It is a distinct type of Franklin's physiognomy, and has frequently been engraved. Search in France, as well as in this country, has failed to discover the original, which may have fallen a victim to the ravages of the French revolution.

THE LATEST LIFE PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN. 1787. C. W. PEALE.

į,

From the original portrait in the possession of Mrs. Joseph Harrison, Philadelphia. Canvas, 19 by 23 inches. Charles Willson Peale was born in Chestertown, Maryland, April 16, 1741, and died in Philadelphia February 22, 1827. He began life as a saddler, pursued portrait painting without regular instruction until 1768, when he went to England and resided for two years in the household of Benjamin West. He painted most of the celebrated charFRANKLIN ABOUT 1780. DRAWN BY
CARMONTELLE.

From a contemporary engraving by François Denis Née, in the collection of Mr. C. S. Bement, Philadelphia. Louis Carrogis, called Carmontelle, was born in Paris, August 25, 1717, and died there December 26, 1806. He was artist and author, his "Proverbes Dramatiques" having gone through several editions. He drew a considerable number of portraits of eminent persons of his day, which were mostly in profile and highly characteristic. Like that of Cochin, the drawing of Franklin by Carmontelle has not come down to us; but the engraved portrait is full of charming qualities, and its simple dignity could



FRANKLIN ABOUT 1780. DRAWN BY CAR-MONTELLE.

not well be surpassed in the original. The print reproduced is the only one that has come under our notice with the engraver's name.



THE LATEST LIFE PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN. 1787. C. W. PEALE.

acters of the Revolutionary epoch, and has given us the latest portrait of Franklin from life. It was done during the sittings of the convention to frame the constitution of the United States. This portrait seems to express the individuality of the man as shown in his life more satisfactorily than any other of Franklin's portraits. Peale engraved it, contemporaneously, extremely well in mezzotinto. Some copies of the engraving reached France, where it was transformed into a thoroughly Frenchified physiognomy, and as such has become known as "the Vanloo portrait."

E MAKER

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BY W. P. TRENT.

`HERE are, I conceive, two chief rea- this proposition, we must briefly review the sons why the name of Franklin is so constantly on our lips and his memory so impressed upon our hearts-why, in other words, he really lives for us instead of being January 17, 1706. His family had been an a mere fossil in the strata of history. One humble one in England, a fact of which its is that as an embodiment of practical learning, shrewd mother wit, honesty, and patriotism he is a typical and in many respects after being blessed with one wife and seven unapproachable product of true American- children, took another wife in the person of ism. The other is that he is the most com- a daughter of Peter Folger, one of New plete representative of his century that any England's preposterous poets, and had by nation can point to. With regard to the her ten other children, of whom the youngtypical character of his Americanism few cavils will be raised, but with regard to the min. What this late comer inherited from claim that he best represents the eighteenth his progenitors is hard to determine, but century there will probably be not a little dissension. Washington, Dr. Johnson, Frederick the Great, and Voltaire might each traced to the visitation upon his head of and all be put in competition with the sage the metrical sins of his maternal grandwho snatched the lightning from heaven father. Be this as it may, he naturally got and the sceptre from tyrants, and would little schooling from a tallow-chandler who have many supporters. But in none of these does the age of prose and reason seem to find such adequate and complete expression cating him for the ministry had to be as in Franklin. Washington is beyond his dropped, and he was set to making candles. own or any century; Dr. Johnson does not On his threatening to run away from this sufficiently represent the age on its rational drudgery he was apprenticed to his brother side; Frederick is too extreme a combination of daring and sublime seriousness of the handy youth who spent much of his purpose and petty affectation; while Voltime over Defoe and Bunyan and Locke taire is at once too intense and not radical was destined to become the most illustrious enough, and is, after all, too entirely a man representative of his craft since Caxton. of letters. Franklin, on the other hand, thoroughly represents his age in its practi- Bunyan and Shaftesbury; he wrote Addicality, in its devotion to science, in its in- sonian essays and contributed them anonytellectual curiosity, in its humanitarianism, mously to his brother's newspaper. That in its lack of spirituality, in its calm self- periodical getting into political troubles, and content—in short, in its exaltation of prose an elder brother being always a difficult and reason over poetry and faith. To con- master to serve, the young author, already

main events of his well-known but always interesting career.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, most famous representative was always too great to be ashamed. His father, Josiah, est son was appropriately christened Benjaperhaps the almost complete absence of poetical elements in his composition may be had sixteen other children to provide for; so that the rather ludicrous project of edu-James as a printer, no one foreseeing that But he not only read authors as far apart as vince ourselves, however, of the truth of suspected of being a deistical philosopher,

young girl destined to become his wife.

was in an equivocal position, and started nating, at least inimitable. bravely and unremittingly upon his life's work.

sold his books and ran away. He first tried tune and developing his character, only a his fortunes in New York, but failing there, few leading facts that will serve as landmade his way to Philadelphia, where he ar- marks need be given. In 1729, three years rived one Sunday morning in October, 1723, after his return from England, he became in a manner which is inimitably described editor and proprietor of the "Pennsylvania in his "Autobiography." Whittington and Gazette," a position which gave him an imhis cat entering London are no more pict- petus as a writer. Three years later he uresque or poetical than Franklin with his showed his commercial shrewdness and three rolls, one under either arm and the widened his influence by publishing the third in his mouth, walking up Market first almanac in which the immortal Rich-Street, and passing before the eyes of the ard Saunders made his bow to an extravagant world and began to preach the blessed-For the next thirty-four years, with the ness of thrift and contentment. The creator exception of a brief interval, Franklin's life of Poor Richard and Father Abraham was is practically the history of Philadelphia, in already a great man of letters, though fact of Pennsylvania itself. Other great men neither he nor the thousands of humble have loved and represented a city, but none people who took his frugal maxims to heart so completely, it would seem, as Franklin had much or any suspicion of the fact. loved and represented the sober little town For pointed application of homely wisdom, which, even as a huge city, he still appears whether his own or others' makes little difto preside over, a tutelary and beneficent ference, Franklin has had no superior; but it He speedily obtained employ- was an evil day for him when he undertook ment as a printer, and won the favor of Sir to revise the Lord's Prayer. This last un-William Keith, the governor, who encour- speakable performance was, however, at aged him to go over to London, that he bottom, only an unfortunate illustration of might buy the equipment necessary for an that humanitarianism which was to be his office. Even the shrewd Franklin could be most salient characteristic. The Lord's sometimes taken in, for Keith's promised Prayer must be modified, he contended, to letter of credit never came to hand, and the suit the needs of latter-day men and women. would-be proprietor of a shop was glad to Just so a library must be established for get employment as a journeyman. His first the good people of Philadelphia, a debatidea was to save money, in the hope of a ing society or "junto" must be organized speedy return both to America and to Miss for the choicer spirits, a fire company must Deborah Read, who had overcome her recol- be started, an academy in which English lection of his ludicrous appearance with his branches should be stressed must be three rolls of bread and had promised to be founded, schemes of defence must be carhis wife. But the youth who was two years ried through in spite of the Quakers, the later to compose a series of prayers which streets must be paved and cleaned and almost tempt one to believe that a spark of lighted—in short, every citizen must be spirituality did lurk somewhere in his com- made happy and even moral; for the inposition, was as yet far from having attained ventor of a new street lamps was also the a moral equilibrium, and he was false both conceiver of "the bold and arduous proto his betrothed and to his better self. ject of arriving at moral perfection" and the That he gained a knowledge of life and that projector of a "society for extending the he did not play the hypocrite about his influence of virtue." Verily here was an shortcomings are the only two things to be eighteenth-century Carlyle preaching a gosset down to Franklin's credit at a juncture pel of work and a philosophy of humanin his life that meant everything to him; for itarianism which the nineteenth century that he did not drink and that he did not Titan might easily have reviled in a dysfall lower could only be used fairly as pal- peptic mood, but which thousands, nay liatives to the conduct of a man less ad- millions, of Americans have taken to heart. mirably endowed by nature. He pulled It is not the highest gospel or the most athimself together, however, seized an opportractive philosophy, but the pages of the tunity to return to America, made what "Autobiography" that set it forth are nothamends he could by marrying Miss Read, ing short of fascinating; and the utilitarian who had herself made a bad match and sage and preacher himself is, if not fasci-

But the successful business man who devoted his leisure to the improvement of Of the early portion of his career, during himself and his fellow-citizens was not which he was accumulating a modest for-likely to be suffered long to remain in a this scheme was rejected by the govern- ince of Pennsylvania. ments it would have most served, and that cess of Grant at Appomattox.

But the time was not come for this auspicious be desired. against the proprietors, who naturally ob- Great Britain. years, and was productive both of honor lin's post was one of increasing difficulty brought face to face with an American whom and Georgia—and his services to the firstkind. Franklin's character and achieve- public career, the affair of the "Hutchinments gave a dignity to every colony in the son Letters.' eyes of the mother country and of the world

private sphere. In 1736 he became clerk man himself had his patriotism made firmer of the Provincial Assembly, the next year and more consistent by the treatment acpostmaster of Philadelphia, and sixteen corded his native land, and his character was years later Deputy Postmaster-General for ennobled by his resistance of all attempts to the Colonies. In the still higher sphere of make him swerve in his duty to his fellowscientific discovery his fame was also grow- citizens by offers of place and by the subtle ing. He invented the open stove that bears flatteries of social homage. Franklin was his name, in 1742; and ten years afterward, as honest and proud as he was shrewd and by his famous experiments with the kite, imperturbable. He accepted with composshowed the electrical origin of lightning, ure the honors paid him as a sage, the The letters to Peter Collinson and other degrees of Oxford and Edinburgh, the apcorrespondents, in which his discoveries pointments on scientific commissions, the were announced with the modesty of the memberships in various learned societies, true savant, brought him European celeb- the collection and translation of his works; rity, and, in 1753, the Copley medal. A year he formed fast friendships with cultivated later he stood forth as the foremost native and representative men like Lord Kames, American statesman, since he was sagacious Sir John Pringle, Dr. Priestley, Burke, and enough to seize the Albany Congress on Bishop Shipley; but he never forgot that Indian Affairs as a fit occasion for present- he was plain Ben Franklin of Philadelphia, ing the first consistent scheme yet devised whose primary purpose for being in England for a federal union of the colonies. That was to watch over the interests of the Prov-

These interests seemed protected by his it would hardly have answered long, cannot defeat of the proprietors; so he returned take away from Franklin the merit of hav- home in 1762, apparently to renew a life ing begun that mighty work of consolida- of domesticity which he had dutifully yet tion which was completed only by the suc- not too keenly regretted. But he was not allowed to remain quiet long, for in 1764, on But the maker of constitutions could also Grenville's notice of the Stamp Act, he was engage in wrangles with the royal govern- sent back again, this time for a period of ors over that perennial subject of colonial ten years, which he and his wife, who could disputes-taxation; and he could even be not be tempted to cross the ocean, managed pressed into military service, where he to pass apart without any appreciable dimshone, it must be confessed, chiefly in the inution of affection or great access of quartermaster's department. It is not often passion. Franklin could not prevent the that a man like Braddock can command the passage of the Stamp Act, and when it was services of two such men as Franklin and an accomplished fact, he counselled sub-Washington, and it was an augury of what mission, his prudence getting somewhat the they would accomplish in conjunction when better of his prescience. But the indignait appeared clear to all men that the only tion of the colonies soon awoke nobler imthings to be proud of in connection with the pulses in him, and in his testimony before expedition to the Ohio were the sagacity of the House of Commons he represented his Franklin and the prowess of Washington. countrymen in a way that left nothing to Luther before the Diet of conjunction; so Washington returned to Vir- Worms is a subject for pen or brush but ginia, while Franklin was sent to England in little more engaging than this self-con-1757 to plead the cause of Pennsylvania tained philosopher before the Commons of The Stamp Act was rejected to the taxation of their own estates pealed, but the headstrong determination This second visit to England lasted five to humble America remained; so that Frankto Franklin and good to America. It was and danger. Other colonies made him the first time that the Old World had been their agent—Massachusetts, New Jersey, it was bound to admire and to treat with all named led him into the most trying and the respect due to a wise benefactor of man-probably least creditable experience of his

The details of this celebrated imbroglio —a dignity which England, at least, speedily are sufficiently familiar. High officials in undertook to insult. The philosophic states- Massachusetts had in private letters to the

pute between two gentlemen as to how they otic name than his, and only one greater. had been obtained led to a nearly fatal duel. the person offering them came by them hon- with Vergennes. guards for his own personal honor.

Franklin still desirous of avoiding a war, out of such a complex diplomatic situation but a year later he gave up his struggles and with all the honors and most of the profits. even his desire for peace, and started home, where, in the meanwhile, his wife Deborah treated to an almost royal progress, and, had died. He was, indeed, a much-endur- what was better, he left behind him friends ing, far-travelled, and prudent Ulysses, under any man might be proud of and a reputathe especial protection of Athene; and if he tion that is still undiminished. He found found no faithful Penelope awaiting him, he in America, however, a gratitude and love

secretary of George Grenville discussed in at least found faithful constituents, who had bitter terms the liberal movement in the elected him a member of the approaching colony, and had recommended coercive Continental Congress. He entered upon measures on the part of the home govern- his duties with alacrity, in spite of his age; ment. These letters, in some unexplained supported the war vigorously both at home way, fell into Franklin's hands; and he felt and in his letters to friends abroad; and the in duty bound to send them to Boston for next year was one of the committee apinspection by the popular leaders. As pointed to frame the Declaration of Indemight have been expected, they caused a pendence. He signed this great document great furore both in Massachusetts and in with a witticism on his lips; but in all the England, and in the latter country a dis- list of signatures there is no more patri-

Legislative work, however, could be well Franklin now intervened, stated that he done by others, and Franklin was just the had forwarded the letters, but refused to man to inaugurate our diplomatic service. say how he came by them, and faced the He was accordingly sent to France in the storm of popular disfavor as calmly as only autumn of 1776, and remained there until a philosopher could. He was examined be-fore the Privy Council, insulted in a scurriare too familiar to be dwelt upon. Venerlous and shameless manner by the Solicitor- ated by every man and woman in France, General, Wedderburn, and the Councillors he was able to secure arms and loans, to themselves, dismissed from his postmaster- effect a treaty of alliance, and to keep ship, and deprived of much of the public French interest in America from flagging respect that had been previously shown him, during the prosecution of the war. How but not of the self-respect that marked his he managed to wring as much money as he behavior throughout the entire affair. His did out of an exhausted treasury will conduct has since been defended and rep- always be matter for astonishment and robated, and must always, in one particu- gratitude; but he did not ask more than he lar, be hard to characterize. Our final showed himself willing to perform, for he verdict must plainly depend on a knowledge loaned his country all the money he could of how he got the letters; but this is just raise—nearly £4,000. Nor was he any what he never would reveal. We are thereless mindful of the interests of humanity fore left to infer from Franklin's character than of those of America, for he granted a whether he would have taken them in an passport to Captain Cook, and he inserted improper way. He himself certainly be- an article against privateering in the treaty lieved that he had done nothing wrong, but with Prussia. Toward the last of his stav it remains to be determined whether he was he was more or less disabled by the gout an absolutely fair judge of what a gentle- and other infirmities, and was somewhat man should have done under the circum- complained of for tardiness in matters of stances. From a purely political point of business; but his own government did him view he stands abundantly justified; nine- far more injustice with regard to his actenths of the English and American states- counts than he ever did anyone in his whole men of the time would have taken the letters long career. This career seemed gloriously gladly and asked no inconvenient questions ended when in 1783 he signed the Treaty as to how they were obtained; but would of Paris along with Jay and Adams, but he Burke or Washington have done so? The had more yet to do. He had even to stay answer cannot be doubtful. Neither Burke in France a little longer, and he had the nor Washington would have touched the delicate task of explaining how the treaty papers without being first convinced that came to be signed without due consultation This he succeeded in estly, and being provided with proper safe- doing, though English historians are still wondering how the three clever Yankees In 1774 the "Boston tea-party" found managed to make their infant country come

When Franklin quitted France he was

that were even better calculated to cheer now my enemy and I am—yours—B. Frankhis declining years, and his fellow-citizens lin," of the letter to Strahan; for this is understood him too well to let him remain true American humor, which we can all in idleness. He was elected President of understand as well as we can Franklin's Pennsylvania a month after his return, and interest in silkworms and rice-culture and was reëlected for two successive terms. In blankets of a new and pretty pattern,-in 1787 he sat in the Constitutional Convention, short, in everything that pertains to man's and though he left most of the hard work comfort here below. And above all, we feel to the younger men, his presence and in- like crying "Bravo" when we find him fluence made strongly for the cause of gravely presenting the wife of the Bishop union. His last service, as befitted a true of St. Asaph's with a package of dried apphilanthropist, was exerted in the cause of human liberty. On February 12, 1790, a petition signed by him was presented to Congress, praying for the abolition of the his being intimate with a bishop. "In small slave trade and the emancipation of slaves. things as well as great," we exclaim, "this Two months later, after an illness of some man was a genuine American!" years' standing, during which he bore his passed away, the date of his death (April 17th) being not quite one year after the inauguration as President of the only Amersuperior.

And now what in conclusion can we say the most complete representative of his time? As we gaze into his kindly face, or try to visualize him, with his stout, middlesized figure; his trim, sober clothes; his fresh complexion; as we recall the anecdotes about him, some of them not too savory, who is so far above us. we are delighted with the quip, "You are one Ben Franklin.

ples from Pennsylvania. For this one act we can forgive him his paraphrase of Job and can even forget to smile at the idea of

But he is also the most truly legitimate sufferings with philosophic fortitude, he child of his age. There was not in France a more typical philosophe than Franklin. Chesterfield himself was hardly a more complete man of the world, Howard hardly ican citizen who could be considered his a more complete philanthropist. Priestley had no keener interest in science, and even Goldsmith, though he wrote more charmof this great man, save to repeat that he is ingly, did not write more easily. Burke the most typical American of us all, and was a better political philosopher, and Hume and Adam Smith were better economists; but Franklin could have left all three behind in the important matter of putting their theories into practice. He was a conversationalist worthy to be mentioned along with Johnson and Horne Tooke, and a that show him to have been a man of like diplomatist whom Talleyrand would not passions with ourselves; as we tell over his have despised. He had the public spirit of innumerable deeds of kindness and philan- a Turgot and the tolerance of a Voltaire thropy; as we read his easy, familiar letters, In fine, as a wit, a moralist, a scientist, a and the witty trifles that flowed constantly man of letters, a leader in private and pubfrom his pen; as we follow day by day his lic affairs, a cool, unsentimental, self-reliant life spread out before us, with no hint of son of this work-a-day world, Franklin was concealment, we are brought to believe that the epitome and representative of his age. we know this man as a friend, and have that There are greater humorists, though few sort of property in him that Americans have who would reduce the size of a prayer-book time out of mind claimed to possess in their for an aging wife by cutting out "the chris-President. We treat Franklin very much tenings, matrimonies, and everything else as thousands of Americans are preparing to that she might not have immediate and treat President McKinley-we grip his hand constant occasion for"; there are greater and then proceed to explore his premises. scientists, but few more universal in their There can be no better proof of the fact that range of inquiry; there are greater men of we regard him as a typical American. We letters, although it should be remembered are proud of him, but with a different pride that his style is limpidity itself and that from that which we have in Washington, his "Autobiography" is a genuine classic; We trust his there are greater statesmen, but few, at least democracy in the concrete more than we in his age, who so fully comprehended the do that of Jefferson, who was as much an importance of the western wilderness; there idealist as Franklin was the reverse. We are finer moralists, yet none more praccouple him with Lincoln, and like to repeat tically beneficent; there are greater men, homely anecdotes about them both. We but few or none who have so thoroughly relish the wit of "We must all hang to- succeeded along so many lines of activity; gether, if we would not all hang separately"; and, when all is said, there is assuredly only



WERE . WE WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE FOREMAST, EROSES AT THE EDITOR. THE HILKEN

THE DERELICT "NEPTUNE."

FIG. MURBAN KUTERINA

colored a Jeep blue from the fine river solt. Channel of the Mississip, and heated from its ling surface exposure or dena trotical sunsities Main Equational Corrent split off by as the Gu f Stream

ACROSS the Atlantic Ocean from the Hebrides, and is no more recognizable as Gulf of Guinea to Cape St. Roque a current; and the third, the eastern and moves a great holy of water-the Main largest part of the divided stream, makes a Equatornal Correct—which can be con- wide sweep to the east and south, enclosing sidered the motive power, or mainspring, the Arbres and the dead-water called the of the while Atlantic correct system, as it Sargass. Seu, then, as the African Current, obtains its motion of reity from the every roos down the coast until, just below the arting push of the trade-winds. At Jape Canary Isles, it merges into the Lesser. St. Kiljue this broad correct spots into Equational Current, which, parallel to two parts, one turning north, the other the parent stream, and separated from it south. The northern part contracts, in- by a narrow hand of back-water, travels creases its speed, and passing up the west and filters through the West Indies, northern coast of booth America as the making purroung combinations with the Guiana Corrent, enters through the Carib- tides, and finally bearing so heavily on the bean Sea into the Guif of Mexico, where young Guif Stream as to give to it the sharp it circles around to the continuard; then, form to the northward through the Florida

In the South Atlantic, the portion of to an average temperature of eighty de- Cape St. Robbe and directed south leaves grees, it emerges but the Four da Channel the coast at Cape Fric, and at the latitude if the River Plate assumes a due casterly From here it travels in riheast, follow-direction, and crosses the ocean-as the ing the trend of the coast he, until off Southern Connecting Current. At the Cape Hatteras, it splits into three divi- Cape of Good Hone it meets the cold, sins, one of which, the westernmost, northeasterly Cape Horn Corrent, and with keeps in it like its warmin and life in it passes up the coast of Africa to join the Baffin's Bay Another impurges on the Equatorial Current at the starting-point in

the Gulf of Guinea, the whole constituting a circulatory system of ocean rivers, of for a respectable practitioner like me to be speed value varying from eighteen to engaged in! Doctor Bryce, of Havana,

ninety miles a day.

a curious-looking craft floated into the thieves who would be hung in a week if branch current which, skirting Cuba, flows they went to Texas, and a long-legged westward through the Bahama Channel. sailor man who calls himself a retired A man standing on the highest of two naval officer, but who looks like a pirate; points enclosing a small bay near Cape and all shouting for Cuba Libre. Cuba Maisi, after a critical examination through Libre! It's plunder you want.' a telescope, disappeared from the rocks, and in a few moments a light boat, of dynamite," answered Boston, with a grin. the model used by whalers, emerged from the mouth of the bay, containing this man Castle, Doc? and another. In the boat besides was a coil of rope.

in flannel shirt and trousers, the latter held was on the brink of the most important in place by a cartridge-belt, such as is used and beneficent discovery in explosives the by the American cowboy. To this was world ever dreamt of. Yes, sir, 'twould broad-brimmed cork helmet, much soiled, and resembling in shape the Mexican sombrero. Beneath this headgear was a mass he'd heard from Marti," said Boston, after of brown hair, which showed a non-acquain- an interval. "Good news, he said, but tance with barbers for, perhaps, months, that's all I learned. May be it's from and under this hair a sun-tanned face, Gomez. If he'll only take hold again we lighted by serious gray eyes. The most can chase the Spanish off the island now. noticeable feature of this face was the extreme arching of the eyebrows—a neverfailing index of the highest form of moral in its way. It was red, round, and jolly, aboard; her spars were gone, with the exwith twinkling eyes, the whole borrowing ception of the foremast, broken at the a certain dignity from closely-cut white hounds, and she seemed to be of about a hair and moustaches. The man was about thousand tons burden; colored a mixed fifty, dressed and armed like the other.
"What do you want of pistols, Boston?"

ting out.

have them. That hulk may be full of weather-worn figure-head, representing the Spaniards, and the whole thing nothing god of the sea. Above on the bows were but a trick to draw us out. But she looks wooden-stocked anchors stowed inboard, like a derelict. I don't see how she got and aft on the quarters were iron davits into this channel, unless she drifted up past with blocks intact—but no falls. In a few Cape Maisi from the southward, having of the dead-eyes in the channels could be come in with the Guiana Current. It's all seen frayed rope-yarns, rotten with age. rocks and shoals to the eastward."

oars, soon passed the fringing reef and teak-wood rail, of a bleached gray color. came in sight of the strange craft, which On the round stern, as they pulled under lay about a mile east and half a mile off it, they spelled, in raised letters, flecked shore. "You see," resumed the younger here and there with discolored gilt, the man, called Boston, "there's a back-water name" Neptune, of London." Unkempt inside Point Mulas, and if she gets into it and forsaken, she had come in from the she may come ashore right here.'

".Where we can loot her. Nice business consorting with Fenians from Canada, On a bright morning in November, 1894, exiled German socialists, Cuban horse

"But none of us ever manufactured "How long did they have you in Moro

"Eight months," snapped the doctor, his face clouding. "Eight months in that The one who had inspected the craft from rat-hole, with the loss of my property and the rocks was a tall young fellow, dressed practice—all for devotion to science. I hung a heavy revolver. On his head was a have made me famous and stopped all warfare."

> "The captain told me this morning that Then we'll put some of your stuff under

Moro and lift it off the earth.

In a short time, details of the craft courage. It was a face that would please. ahead, hitherto hidden by distance, began The face of the other was equally pleasing to show. There was no sign of life brown and dingy gray, which, as they drew near, was shown as the action of iron rust he said to the younger man. "One might on black and lead-colored paint. Here think this an old-fashioned, piratical cut- and there were outlines of painted ports. Under the stump of a shattered bowsprit Oh, I don't know, Doc. It's best to projected from between bluff bows a and, with the stump of the foremast, the The boat, under the impulse of their wooden stocks of the anchors, and the mysterious sea to tell her story.

and spongy with time and weather.

the first iron ships built, I should think. old style. Hatches are all battened down, but I doubt if this tarpaulin holds water.' opened them.

"Hold on," said the doctor; "this fact that no sails were sighted. cabin may have been closed for years, and generated poisonous gases.

upper door, Boston.'

and opened the companion-way above, was the terrible entry: "Fire in the hold." which let a stream of the fresh morning They were in an ordinary ship's cabin, fine dust.

"Where the deuce do you get so much 30-50 E. There were no more entries. ist at sea?" coughed the doctor. "What tragedy does this tell of?" said dust at sea?" coughed the doctor.

have been the skipper's room." entered the largest stateroom, and Boston it's worth bothering about."

"this paper is dated 1844, fifty years till she got into the Equatorial drift; then ago." Boston looked over his shoulder.

time? Let's see this one.'

nitric acid. "That cargo won't be much hold and see what the fire has done."

They climbed the channels, fastened the good to us, Doc. I'd hoped to find somepainter, and peered over the rail. There thing we could use. Let's find the logwas no one in sight, and they sprang down, book, and see what happened to her." finding themselves on a deck that was soft Boston rummaged what seemed to be the first mate's room. "Plenty of duds "She's an old tub," said Boston, scan-here," he said; "but they're ready to fall ning the gray fabric fore and aft; "one of to pieces. Here's the log."

He returned with the book, and, seated They housed the crew under the t'gallant at the dusty table, they turned the yellow forecastle. See the doors forward, there? leaves. "First departure, Highland And she has a full-decked cabin—that's Light, March 10th, 1844," read Boston. "We'll look in the remarks column."

Nothing but the ordinary incidents of a He stepped on the main hatch, brought voyage were found until they reached the his weight on the ball of one foot, and date June 1st, when entry was made of the turned around. The canvas crumbled ship being "caught aback" and dismasted to threads, showing the wood beneath. off the Cape of Good Hope in a sudden "Let's go below. If there were any gale. Then followed daily "remarks" of Spaniards here they'd have shown them-the southeasterly drift of the ship, the selves before this." The cabin doors extreme cold (which, with the continuance were latched but not locked, and they of the bad weather, prevented them from saving the wreck for jury-masts), and the

June 6th told of her being locked in soft, Open that slushy ice, and still being pressed southward by the never-ending gale; June 10th Boston ran up the shaky poop ladder said that the ice was hard, and on June 15th

On June 16th was entered this: "Kept air and sunshine into the cabin; then, after hatches battened down and stopped all a moment or two, descended and joined air-holes, but the deck is too hot to stand the other, who entered from the main deck. on, and getting hotter. Crew insist on lowering the boats and pulling them northsurrounded by staterooms, and with the ward over the ice to open water in hopes usual swinging lamp and tray; but the of being picked up. Good-by." In the table, chairs, and floor were covered with position columns of this date the latitude was given as 62-44 S. and the longitude as

Nobody knows, Doc. Let's hunt for the doctor. "They left this ship in the the manifest and the articles. This must ice fifty years ago. Who can tell if they

They were saved?"

"Who indeed?" said Boston. "The opened an old-fashioned desk. Among mate hadn't much hope. He said 'Goodthe discolored documents it contained, he by.' But one thing is certain: we are the took out one and handed it to the doctor. first to board her since. I take it she "Articles," he said; "look at it." Soon stayed down there in the ice until she he took out another. "I've got it. Now drifted around the Pole, and thawed out we'll find what she has in her hold, and if where she could catch the Cape Horn Current, which took her up to the Hope. Then "Great Scott!" exclaimed the doctor; she came up with the South African Current west, and up with the Guiana Current into "That's so; she signed her crew at Bos- the Caribbean Sea to the southward of us, ton, too. Where has she been all this and this morning the flood tide brought her through. It isn't a question of winds; The manifest was short, and stated that they're too variable. It's currents, though her cargo was 3,000 barrels of lime, 8,000 it may have taken her years to get here. kids of tallow, and 2,500 carboys of acid. But the surprising part of it is that she 1,700 of which were sulphuric, the rest of hasn't been boarded. Let's look in the



"SOON THE SQUALL, COMING WITH A SHOCK LIKE A SOLID BLOW, STRUCK THE HULK BROADSIDE TO AND CAREENED HER."

with the exception of a filmy haze overhanging the eastern end of the island, was clear. Now, as they emerged from the cabin, this haze had solidified and was the poop, and shut the scuttle behind him, coming—one of the black and vicious for the rain was flooding the cabin; then squalls of the West India seas.

them," remarked Boston, as he viewed it. "But it's pretty close to the water, and to windward this wall was detaching great dropping rain. Hold on, there, Doc. Stay aboard. We couldn't pull ashore in the teeth of it." The doctor had made a spasmodic leap to the rail. "If the anchor chains were shackled on, we might drop one of the hooks and hold her, but cloud, and below was a sea of froth, white it's two hours' work for a full crew.'

"But we're likely to be blown away,

We'll make the boat fast astern and get tial binnacle, and within a compass, which, out of the wet." They did so, and entered though sluggish, as from a well-worn the cabin. Soon the squall, coming with pivot, was practically in good condition. a shock like a solid blow, struck the hulk broadside to and careened her. From the muttered, as he looked at it, "straight up cabin door they watched the nearly hori- the coast. It's better than the beach in zontal rain as it swished across the deck, this weather, but may land us in Havana.' and listened to the screaming of the wind, He examined the boat. It was full of which prevented all conversation. Silent- water, and tailing to windward, held by its

When they boarded the hulk, the sky, ous. It's no squall. If it wasn't so late in the season I'd call it a hurricane. I'm going on deck."

He climbed the companion-way stairs to looked around. The shore and horizon "No man can tell what wind there is in were hidden by a dense wall of gray, which seemed not a hundred feet away. From waves or sheets of almost solid water. which bombarded the ship in successive blows, to be then lost in the gray whirl to leeward. Overhead was the same dismal hue, marked by hurrying masses of darker and flat; for no waves could raise their heads in that wind. Drenched to the skin, aren't we?" asked the doctor.

"Not far. I don't think it'll last long.

"not far. I don't think it'll last long.

"not far. I don't think it'll last long.

"not far. I don't think it'll last long." "Blowing us about nor'west by west," he ly they waited—one hour—two hours— painter. Making sure that this was fast, then Boston said: "This is getting seri- he went down.

water from his limp cork helmet and flat- same fine dust which filled the cabin. tened it on the table, "have you any ob- "Don't go down there, yet, Boston," jections to being rescued by some craft said the doctor. "It may be full of cargoing into Havana?"

'I have-decided objections."

there—sideways. Now, such a blow as lighting one end by means of a flint and this, at this time of year, will last three steel which he carried, lowered the smouldays at least, and I've an idea that it'll dering rag until it rested on the pile below. haul gradually to the south toward the It did not go out. end of it. Where'll we be then? Either piled up on one of the Bahama cays or "But you go down; you're younger." interviewed by the Spaniards. Now I've This iron hull is worth some- and I'll look over here. settled. thing, and if we can take her into an wind line.'

"But I can't steer. And how long will this voyage take? What will we down the hatch. "Here's as good a dish

eat ? "

"Yes, you can steer; good enough. And, of course, it depends on food, and water, too. We'd better catch some of this

that's going to waste."

In what had been the steward's storeroom they found a harness-cask with bones The barrels seem tight, but we won't need and a dry dust in the bottom. "It's salt to broach one for a while. There's a bag of their pistols they carefully hammered He picked up the open can. down the rusty hoops over the shrunken staves, which were well preserved by the barrels contain meat, we'll find it cooked brine they had once held, and taking it -boiled in its own brine, like this.' out on deck, cleaned it thoroughly under and let it stand under the stream of water to swell and sweeten itself.

more," said Boston; "but that will last barrels haven't burst from the expansion us two weeks. Now we'll hunt for her of the brine under the heat or cold, you'll stores. I've eaten salt horse twenty years find the meat just as good." old, but I can't vouch for what we may find here." They examined all the rooms salt horse. Now, where's the sail-locker?

"Where's the lazarette in this kind of a be forward." ship?" asked Boston. "The cabin runs

"Doc," he said, as he squeezed the boxes and barrels—all covered with the

bonic acid gas. She's been afire, you know. Wait." He tore a strip from "So have I; but this wind is blowing us some bedding in one of the rooms, and,

"Safe enough, Boston," he remarked.

Boston smiled and sprang down on the been thinking of a scheme on deck. We pile, from which he passed up a box. can't get back to camp for a while—that's "Looks like tinned stuff, Doc. Open it,

The doctor smashed the box with his American port we can claim salvage. foot, and found, as the other had thought, Key West is the nearest, but Fernandina that it contained cylindrical cans; but the is the surest. We've got a stump of a labels were faded with age. Opening one foremast and a rudder and a compass. If with his jack-knife, he tasted the contents. we can get some kind of sail up forward It was a mixture of meat and a fluid, and bring her 'fore the wind, we can steer called by sailors "soup and bully," and any course within thirty degrees of the as fresh and sweet as though canned the day before.

> We're all right, Boston," he called as I've tasted for months. Ready cooked,

too.'

Boston soon appeared. "There's some beef or pork barrels over in the wing," he said, "and plenty of this canned stuff. I don't know what good the salt meat is. meat, I suppose," said the doctor, "re- of coffee-gone to dust, and some hard duced to its elements." With the handles bread that isn't fit to eat; but this'll do."

Boston," said the doctor, "if those

"Isn't it strange," said Boston, as he the scuppers—or drain holes—of the poop, tasted the contents of the can, "that this

stuff should keep so long?

"Not at all. It was cooked thoroughly "If we find more casks we'll catch some by the heat, and then frozen. If your

"But rather salty, if I'm a judge of adjacent to the cabin, but found nothing. We want a sail on that foremast. It must

In the forecastle they found sailor's right aft to the stern. It must be below chests and clothing in all stages of ruin, us." He found that the carpet was not but none of the spare sails that ships tacked to the floor, and, raising the after carry. In the boatswain's locker, in one end, discovered a hatch, or trap-door, corner of the forecastle, however, they which he lifted. Below, when their eyes found some iron-strapped blocks in fairwere accustomed to the darkness, they saw ly good condition, which Boston noted.

Then they opened the main hatch, and after lashing the lower corners to the winddiscovered a mixed pile of boxes, some lass and fife-rail. showing protruding necks of large bottles, or carboys, others nothing but the circular opening. Here and there in the tangled took the wheel and steadied her at northheap were sections of canvas sails—rolled and unrolled, but all yellow and worthless. They closed the hatch, and returned to the cabin.

"They stowed their spare canvas in the 'tween-deck on top of the cargo,' said hard with the rust of fifty years. Boston; "and the carboys—"

and ruined the sails," broke in the doctor. now, with the first flap as the gale caught "But another question is, what became it from another direction, appeared a rent; of that acid?'

'If it's not in the 'tween-deck yet, it must be in the hold—leaked through the fully; "we can steer now. Come here, hatches.

"I hope it hasn't reached the iron in the hull, Boston, my boy. It takes a long time for cold acids to act on iron after the nitric and sulphuric will do lots of work."

fore the wind. How'll the carpet do?" and needle and some twine.' articles he found in the mate's room. "The twine's no better than yarn," said he, "but we'll use four parts."

Together they doubled the carpet diagonally, and with long stitches joined the edges. Then Boston sewed into each cora triangular sail of about twelve feet hoist. to lift things out of the hold with it.'

the coil from the boat, while the doctor brought the blocks. Then, together, they

It stood the pressure, and the hulk paid slowly off and gathered headway. Boston west by west—dead before the wind, while the doctor, at his request, brought the open can of soup and lubricated the wheelscrew with the only substitute for oil at their command; for the screw worked

Their improvised sail, pressed steadily "And the carboys burst from the heat on but one side, had held together, but

with the next flap the rag went to pieces.
"Let her go," sang out Boston, glee-Doc, and learn to steer.

The doctor came; and when he left that wheel, three days later, he had learned. For the wind had blown a continuous gale first oxidation, but in fifty years mixed the whole of this time, which, with the ugly sea raised as the ship left the lee of "No fear, Doc; it had done its work the land, necessitated the presence of both when you were in your cradle. What'll we men at the helm. Only occasionally was do for canvas? We must get this craft be-there a lull during which one of them could rush below and return with a can of the Boston sprang to the edge, and tried the soup. During one of these lulls, Boston fabric in his fingers. "It'll go," he said; had examined the boat, towing half out "we'll double it. I'll hunt for a palm of water, and concluding that a short These painter was best with a waterlogged boat, had reinforced it with a few turns of his rope from forward. In the three days they had sighted no craft except such as their own-helpless, hove-to, or scudding.

Boston had judged rightly in regard to the wind. It had hauled slowly to the ner a thimble—an iron ring—and they had southward, allowing him to make the course he wished-through the Bahama "It hasn't been exposed to the action of and up the Florida Channel with the wind the air like the ropes in the locker for- over the stern. During the day he could ward," said Boston, as he arose and took guide himself by landmarks, but at night, off the palm; "and perhaps it'll last till with a darkened binnacle, he could only she pays off. Then we can steer. You steer blindly on with the wind on his back. get the big pulley blocks from the locker, The storm centre, at first to the south of Doc, and I'll get the rope from the boat— Cuba, had made a wide circle, concentric it's lucky I thought to bring it; I expected with the curving course of the ship, and when the latter had reached the upper end At the risk of his life Boston obtained of the Florida Channel, had spurted ahead and whirled out to sea across her bows. It was then that the undiminished gale, rove off a tackle. With the handles of blowing nearly west, had caused Boston, in their pistols, they knocked bunk-boards despair, to throw the wheel down and to pieces and saved the nails; then Boston bring the ship into the trough of the seaclimbed the foremast, as a painter climbs to drift. The two wet, exhausted, hollowa steeple—by nailing successive billets of eyed men slept the sleep that none but wood above his head for steps. Next he sailors and soldiers know; and when they hauled up and secured the tackle to the wakened, twelve hours later, stiff and sore, forward side of the mast, with which they it was to look out on a calm, starlit evenpulled up the upper corner of their sail, ing, with an eastern moon silvering the

surface of the long, north-bound rollers, and showing in sharp relief a dark horizon, on which there was no sign of land or sail.

They satisfied their hunger; then Boston, with a rusty iron pot from the galley, to which he fastened the end of his rope, dipped up some of the water from over the side. It was warm to the touch, and, aware that they were in the Gulf Stream, they crawled under the musty bedding in said. the cabin berths and slept through the In the morning there was no promise of the easterly wind that Boston hoped would come to blow them to port, and they secured their boat—reeving off davit tackles, and with the plug out, pull-acids—acids above, lime and tallow down ing it up, one end at a time, while the here. water drained out through the hole in the soap.

"Now, Boston," said the doctor, "here face was ashen. we are, as you say, on the outer edge of the Gulf Stream, drifting out into the there is to eat, and I'll examine the cargo. I want to know where that acid went.'

They opened all the hatches, and while Boston descended to the lazarette, the doctor, with his trousers rolled up, climbed down the notched steps in a stanchion. In a short time he came up with a yellow substance in his hand, which he washed thoroughly with fresh water in Boston's improvised draw-bucket, and placed in the Then he returned to the sun to dry. 'tween-deck. After a while, Boston, rum- on the upper end of the pipes.' maging the lazarette, heard him calling through the bulkhead, and joined him.

'Look here, Boston," said the doctor; "I've cleared away the muck over this hatch. It's caulked, as you sailormen call

it. Help me get it up.'

rings in each corner, now eaten with rust to the thinness of wire, they lifted the hatch. Below was a filthy-looking layer of whit- ing hot mess. ish substance, protruding from which were conditions?" charred, half-burned staves. First they repeated the experiment with the smouldering rag, and finding that it burned, as the water beneath is in time all taken up before, they descended. The whitish sub- by the lime.' stance was hard enough to bear their weight, and they looked around. Over- other. head, hung to the under side of the deck and extending the length of the hold, were wooden tanks, charred, and in some places customary in iron ships?" burned through.

"She must have been built for a passen-r or troop ship," said Boston. "Those ger or troop ship," said Boston. tanks would water a regiment."

"Boston," answered the doctor, irrelevantly, "will you climb up and bring down an oar from the boat? Carry it down—don't throw it, my boy." Boston obliged him, and the doctor, picking his way forward, then aft, struck each tank with the oar. "Empty—all of them," he

He dug out with his knife a piece of the whitish substance under foot, and examined it closely in the light of the hatch.

This stuff is neither; it is lime And, moreover, it has not been touched by acids." The doctor's ruddy

"Well?" asked Boston.

"Lime soap is formed by the causticizing broad Atlantic at the rate of four miles action of lime on tallow in the presence of an hour. We've got to make the best of it water and heat. It is easy to understand until something comes along; so you hunt this fire. One of those tanks leaked and through that storeroom and see what else dribbled down on the cargo, attacking the lime, which was stowed underneath, as all these staves we see on top are from tallowkids. The heat generated by the slacking lime set fire to the barrels in contact, which in turn set fire to others, and they burned until the air was exhausted, and then went out. See, they are but partly consumed. There was intense heat in this hold, and expansion of the water in all the tanks. Are tanks at sea filled to the top?'

"Chock full, and a cap screwed down

"As I thought. The expanding water burst every tank in the hold, and the cargo was deluged with water, which attacked every lime barrel in the bottom layer, at least. Result—the bursting of those barrels from the ebullition of slacking lime, They dug the compacted oakum from the melting of the tallow—which could the seams with their knives, and by iron not burn long in the closed-up space—and the mixing of it in the interstices of the lime barrels with water and lime—a boil-What happens under such

> "Give it up," said Boston, laconically. "Lime soap is formed, which rises, and

'But what of it?" interrupted the

"Wait. I see that this hold and the 'tween-deck are lined with wood. Is that

"Not now. It used to be a notion that



"POISED ON END IN MID-AIR, WITH DECK AND SPONSONS STILL INTACT, A BOWLESS, BOTTOMLESS REMNANT OF THE CRUISER."

first iron ships were ceiled with wood."

stance?

'Yes, always; three or four scupper- the other end of the equation—glycerine!" holes each side amidships. They lead the water into the bilges, where the pumps can with a startled look, "that—" reach it." I mean," said the doctor, emphatic-

charred most.

and away from the lime.''

internal movement of the broken carboys, perhaps. At any rate, it came out, after thing else." remaining in place long enough for the acids to become thoroughly mixed and for the doctor. the hull to cool down. She was in the his seamanship. ice, remember. Boston, the mixed acid Where is it now?"

"I suppose," said Boston, thoughtfully,

the skin.'

Exactly. oakum, is it not?" Boston nodded.

"That oakum would contract with the something hard." charring action, as did the oakum in the under the skin. Have you ever studied was nearly torn from his hand by the exchemistry?'

"Slightly."

water, which would afterwards be taken would pulverize the Rock of Gibraltar!" up by the surplus lime, was the other end "But, Doctor," asked Boston, as he of this equation; and as the yield from leaned against the rail for support, per cent., and as we start with eight the action of the acids on the lime-

an iron skin damaged the cargo; so the thousand fifty-pound kids—four hundred thousand pounds-all of which has disap-"Are there any drains in the 'tween- peared, we can be sure that, sticking to deck to let water out, in case it gets into the skin and sides of the barrels down that deck from above—a sea, for in- here, is—or was once—one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, or sixty tons, of

"Do you mean, Doc," asked Boston,

"I found up there," continued the doc- ally, "that the first thing the acids-mixed tor, "a large piece of wood, badly charred in the 'tween-deck to the right proportions, by acid for half its length, charred to a mind you—would attack, on oozing through lesser degree for the rest. It was oval in the skin, would be this glycerine; and the cross section, and the largest end was certain product of this union under intense cold—this hull was frozen in the ice, re-"Scupper plug. I suppose they plugged member-would be nitro-glycerine; and, the 'tween-deck scuppers to keep any as the yield of the explosive mixture is water they might ship out of the bilges two hundred and twenty per cent. of the glycerine, we can be morally sure that in 'Yes, and those plugs remained in place the bottom of this hold, held firmly in a for days, if not weeks or months, after the hard matrix of sulphate or nitrate of calcarboys burst, as indicated by the greater cium—which would be formed next when charring of the larger end of the plug. I the acids met the hydrates and carbonates burrowed under the debris, and found the of lime-is over one hundred and thirty hole which that plug fitted. It was worked tons of nitro-glycerine, all the more exploloose, or knocked out of the hole by some sive from not being washed of free acids. Come up on deck. I'll show you some-

Limp and nerveless, Boston followed This question was beyond

The doctor brought the vellow subwent down that hole, or others like it. stance—now well dried. "I found plenty of this in the 'tween-deck,' he said; "and I should judge they used it to pack "that it soaked up into the hold, through between the carboy boxes. It was once cotton-batting. It is now, since I have The skin is caulked with washed it, a very good sample of guncotton. Get me a hammer—crowbar—

Boston brought a marline-spike from the hatch, and every drop of that acid—ten locker, and the doctor, tearing off a small thousand gallons, as I have figured—has piece of the substance and placing it on filtered up into the hold, with the excepthe iron barrel of a gipsy-winch, gave it a tion of what remained between the frames hard blow with the marline-spike, which

plosion that followed.

"We have in the 'tween-deck," said "Then you can follow me. When tal- the doctor, as he turned, "about twice as low is saponified there is formed, from the many pounds of this stuff as they used to palmitin, stearin, and olein contained, with pack the carboys with; and, like the nitrothe causticizing agent—in this case, lime— glycerine, it is the more easily exploded a soap. But there are two ends to every from the impurities and free acids. I equation, and at the bottom of this im- washed this for safe handling. Boston, mense soap vat, held in solution by the we are adrift on a floating bomb that

tallow of this other product is about thirty "wouldn't there be evolution of heat from

enough to explode the nitro-glycerine just -with ruined digestions and shattered formed?'

is the fact that this hull still floats. The gladdened their eyes after the gale in the action was too slow, and it was very cold Florida Channel. down there. But I can't yet account for the acids left in the bilges. What have been driving them, broadside on, in the they been doing all these fifty years?"

rod came up dry, but with a slight dis- coast of Portugal or Spain. showed to the doctor.

on the iron frames and plates. How thick bows nearly toward them. are they?"

frames, like railroad iron.'

much salvage. Get up some kind of dis-mense Atlantic combers, often raising her tress signal, Boston." Somehow the doc- forefoot into plain view, again descend-

tor was now the master spirit.

A flag was nailed to the mast, union down, to be blown to pieces with the first breeze; then another, and another, until the flag locker was exhausted. Then they hung out, piece after piece, all they could spare of the rotten bedding, until that too military mainmast. She has a ram bow, was exhausted. Then they found, in a and—yes, sponsons and guns. That's locker of their boat, a flag of Free Cuba, what she is, with her funnels and bridge which they decided not to waste, but to carried away.' hang out only when a sail appeared.

But no sail appeared, and the craft, asked the doctor, excitedly. "Hadn't she affected by gales and seas, drifted east- better get out of our way?" buffeted by gales and seas, drifted eastward, while the days became weeks, and the weeks became months. Twice she the escape-jet. She isn't helpless. entered the Sargasso Sea—the gravey ard of derelicts—to be blown out by friendly gales and resume her travels. Occasional rains replenished the stock of fresh water, but the food they found at first, with the spot, the derelict heaving to leeward in exception of some cans of fruit, was all that came to light. The salt meat was seas caught her, each one leaving her half leathery, and crumbled to a salty dust on a length further on. Soon they could make exposure to the air. After a while their out the figures of men. stomachs revolted at the diet of cold "Take us off," screamed the doctor, soup, and they are only when hunger com- waving his arms, "and get out of our pelled them.

At first they had stood watch-andwatch, but the lonely horror of the long she's started her engine.' night vigils in the constant apprehension of instant death had affected them alike, of the cruiser they shouted repeatedly and they gave it up, sleeping and watching words of supplication and warning. They together. They had taken care of their were answered by a solid shot from a boat and provisioned it, ready to lower secondary gun, which flew over their and pull into the track of any craft that heads. At the same time, the ensign of might approach. But it was four months Spain was run up to the masthead. from the beginning of this strange voyage when the two men, gaunt and hungry firing on us. Into that boat with you! If

nerves-saw, with joy which may be imag-"The best proof that it did not explode ined, the first land and the first sail that

A fierce gale from the southwest had trough of the sea, for the whole of the Boston found a sounding-rod in the preceding day and night; and the land locker, which he scraped bright with his they now saw appeared to them a dark, knife; then, unlaying a strand of the rope ragged line of blue, early in the morning. for a line, sounded the pump-well. The Boston could only surmise that it was the The sail coloration on the lower end, which Boston which lay between them and the land, about three miles to leeward, proved to be "The acids have expended themselves the try-sail of a white craft, hove-to, with

Boston climbed the foremast with their "Plates, about five-eighths of an inch; only flag and secured it; then, from the high poop-deck, they watched the other "This hull is a shell! We won't get craft, plunging and wallowing in the iming with a dive that hid the whole forward half of the craft in a white cloud of spume.

> "If she was a steamer I'd call her a cruiser," said Boston; "one of Uncle Sam's white ones, with a storm sail on her

"Isn't she right in our track, Boston?"

"She's got steam up—a full head: see she don't launch a boat, we'll take to ours and board her.'

The distance lessened rapidly—the cruiser plunging up and down in the same great, swinging leaps, as the successive

"We'll clear her," said Boston; "see,

As they drifted down on the weather side

"They're Spanish, Boston.

a shot hits our cargo, we won't know what When but half a length separated the two struck us."

hung on the lee side, and cleared the falls sharp steel ram came down like a butcher's —fastened and coiled in the bow and stern. Often during their long voyage they had seaway—an operation requiring quick and concerted action.

"Ready, Doc?" sang out Boston. "One, two, three—let go!" The falls overhauled an uprising sea with a smack, sank with it.

windward!" cried the doctor.

away from them, and in a short time they they looked, took in the try-sail.

"She's going to wear," said Boston.

"See, she's paying off."

"I don't know what 'wearing' means, Boston," panted the doctor, "but I know the Spanish nature. She's going to ram the shattered remnant, which, with the that hundred and thirty tons of nitro. Splintered fragments of wood and iron Don't stop. Pull away. Hold on, there; strewn on the surface and bottom of the hold on, you fools!" he shouted. "That's sea for a mile around, and the lessening a torpedo; keep away from her!"

Forgetting his own injunction to pull away, the doctor stood up, waving his oar frantically, and Boston assisted. But if their shouts and gestures were under- starved men pulled a whaleboat up to the stood aboard the cruiser, they were ignored. She slowly turned in a wide curve and headed straight for the "Neptune," which had drifted to leeward of her.

What was in the minds of the officers on that cruiser's deck will never be known. Cruisers of all nations hold roving commissions in regard to derelicts, and it is fitting and proper for one of them to gently prod a "vagrant of the sea" with the steel prow and send her below to trouble no more. But it may be that the sight of the Cuban flag, floating defiantly in the gale, had something to do with the

crafts, a heavy sea lifted the bow of the They sprang into the boat, which luckily cruiser high in air; then it sank, and the cleaver on the side of the derelict.

A great semi-circular wall of red shut rehearsed the launching of the boat in a out the gray of the sea and sky to leeward, and for an instant the horrified men in the boat saw—as people see by a lightning flash—dark lines radiating from the centre of this red wall, and near this cenwith a whir, and the falling boat, striking tre, poised on end in mid-air, with deck and sponsons still intact, a bowless, bot-When it raised they unhooked the tackle tomless remnant of the cruiser. Then the blocks, and pushed off with the oars just spectacle went out in the darkness of upas a second shot hummed over their heads. consciousness; for a report, as of concen-"Pull, Boston; pull hard-straight to trated thunder, struck them down. A great wave left the hollow vortex in the The tight whaleboat shipped no water, sea, which threw the boat on end, and with and though they were pulling in the teeth the inward rush of surrounding water arose of a furious gale, the hulk was drifting a mighty gray cone, which subsided to a hollow, while another wave followed the were separated from their late home by a first. Again and again this gray pillar full quarter-mile of angry sea. The cruiser rose and fell, each subsidence marked by had forged ahead in plain view, and, as the sending forth of a wave. And long before these concentric waves had lost themselves in the battle with the stormdriven combers from the ocean, the halffilled boat, with her unconscious passengers, had drifted over the spot where lay cloud of dust in the air, was all that was left of the derelict "Neptune" and one of the finest cruisers in the Spanish navy.

A few days later, two exhausted, halfsteps of the wharf at Cadiz, where they told some lies and sold their boat. Six months later, these two men, sitting at a camp-fire of the Cuban army, read from a discolored newspaper, brought ashore with

the last supplies, the following:

" By cable to the 'Herald.' "CADIZ, March 13, 1895.—Anxiety for the safety of the 'Reina Regente' has grown rapidly to-day. and this evening it is feared, generally, that she down with her four hundred and twenty souls in the storm which swept the southern coast on Sunday night and Monday morning. Despatches from Gibraltar say that pieces of a boat and several sem in the gale, had something to do with the speed at which the cruiser approached. Phore flags belonging to the cruiser came ashore speed at which the cruiser approached. Ceuta and Tarifa this afternoon."

A CORRECTION.—We regret the appearance, in a recent issue of McClure's Magazine, of an article on Mr. Whistier which, we learn, has caused annoyance to our distinguished countryman, and we take this opportunity of tendering his our apologies. In justification of ourselves, it should be said that the article was written by a man who represented his self as enjoying Mr. Whistler's confidence. Upon examination, it was judged unsuited for the magazine and so put able. Through some mistake the manuscript was put into type and the proofs filed with those of other articles that had been accepted as available. During the editor's absence last summer, the necessity arose for a short article to fill a place in the September number left vacant by delay in receipt of a certain contribution. This article was hastily made up in pages, and, in the belief that it had been passed for publication, unwittingly included in the contents of that number.

RUARY

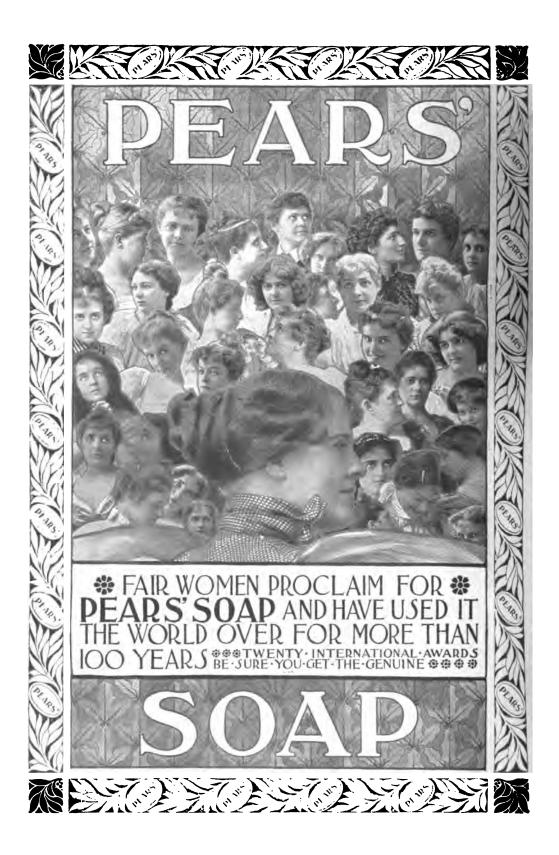
Thirty Life Portraits of Washington

PRICE 10 CENTS

MCLURE'S MAGAZINE



LISHED MONTHLY BY THE S. S. MCCLURE CO., 141-155 E. 25TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY tolk St., Strand, London, Eng. Copyright, 1897, by Tire S. S. McClure Co. Entered at N.Y. Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Mateur









Little Men
Little Women

greatly relish the comforting and strengthening bouillon which may be quickly made with



A quarter teaspoonful of the Extract, a cup of hot water and a pinch of alt are all that is needed; it is readily digestible and insures restful sleep. Culinary Wrinkles" tells many other ways in which the Extract may be sed to advantage. It is mailed free by

Armour & Company

Chicago.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1897

I.	The Earliest Life Portrait of Washington Frontispiece From a painting by Charles Willson Peale, 1772.
II.	Life Portraits of Great Americans: Thirty Original Portraits of Washington. With Introduction and Notes
III.	The Makers of the Union: George) W. P. Trent 309
IV.	An Unpublished Letter by Lincoln: Regarding his Defeat by Douglas in 1858
V.	The Song of the Rappahannock. The Real Experience in Battle of a Young Soldier of the Army of the Potomac
VI.	Kansas Stories: The King of Boyville. The William Allen White 321 With pictures by Gustave Verbeek.
VII.	The Making of the Bible
VIII.	"Captains Courageous." A Story of the Rudyard Kipling
IX.	Engineer Connor's Son. A Story Will Allen Dromgoole 355 With pictures by W. M. Burgher.
х.	Robin Adair: The Story of a Famous S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald 361
XI.	A New Rhythmic Version of the Psalms Clifton Harby Leav 362 With portrait of Dr. Paul Haupt.
XII.	The Bell-Buoy. A Ballad
XIII.	Grant in the Mexican War. His Courtship of Miss Julia Dent. His Skill and Bravery in the War. Unpublished Letters Written by Grant from the Field

Terms: \$1.00 a Year in Advance; 10 Cents a Number. Subscriptions are received by all Newsdealers and Booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publishers.

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us not later than the tenth of the month, in order to take effect with the following number.

BOUND VOLUMES in dark green linen and gold, post-paid, \$1.25 per volume; in buckrain and gold, \$1.50 per volume. Back numbers, returned post-paid, will be exchanged for corresponding bound volumes in linen at 75 cents per volume, and in buckrain at \$1.00 per volume, post-paid. Missing numbers will be supplied, when volumes are returned to us for binding, at the regular subscription price of 84 cents a copy, excepting the numbers from August, 1823, to December, 1824, inclusive, which are 15 cents a copy. Indexes will be supplied to those who wish to do their own binding.

OUT OF PRINT.—The numbers for June and July, 1893, and November and December, 1895, are out of print. Bound Vol. I. is also out of print. We can still supply all the other volumes in either style of binding.

BINDERS, holding firmly any number from one to six copies of McClure's Magazine, post-paid, 75 cents,

S. S. McCLURE, President JOHN S. PHILLIPS, Treasurer ALBERT B. BRADY, Secretary THE S. S. McCLURE CO. 141-155 East Twenty-fifth Street, New York City



WASHINGTON'S COAT OF ARMS.



THE EARLIEST LIFE PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON. AGE 40. PAINTED BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE, 1772.

From the original portrait, in the possession of General G. W. Custis Lee, Lexington, Virginia. Canvas, 40 by 50 inches. This is the earliest portrait of Washington painted and the first of the series that Peale was destined to draw. Washington is depicted in the uniform of a Virginia colonel—blue coat with scarlet facings, scarlet waist-coat and breeches, with a purple scarf hanging from shoulder to hip. The silver gorget, suspended from a ribbon around his neck, is preserved in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society. This picture was begun at Mount Vernon on May 20, 1772, and was completed and paid for in ten days, Washington entering in his accounts under May 30th: "By Mr. Peale drawing my pict. £18 4s." There has recently been exploited a small copy of this head, as the original study from life, which is emphatically negatived by the dates given. The opportunity thus given Peale to know and paint Washington, before he was Commander-in-chief and first President, was undoubtedly what gave him the unrestrained intercourse which enabled him to delineate so truthfully the man as he really was. General Lee inherits the picture in direct line from Mrs. Washington.

McClure's Magazine.

VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

No. 4.

[THE SERIES OF LIFE PORTRAITS OF GREAT AMERICANS BEGAN IN JANUARY WITH THE PORTRAITS OF FRANKLIN.]



WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

blazoned before the people, and in no more that surround a theme of such importance. ber of times that he submitted to the investigation. painter's yoke cannot but seem appalling.

debt, recognizing that "he was a man, upon his like again."

It is almost superfluous to say that it is

IN these degenerate days, when the deafimpossible to do justice to such a subject
ening huzzas of spurious posticities in the deafening huzzas of spurious patriotism in the pages of a popular magazine. It pass for the genuine ring, the unsullied would require a volume to adequately disgrandeur of George Washington's pure cuss the mooted questions of copies, replove of country cannot too constantly be licas, and originals, and refute the heresies salutary way can this be done than by the The material for it is ample, and there is continual exhibition of his "counterfeit no field more ready to be garnered; but all presentment." To those who have given that can be given here are the bare conclose attention to his portraiture, the num- clusions, resulting from years of study and

The thirty portraits reproduced, cov-As early as May 16, 1785, he wrote: "I ering a period of twenty-six years, are am so hackneyed to the touches of the originals from life, taken by artists of Painter's pencil, that I am now altogether almost every nation, and it is the most at their beck, and sit like Patience on a sumptuous pictorial tribute to the Father of monument, whilst they are delineating the his Country that has ever been attempted lines of my face. It is a proof of what under one cover. Portraits will be found habit and custom can effect. At first, I from pictures by Charles Willson Peale, in was as impatient at the request and as 1772, 1777, 1779, 1784, 1785, 1787, 1794, restive under the operation as a colt is of and 1795; by Joseph Wright, in 1783, the saddle. The next time, I submitted 1784, and 1790-1793; by Robert Edge Pine very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. and Jean Antoine Houdon, in 1785; by Now, no dray moves more readily to the James Peale, in 1788 and 1795; by the Thill, than I do to the Painter's chair." Marchioness de Brehan and John Ram-Thus it will be seen it was an ordeal that age, in 1789; by Edward Savage, in 1790; he felt to be a great burden; but he was by John Trumbull, in 1790 and 1792; conscious that he was performing a duty by Giuseppe Ceracchi, in 1791-1795; by to posterity, and posterity, wonderful to Adolph Ulric Wertmüller, in 1794; by relate, acknowledges and appreciates the Jean François Vallée, in 1795; by Gilbert Stuart, in 1795 and 1796; by James Shartake him for all in all, we shall not look ples, in 1796, and by George Miller and Fevret de St. Memin, in 1798.

While this is a goodly array, it does not

Copyright, 1897, by the S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved.

include all. make up Peale's full complement, there to the writer, September 24, 1860, nine are two by Trumbull, one by Savage, and days before his death: "Besides having the whole length by Gilbert Stuart, men- painted thirty-nine copies of my father's

In addition, Pierre Eugene Du Simitière, only through engravings. It forms one of Stuart. a set of thirteen heads of illustrious Amerilished in London, May, 1783.

has no artistic or delineative value.

Christian Gülager, a Dane, had a sitting from Washington at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 3, 1789, but the canvas has nothing to commend it.

which he painted a larger picture for the Earl of Buchan. The miniature remains in shoulders, and had large hands and feet. the possession of the artist's descendants, while the large picture is still in Scotland.

with Gilbert Stuart, and painted a minia-Field, no mean miniature painter himfine a piece of painting as I ever saw." and it is hard to believe that Field's endorsement of the likeness is correct.

it is beneath consideration as a portrait.

to their father, in 1795. Washington is a composite picture, painted ton cannot well be mistaken.

Beside the six necessary to in 1823, concerning which he says, in a letter tioned particularly in the notes to the portraits by these painters. Washington, I have made seventy-nine copies of my own." There are sketches, silhouettes, and shadow profiles galore, by Laa native of Switzerland, who about 1766 trobe, Folwell, Powel, and others, but few settled in Philadelphia, made, on February of them merit consideration. Claims are 1, 1779, a "drawing in black lead of a made for the originality of miniatures by likeness in profile of his Excellency Gen- Birch, Field, Trott, and some of less reeral Washington." This portrait is known nown, but they are nearly all traceable to

While of Franklin there is no pen portrait cans, from originals by Du Simitière, pubgiving an accurate description of his coloring and person, the difficulty in the case William Dunlap, in 1783, at the age of of Washington is to determine which one is seventeen, made a pastel sketch of Wash- correct. His hair, eyes, and complexion ington, at Rocky Hill, New Jersey, but it apparently partook of each individual color of the rainbow. He was not, however, in truth, such a chameleon. His eyes were grayish-blue, his hair sandy brown verging on auburn, and his skin that fair mottled complexion, rather than ruddy, that com-In 1791, Archibald Robertson came from monly accompanies the hair and eyes de-Scotland to America, and Washington sat scribed. He was "straight as an Indian," to him December 13, for a miniature, from six feet two inches high, of large frame without fulness of covering,'

A British traveller, Isaac Weld, who was here from 1795 to 1797, says: "His Walter Robertson, who was neither kith head is small, in which respect he resemnor kin to Archibald, crossed the ocean bles the make of a great number of his countrymen. . . . Mr. Stewart, the emiture of Washington, in 1794, which Robert nent portrait painter, told me that there were features in his face totally different self, wrote, "is as good a likeness and as from what he ever observed in that of any other human being; the sockets for the The original is owned by the estate of the eyes, for instance, are larger than what he late Edmund Law Rogers of Baltimore, ever met with before, and the upper parte of the nose broader." While Brissot de Warville writes that "there are few por-Washington Lodge of Alexandria, Vir- traits which resemble him," another conginia, owns a picture of Washington, temporary says Washington "could not be painted in 1794, by William Williams, but mistaken by any one who had seen a fulllength picture of him, and yet no pictures Raphaelle and Rembrandt Peale each accurately resembled him in the minute drew Washington, during the last sitting traits of his person. His features, how-Raphaelle made ever, were so marked by prominent chara small water-color profile, in uniform, acteristics, which appear in all likenesses of which was owned by the late H. H. Hous- him, that a stranger could not be mistaken ton of Philadelphia, but wrongly attrib- in the man. . . . It was observed to me, uted to James Peale. Rembrandt made a there was an expression in Washington's more ambitious attempt in oil, resulting in face that no painter had succeeded in taka feeble picture, which he took to Charles- ing." We are not in a position to question ton, South Carolina, and, after making the accuracy of this closing sentence. several copies, sold to Chancellor De But we do know that the following pages Saussure. It is now owned by Mr. George will exhibit much dissimilarity in feature, Sanderson of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. yet a countenance always the same, so Rembrandt Peale's familiar portrait of that the life portraits of George Washing-



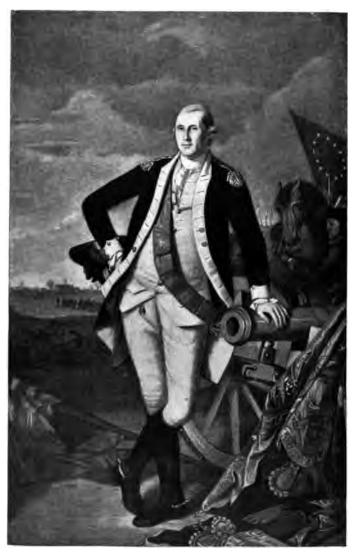
WASHINGTON IN 1777. AGE 45. C. W. PEALE.

WASHINGTON IN 1777. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

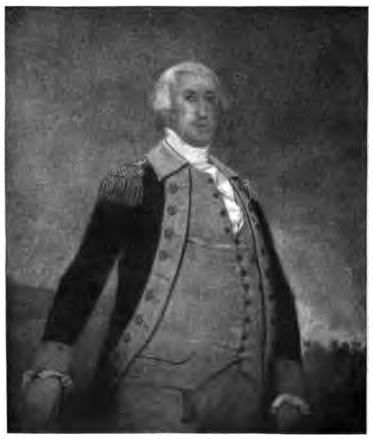
From the original miniature on ivory, in the Huntington Collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Reproduced here in its actual size. This portrait, engraved for Irving's "Washington," was inscribed "Washington at the age of twenty-five," and this unauthorlzed statement laid the foundation for the assumption that it was painted in Boston in 1755, by Copley, then at the mature age of eighteen. It is curiously youthful in appearance for a man of forty-five, but it must be remembered that Washington wore a youthful visage, and that miniatures discount at least a decade from a man's years. In 1777, "on the march to the battle of Germantown," Peale did paint Washington's miniature, and this is doubtless the one, since it is wholly monochrome, in blue, the limit of Peale's marching palette. It fell to the heirship of Harriot Washington, Mrs. Parks, from whose descendants it was acquired by the late W. H. Huntington, through Mr. S. P. Avery. The same youthfulness will be observed in the Valley Forge picture of a few months later, reproduced for the first time in McClure's Magazine for last December.

WASHINGTON IN 1779. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original portrait, in the possession of Mr. Thomas Mc-Kean, Philadelphia. Canvas, 59 by 93 inches. This is the identical picture painted by Peale on resolution of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania adopted January 18, 1779, while Washington was temporarily in Philadelphia. When completed it was hung in the Council Chamber, in Independence Hall, where on Sunday night, September 9, 1781, vandals broke in and "totally defaced "it. Popular writers, not giving words their exact value, have been pleased to write this picture out of existence, by understanding "DEFACED" to be synonymous with "destroyed." Not so. Peale the artist and mechanician understood how to reline and restore the defaced picture, and it remained in the State House, and afterwards in Peale's Museum collection, until the latter was dispersed under the hammer in 1854, when it was purchased for the father of the present owner. There are many replicas of it and of portions of it, Peale himself having made a mezzotinto plate of it in half length. Their history is most interesting, for which see the writer's paper read before the American Historical Association, December 29, 1896, entitled "Defaced, not Destroyed."



WASHINGTON IN 1779. AGE 47. C. W. PEALE.



WASHINGTON IN 1784. AGE 52. PAINTED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.

From the original painting, belonging to the Powel family, Newport, Rhode Island. Canvas, 40 by 48 inches. See note to the next picture.



WASHINGTON IN 1783. AGE 51. JOSEPH WRIGHT,

WASHINGTON IN 1783. PAINTED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT AT HEADQUARTERS, NEAR PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

From the original study in the Pennsylvania Historical Society. Panel. 12 by 14. Joseph Wright was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, July 16, 1756, and died in Philadelphia, of the yellow fever epidemic, in December, 1793. He was the son of Mrs. Patience Lovell Wright, with whose artistic temperament he seems to have been imbued, as he painted in oil and miniature, modelled in wax and clay, etched, and engraved dies for coins and medals. He accompanied his mother to England, receiving instruction from West and Hoppner (the latter married his sister), and was in France before returning to this country late in 1782. He brought from France a letter from Franklin to Washington, which was delivered at headquarters, Rocky Hill, near Princeton, New Jersey, in October, 1783, and resulted in his then painting Washington's portrait, with but little doubt the small crude study reproduced here. It became the property of Francis Hopkinson, and remained in his family until within a few years. This likeness is of marked importance, although strangely unlike any other portrait of Washington, for it has received his emphatic stamp of approval. In July, 1783, the Count de Solms, commandant of the Fortress of Königstein, solicited Washington for his portrait. writing: "Let the best pencil trace your image; let no pains or cost be spared to favor me with the most faithful likeness." To comply with this earnest entreaty, Washington employed Wright to paint the portrait, telling him: "As the Count de Solms proposes to honor it with a place in his collection of military characters. I am persuaded you will not be deficient in point of execution." Washington

paid for the picture (£(8) and sent it to Königstein, so we may rest assured that it was a "most faithful likeness." Nor is this his only endorsement. He had a second portrait painted by Wright, which he presented to Mrs. Samuel Powel, of Philadelphia. It is the large picture reproduced above, and is signed and dated "J. Wright, 1784." If these portraits are "deficient in point of execution," their historical value is second to none. A replica of the head, with some variations of detail, is in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

WASHINGTON IN 1784. MODELLED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.



WASHINGTON IN 1784. AGE 52. JOSEPH WRIGHT,

From the original bas-relief in wax, owned by Mr. Benjamin R. Smith of Philadelphia. Size, 5 by 6 inches. Joseph Wright seems to have quickly gotten into favor with Washington, who, soon after sitting for the portrait reproduced on page 221, submitted to Wright's making a plaster mould of his face. This is said to have been broken irreparably in removing from the skin; but whether this statement is correct or not, Wright made, in the style of his mother's work, the present profile, signed "J. Wright, fecit," and also a bust, for which Congress voted, April 6, 1785, to pay him "233\dollars." Of this bust Washington writes to Patience Wright, in London, June 30, 1785; "If the bust which your son has modelled of me should reach your hands and afford your celebrated genius any employment that can amuse Mrs. Wright, it must be an honor done me." This bust, if it has survived, is not identified; but from it Mrs. Wright made a wax profile. The laureated head on Wright's bas-relief would indicate that he had made it with a view to the resolution of Congress providing for an equestrian statue, "the General to be represented in a Roman dress, holding a truncheon in his right hand and his head encircled with a laurel wreath." A copy of this profile, life-size, reversed, in plaster of Paris, hung in Washington's library at Mount Vernon, and now belongs to General Custis Lee. Washington further showed his esteem for Wright by appointing him the first engraver and die-sinker in the mint, which position he held at the time of his death.

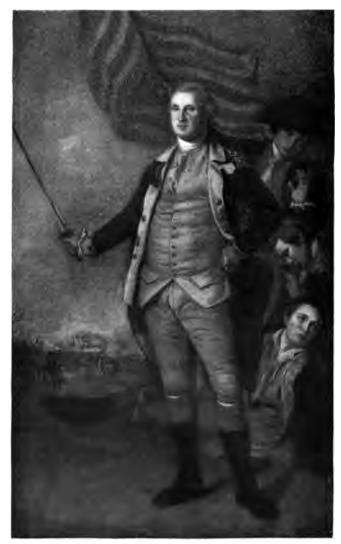
WASHINGTON IN 1784. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original picture, belonging to Princeton University. Canvas, 57 by 94 inches. This is the most dramatic portrait of Washington that we have, and the verge of caricature it has reached shows that Peale was not at home in depicting action. The picture is interesting for its history, as it was painted to replace a portrait of George II. which was shot out of its frame by an American ball during the battle of Princeton. It is a general commemoration of the battle and the death of Mercer, as well as of the Commander-in-chief. The story goes that Washington presented the college with fifty guineas as a contribution to its pressing needs, but the trustees preferred to apply it to having Peale paint his portrait, to fill the frame his cannon-balls had made vacant. The same head and figure, with a change in the position of Washington's arms, are repeated in the picture of Washington, with Lafayette and Tilghman on Yorktown Heights, in the House of Delegates, Annapolis, Maryland. The miniature shown herewith was painted the following year, and is one of the best examples of Peale's work on ivory I have ever seen. It belongs to the Long Island Historical Society, having been received from the estate of



1785. AGE 53.

Robert Benson, and its ownership is traced from the painter's brother-in-law, Colonel Nathaniel Ramsay. It is reproduced about half its actual size.



WASHINGTON IN 1784. AGE 52. C. W. PEALE.





WASHINGTON IN 1785. AGE 53. MODELLED BY HOUDON.

From the original marble, in the State Capitol, Richmond, Virginia. Houdon came to this country to model Washington from life for the statue ordered by the State of Virginia. He arrived at Mount Vernon late on a Sunday night, October 2, 1785, and remained Washington's guest a fortnight, studying his host's pose, action, and physiognomy. While there he made a mould of Washington's face, head, and the upper part of the body, and took accurate measurements of the entire frame. From these he completed the life-size statue within the contract time of three years; but there being no place ready for its reception, it was not delivered until the spring of 1796, when it was placed where it now is. Washington's supreme manhood seems to have paralyzed the power of many of the artists who undertook to delineate him. Even the great Houdon essayed to convey too complete an idea of the man, and thus has overcrowded his statue with symbolism. The cane, the sword, the ploughshare, and the fasces take away from the majesty and simple dignity of the figure, until one might irreverently suppose that the "Father of his Country" required a support on either side, or in boyish awkwardness knew not what to do with his hands. The truthfulness and artistic qualities of the head are beyond criticism, and must be the canon of comparison for all other portraits. As they approach this, or fall away from it, their due relation to the original can be assigned. That it is idealized goes without saying when the craftsman is recalled. But truth has not been sacrificed to imagination; they have been blended and commingled, but not lost in each other. In other words, this portrait is both real and ideal, the perfection of true art. In its present elevated position the delicate and subtle modelling is lost, so that its full value cannot be discerned. Houdon's willingness to cross the ocean to make this statue for £1,000 arose from his eagerness to be employed to make the equestrian statue that had been authorized by Congress, August 7, 1783, and for which he not only prepared himself, but actually made a model, exhibited in the Salon of 1793. If this plaster model could be recovered and reproduced in bronze, we might have one equestrian statue at least to point to with pride as a work of art. Houdon exhibited a marble bust of Washington in the Salon of 1786, which was at Versailles.

WASHINGTON IN 1785. PAINTED BY PINE.

From the picture in the National Museum, Independence Hall; owned by the city of Philadelphia. Canvas, 28 by 34 inches. Robert Edge Pine was born in London in 1730, and died in Philadelphia November 19, 1788. Imbued with the spirit of "Wilkes and Liberty," he came to America in 1784, with the object of painting a series of pictures representing the principal events of the war, but his sudden death by apoplexy prevented the fulfilment of his design. Washington sat to Pine, at Mount Vernon, in the spring of 1785, and when in Philadelphia, July, 1787, sat again "to Mr. Pine who wanted to correct his portrait of me," The result of these sittings, however, cannot be deemed satisfactory. While the general contour of the face is quite close to Houdon's bust, there is a lack of characterization, which seems to have been a failing in Pine's American portraits. It was regarding the sittings for this picture that Washington wrote his famous "In for a penny, in for a pound" letter. A duplicate of Pine's portrait of Washington is owned by Mr. Grenville Kane, Tuxedo, New York, which was purchased by his grandfather Mr. Henry Brevoort, in Canada, in 1817. Two others, left by Pine at his death, are unaccounted for. The picture reproduced here bears a tablet that it was "presented by Genl. Washington to his godson G.W. Phillips." statement, however, needs verification.



WASHINGTON IN 1785. AGE 53. R. E. PINE.



WASHINGTON IN 1787. AGE 55. C. W. PEALE.

WASHINGTON IN 1787. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original portrait, in the possession of Mrs. Joseph Harrison, Philadelphia. Canvas, 19 by 24 inches. During the session of the convention to frame a Constitution for the United States, which met in Philadelphia, May to September, 1787, Washington enters in his diary three sittings to Peale, "who wanted my picture to make a print or metzotinto (sic) by." The print from this portrait is among the rarities of early American engravings, and the painting was reserved by Peale for his own gallery, whence it was sold in 1854 and purchased for Mr. Harrison. From it Charles Peale Polk, a nephew and close imitator of his uncle, made many copies, generally extending it to half length, but oftentimes making the simple bust. Many of these copies were carried to Europe on speculation, where they were bought with avidity, and to-day come back to this side of the ocean as original portraits presented by Washington himself to the officer ancestor of the present owner. So much for the value of tradition, that baseless fabric of a dream. The pictures attributed to James Peale, in Independence Hall and the Lenox Gallery, are from this head.



WASHINGTON IN 1755. AGE 5'. JAMES PRAIR.

WASHINGTON IN 1758. PAINTED BY JAMES PEALE.

From the original miniature on ivory, in the Pennsylvania Historical Society; owned by the Artillery Corps, Washington Grays. Reproduced here in its actual size. James Peale was born in Annapolis, Maryland, 1740, and died in Philadelphia, May 24, 1831. He was the youngest brother of Charles William Peale, from whom he received instruction in painting. He devoted himself almost exclusively to painting miniatures, in which field he became highly distinguished and showed himself possessed of much higher artistic qualities than his more famous brother. He served in the Continental line during the Revolution, and was an original member of the Society of the Cincinnati. The ministure reproduced, signed with his initials and dated, as was his wont, he retained during life. It was purchased from his representatives by the Washington Grays, and served until the company's disbandment as its target-shooting prize. It is exquisitely beautiful as a picture, rather too poetical in its expression for Washington, yet in contour not unlike the Houdon bust, which vouches its general accuracy.



WASHINGTON IN 176). AGE 57. DE BREHAN.

WASHINGTON IN 1789. PAINTED BY THE MARCHIONESS DE BREHAN.

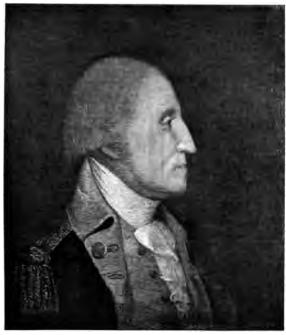
From the original medallion, in the possession of Mrs. Kate Upsher Moor head, Washington, District of Columbia. Reproduced here in nearly its actual size. Madame de Brehan was the sister of the Count de Moustier. who succeeded the Chevalier de la Luzerne as minister from France to this country. She was an eccentric and accomplished woman, and painted ex camaïeu in monochrome several portraits of Washington, one showing the head accolated with the head of Lafayette. She made repeated visits to Mount Vernon, and on one occasion Washington enters in his diary: "October 3, 1789. About two o'clock sat for Madame de Brehan to complete a profile miniature of me which she had begun from memory and which she had made exceedingly like the original." She returned to France a year later, where the medallion was engraved by A. F. Sergent. Several proofs of the engraving she sent to Washington, and he gave them to his lady friends. One, presented to Mrs. Robert Morris, with the autograph inscription, "The President's compliments accompany the enclosed to Mrs. Morris." was given, by her granddaughter, to General McClellan, after the battle of Antietam. The picture reproduced was inherited in a direct line from Mrs. Washington by her great-great-great-granddaughter, the present owner.



WASHINGTON IN 1737. AGE 57. JOHN RAMAGE.

WASHINGTON IN 1789. PAINTED BY JOHN RAMAGE.

From the original miniature on ivory, in the possession of Mrs. Moses S. Beach, Peekskill, New York. Reproduced here in its actual size. John Ramage was an Irishman, who emigrated to Boston, became lieutenant of the Royal Irish Volunteers, organized in 1775 for the defence of the town during the siege, and the next year embarked for Halifax with the British army. He subsequently went to New York, and was commissioned by General Patterson, February 2, 1780, lieutenant of Company 7, City Militia. He remained after the British evacuation and became the fashionable miniature painter of his day, in New York, painting all the belles and beaux of the period in a charming manner and setting them himself with much taste. He became involved in debt, and to escape prison fled to Montreal in 1794, where he died about 1803, poor and friendless. Washington sat to him October 3, 1780, and the miniature here reproduced was purchased in 1854 from the daughter of the man in whose house Ramage died, and to whom the artist had given it on his death-bed. Another miniature, claimed to be by Ramage, is owned in Maryland.



WASHINGTON IN 1790. AGE 58. JOSEPH WRIGHT.

WASHINGTON IN 1790. PAINTED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.

From the original portrait, in the United States National Museum, Washington, District of Columbia; owned by Mr. G. L. McKean, Chicago, Illinois. Canvas, 17 by 21 inches. In 1700 Joseph Wright painted a portrait of Washington and etched a small profile, which is the same as the portrait reproduced except that the body in the etching is also in profile. Washington's profile is very attractive, and the simplicity and directness of this one have a charm of reality which is its highest recommendation, while the etched profile from its first publication was universally accepted for its correctness of line and expression.

WASHINGTON IN 1790. PAINTED BY EDWARD SAVAGE.

From the original portrait, owned by Harvard University. Canvas, 25 by 30 inches. Edward Savage was born in Princeton, Massachusetts, November 26, 1761, and died there July 6, 1817. Originally a goldsmith, he turned his attention to portrait painting and engraving, and produced some very creditable work in both departments, although his paintings are of very unequal merit. The portrait for Harvard was begun in New York December 21, 1789, and finished January 6, 1790, as we learn from Washington's diary. The venerated Josiah Quincy pronounced it "the best likeness he had ever seen of Washington," and there certainly is a striking life-likeness about it, especially in Savage's own fine large mezzotinto plate, for which he first painted a panel, the same size, adapting Wright's figure and composition to his Harvard College head. This panel, signed, and dated "1793," belongs to his grandson, and is on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, New York. Savage subsequently painted another portrait of Washington (25 by 30 inches), which he used in his well-known print of "The Washington Family." It is owned by Mr. Luther Kountze, of Morristown, New Jersey, but cannot be obtained for reproduction. The large can-vas of "The Washington Family" is owned by Mr. William F. Havemeyer. of New York.



WASHINGTON IN 1790. AGE 58. EDWARD SAVAGE.



WASHINGTON ABOUT 1792. AGE 60. PAINTED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT,

From the original portrait, belonging to Mr. Clarence Winthrop Bowen, New York, Canvas, 40 by 50 inches. When and where this picture was painted is not known; but it was exhibited in the New York Museum prior to 1798, and must have been painted after 1789, since the plan of the new city of Washington appears in it. It is simple in treatment, as are all of Wright's portraits, and is exceedingly interesting, with every indication of originality. Its composition was used by Edward Savage in the well-known large mezzotinto plate of Washington which he published in London June 25, 1793.



WASHINGTON IN 1790. AGE 58. PAINTED BY JOHN TRUMBULL.

From the original picture, belonging to the Rogers estate, Baltimore, Maryland. Canvas, 20 by 30 inches. John Trumbull was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, June 6, 1756, and died in New York November 10, 1843. When a mere lad he joined the army at Cambridge, and owing to the ability he showed as a topographical draughtsman was attached to Washington's staff. He left the service in February, 1777, owing to some dissatisfaction regarding rank, and three years later went to 1. London to study under West. Upon the execution of Major André he was arrested and thrown into prison, and only released, to leave the country, upon the suretyship of Copley and West. He returned to West's studio towards the close of 1782, where he remained seven years. He came back home, and in February and July, 1790, had a number of sittings from Washington. On Tuesday, July 8, Washington writes in his diary: "Sat from 9 o'clock till after 10 for Mr. Jno. Trumbull, who was drawing a portrait of me at full length which he intends to present to Mrs. Washington." This is the picture reproduced. Mrs. Washington by her will left it to her granddaughter Eliza Parke Law, who bequeathed it to her grandson, the late General Edmund Law Rogers, of Baltimore. The head in this picture is exceedingly fine, equal to the very best of Trumbull's small cabinet heads in the collection he gave to Yale College. From this perfect and complete study Trumbull painted the large canvas, 72 by 108, for the city of New York, which, with the portrait of Governor George Clinton, also painted for the city, he materially altered in 1804.

WASHINGTON IN 1792. AGE 60. TRUMBULL,



WASHINGTON IN 1765. AGE 15. C. W. LEALE.

WASHINGTON IN 1732. PAINTED BY TRUMBULL.

From the original picture, in the Trumbull Gallery, School of Fine Arts, New Haven. This picture, which has been termed the best military portrait of Washington, was painted for Charleston, South Carolina, but that city not being satisfied with it, it remained in the painter's hands and went with his other pictures to the gallery he founded as a monument to himself. Owing to its size and position on the wall, it cannot be adequately photographed for reproduction. In 1774 Trumbull painted a bust portrait of Washington, and the following year one of his favorite cabinet size; but neither is satisfactory. The first is at New Haven, and the other in the United States National Museum, Washington, District of Columbia. Perhaps few painters were more unequal in their work than the old patrician, Colonel Trumbull.



AN UNPUBLISHED PROFILE OF WASHINGTON, 1794. AGR 62.

From the original silhouette cut at Peale's Museum, 1794, in the possession of Mr. Edward S. Miles, Philadelphia. Reproduced here half its actual size. This interesting profile, never before published, was cut out of white paper by an instrument that gave an exact outline, and was presented by Washington to Alice Poultney, wife of James Todd, whose brother John Todd married Dorothea Payn, afterwards the wife of President Madison. From Mrs. Todd, who was at the Museum with Washington when the profile was cut, it has descended to her great-grandson, the present owner, who has heard from her own lips the story of her intimacy with President and Mrs. Washington. Mrs. Todd died in Philadelphia February 29, 1867, in her one hundredth year, possessed of all her faculties.

WASHINGTON IN 17 3. FAINTED BY C. W. PEALE,

From the original portrait, in the Bryan Collection, New York Historical Society. Canvas, 24 by 30 inches. This is the last portrait of Washington painted by Peale from life, and the sittings tor it were given in the artist's quarters, on the second floor of the Hall of the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia. It was on this occasion that his sons Raphaelle and Rembrandt essayed a delineation of the historic features, and his brother James painted the water-color

profile reproduced on page ω_5 . If the Houdon bust is what we regard it to be, then this portrait must be an accurate likeness. It certainly so appeals to the observer, and the artist valued it too much to part with it. Mr. Bryan secured it at the final sale of the museum collection. Peale painted several replicas of it, and Rembrandt Peale frequently copied it.



WASHINGTON AS MODELLED BY CERACCHI, 1791-95. AGE ABOUT 60.

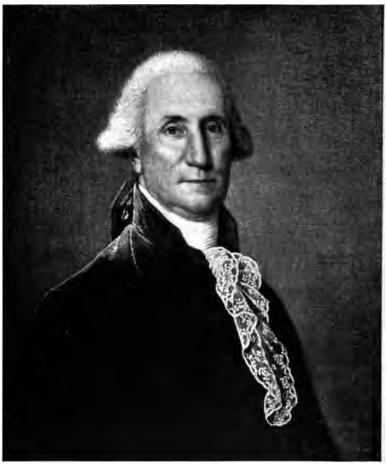
From the original marble, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; owned by the estate of Gouverneur Kemble; photographed by Charles Truscott, of Philadelphia. Giuseppe Ceracchi came to America in 1791 with an elaborate scheme for the erection of a monument to the American Revolution. Madison wrote: "He was an enthusiastic worshipper of Liberty and Fame; and his whole soul was bent on securing the latter by rearing a monument to the former, which he considered as personified in the American Republic." The monument was to be embellished with statues of the chief actors in the Revolution, and he invited several of them to sit to him, among others Washington, who took a lively interest in the project. Ceracchi went back to Europe to formulate his plans, and returned to America in the fall of 1793, bringing with him an elaborate model, anticipating, with southern ardor, that all he would have to do was to proceed with the work. In this he was of course mistaken, and he complained bitterly to Washington of the failure of his plans, which induced Washington to sign a recommendatory circular letter, asking for private subscriptions to carry on the work and naming the members of his cabinet as trustees of the fund, all of whom, save Hamilton, also put signatures to the letter. Even this failed, and Ceracchi, disgruntled, shook the dust of freedom from his feet, after demanding payment for the busts he had asked as a favor to make. Washington, who had sat to him in 1701-02, sat again at his request for some alterations in the bust, which, after these were made, was cut in marble and signed, "Ceracchi faciebat Philadelphiæ, 1795." Washington demurred to the unjust demand for payment, and the bust was purchased by the Spanish minister, who sent it to his home government, where, unwelcome, it was sold to the American agent, Richard W. Meade, father of General Meade, who brought it back to Philadelphia. At the sale of the important Meade collection of works of art, in 1847, it was bought by Mr. Kemble, of Coldspring, New York. Ceracchi was a well-equipped and thoroughly accomplished statuary, but his bust of Washington partakes, perhaps, too much of the character of "the old Roman." The expression of the mouth, however, has been highly commended for its faithfulness.

WASHINGTON IN 1795. AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT, DRAWN BY VALLER.

From the original drawing in India ink, in possession of the writer. Reproduced here in nearly its actual size. Jean François Vallée came to this country with the intention of starting cotton mills near Alexandria, Virginia, relative to which he had corresponded with Washington, Jefferson, and others. His enterprise was not a success, and he removed to Philadelphia, where for several years he maintained a pension, but subsequently went South and settled in New Orleans. He was of an artistic turn, as were many of the French emigres, and after the battle of New Orleans painted a miniature of General Jackson, which the latter presented to Edward Livingston. The above profile, now for the first time published, is signed "J. F. Vallée, 1795."



WASHINGTON IN 1795. AGE 63. AN UNPUB-LISHED PORTRAIT, BY VALLÉE.



WASHINGTON IN 1794. AGE 62, PAINTED BY WERTMÜLLER,

From the original portrait, belonging to Mr. John Wagner, Philadelphia. Canvas, 21 by 25 inches. Adolph Ulric Wertmüller was born in Stockholm, Sweden, February 18, 1751, and died near Wilmington, Delaware, October 5, 1811, and is buried in the old Swedes' churchyard, Philadelphia. When twenty-one he left Stockholm for Paris, to put himself under his cousin Roslin, one of the chief portrait painters of the French capital, and subsequently received instruction from Vien. He was admitted a member of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture July 30, 1784, upon the presentation of portraits of Bachelier and Caffiere, having the year previous been brevetted First Painter of the King of Sweden. Upon this appointment he painted for Gustavus III. "Ariadne" and "Marie Antoinette with her Two Children in the Garden of the Little Trianon," both now in the National Museum, Stockholm. In 1787 he painted his famous picture of "Dana" Receiving Jupiter in a Shower of Gold," which, both for conception and purity of execution, entitles him to a commanding place among the painters of his time. Driven from France by the exigencies of the Revolution, he sought a home in America, reaching Philadelphia May 13, 1794. Here, in August, Washington sat to him "dans la maison du Congreés ou le Senat s'assemble," and November 8 he makes record: "Fini le portrait du General Washington, prem. President du Congreés, un habit de velour noir, buste quaré toile de 15. Ce pert. est pour moi." These two entries in the artist's autograph, now first published, are of the first importance, as the originality of Wertmüller's portrait of Washington has been directly questioned. He was called to Sweden in 1796 by the death of his agent; but he left his precious portrait of Washington in the care of the lady destined to become his wife, having made replicas of it for Messrs. Greenleaf, Casenove, and Robert Morris. He returned to America in November, 1800, and on January 8 following, married a granddaughter of Herr Gustavus Hesselius, one of the early Swedish settlers, who was an artist and also the first organ-builder in the colonies. Wertmüller purchased land at Namans Creek, in the State of Delaware, and devoted more attention to the farm than to the easel, although he died from the noxious effects of paint upon his system. His original portrait of Washington, scrupulously preserved, was, after the death of his widow, three months later, sold at auction in Philadelphia, with his other pictures, for \$50. It is certainly the portrait of a dignified gentleman, and while it may be slightly tinctured with a foreign air, commends itself as a good likeness. It is carefully signed "A. Wertmüller S. Pt. Philadelphia 1794." This note is prepared from the painter's manuscripts, never before used for publication, and now for the first time are given in print accurate and exact data of his life and chief works.



WASHINGTON IN 1795. AGE 63. PAINTED BY JAMES PEALE.

From the original water-color drawing upon paper, 4½ by 3½ inches, in the possession of the writer. While his brother Charles Willson and Charles Willson's sons Raphaelle and Rembrandt were painting Washington in the old Philosophical Society's hall, James Peale painted this miniature, which remained in the possession of the artist and his family until it came to the writer. For placid dignity and serene repose no portrait of Washington surpasses it. There are two oil portraits of Washington attributed to James Peale with some show of reason. But if they are from his easel (and he did paint in oil), they are not from life, but are copies of his brother's portrait of 1787, with accessories. One is in the Lenox Gallery, New York, and the other in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON IN 1798. CARVED BY GEORGE MILLER.

From the original bas-relief in gypsum, in the possession of the writer. Size, 41 by 61 inches. George Miller was a potter, stonecutter, and modeller, an academician of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, a fellow of the first Society of Artists, and an associate of the Columbian Society of Arts, of which Jefferson was first president; so that his position in the art world was fully recognized by his contemporaries. He was doubtless a German, as his name is found early spelled Müller. He contributed to the Academy exhibition of 1813 portraits of Albert Gallatin and Mrs. Madison, "modelled in colours," and of Bishop White and other persons of consideration to the exhibitions of the two succeeding years. He died in 1819, and in the catalogue for 1821 is entered "likeness of the late Talbot Hamilton, finely modelled in wax by the late George Miller." The bas-relief of Washington is not cast, but carved in low relief, and was the property of the celebrated William Bingham, who left this country in 1800 and died at Bath, England, in 1804. It was purchased at the sale of his effects in 1807, and remained for eighty-five years in the possession of the purchaser and his son. As the earliest notice we have of Miller in Philadelphia is in 1798, this bas-relief must have been made when Washington was last in that city, between November 10 and December 14, 1798.

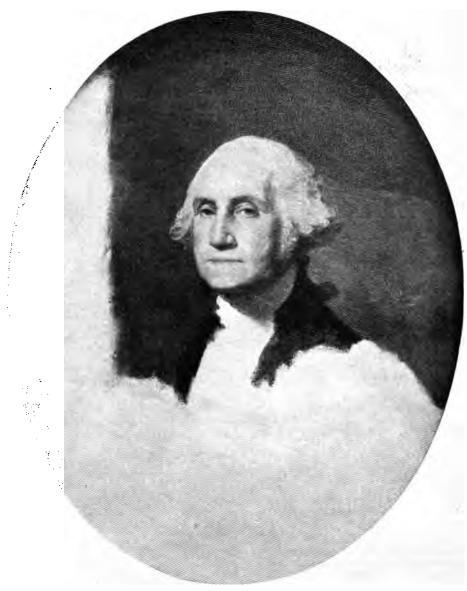


WASHINGTON IN 1798. AGE 66. GEORGE MILLER.



WASHINGTON IN 1795. AGE 63. PAINTED BY STUART.

From the original portrait, in the possession of the writer. Canvas, 24 by 30 inches. Gilbert Stuart was born at Narragansett, Rhode Island, December 3, 1755, and died at Boston July 27, 1828. He is easily first of American artists, and the peer of any portrait painter that has ever lived. Thus he is entitled to take his place with the great masters of all time. The portrait here reproduced is the first painted of Washington by Stuart, and shows the right side of the face. It is a superb example of Stuart's art, and his great reputation could safely be left to it. Until recently it was an unknown type to the general public, but it is gradually coming to the front, its proper place, and being accepted as a more correct and real portrait of Washington than the familiar Athenæum head. A duplicate of this portrait is owned by Mrs. Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia, and these two are the only ones by Stuart of this type known. The beautiful Gibbs portrait, belonging to Mr. S. P. Avery of New York, shows the same side of the face, but otherwise is different.



WASHINGTON IN 1796. AGE 64. PAINTED BY STUART.

From the original, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; owned by the Athenæum. This world-famed portrait may properly be termed "The Household Washington," for doubtless there are many in this broad land who know Washington's countenance only through its medium. It was the painter's favorite, and he retained it, unfinished, through life, making from it a vast number of completed copies, a few good, some fair, and many very indifferent, but all showing unmistakable evidence of Stuart's hand. It has been engraved more than three hundred times, and has served as a study for almost every tyro of the brush on this side of the ocean during the present century, so that the country is flooded with Stuart's Washingtons, each, in the estimation of its owner, being "the original from life." During the last few months the writer has had nearly a score of them submitted for his opinion; but all, save one, were copies. Between the limning of his first head of Washington and the present one, Stuart painted the whole-length Washington known as the Lansdowne picture, from the supposition that the original had belonged to the Marquis of Lansdowne. The supposition was mistaken, however. The original canvas, painted from life, signed and dated by Stuart, is in the Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. There is not sufficient difference between the head in that picture and the Athenæum head to warrant its reproduction. "Stuart's Washington," as the Athenæum portrait is called, measured by the Houdon bust and other accepted likenesses, is certainly less like the original than the portrait of 1795, reproduced on the opposite page. This was Mrs. Washington's verdict, who did not consider the Athenæum portrait a "true resemblance."



WASHINGTON IN 1796. AGE 64. JAMES SHARPLES.

WASHINGTON IN 1796. DRAWN IN PASTEL BY JAMES SHARPLES.

From the original, in the National Museum, Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Size. 8 by 10 inches. James Sharples was born in England in 1761, and died in New York, February 26, 1811. He came to this country in 1794, and made pastel portraits, chiefly in profile, of many prominent people. He was of a mechanical mind and constructed a travelling carriage, in which he journeyed about the country drawing portraits at fifteen dollars for profile and twenty dollars for full face. He used a thick gray paper, softly grained and of woolly texture. His colored crayons, which he manufactured himself, were kept finely powdered in small glass cups, and he applied them with a camel's-hair pencil. He worked with great rapidity, completing a portrait in two hours. The originals he generally retained, in order to duplicate them if required, and this personal collection was pledged by him, or his son Felix, to General Winder, of Virginia, for a debt, and was never redeemed. In 1876 such fragments of it as had been saved from the ravages of time and war were brought to Philadelphia, and forty of the identified portraits were purchased for the city, including the original of Washington, which was drawn from life in 1796. A comparison of this one with the many duplicates that exist will show its superiority. G. W. Parke Custis said that it had an "uncommon truthfulness of expression." Sharples's wife copied it extensively in miniature,

his son in crayon, and his daughter in needle-work. The artist's name is commonly spelled incorrectly Sharpless.

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON FROM LIFE, DRAWN BY ST. MEMIN IN 1798.

From the original crayon when in the possession of the late J. Carson Brevoort of Brooklyn, New York. Charles Balthazer Julien Fevret de Saint Memin was born at Dijon, France, March 13, 1770, and died there. Director of the Museum, June 23, 1852. He came to this country in 1793, and exercised his mechanical and artistic knowledge in the construction of a physionotrace and pantograph, by which contrivances he could take a mathematically accurate outline of the head on paper and reduce it to any size on copper, the original being cleverly finished in crayon and the latter in mezzotinto. He followed in this work Chrétien and Queneday in France, and became so skilful at it that his portraits are replete with animation and character. In November, 1798, Washington was summoned to Philadelphia to take command of the army on the threatened war with France, and St. Memin made good the opportunity to secure the last portrait of Washington taken from life. It is of especial interest for this reason and also because it is absolutely correct. St. Memin did not engrave this the usual size of his plates, two inches in diameter; but upon Washington's decease reduced it to half an inch in width by a little more in height, and used the prints for insertion in mourning rings. The present location of this drawing is not known, which is the more to be regretted as the public have a quasi ownership in historical works of such importance.



THE TAST TOKIKALL OF WASHINGTON FROM LIFE, 1798. AGE 66.

MAKE

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

By W. P. TRENT.

view which degrades him from his lofty tion, is illustrated in Alfred the Great, and eminence is shared by a large number of among men of letters, in Sophocles. It persons of average culture and intelli- is to this class that Washington belongsgence. To the generality of people and to to the class of men whose balance of facthe scholar Washington is still our great- ulties is so serenely perfect as to constiest hero; but to the numerous class lying tute genius of perhaps the highest order. between these two extremes his fame is, If such be the case, it is no wonder that unfortunately, too often matter either of many of us who understand by genius conventional acquiescence or of ungener- only the exceptional faculty or faculties. ous cavil. If this latter proposition were and not the exceptional balance of faculnot true, the mention of his name would ties, should be misled into underrating elicit greater enthusiasm, and fewer sneers Washington, and should fatuously apply the or silly jokes. But Frenchmen do not epithets "commonplace" and "goody-sneer at Napoleon, and Italians do not goody" to the noble hero who headed and joke about Garibaldi; how is it, then, that carried to success a tremendous revolution, Americans fail to revere their own national and laid broad and deep the foundations of hero, who in the eyes of competent judges an empire. But that we may judge more is inferior to no character in the range of clearly in this important matter, let us history? There are perhaps two causes briefly review the story of his life—a story for this strange phenomenon. Many of which has been told and retold for a cenus do not really understand how truly tury, but which will nevertheless be told great Washington is, because silly bio- and told again as long as the world graphies, like that of Weems, and pom- endures. pous eulogies have obscured the actual unconsciously to derogate from Washing- gustine. Of actual schooling he got little, ton's richly earned fame, and to seek to save such as sufficed to make him a pracclass him with the other public men of tical surveyor. He spelt badly, but did

THERE are two widely dissimilar views more or less ability whom we have proof Washington that have been held duced in great numbers. With regard to of recent years in this country. One rep- this unworthy propensity, we may at least resents him as a rather commonplace man plead in extenuation the difficulty mankind made prominent by force of circum- has always labored under of recognizing stances; the other ranks him among the and properly appreciating what may be few supremely great characters of the called the genius of balance. A perfect world's history. It is safe to say that the equipoise of powers which taken sepalatter view is the one now held by a ma-rately would not be supreme, appears to jority of the serious students of his career; be the characteristic mark of this rare vabut it is equally safe to affirm that the riety of genius, which, among men of ac-

George Washington was born of good man from our gaze and led to a natural English stock in Westmoreland County, reaction against him. Again, our Anglo- Virginia, February 22, 1732. His father Saxon propensity to drag illustrious men died early, but his mother, Mary Ball, gave down to the level of mediocrity and to wor- him an admirable training, which was conship the average, has caused many of us tinued later by his elder half-brother Auton, not mute, yet likely to be inglorious. with equanimity.

One can contemplate with pleasure, and the official circles of Williamsburg, prepare him for the higher labors of his to tender advice which no man in America manhood. He rose rapidly, and in three was better fitted to give and no comyears was made adjutant-general of militia in one of the border districts. But he was soon called away to accompany his invalid brother Lawrence on a voyage to the West Indies. This was destined to be that he had in him the stuff of which not his only experience of foreign travel; but, only good border soldiers but also great like Shakespeare, he was by nature little generals are made; and one of these obcapable of being tainted by provincialism. servers, the eloquent preacher, Samuel tary charge renewed, and was given speedy opportunity for active service. despatched by Governor Dinwiddie in the distinguished service. For a time his serfall of 1753 on a mission to the French in- vices were chiefly directed toward securvaders of the Ohio region—a dangerous ing the safety of the Virginia borders, and task, which others had declined, but he found leisure to make a visit to Boston which he accepted with alacrity. braved the rigor of the season and the love. His marriage with the widow Marperils of the long and almost unknown way, tha Custis took place in January, 1759, and in about three months' time was back and those who are wont to accuse Washat Williamsburg with the French answer, ington of lacking sentiment may be advised Neither savages, nor treacherous guides, to study carefully all that can be learned nor ice-gorged rivers could prevail against about the romantic affair. Military life so bold a heart or so keen an eye; nor seemed over for him, and he settled down could flattery at home undermine a nature as a gentleman farmer, serving his colony so well balanced, a modesty so innate and in the House of Burgesses, where he was

accounts well; he wrote poor verses, but temporary militia of the colony, and was was careful to copy out fifty odd "rules of subsequently made lieutenant-colonel of behaviour;" he had as little of the true the augmented forces. His superior officer literary afflatus as any youth of genius soon died, however, and he was left in full could well have, but he tamed the wildest charge of the expedition to the Ohio. He horses and dominated the most unruly of acquitted himself admirably in the fight at his schoolmates. In short, he was a young the Great Meadows, but was forced to Virginian Cyrus, riding well, shooting capitulate shortly after, the result being well, and telling the truth, which was far honorable, and, on the whole, fortunate, better than being a young Virginian Mil- considering the rashness of the enterprise. The death of the French officer Jumon-But if it was fortunate for his country ville in a preliminary skirmish, led to a that he escaped becoming an epic poet of curious sort of European reputation for the Barlow variety, it was equally fortu- the young colonial soldier, the future libnate that he gave up the idea of entering erator of America being denounced as an the English service as a midshipman on assassin because of an absurd mistake by account of a dutiful regard for his mother's which the leader of a scouting party was wishes. Washington as a profane old sea converted into the bearer of a flag of dog in the service of George the Third is truce. But while French censure could not a picture which one can contemplate not hurt Washington, Dinwiddie's conduct with regard to the reorganization of the Virginian troops did; and after a manly however, the picture he presents as a six- remonstrance he resigned, showing in this teen-year-old explorer, surveying the lands matter, as well as in his subsequent refusal of Lord Fairfax amid the wild passes of to submit to be out-ranked by officers the Alleghanies. The youth who so holding royal commissions, that perfectly bravely fronted all "moving accidents by poised dignity of character for which he is flood and field," who gained a reputation probably more noted than any other great for sobriety and prudence both with the man in history. When Braddock, however, savage tribes he was forced to encounter offered him a position as aide-de-camp which he could accept with honor, he was was doing precisely the work best fitted to glad enough to march against the foe and manding officer less likely to profit by. The prudence of Washington as a counsellor, as well as his intrepid conduct at Fort Du quesne, taught all discerning observers Returning to Virginia, he found his mili- Davies, was wise enough to predict that "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington," He was would one day render his country some He on military business, as well as to fall in formally thanked for his exertions in the He was at once put in command of the public behalf, but was too modest to be

and superintending his estates in a thrifty character of Washington. fashion peculiarly his own; and last, but not least, keeping up his spirits and his mistake, when we assign the success of health by frequent indulgence in the manly the Revolution to these two causes. As sport of fox-hunting. At the age of we retrace the weary years that elapsed thirty he was plainly the greatest soldier between Washington's taking command in the colonies, the man to whom all eyes (July 3, 1775), and his laying down his would turn should any public danger im- office (December 23, 1783) we perceive pend; and if no danger came, he would clearly that under Providence the issue of nevertheless be one of the wealthiest and the mighty struggle depended on him. most prominent citizens of the "Ancient Had he lost heart at the supineness and Dominion." He had thus little to wish bickerings of the people at large, had he for, except children.

destined to be filled with a higher love to control a fatuous Congress, or to put and more absorbing cares. He was to be down a wretched cabal among his own offi-the Father of his Country. From his seat cers, had his nerves given way at the sight at Mount Vernon, which he had been pro- of the sufferings at Valley Forge, had his gressive enough to link with the rest of spirit wavered at frequent defeat—in short, the world by a private wharf, he watched had he been anything but the noble patriot the clouds gathering in the political heav- and great commander that he was, the ens, and he showed a statesmanly pre- course of history might have been changed, science in being almost the first American and these United States might have died in to perceive that a complete break with their birth and forever, or come into exist-England was necessary to the peace and ence again years later and under far difprosperity of the colonies. He was no ferent auspices. But he was Washington revolutionist, but neither was he afraid to —the noblest figure that any people has trust the conclusions of his own mind; and ever set in the forefront of its life and if he was no orator, he was at least not history. While he lived and fought on the man to mince his words. Cæsar himself with his ragged troops, the Union was did not more thoroughly see the neces- maintained in spite of all State squabbles; sity for one-man rule at Rome than Wash- while he was in command, any alliance ington saw the necessity for public inde- made with France must be one which pendence in America. He declared at America could accept with dignity; while Williamsburg, in 1774, that he was ready to his brave heart beat, repulse meant only raise a thousand men, support them at his fresh resolve, and hardship and suffering own expense, and march them to the relief only more splendid rewards of triumph. of Boston. A few weeks later he rode on It is idle to deny that he was the soul of horseback with Patrick Henry and Ed- the Revolution, and it is equally idle to mund Pendleton to attend the first Conti- ask whether or not he was a great general. nental Congress at Philadelphia. He was, Whether he was, technically speaking, a . by the confession of Henry himself, easily master of the art of war, students of that the greatest man among the delegates, art may decide, though it as well to remind The second Congress saw him again in at- them that Frederick the Great praised his tendance, and ready to give his life for his Trenton campaign as a masterpiece of stratcountry. But although he could brave egy. But that he is worthy to rank with death he could not face praise, and he the supreme commanders of history no left the chamber when John Adams nominated him to be commander-in-chief of the ination will deny. Not that he always Continental forces. The next day he accepted the position, while protesting his approved way; not that he flamed like a own unworthiness and refusing to accept comet in the heavens, threatening desolaany pay beyond a reimbursement of his tion to the nations; not that he moved expenses. No Roman of old ever came across the world's stage like a Karl or a forward to save the state with purer in- Timour. His career does not enthrall us tentions or with more favorable auguries as does that of Alexander; it has not such of success. Although to weaker spirits tragic elements of inspiration and pathos the prospect was appalling, strong men as has that of Hannibal; it does not leave

able to reply; looking after the interests of drew happy omens, not from the flight of his parishes in the local vestries, dispens- birds and the entrails of victims, but from ing hospitality in true Virginian fashion, the justice of the common cause and the

Nor did they mistake, nor do we now grown weary of correcting the blunders of But if children did not come, his life was incapable subordinates, had he disdained man of sound judgment and capable imagwon his battles, or won them in the most

consciously working for the successful access. complishment of divine justice; it does sent from the contemplation of a lonely dences of his greatness as a soldier lackat Valley Forge, and we recall Hannibal upon the Alps. We observe him turning a ragged body of suspicious New Englandhim, and we recall no less a man than figure in his own administrations. perial self.

us breathless with admiration as does that lending the weight of his counsel and his of Cæsar; it does not exalt us and horrify example to the sacred cause of union. He us as does that of Napoleon. But it does served this cause still further by presiding give us that supreme sense of satisfaction over the convention of 1787, and in 1789 which flows from the perception of har- he entered upon the Presidency of the mony and proportion; it does thrill us with nation, assuming a new rôle for which the intense and elevated joy which must he was admirably fitted and in which he ever follow the spectacle of great powers was destined to achieve magnificent suc-

To many persons Washington the statesfascinate us by means of those elements man is harder to realize than Washington of sublimity and pathos that are never ab- the general. This is probably a result of political partisanship. Men look back to but serene elevation above the common those two great founders of parties, Jeffertide of humanity. Nor are concrete evi- son and Hamilton, and forget the chief who dominated and controlled them. ing. We remember the Berserker rashness Washington really made Hamilton, and he and daring displayed at Fort Duquesne always used Jefferson when he needed him; and at Monmouth, and we recall William it was thus perhaps in accordance with the Conqueror at Hastings. We watch weak human nature that Hamilton should him at the crossing of the Delaware and have been ungrateful to his memory, while Jefferson was impelled to pay him a tribute noble in spite of its jealous touches. No fact in history is more clearly estabers into trained soldiers ready to die for lished than that Washington was the chief Cæsar. We see him put down the Conway came to the chair of state with the best cabal, and reduce Congress to do his bid- equipment possible, and he would have ding, and we recall Marlborough. We see left it vacant forever had it been requisite him quell Lee with his fiery eye and biting to fill it with a successor who should be words, and we somehow recall Cromwell. his equal. He had not the analytic mind We watch him in his tent, brooding over of Hamilton nor the philosophic grasp of the treason of Arnold and weighing the Jefferson, but his training for the duties claims of mercy and of justice in the case of a statesman had been superior to theirs. of André, and we recall only his own im- He came of a race used to act and to command. From an early age he had Yes, Washington the general is a su- to rely upon himself, and so he attained to premely great man, and those who deny that self-discipline which is indispensable the fact do so because they have not been to a political leader. Circumstances deable to survey his career from the proper termined that he should learn the lessons point of view. It is hardly an exaggera- of life from men rather than from books; tion to say that to the trained student his thus he stood in no danger of becoming greatness is even implicit in his proclama- a doctrinaire. His early experiences as a tions to his soldiers from first to last. He surveyor, a backwoodsman, and a soldier was no master of style, but certainly for gave him a true sympathy with democdirectness and vigor of phrase, for patri-racy, and hence enabled him to underotic purpose, for clear-sighted content, his stand the only rational principle on which circular letter to the governors of all the a stable government could be founded in States (June 8, 1783) is unsurpassed among America; while his good birth and trainthe political documents of the world. His ing, and his position as a planter-aristoentire correspondence from the time he re- crat, put him in touch with that English tired from command of the army till he past from which it would have been imreëntered the service of his country as possible for the new nation to break enits first President, is a monument to his tirely. Add to all this the fact that his modesty, his magnanimity, his prudence, nature was essentially straightforward and and his wisdom. Frederick the Great manly, that he had not a conspicuous himself, resting from war that he might weakness, that his mind was clear and flexirestore order and peace to his people, is ble, and if not quick, certainly not slow, no grander figure than this victorious and we surely have as well equipped a American general watching from Mount statesman as the world's history can fur-Vernon the fortunes of his country, and nish. Compared with him, how the other

belong neither to Hamilton nor to Jefferson; and who would think of comparing with him the Madisons, the Jays, the Morrises, the Ameses, the Wilsons of the time, able and patriotic men though they all were? Dignity, steadfastness, uprightness, characteristics of Washington's statesmanary France, or his refusal to plunge his the Father of his Country?

figures of the period, even the greatest, country into a second war with England, shrink and diminish. The spiritual dignity or his cordial acceptance of the financial of his altruism sits not upon Franklin; his measures of Hamilton, or his steady acbreadth and catholic clarity of judgment centuation of the national principle, or his noble efforts to reconcile his cabinet, or his strong but humane policy toward the Indians, or his prompt crushing of the Whiskey Rebellion, or, finally, his progressive views on the subjects of slavery and national education, and his prophetic serenity, benignity, wisdom—these are the comprehension of the importance of the What shall we say of such a West. ship, whether we regard his firm policy of man, save that he was as great in peace resistance to the insolence of revolution- as he was in war; that he was veritably

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY LINCOLN

REGARDING HIS DEFEAT BY DOUGLAS IN 1858.

cal history of the United States by the important series of public debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas on the justice and constitutionality of the extension of slavery into free territories. The occasion for these debates was the contest between the two men for a seat in the Senate of the United States. Douglas won the senatorship and was the apparent victor; the real rewards, as we now know, were in the end to Lincoln. This, however, Lincoln did not at the moment understand. defeat seemed to him the probable end of his political career. Yet not for an instant did he regret the bold and hazardous line of argument he had taken in the campaign. He believed implicitly that he had contributed to the struggle against the extension of slavery, and that some time his work would be recognized, though he thought it probable this would not be until after he had fallen.

Nowhere, so far as we know, are Lincoln's feelings regarding his defeat and the part he had played in the debates so concisely and comprehensively stated as in a private letter written, a month after the election of Douglas, to Mr. H. D. Sharpe of Brooklyn, and here printed for the first time. Mr. Sharpe, who in spite of his eighty-five years is still an active man, going daily to his post at Tiffany & Co.'s, with which house he has been for many years connected, was in Illinois on business through the fall of 1858. He had been all his life an active opponent of slavery and was in correspondence for many years with most of the great anti-slavery leaders of the day. He was the author of a plan of emancipation which had received considerable attention from many anti-slavery thinkers, being first published in 1849 in the "National Era," and again in 1859 in the New York "Evening Post." Naturally, he followed the debates between Lincoln and Douglas with keen and critical interest. As they progressed, he, like all the candid political thinkers of that day whatever their peculiar point of view, was deeply impressed by the new light in which Lincoln's clear and convincing logic placed Douglas's argu-

THE autumn of 1858 is distinguished in the politiments. Realizing, when the defeat at the polls came, that Lincoln might feel that his efforts had been a failure, Mr. Sharpe, who by this time had returned to New York, wrote Lincoln the following letter:

NEW YORK, Nov. 9th, 1858.

Hon, ABRM, LINCOLN, Springifield, Ill.

Dear Sir,

I have watched the progress of your late political canvass in the Prairie State with great interest, and hoped (though against hope) that the party whose leader for the time you have been might triumph. It was too much to expect; though not too much to hope for. Had you been successful in the contest, I should not have written you; but as the reports indicate the contrary, I wish to thank you, as a man and as a Republican of the type of Franklin, Sherman, and Jefferson, for your advocacy of the rights of man as understood by those sages 'Your opening remarks at Spring-field interested me much, being in harmony with my own views of the subject, the correctness of which time will determine. determine.

As it is an attribute of Providence to help the weak and defenceless, let this encourage you, with everyone, in future endeavors to extend the blessings of liberty, until equal rights and franchises may be enjoyed by all in our beloved country.

Respt. yours,

H. D. SHARPE.

Nearly a month after this letter was received Lincoln sent the following reply:

Springfield, Dec. 8, 1858.

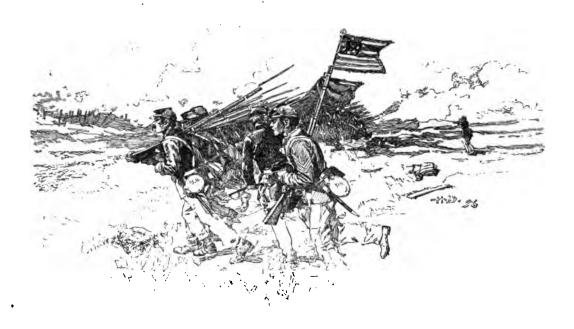
H. D. SHARPE, Esq.,

Dear Sir:

Dear Sir:
Your very kind letter of Nov. 9th was duly received. I do not know that you expected or desired an answer; but glancing over the contents of yours again, I am prompted to say that, while I desired the result of the late canvass to have been different, I still regard it as an exceeding small matter. I think we have fairly entered upon a durable struggle as to whether this nation is to ultimately become all slave or all free; and though I fall early in the contest, it is nothing if I shall have contributed, in the least degree, to the final rightful result.

Respectfully yours.

A. LINCOLN.



THE SONG OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

THE REAL EXPERIENCE IN BATTLE OF A YOUNG SOLDIER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

By IRA SEYMOUR.

THE Song has been silent for more than one of us would make the trip to fill our fantastic, sinister tones. with one fateful burden.

ations became a familiar sound.

For instance, once when we were occu- camp water. pying the hills north of the Rappahannock,

thirty years. In another thirty years canteens. Wide and open fields lay beit will cease to be a living memory save tween us and the spring, and I think I never to a handful of very old men. But those crossed that open space without hearing who once heard can never forget its weird, the Song. Following a distant detonation Sometimes it from beyond the river, a faint quavering was a fearful yet persuasive whisper ad- whistle would come, growing louder as dressed to you personally; again it would with apparently increasing hurry it drew burst in uncontrolled passion into a chorus near. It seemed to speak in fascinating, of awful and discordant screams mingled insinuating tone, of some very special with thunderous and reverberating roar. message to you alone; then suddenly, with With marvellous range of tone and ex- venomous buzz in your very ear, while pression it was, however, always one Song your heart stood still, it would speed by and die away again in the farther distance. I was a young soldier of the Army of It was the voice of a minié bullet from the Potomac in those days; one of the the rifle of some sharpshooter on the Conseveral thousand who were the white federate picket line. But the range was cross of the Second Division of the Sixth long, the risk slight, as such things went, Army Corps, and the Song in all its vari- and not to be compared, so Joe and I thought, to the very real danger of the

Toward evening one of our field batternearly half the regiment were on the sick ies would gallop down to the river bank list by reason of the bad water which and open fire upon those troublesome supplied our camp. Down by the river sharpshooters; then the heavy guns on the bank, perhaps a mile and a half away, other side would make reply, and a new was a spring of good clear water. "Joe" variation of the Song would be heard—a and myself, both non-commissioned offi- very Wagnerian orchestral effect: the quick cers, thought we must at all hazards keep crack of the field guns, the more distant fit for duty, and on alternate mornings boom of the siege cannon, the scream of

shells rushing hither and thither through opposing picket lines. Three of the greatand falling cadence, that mournful moan, tles of the war were fought there. and that peculiar hurrying, threatening, almost speaking quaver which, once heard, goes with you evermore, so that years fury of that great war tempest lingered; afterwards you hear it in your dreams.

three miles away made regular evening visits to our camp. They seldom did any real harm. When we first occupied the of victory nor the wail of the conquered, position, a few tents were pitched too near the crest of the hill, within sight of the with its bitter pain, its dark suspense, its gunners beyond; but after one of those tents had been torn to rags and the head of a poor fellow standing near had been in Virginia springtime is just passing into neatly shorn off, everything came down summer, we came to the banks of the behind the slope out of view; and though Rappahannock, about to take our heavy we were always favored with our vesper share in the battle of Chancellorsville. serenade and close calls were not uncom- The river was no stranger: we had formed mon, no one else, I think, was seriously its intimate acquaintance in December,

appreciative, certainly a grimly critical au- body of the army, which had crossed dience. A veteran in the adjoining regi- about fifteen miles above, we found ourment calmly proceeds with the all-impor- selves once more facing the old battletant business of boiling his coffee until a ground, with its familiar sleepy town, its shell explodes uncomfortably close. Then wide fields and amphitheatre of gentle you hear his disgusted growl: "The ras- hills spread out in portentous panorama cals! They spoil my supper every night!" and the answering jeer of his comrades: down upon the scene, blotting out all mem-"Jim, did you hear what that one said? It said, 'Which 'un, which 'un, which 'un, you!'"

as it may seem to say so, it was certainly like the sudden stroke of a bell, followed the river. by the singing hum, in curious harmony, of the rushing, jagged iron fragments and immediately afterward the First Corps through the air. One of the friends of received marching orders, and went filing make-up of our army is illustrated by the came. music of moaning and bursting shells.

pahannock. It is within bounds to put ericksburg hills. the number at fifty thousand. The war his-

the evening air, always with that rising est, most deadly, yet most indecisive bat-

The veil of time has begun to fall over the actual agonies of the nation while the but some of us remember how real it was, Those big shells from the enemy's guns and the Song of the Rappahannock seems its very voice. It was Delphic in the ambiguity of its utterance. Neither the pæan it was the breath of the Titanic struggle, grim and terrible stress and strain.

In early May, that sweet season when during the bloody days of Fredericks-The evening performance had, if not an burg; and now, separated from the main before us. Peace seemed to have settled ory of strife; yet we knew the semblance was but a mocking phantasm, for our comrades of the First Corps stirred up a very The ring of the bursting shells was not hornet's nest of enemies and had a sharp the least impressive of the notes of the brush before they could lay their pontoon Song. It is hard to describe; but strange bridge. And though with this exception the Song was ominously silent in our front. music, often with absolutely sweet tones we could hear its distant voice from up

On one day it rose into an angry roar, my boyhood was a musical genius, a pianist past us along the river road toward the of no mean power, who had studied his sound of the Song, and the Sixth was profession in Germany. The democratic left alone. On Saturday night our time It was a lovely evening, full of fact that, in the early sixties, this man the breath of springtime; but our hearts enlisted as a private soldier. And he used were very solemn as, in the darkness and to amuse himself while lying in the insternly enforced silence, our lines crept trenches by noting the varying keys of the across the pontoon bridge out into the fields full of the ghosts of December's But the Song was not always harmless awful sacrifices, and finally, with rifles or ineffectual. No one knows precisely loaded and with sixty rounds of cartridge how many men suffered wounds and death and battle rations to every man, we halted beside the banks of the pretty, placid Rap- before the spectral outlines of the Fred-

Then in low tones the order passed from tory of that region is peculiar. It is a tale company to company: "Lie down where of incessant and resultless strife, seldom you are. Let every man keep his gun by without at least the intermittent fire of his side. Do not take off any of your equipments; do not even loosen your belts. teries. Keep silence!"

out a little way to the front; we can hear the line surges forward. the subdued orders of the officers, the unthen all is quiet along the Rappahannock. Beyond the guns we know there are pickbut soon all along the inner lines the beaten back in December. May moon shines peacefully on rows of of them will lie very quiet in another and saw and felt. a deeper sleep.

in the gray dawn on the brink of battle deafening. among the most gloomy of his life.

fire, the Song is bursting into fuller voice; and up and down the line orders ring out sharply, "Attention, battalion!" There is movement now, and it brings life and countermarching for better position, and soon the line is placed in a sunken road whose banks protect us against the ene- and neared the enemy's position, I rememmy's shot and shell, while just behind, on ber that at regular intervals a bullet slightly higher ground, our own batteries would strike close to my feet and throw a fire over our heads. And so the morning stinging little shower of gravel in my passes; the Song, never silent, sometimes face. I thought little of it at the time, swells out clamorously; and anon it sinks but among the prisoners captured were to intermittent growls.

Suddenly, about noontime, there is a restless movement along the line; staff officers are galloping furiously hither and batteries open a furious fire. barking, and our turn is coming!" as the Song swells with their baying, by quick orders our line is formed for the against which our charge was directed, charge. We must storm those hills flam- the storm of fire first went harmlessly over ing with the fire of the Confederate bat- our heads, then it ceased; and stumbling

A few breathless moments that seem like hours, and suddenly our batteries A battery moves like a group of shadows cease fire, the expected order is given, and

I make no attempt to tell how the Sixth limbering and loading of the guns, and Corps on that Sunday morning won the Fredericksburg heights, storming successfully, though with fearful loss, the very ets whose duty it is to wake and watch; same works from which the army had been

I am not a military critic, I can tell only sleeping men. By to-morrow night many what one very young and obscure soldier

I was a sergeant, and on that day my Dawn comes soon in May, and the first especial duty was that of "left general gray light brought the Song. With hum guide." The regiment was comparatively and buzz like that of ghostly insects, the new and raw, and in our rush across the bullets came stealing over from the ene- rough ploughed fields under the awful fire my's skirmish line. It was a grim awaken- of the enemy's batteries we were thrown ing, and its first impression inexpressibly into some confusion. With great presence mournful. Each singing bullet seemed to of mind our colonel halted us, ordered the chant a dirge—and the morning air held men to lie down, and then called for a very graveyard chill. Swearing is a com- "guides on a line." That meant that I mon dialect with soldiers, but not an oath and the two other guides, one on the was heard as that morning Song began, right and one in the centre, were to stand Everyone was solemn; we were thinking of up and take position by which the regihome and of loved ones, and there was a ment could align itself. I sprang to my great despairing sense of separation in our feet, soon caught the line from the others, hearts. I think almost any man who has and there we stood, while the regiment seen war would tell the same story, and crawled up and "dressed" by us. It was count those moments of the skirmish firing a trying situation; and the Song! it was The air was full of wild shricks of grape and shrapnel; the ringing But hark! The batteries are opening shells were bursting all about with maddening and stunning detonations. I remember, as I stood there for those few moments, I seemed indeed to have lost all sense of fear, and yet I wondered whether dispels the gloom. There is marching and I was actually myself and whether my head was really on or off my shoulders.

Then, as we raced forward once more some sharpshooters who had been posted off at our left; and when I heard how those fellows had bragged about the number of shots they had fired at individual thither; something is in the air. We are officers in our regiment, then I underordered to unsling our knapsacks and pile stood. My place as guide had brought me them together by companies, while our into view, and one of those skirmishers The men had tried to pick me off, but had each say to each other, "The bulldogs are time made a little too much allowance for And my running.

When we neared the face of the hill

trees, we came suddenly upon a great, terious thickets of pine, came the Song. frowning earthwork. How its yellow sides

Is there any intoxication like the joy of victory? For the moment, men forget everything else: fatigue, thirst, wounds, again, pressing toward the sound of the dead and suffering comrades, the parting Song. And soon the wounded begin to shots of fleeing foe. But it is a short- appear, making their way past us toward lived joy; at least ours was, for the victory the rear by the side paths of the road on had been costly, and there were sad gaps which we march; every moment their in the ranks of all the regiments as we re-numbers increase, until we find ourselves formed on the crest of the hills. More- marching between two ghastly lines of over, our work was but begun. The Sixth wounded men: only a detachment, in-Corps had been ordered to join Hooker deed, from the growing company of the by cutting a road for itself through Lee's victims of the Song, only those who can

speedily on the march, the First Division holding up his hand, across which a bullet now in the advance, as ours, the Second, has ploughed a bloody track; there one had been in the morning. Ghastly sights with a ragged hole through his cheek; and met us as we passed through the old town then an officer leaning on two other men, where the Light Division had charged; both wounded, the ashy hue of death on almost every house showed marks of shot his face and the blood streaming from his or shell, and here and there on the side- breast. This is no picture of the imagiwalks or at street corners, in the hot sun- nation. I am telling things that I saw, shine, lay the dead bodies of poor heroes things that burned themselves into my whose last battle was fought. I remem- memory; and I remember that every one ber how almost always some comrade's of those wounded men, whether his hurt friendly hand had pulled the corner of a were great or small, was pale as death and blanket over their swollen and blackening wore a fixed expression, not of terror, faces. On we went, leaving the town bebut of stony despair. They all walked hind, marching along a well-made high-slowly and wearily, and if you asked one road into a country of small fields set in of them, "How is the battle going?" you the midst of dense and scrubby pine got the invariable answer, "Our regiment woods, and the afternoon was wearing is all cut to pieces;" and they said it in a away when suddenly, from the direction tone of tired reproach, as though you ought

through a thicket of brush and felled in which we were going, out of those mys-

This time there was no prelude of crackloomed up! And just over its edge the ing rifles and whispering bullets; but, as muzzles of two great brass guns gaped at though some mighty hand smote at once us; but everything within was silent as all the bass notes of a great organ, the death. The same thought flashed through cannonade roared out, swelling louder every mind. "They are lying low for us, and louder all along our front. Soon we and presently we shall look into the barrels reached an open field where an ammuniof a row of rifles and receive their deadly tion train was parked, and here we were volley at this short range!" For an in- halted to rest and replenish our cartridge stant the regiment as one man recoiled and boxes, while the fierce roar of the Song still faltered. Then a sergeant from one of the thundered until, as we were thus busied, centre companies stepped forth. I can see there was a hush—one of those instant and him now, a handsome, fair-haired young ominous silences which smite the heart With cool and quiet voice he more loudly than any sound: the Song did called, "Boys, let's see what is inside of not die away, it stopped. And then, after this thing!" and straight up the slope of a breathless moment, a new movement of the yellow mound he started, and the regi- the symphony began. Like the pattering ment followed with a cheer. We found a roar of rain after thunder, or like the deserted fort. It had been outflanked by long roll from a hundred tenor drums, it the regiment on our right. They received swept along and swelled out until the from another side the volley which we woods seemed to vibrate to its rattle. It narrowly missed, and it laid low more was the file-fire of the line of battle. We than a hundred of their men. Away to could see nothing, not even the smoke, our right, all along the line, the charge through the dense wood; we could only had been successful, and the heights of listen. "Hark!" said an old soldier Fredericksburg were won. standing near me. "D'ye hear that? Them's the little things that kills!"

But swiftly now we are on the march walk. But there were gruesome sights in Regaining our knapsacks, we were that procession of pain. Here a man with equanimity.

One can contemplate with pleasure, which he accepted with alacrity. perils of the long and almost unknown way, and in about three months' time was back

accounts well; he wrote poor verses, but temporary militia of the colony, and was was careful to copy out fifty odd "rules of subsequently made lieutenant-colonel of behaviour;" he had as little of the true the augmented forces. His superior officer literary afflatus as any youth of genius soon died, however, and he was left in full could well have, but he tamed the wildest charge of the expedition to the Ohio. He horses and dominated the most unruly of acquitted himself admirably in the fight at his schoolmates. In short, he was a young the Great Meadows, but was forced to Virginian Cyrus, riding well, shooting capitulate shortly after, the result being well, and telling the truth, which was far honorable, and, on the whole, fortunate, better than being a young Virginian Mil- considering the rashness of the enterprise. ton, not mute, yet likely to be inglorious. The death of the French officer Jumon-But if it was fortunate for his country ville in a preliminary skirmish, led to a that he escaped becoming an epic poet of curious sort of European reputation for the Barlow variety, it was equally fortu- the young colonial soldier, the future libnate that he gave up the idea of entering erator of America being denounced as an the English service as a midshipman on assassin because of an absurd mistake by account of a dutiful regard for his mother's which the leader of a scouting party was wishes. Washington as a profane old sea converted into the bearer of a flag of dog in the service of George the Third is truce. But while French censure could not a picture which one can contemplate not hurt Washington, Dinwiddie's conduct with regard to the reorganization of the Virginian troops did; and after a manly however, the picture he presents as a six- remonstrance he resigned, showing in this teen-year-old explorer, surveying the lands matter, as well as in his subsequent refusal of Lord Fairfax amid the wild passes of to submit to be out-ranked by officers the Alleghanies. The youth who so holding royal commissions, that perfectly bravely fronted all "moving accidents by poised dignity of character for which he is flood and field," who gained a reputation probably more noted than any other great for sobriety and prudence both with the man in history. When Braddock, however, savage tribes he was forced to encounter offered him a position as aide-de-camp and the official circles of Williamsburg, which he could accept with honor, he was was doing precisely the work best fitted to glad enough to march against the foe and prepare him for the higher labors of his to tender advice which no man in America manhood. He rose rapidly, and in three was better fitted to give and no com-years was made adjutant-general of mili-manding officer less likely to profit by. tia in one of the border districts. But he The prudence of Washington as a counselwas soon called away to accompany his in- lor, as well as his intrepid conduct at Fort valid brother Lawrence on a voyage to Du quesne, taught all discerning observers the West Indies. This was destined to be that he had in him the stuff of which not his only experience of foreign travel; but, only good border soldiers but also great like Shakespeare, he was by nature little generals are made; and one of these obcapable of being tainted by provincialism, servers, the eloquent preacher, Samuel Returning to Virginia, he found his mili- Davies, was wise enough to predict that tary charge renewed, and was given speedy "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington," opportunity for active service. He was would one day render his country some despatched by Governor Dinwiddie in the distinguished service. For a time his serfall of 1753 on a mission to the French in- vices were chiefly directed toward securvaders of the Ohio region—a dangerous ing the safety of the Virginia borders, and task, which others had declined, but he found leisure to make a visit to Boston He on military business, as well as to fall in braved the rigor of the season and the love. His marriage with the widow Martha Custis took place in January, 1759, and those who are wont to accuse Washat Williamsburg with the French answer, ington of lacking sentiment may be advised Neither savages, nor treacherous guides, to study carefully all that can be learned nor ice-gorged rivers could prevail against about the romantic affair. Military life so bold a heart or so keen an eye; nor seemed over for him, and he settled down could flattery at home undermine a nature as a gentleman farmer, serving his colony so well balanced, a modesty so innate and in the House of Burgesses, where he was formally thanked for his exertions in the He was at once put in command of the public behalf, but was too modest to be

and superintending his estates in a thrifty character of Washington. fashion peculiarly his own; and last, but not least, keeping up his spirits and his mistake, when we assign the success of health by frequent indulgence in the manly the Revolution to these two causes. As sport of fox-hunting. At the age of we retrace the weary years that elapsed thirty he was plainly the greatest soldier between Washington's taking command in the colonies, the man to whom all eyes (July 3, 1775), and his laying down his would turn should any public danger im- office (December 23, 1783) we perceive pend; and if no danger came, he would clearly that under Providence the issue of nevertheless be one of the wealthiest and the mighty struggle depended on him. most prominent citizens of the "Ancient Had he lost heart at the supineness and Dominion." He had thus little to wish bickerings of the people at large, had he for, except children.

destined to be filled with a higher love to control a fatuous Congress, or to put and more absorbing cares. He was to be down a wretched cabal among his own offi-the Father of his Country. From his seat cers, had his nerves given way at the sight at Mount Vernon, which he had been pro- of the sufferings at Valley Forge, had his gressive enough to link with the rest of spirit wavered at frequent defeat—in short, the world by a private wharf, he watched had he been anything but the noble patriot the clouds gathering in the political heav- and great commander that he was, the ens, and he showed a statesmanly pre- course of history might have been changed, science in being almost the first American and these United States might have died in to perceive that a complete break with their birth and forever, or come into exist-England was necessary to the peace and ence again years later and under far difprosperity of the colonies. He was no ferent auspices. But he was Washington revolutionist, but neither was he afraid to —the noblest figure that any people has trust the conclusions of his own mind; and ever set in the forefront of its life and if he was no orator, he was at least not history. While he lived and fought on the man to mince his words. Cæsar himself with his ragged troops, the Union was did not more thoroughly see the neces- maintained in spite of all State squabbles; sity for one-man rule at Rome than Wash- while he was in command, any alliance ington saw the necessity for public inde- made with France must be one which pendence in America. He declared at America could accept with dignity; while Williamsburg, in 1774, that he was ready to his brave heart beat, repulse meant only raise a thousand men, support them at his fresh resolve, and hardship and suffering own expense, and march them to the relief only more splendid rewards of triumph. of Boston. A few weeks later he rode on It is idle to deny that he was the soul of horseback with Patrick Henry and Ed- the Revolution, and it is equally idle to mund Pendleton to attend the first Conti- ask whether or not he was a great general. nental Congress at Philadelphia. He was, Whether he was, technically speaking, a . by the confession of Henry himself, easily master of the art of war, students of that the greatest man among the delegates, art may decide, though it as well to remind The second Congress saw him again in at- them that Frederick the Great praised his tendance, and ready to give his life for his Trenton campaign as a masterpiece of stratcountry. But although he could brave egy. But that he is worthy to rank with death he could not face praise, and he the supreme commanders of history no left the chamber when John Adams nominated him to be commander-in-chief of the ination will deny. Not that he always Continental forces. The next day he accepted the position, while protesting his approved way; not that he flamed like a own unworthiness and refusing to accept comet in the heavens, threatening desolaany pay beyond a reimbursement of his tion to the nations; not that he moved expenses. No Roman of old ever came across the world's stage like a Karl or a forward to save the state with purer in- Timour. His career does not enthrall us tentions or with more favorable auguries as does that of Alexander; it has not such of success. Although to weaker spirits tragic elements of inspiration and pathos the prospect was appalling, strong men as has that of Hannibal; it does not leave

able to reply; looking after the interests of drew happy omens, not from the flight of his parishes in the local vestries, dispens- birds and the entrails of victims, but from ing hospitality in true Virginian fashion, the justice of the common cause and the

Nor did they mistake, nor do we now grown weary of correcting the blunders of But if children did not come, his life was incapable subordinates, had he disdained man of sound judgment and capable imagwon his battles, or won them in the most

up that deadly slope, muttering oaths to every moment to see him drop.

Our regiment was not the only broken one: the whole front line was apparently our number was sweeping everything be- separate star and bar upon their red batfore it. As the fragments of our company tle-flags, and their slouch hats pulled retired up the slope of the field, a few, of down to shield their eyes from the setting slightly sunken road, a mere farm track, but in it lay the Sixth Regiment of the old admired certain big brown beards as they Vermont Brigade. As they saw us they swarmed up the slope straight toward us. called out, "Rally on us, boys!" and we picket line: it was the reserve, and we were the Vermont colonel, who, as I remember, allowed to kindle fires, and all night by Vermonter, a plain Green Mountain farmer lad, and we had made a soldier's friendship. When I came to the sunken road, the first man I saw in that prone line of line of men stood up, and the Song men was my camp-fire friend. I called shrieked out in one awful death-laden volout to him, and dropped by his side. ley. The field before us was changed as ened out their too short line by about a before it had been filled with a yelling, dozen files.

hope of the corps. Our division commander, sitting on his horse and watching us, is reported to have said to one of his aides, "If that line breaks, we're gone!"

We lay at full length on the ground, silent save for the exhortation of the officers: "Hold your fire, boys!" "Keep quiet, there!" "Down with that rifle!" consequences was gone, and a cold recklessness had taken possession of us, and Corps was saved. it was hard to restrain the men.

On came the Confederates, their rebel himself and switching off the grass blades yell now sounding shrill and clear; and they with his sword. Some veterans who saw were firing as they came with so deadly an him told me afterward that they expected aim that several of our officers who rose up slightly the better to control their men were hit and fell back dead or wounded.

They crossed the ditch where our regigone; the sudden savage charge of twice ment had been, and we could see each whom I happened to be one, came to a sun, and then their very faces. I remember how I singled out one and another and

They were almost on us—some of the gladly accepted the invitation. A few men said, not ten feet away, but perhaps weeks before I had been on duty on the imagination shortened the distance—when wore a long, black rubber coat over his the blazing logs I had talked to a young uniform and looked like a Methodist parson, shouted out the command: "Rise! Fire! "

Like spectres rising from the grave, the Others of our men fell in, and we length- though by some dire magic. A moment charging host; now it was suddenly It was apparently the last desperate cleared. As though an October gust had swept across that May evening, away down to the bottom of the field and beyond, the ground was strewn with brown, prostrate forms; but they were not leaves, they were dead and wounded men!

The little Vermont regiment had repulsed and shattered a charging Mississippi brigade: the battle of Bank's Ford, the For we had reached the point where heed of closing scene in the sad drama of Chancellorsville, was over; and the Sixth

Thank God, the Song is silent now.



KANSAS STORIES.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE,

Editor of the Emporia (Kansas) "Gazette."

[Editorial writing is not usually a very quick way to literary fame; but a single editorial in the Emporia (Kansas) "Gazette,"—"What's the Matter with Kansas?"—has lately made the name of William Allen White pretty well known the country over. Mr. White now makes a still stronger claim on public attention in a collection of short stories, published by Way and Williams of Chicago, and entitled "The Real Issue." By the special permission of the author and publishers we present two of

these stories here. Mr. Allen is native to the land of which he writes. He was born in Kansas, at El Dorado; grew up in that town, and graduated from the high school there. He spent a year in Emporia College; then, returning to El Dorado, learned the printer's trade. This was in 1885. Next, he returned to Emporia, where he worked at his trade and at "odd times" went to school. He spent three years in the State University at Lawrence, at the same time doing work now and then on the Lawrence "Journal." In 1890 he returned again to El Dorado, and took a position on the weekly "Republican." Before long he received an invitation to join the Kansas City "Journal" as an editorial writer. Just



after he had accepted it he was offered a similar position on the Kansas City "Star." Six months later he went to Topeka to follow Kansas politics for the Kansas City "Journal" in the campaign of 1892. He travelled all over Kansas during that campaign, attending conventions and rallies, and having, as he himself once expressed it, "all kinds of fun." Then he joined the Kansas City "Star" as editorial writer, and remained with it until June, 1895, when he went back to Emporia and bought the "Gazette," which, under his direction, began at once to attract particular attention. As Mr. White is still only twenty-eight years old, his work, one may hope, is but begun. That it is begun, however, with exceptional force and originality, the stories given here are ample proof.—EDITOR.]

THE KING OF BOYVILLE.



the big city it ming-hole, may be differ- and pays all ent; there are the reverence doubtless good which his little boys who dwarfed natdisdain bad lit- ure can mustle boys, and ter to the sign poor little boys of two finwho are never gers. to be noticed

under any circumstances. But in a small cial order of town every boy, good or bad, rich or poor, boys who live stands among boys on his own merits. in country The son of the banker who owns a turning- towns, a boy pole in the back yard does homage to the is measured baker's boy who can sit on the bar and by what he

BOYS who drop down and catch by his legs; while the are born good little boy who is kept in wide collars in a small town and cuffs by a mistaken mother gazes are born free through the white paling of his father's and equal. In fence at the troop headed for the swim-

In the so-





can do, and not by what his father is. And so Winfield Hancock Pennington, whose boy name was Piggy Pennington, was the King of Boyville. For Piggy could walk on his hands, curling one foot other one straight in the air; he could hang by his heels on a flying trapeze; he could both backwards and forwards; he could of the few two-story houses in the little "tread" water, and "lay" his hair; he town. Time and could hit any marble in any ring from time again had "taws" and "knucks" down; and, better Piggy tried to than all, he could cut his initials in the ice make some sign on skates, and whirl around and around to let his feelso many times that he looked like an ani- ings be known, mated shadow, when he would dart away but every time up the stream, his red "comfort" flapping he had failed. behind him like a laugh of defiance. In Lying in wait for the story-books such a boy would be the her at corners son of a widowed mother, and turn out and suddenly very good or very bad; but Piggy was not breaking upon a story-book boy, and his father kept a her with a glory grocery store, from which Piggy used to of backward and steal so many dates that the boys said his forward somerfather must have cut up the almanac to saults did not supply him. As he never gave the goodies convey the state to the other boys, but kept them for his of his heart. own use, his name of "Piggy" was his by Hanging by his heels from an apple-tree all the rights of Bovville.

age in town, to children's parties. And at the initials, and the chirography of his

while any other boy, whose only accomplishment was turning a cart-wheel, or skinning the cat backwards, or, at most, hanging by one leg and turning a handspring, could boldly ask a girl if he could see her home, Piggy had to get his hat and sneak out of the house when the company broke up. He would comfort himself by walking along the opposite side of the street from some couple while he talked in monosyllables about a joke which he and the boy knew, but which was always a secret to the girl. Even after school Piggy could not join the select coterie of boys who followed the girls down through town to the post-office. He could not tease the girls about absent boys at such times and make up rhymes like

> " First the cat and then her tail; Jimmy Sears and Maggie Hale,"

and shout them out for the crowd to hear. Instead of joining the courtly troupe, Piggy Pennington went off with the boys who really didn't care for such things, and gracefully over his back, and pointing the fought, or played "tracks up," or wrestled his way leisurely home in time to get in his "night wood." But his heart was not in chin a pole so many times that no one these pastimes; it was with a red shawl of could count the number; he could turn a a peculiar shade, that was wending its way somersault in the air from the level ground, to the post-office and back to a home in one

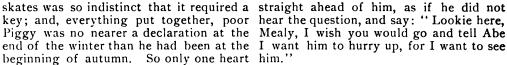


limb over the sidewalk in front of her, un-There was one thing Piggy Pennington expectedly, did not tell the tender tale for could not do, and it was the one of all which his lips could find no words. And things which he most wished he could do; the nearest he could come to an expression he could not, under any circumstances, say of the longing in his breast, was to cut her three consecutive and coherent words to initials in the ice beside his own when she any girl under fifteen and over nine. He came weaving and wobbling past on some was invited, with nearly all the boys of his other boy's arm. But she would not look

beginning of autumn. So only one heart him." beat with but a single thought, and the other tokens of esteem from other boys, and beat on with any number of thoughts, used to royentirely immaterial to the uses of this nar- alty and its But Piggy Pennington did not ways, so he take to the enchantment of corn-silk cigar- pushed his inettes and rattan and grapevine cigars; he quiry. tried to sing, and wailed dismal ballads about the "Gipsy's Warning," and "The gy, have you Child in the Grave with its Mother," and got your red "She's a Daisy, She's a Darling, She's a ball-pants in Dumpling, She's a Lamb," whenever he that bundle?" was in hearing distance of his Heart's There was Desire, in the hope of conveying to her no reply. The some hint of the state of his affections; freckle-faced but it was useless. Even when he tried to boygrew tired whistle plaintively as he passed her house of tattooing in the gloaming, his notes brought forth with a stick no responsive echo.

bloom. He had taken out there all the boy could stand it no longer, and said: wire from an old broom and all his kite- "Say, Piggy, you needn't be so smart string. His mother had to call three times about your old bundle; now, honest, before he would leave his work. youngster was the first to leave the table, and by eight o'clock he was at his task many corners that it looked like a home- do you suppose old Abe is, anyhow?" tied bundle of laundry.

nington W. H. P." wasthe had a



"Abe" was Piggy's nearest friend. other took motto candy and valentines His other name was Carpenter. Piggy and red apples and picture cards and only wished to be rid of the freckle-faced boy. But the freckle-faced boy was not

"Say, Pig-



as they walked beside a paling fence, so One morning in the late spring, he spent he began touching every tree on the other half an hour before breakfast among his side of the path with his fingers. They mother's roses, which were just in first had gone a block when the freckle-faced

The Piggy, what have you got in that bunable, dle?"

"Aw-soft soap, take a bite-good fer again. Before the first schoolbell had your appetite," said the King, as he faced rung, Piggy Pennington was bound for the about and drew up his left cheek and schoolhouse with a strange-looking parcel lower eyelid pugnaciously. The freckleunder his arm. He tried to put his coat faced boy saw he would have to fight if he over it, but it stuck out, and the newspaper stayed, so he turned to go, and said, as that was wrapped around it bulged into so though nothing had happened, "Where

Just before school was called, Piggy "What you got?" asked the freckle- Pennington was playing "scrub" with faced boy who was learning at Piggy's all his might, and a little girl-his Heart's feet how Desire—was taking out of her desk a to do the wreath of roses tied to a shaky wire "muscle- frame. There was a crowd of girls round grind" on her, admiring it and speculating about the turn- the probable author of the gift; but to ing-pole. these she did not show the patent-medi-But Pig- cine card on which was scrawled, over the gy Pen- druggist's advertisement, "Yours truly,

> When the last bell rang, Piggy Penning-King of ton was the last boy in, and he did not look Boyville, toward the desk where he had put the and he flowers, until after the singing.

> Then he stole a sidewise glance that r i g h t way, and his Heart's Desire was deep in to look her geography. It was an age before she



filed past him with the "B" class in geography, and took a seat directly in front of him, where he could look at her all the time, unobserved by her. Once she squirmed in her place and looked toward him, but Piggy Pennington was head over heels in the "Iser rolling rapidly." When their eyes did meet at last, just as Piggy, leading the marching around the room, was at the door to go out for recess, the thrill amounted to a shock that sent him whirling in a pinwheel of handsprings toward the ball ground, shouting "scrubfirst bat, first bat, first bat," from sheer bubbling joy. Piggy made four tallies that recess, and the other boys couldn't have put him out if they had used a handgrenade or a Babcock fire-extinguisher.

He received four distinct shots that day from the eyes of his Heart's Desire, and found tagging along by the way, and whooping at the top of his voice. When hay, with the life nearly jolted out of his

little body.

astonished his friends by bringing a big armful of red and yellow and pink and white roses to school.

He had never done this before; and boys, who were not afraid to steal them from him, he made straight for his schoolwhile the girls gathered about him, teasing for the beauties. It was nearly time for the last bell to ring, and Piggy knew that





the last one sent him home on the run, his Heart's Desire would be in the room tripping up every primary urchin whom he by the time he got there. He was not mistaken. But Heart's Desire did not clamor with the other girls for one of the roses. his friends met in his barn, some fifteen Piggy stood off their pleadings as long as minutes later, Piggy tried to turn a double he could with "Naw;" "Why, naw, of somersault from his spring-board, to the course I won't;" "Naw, what I want admiration of the crowd, and was only to give you one for?" and "Go away calmed by falling with his full weight on from here, I tell you;" and still Heart's his head and shoulders at the edge of the Desire did not ask for her flowers. There were but a few moments left before school would be called to order, and in despera-The next morning Piggy Pennington tion Piggy gave one rose away. It was not a very pretty rose, but he hoped she would see that the others were to be given away, and ask for one. But she, his Heart's Desire, stood near a window, talkwhen he had run the gauntlet of the big ing to the freckle-faced boy. Then Piggy gave away one rose after another. As the last bell began to ring, he gave them room, and stood holding them in his hands to the boys, as the girls were all supplied. And still she came not. There was one rose left, the most beautiful of all. She went to her desk, and as the teacher came in, bell in hand, Piggy surprised himself, the teacher, and the school, by laying the beautiful flower, without a word, on the teacher's desk. That day was a dark day. When a new boy, who didn't belong to the school, came up at recess to play, Piggy shuffled over to him and asked gruffly:

" What's your name?"

"Puddin' 'n' tame, ast me agin an' I'll tell you the same," said the new boy, and then there was a fight. It didn't soothe Piggy's feelings one bit that he whipped the new boy, for the new boy was smaller than Piggy. And he dared not turn his flushed face towards his Heart's Desire. It was almost four o'clock when Piggy

Pennington walked to the master's desk light was his boyish heart that it was with to get him to work out a problem, and as an effort that he kept it out of his throat. he passed the desk of Heart's Desire, he There were smiles and smiles that day. dropped a note in her lap. It read:

"Åre you mad?"

they marched out that night; so he contented himself with punching the boy his heels, when they were in the back part the schoolhouse to the post-office, and in a of the room, where the teacher would not burst of enthusiasm walked on his hands home alone that evening. The courtiers block. saw plainly that his majesty was troubled.

broken stick-horses which he took from that?" Piggy pretended not to hear her, the little boys, and was marked with trees and said to the boys: adorned with the string which he took from

other youngsters who ran across his pathway playing horse. In his barn he sat listlessly on a nail-keg, while Abe and the freckle-faced boy did their deeds of daring on the rings and the trapeze. Only when the new boy came in did Piggy arouse himself to

mount the flying bar, and, swinging in it to the very rafters, drop, and hang by his knees, and again drop from his knees, catching his ankle in the angle of the rope where it meets the swinging bar. That was to awe the new boy.

After this feat the King was quiet.

At dusk, when the evening chores were done, Piggy Pennington walked past the home

of his Heart's Desire, and howled out a heart. He had not yet learned to speak doleful ballad which began:

"You ask what makes this darky wee-eep, Why he like others am not gay.

But a man on the sidewalk, passing, said, "Well, son, that's pretty good; but "Oh, you know," returned the boy, wouldn't you just as lief sing as to make stepping irregularly, to make the tips of that noise?" So the King went to bed his toes come on the cracks in the sidewith a heavy heart.

the next morning, and dragged it over it at a bird in a tree. His heart was sinkthe schoolground, playing crack-the-whip ing rapidly. and "stinkbase." But when he saw Heart's Desire wearing in her hair one of sire, turning full upon him with the enthe white roses from his mother's garden chantment of her childish eyes. "Why, —the Penningtons had the only white here it is in my grammar. I'm taking it roses in the little town—he knew it was to keep with the others. Why?' from the wreath he had given her; and so

During the singing they began, and every time she came past him from a class, and But he dared not look for an answer as every time he could pry his eyes behind her geography or her grammar, a flood of gladness swept over his soul. That night ahead of him with a pin, and stepping on Piggy Pennington followed the girls from see him. The King of Boyville walked in front of the crowd for nearly half a

When his Heart's Desire said, "Oh! So his lonely way was strewn with ain't you afraid you'll hurt yourself doing

"Aw, that ain't nuthin'; come down to

my barn, an' I'll do somepin that'll make your head swim."

He was too exuberant to contain himself; and when he left the girls he started to run after a stray chicken that happened along, and ran till he was out of breath.

He did not mean to run in the direction his Heart's Desire had taken, but he turned a corner and came up with her suddenly.

Her eyes beamed upon him, and he could not run away as he wished. She made room for him on the sidewalk, and he could do nothing but walk beside her. For a block they were so embarrassed that neither spoke.

It was Piggy who broke the silence. His words came from his

otherwise.

"Where's your rose?" he asked, not

"What rose?" said the girl, as though she had never in her short life heard of such an absurd thing as a rose.

walk. There was another pause, during He took that heart to school with him which Piggy picked up a pebble and threw

'Oh, that rose?" said his Heart's De-

"Oh, nuthin' much," replied the boy.

seeing it.

"I bet you can't do this," he added, as pulsive handspring.

And thus the King of Boyville first set he glowed up into her eyes from an im- his light little foot upon the soil of an unknown country.

THE HOME-COMING OF COLONEL HUCKS.

"blue stem" grass, reached a broad bend stream. in the stream, it stopped. A man and a arm about her waist. She was aglow the struggle. with health; her fine, strong, intelligent she looked up after the kiss and said:

And this is the end of our wedding journey; and—and—the honeymoon—the only one we can ever have in all the world this wise they faced towards the sunset. -is over."

sweaty harness, cut short the man's reply.

When he returned, his wife was getting the cooking utensils from under the wagon, and life—stern, troublous—had begun for them.

Hucks brought his wife to Kansas.

where the hedges grow. Once, a slow visit their old Ohio home. olate hill and the graveyard. Now, neigh- brought up to believe that the place was

GENERATION ago, a wagon cov- bors from miles around may be heard ered with white canvas turned to the coming in the rattling wagons across vale right on the California road, and took a and plain, laden with tin presents; after northerly course toward the prairie stream which the little home is seen ablaze with that nestled just under a long, low bluff. lights, while the fiddle vies with the mirth When the white pilgrim, jolting over the of the frolicking party, dancing with the rough, unbroken ground, through the tall wanton echoes on the bluff across the

There were years when the light in the woman emerged from under the canvas, kitchen burned far into the night, when and stood for a moment facing the wild, two heads bent over the table, figuring to green meadow and the distant hills. The make ends meet. In these years the girlman was young, lithe, and graceful, but ish figure became bent, and the light faded despite his boyish figure, the woman felt in the woman's eyes, while the lithe figure his unconscious strength, as he put his of the man was gnarled by the rigors of

There were days—not years, thank God eyes burned with hope, and her firm jaw -when lips forgot their tenderness; and, was good to behold. They stood gazing as fate tugged fiercely at the curbed bit, at the virgin field a moment in silence. there were times when souls rebelled and There were tears in the woman's eyes, as cried out in bitterness and despair at the roughness of the path.

> In this wise went Colonel Hucks and his wife through youth into maturity, and in

He was tall, with a stoop, grizzled, The horses moving uneasily in their brawny, perhaps uncouth in mien. She was stout, unshapely, rugged, yet her face was kind and motherly. There was a boyish twinkle left in her husband's eyes, and a quaint, quizzing, one-sided smile often stumbled across his care-furrowed counte-It was thus that young Colonel William nance. As the years passed, Mrs. Hucks noticed that her husband's foot fell heavily They were young, strong, hearty people, when he walked by her side, and the pang and they conquered the wilderness. A she felt when she first observed his plodhome sprang up in the elbow of the ding step was too deep for tears. It was in stream. In the fall, long rows of corn these days that the minds of the Huckses shucks trailed what had been the meadow. unconsciously reverted to old times. It In the summer the field stood horse-high became their wont, in these latter days, to with corn. From the bluff, as the years sit in the silent house, whence the children flew by, the spectator might see the check- had gone out to try issue with the world. erboard of the farm, clean cut, well kept, and of evenings to talk of the old faces smiling in the sun. Little children frol- and of the old places in the home of their icked in the king row, and hurried to youth. Theirs had been a pinched and school down the green lines of the lanes busy life. They had never returned to The colonel's procession, headed by a spring wagon with father and mother were gone. His wife's a little black box in it, might have been relatives were not there. Yet each felt seen filing between the rows of the half- the longing to go back. For years they grown poplar trees and out across the had talked of the charms of the home of brown stubble-covered prairie, to the des- their childhood. Their children had been

Ohio's fields. For them the Kansas without her. under a sleigh that bounded over the turna physical hunger.

After their last child, a girl, had married lights of the village, Mrs. Hucks began to watch with a greedy eye the dollars mount

afford a holiday.

Last year Providence had blessed the Huckses with plenty. It was the woman as she turned to descend from the porch. who revived the friendship of youth in her husband's cousin, who lives in the old township in Ohio. It was Mrs. Hucks who secured from that cousin an invitation to spend a few weeks in the Ohio homestead. It was Mrs. Hucks, again, who made her husband happy by putting him into a tailor's suit—the first he had bought since his wedding—for the great occasion. Colonel Hucks needed no persuasion to take the trip. Indeed, it was his wife's economy which had kept him from being a spendthrift and from borrowing money with which to go on a voice broke at the end of the sentence. dozen different occasions.

Hucks set apart for starting upon their journey was one of those perfect Kansas days in early October. The rain had washed the summer's dust from the air, clearing it, and stencilling the lights and little stream which flowed through the farm, had not been greener at any time grass on the hillside almost sheened in vividness. The yellow of the stubble in the grain fields was all but a glittering golden. The sky was a deep, glorious Mrs. Hucks had the courage to attempt, blue, and the big, downy clouds which as she climbed into the buggy. lumbered lazily here and there in the depths of it, appeared near and palpable.

little less than heaven. The Kansas grass dishes for the last time before leaving for seemed short and barren of beauty to the town to take the cars, she began to them, beside the picture of the luxury of feel that the old house would be lonesome The silence that was about streams did not ripple and dimple so mer- to come seemed to her to be seeping in, and rily in the sun as the Ohio brooks that it made her feel "creepy." In her fancy romped through the dewy pastures, in their she petted the furniture as she "set it to The bleak Kansas plain, in rights," saying mentally that it would be winter and in fall, seemed to the colonel a long time before the house would have and his wife to be ugly and gaunt, when her care again. To Mrs. Hucks every bit they remembered the brow of the hill of furniture brought up its separate recolunder which their first kiss was shaded lection, and there was a hatchet-scarred from the moon, while the world grew dim chair in the kitchen which had come with her in the wagon from Ohio. pike. The old people did not give voice Hucks felt that she could not leave that to their musings. But in the woman's chair. All the while she was singing softly, heart there gnawed a yearning for the as she went about her simple tasks. Her beauty of the old scenes. It was almost husband was puttering around the barnyard with the dog under his feet. He was repeating, for the twentieth time, the instrucand had gone down the lane towards the tions to a neighbor about the care of the stock, when it occurred to him to go into the house and dress. After this was accomtoward a substantial bank account. She plished, the old couple paused outside the hoped that she and her husband might front door while Colonel Hucks fumbled with the key.

"Think of it, father," said Mrs. Hucks, "Thirty years ago-and you and I have been fighting so hard out here—since you let me out of your arms to look after the horses. Think of what has come-andand—gone, father, and here we are alone

after it all."

"Now, mother, I—" But the woman broke in again with:

"Do you mind how I looked that day? Oh, William, you were so fine and so handsome then. What's become of my boymy young, sweet, strong, glorious boy?"

Mrs. Hucks's eyes were wet, and her

"Mother," said the colonel, as he went The day which Colonel and Mrs. William around the corner of the house, "just wait a minute till I see if the kitchen door is fastened.'

When he came back, he screwed up the corner of his mouth into a droll, one-sided smile, and said, with a twinkle in his eyes, shades very sharply. The woods along the to the woman emerging from her handkerchief:

"Mother, for a woman of your age, I through the season. The second crop of should say you had a mighty close call to being kissed just then. That kitchen door was all that saved you."

"Now, pa, don't be silly," was all that

Colonel Hucks and his wife went down the road, each loath to go and leave the As Mrs. Hucks "did up" the breakfast place without their care. Their ragged,

uneven flow of talk was filled with more hills, and the cool of its meadows, veined with purling brooks, was a picture that "Uhm, yes," replied the colonel. "I seemed to fade in the mental vision of this had noticed that myself. Yet the crops old pair, when they turned the corner that hid their old Kansas home from view. she had left in disorder. the kitchen formed a mental picture in the said: housewife's fancy, which did not leave space for speculations about the glories new mill—smaller'n the old mill, too." To into which she was about to come. In which his cousin responded, "Bill Hucks, the cars, Colonel Hucks found himself leaning across the aisle, bragging mildly about Kansas, for the benefit of a travelling man from Cincinnati. When the colonel and his wife spread their supper on out, "Well, I be doggoned! What makes their knees in the Kansas City Union De- it look so small? Ain't it smaller, pot, the recollection that it was the little mother?" he asked, as they crossed the buff Cochin pullet which they were eating mill-race, that seemed to the colonel to made Mrs. Hucks very homesick. The be a diminutive affair compared with the colonel, on being reminded of this, was roaring mill-race in which as a boy he had meditative also.

They arrived at their destination in the night. Mrs. Hucks and the women of the hour, chatting leisurely, when Mrs. Hucks, homestead refreshed old acquaintance in who had been keenly watching the scenery the bedroom and in the kitchen, while the for five minutes, pinched her husband and colonel and the men sat stiffly in the par- cried enthusiastically as the buggy was lor and called the roll of the dead and the absent. In the morning, while he was waiting for his breakfast, Colonel Hucks went for a prowl down in the cow lot. It seemed to him that the creek which ran found a stone upon which as a boy he had stood and fished. He remembered it as a huge boulder, and he had told his children wonderful tales about its great size. It seemed to him that it had worn away one half in thirty years. The moss on the by a thousand irregularities, which he did not recall in the picture of the place that he had carried in his memory since he left it.

the stream with his hands clasped behind him, whistling "O Lord, Remember Me," joke. They exchanged meaning glances and trying to reconcile the things he when the colonel turned away, and Mrs. had seen with those he had expected to find. At breakfast he said nothing of his puzzle, but as Mrs. Hucks and the colonel sat in the parlor alone, during the morning, while their cousins were arranging to take the Kansas people over the neighbor- that night, the colonel asked: hood in the buggy, Mrs. Hucks said:

"Father, I have been lookin' out the anxiety about the place which they were window, and I see they've had such a leaving than it was with the joys anticidreadful drought here. See that grass leaving than it was with the joys anticidreadful drought here. See that grass pated at their journey's end. The glories there; it's as short and dry—and the of Ohio, and the wonderful green of its ground looks burneder and crackeder than it does in Kansas."

seem a pretty fair yield this year."

As the buggy in which the two families Mrs. Hucks kept reverting in her mind to were riding rumbled over the bridge, the her recollection of the bedroom, which colonel, who was sitting in the front seat. The parlor and turned to the woman in the back seat and

> "Lookie there, mother, they've got a what's got into you, anyway? That's the same old mill, where me and you used to steal pigeons.

> The colonel looked closer, and drawled caught minnows.

> The party rode on thus for half an descending a little knoll:

'Here 'tis, father. This is the place." "What place?" asked the colonel, who

was head over heels in the tariff.

"Don't you know, William?" replied through the lot was dry and ugly. He his wife, with a tremble in her voice which the woman beside her noticed.

Every one in the buggy was listening. The colonel looked about him; then, turning to the woman beside his wife on the back seat, he said:

"This is the place where I mighty nigh river bank was faded and old, and the got tipped over trying to drive two horses beauty for which he had looked was marred to a sleigh with lines between my knees. Mother and me have remembered it, someway, ever since."

And the old man stroked his grizzled Colonel Hucks trudged up the bank from beard, and tried to smile on the wrong side of his face, that the women might see his Hucks was proudly happy. Even the dulness of the color on the grass, which she had remembered as luscious green, did not sadden her for half an hour.

When the two Kansas people were alone

"Don't it seem kind of dwarfed here to

that used to seem so tall and black with the road.' shade are just nothing like what they used mountain don't seem to be so big as our bluff back-back home.'

prairie had kept the phrase "back home" that the colonel had said "back home" and that it meant Kansas.

"Are you sorry you come, father?" said Mrs. Hucks, as the colonel was about to fall into a doze.

'I don't know; are you?'' he asked.

thing so washed out like it is."

through the eyes of age. How the colors for her dishwater and things." were faded! What a tragic difference there after a sigh, she added, "But they are so is between the light which springs from onprogressive here, nowadays." the dawn and the glow which falls from the sunset!

restrain his bragging about Kansas. And Mrs. Hucks gave rein to her pride when she heard him. Before that day she had line which he was praising. But now Mrs. Hucks caught herself saying to her hosthere! ''

The day after this concession Mrs. she worried about the stock; the colonel's chief care was about the dog. The fifth day's visit was their last. As they were driving to the town to take the train for Kansas, Mrs. Hucks heard her husband discoursing something after this fashion:

doin', I'd go out takin' in whitewashin'. It is just like this—a man in Kansas has lower taxes, better schools, and more advantages in every way, than you've got here. And as for grasshoppers! Why, Jim West, sech talk makes me tired. My boy Bill's been always born and raised in

what you expected it would be? Seems Kansas, and now he's in the legislature, to me like it's all shrivelled, and worn out, and in all his life, since he can remember, and old. Everything's got dust on it. he never seen a hopper. Wouldn't know The grass by the road is dusty. The trees one from a sacred ibex, if he met it in

While the women were sitting in the to be. The hill I've thought of as a young buggy at the depot waiting for the train, Mrs. Hucks found herself saying:

"And as for fruit-why, we fed apples Kansas was home to them now. For to the hogs this fall. I sold the cherries, thirty years the struggling couple on the all but what was on one tree near the house, and I put up sixteen quarts from sacred to Ohio. Each felt a thrill at the just two sides of that tree, and never household blasphemy, and both were glad stepped my foot off the ground to pick 'em.'

> When they were comfortably seated on the homeward-bound train, Mrs. Hucks said to her husband:

"How do you suppose they live here in this country, anyway, father? Don't any "Well, yes; I guess I am. I haven't one here seem to own any of the land no heart for this, the way it is, and I've joinin' them, and they'd no more think some way lost the picture I had fixed in of puttin' in water-tanks and wind-mills my mind of the way it was. I don't care around their farms than they'd think of for this, and yet it seems like I do, too. flyin'. I just wish Mary could come out Oh, I wish I hadn't come, to find every- and see my new kitchen sink with the hot and cold water in it. Why, she almost And so they looked at pictures of youth fainted when I told her how to fix a dreen

That was the music which the colonel loved, and he took up the strain, and car-After the first day Colonel Hucks did not ried the tune for a few miles. Then it became a duet, and the two old souls were very happy.

They were overjoyed at being bound reserved a secret contempt for the Kansas for Kansas. They hungered for kindred boaster, and had ever wished that he might spirits. At Peoria, in the early morning, see what Ohio could do in the particular they awakened from their chair-car naps to hear a strident female voice saying:

"Well, sir, when the raid did finally ess, "What small ears of corn you raise come, Mr. Morris he just didn't think there was a thing left worth cutting on the place, but, lo and behold, we got over forty Hucks began to grow homesick. At first bushel to the acre off of that field as it was."

> The colonel was thoroughly awake in an instant, and he nudged his wife as the voice went on:

"Mr. Morris he was so afraid the wheat was winter killed; all the papers said it "I tell you, Jim, before I'd slave my was; and then came the late frost, which life out on an 'eighty' the way you're every one said had ruined it—but law doin' I'd go out telvin' in whiteweekin' me " me-

> Mrs. Hucks could stand it no longer. With her husband's cane she reached the owner of the voice, and said:

> "Excuse me, ma'am, but what part of Kansas are you from?"

It seemed like meeting a dear relative.

The rest of the journey to Kansas City tle them from their reveries. colonel sang a powerful and telling bass.

When he crossed the Kansas State line, Colonel Hucks began, indeed, to glory in his State. houses that rose in every village, and arm. asked his fellow-passenger to note that the ings. He told the history of every rod of ground along the Kaw to Topeka. He dilated eloquently, and at length, upon the coal mines in Osage County, and he pointed with pride to the varied resources of his State. Every prospect was pleasing to Colonel Hucks, as he rode home that radiantly happy than she had been for many years.

of Willow Creek that afternoon, the colonel craned his head at the car window to catch the first glimpse of the big, red house on the hill. When the whistle blew fore.' for the station, the colonel said:

to be so happy and so pore'?"

of the town into the quiet country, where recalls some day of trial and hope. the shadows were growing long and black, turned out of the main road in which half humming and half singing: they were travelling. A dog barking in the meadow behind the hedge did not star-

The restless was a hallelujah chorus, wherein the cattle wandering down the hillside toward the bars, made a natural complement to the picture which they loved.

"It is almost sunset, father," said the He pointed out the school- wife, as she put her hand on her husband's

Her touch and the voice in which she schoolhouse is the most important piece had spoken tightened some cord at his of architecture in every group of build- throat. The colonel could only repeat, as he avoided her gaze:

"Yes, almost sunset, mother; almost

sunset.

"It has been a long day, William, but you have been good to me. Has it been

a happy day for you, father?"

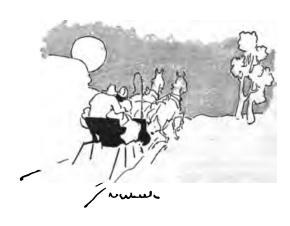
The colonel turned his head away. beautiful day, and his wife was more was afraid to trust himself to speech. He clucked to the horses and drove down the lane. As they came into the yard, the As the train pulled into the little town colonel put an arm about his wife and pressed his cheek against her face. Then he said drolly:

"Now, lookie at that dog, come tearin' standpipe, and of the big stone school- up here like he never saw white folks be-

And so Colonel William Hucks brought "What is it that fool Riley feller says his wife back to Kansas. Here their youth about 'Grigsby's Station, where we used is woven into the very soil they love; here every tree around their home has its sa-As the colonel and his wife passed out cred history; here every sky above them

Here in the gloaming to-night stands an and where the gentle blue haze was hang- old man, bent and grizzled. His eyes are ing over the distant hills that undulated dimmed with tears, which he would not the horizon, a silence fell upon the two acknowledge for the world, and he is Each mind sped back over a dreaming strange dreams, while he listens lifetime to the evening when they had to a little, cracked voice in the kitchen

> " Home again, home again, From a foreign shore.



THE MAKING OF THE BIBLE.

BY H. J. W. DAM.



Queen Victoria Street near the "Times" Building, London.

As you enter the airy vestibule, which one in which the text was printed in verses,

is panelled in polished light brown marble, an inscription, the letters of which are cut deep in the stone and painted in vivid red, catches your eye and holds it. There is food for thought, even to the lay mind, in this inscrip-tion. It clings to you, even after you have mounted the broad stairways and are waiting in the library for the genial head of the translation department, Dr. William T. Wright.

"Here," says Dr. Wright, waving his hand towards the east side of the great room, " is the finest and largest collection of Bibles in the world.'

You nod, somewhat absently, for your mind

vestibule.

esting way upon this wonderful collection violent death. of nearly all the famous and curious Bibles

AVING undertaken the respon- "Wicked Bible," issued in 1632, which sibility of an article on the said, "Thou shalt commit adultery," and making of the Bible-a book brought a fine of 1,000 marks to its unyou do not know too much happy publisher for leading the weak about—you naturally repair at world astray in so authoritative and magonce to the Bible House of the nificent a fashion. Here is the "Breeches British and Foreign Bible Soci- Bible'' (the Geneva Bible of 1560), which ety, a massive and imposing structure in says that Adam and Eve "sewed fig leaves together and mayde themselves breeches." Here is the Geneva Bible of 1557, the first

> and you wonder how ministers managed to properly announce the texts of their sermons before that happy day. Here is the Tyndale Bible of 1525, the first printed in English; the Coverdale of 1535, and the Matthew's of 1537.

> It is profoundly interesting, and yet-your mind seems somehow glued to that inscription in the vestibule.

"Wyclif," says the doctor, "who first translated the Bible into English, about 1382, escaped torture, but his bones were dug up by the frenzied Roman priests and burned. Tyndale was strangled and burned near Brussels. Matthew, whose real name was Rogers,



HENRY FROWDE, PUBLISHER AND LONDON REPRE SENTATIVE OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

From a photograph by Henry Van der Weyde, London.

is still dwelling upon the inscription in the was burned at Smithfield."

Everybody, in fact, who translated this Dr. Wright, the most admirable of ra- strange book, which came from beyond the conteurs, touches in a continuously inter- earth to men, seems to have met with a

Down past the products of clumsy old that ever were, which now seem to have hand-presses of the centuries, through confound a haven of safety on these shelves vocations of devout men in spectacles reaching from floor to ceiling. Here are fighting bitter battles over the nine parts sixteenth century Bibles, some perfect, of speech, through edition after edition many mutilated, having columns and pages from the Authorized Version of 1611 to the daubed out in dull red ochre by the Roman Revised Version of 1884, through a pil-Catholic censors of the dead centuries. grimage of publications lasting three hun-Here are the Bibles of dead kings and dead dred years, your eloquent guide leads you queens, with the royal signatures of hands in thirty charming minutes; and—still your which have long been dust. Here is the mind goes back to the red letters cut deep in stone on the polished panels of the ves- known, kept it. Matthew and John, who tibule walls.

tine, nearly nineteen hundred years ago:

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.'

Nineteen hundred years ago these words were merely spokennot written or imperishably recorded in any way. And nineteen hundred years afterwards they dominate the social system and the lives of one hundred and fifty millions of the world's most advanced peoples. Beside this great fact, the miracles of the

New Testament seem for the moment com- minds, passed from mouth to ear and meetpeople like the germs of a benignant epidemic, in a way which history clearly records but which science cannot remotely explain. It is the miracle of all the miraindisputable fact among the facts of today.

The founder of the Christian religion to keep the record, and none, so far as is the fourth century after Christ. It is a

were of the twelve, and Mark and Luke, And finally you bid adieu to the genial who were not, wrote accounts, many years doctor, go down the broad stairways, and after the death of the Master, of his life once more stand gazing thoughtfully at and doings. But no man known to histhe red letters. And with your mind full tory ever saw these original accounts, and of great Bible houses; of eight thousand no allusion has ever been made to them by Bibles per day going out of these doors, any ancient writer whose writings exist. in all languages, to all parts of the earth; No manuscript written within three hunof three great presses in England alone, dred years after the death of Christ has which last year printed six millions of ever been seen by any modern eye. How Bibles and parts of Bibles, for Christian those Words have lived no man knows. worship-with all these in your mind you. The most tremendous empire of antiquity gaze at the simple words which were pro- massed all its forces against them without nounced on the Mount of Olives in Pales- avail. The Words, living mainly in men's



THE OXIORD UNIVERSITY PRESS; INNER COURT, SHOWING THE CONTROLLER'S RESIDENCE IN THE BACKGROUND, ON THE RIGHT.

paratively trivial. This impressive coning to meeting, until they vanquished the temporaneous fact becomes the miracle of Roman Empire and set a Christian king miracles to any mind. For be that mind upon a pagan throne. Time, decay, the saintly or sinful, it is unable to deny that errors of translators, the injurious vanity from the moment the Words were uttered of copyists, the distortion of fought-for they spread abroad like a running fire of creeds, the bloodthirstiness of inquisitors, fervor, they seized upon and entered into and the malignant persecution by the world's greatest hierarchy of those who would put the Words into the hands of the people—all these the Words have overcome with a seemingly effortless supremacy, and cles because it is a cold, inexplicable but after nineteen centuries are still moving forward majestically, invincibly, and irresistibly to ends that no men know.

The making of the Bible in its modern left no writing. No apostle was deputed aspect does not begin until the middle of

story of manuscripts and of researches concerning which libraries of history and of criticism have been written. But as these volumes are read by the student of theology rather than the general public, a brief outline of the work may prove of general interest and be not inappropriate in an article of this kind. The authority for it is Mr. W. G. Kenyon, the keeper of the manuscripts in the British Museum, who has written a valuable book on the subject. In one of the locked rooms of the Museum is an ancient document in vellum, fifteen hundred years old, which is perhaps the rarest and most priceless ob-

ject in that great collection. Codex Alexandrinus, one of the four great touched. manuscripts from which the Bible of to-day



WOLVERCOTE MILLS, WHERE THE INDIA PAPER IS MADE FOR THE OXFORD UNI-VERSITY PRESS.

This is the that the precious original need not be

The manuscript—one of the best, if inhas mainly come. As Mr. Kenyon places complete, copies of the Bible handed down it before you, it consists of 773 sheets of from antiquity—was a copy made by dull gray goatskin, the skin being excep- Thecla, a noble Christian lady of Alexantionally thin. Each sheet measures 123 dria, in the fifth century. It was brought by 10\frac{3}{2} inches, and is written on both from Alexandria to Constantinople by sides of the sheet in two columns of faint Cyril Lucar, Patriarch of Constantinople, but clear Greek characters. The Museum who in 1624 gave it into the charge of has bound the leaves in four volumes, the English ambassador for presentation and has had photographic copies made of to King James I.; but owing to James's each page for the use of students, in order death before the presentation could be

made, it was presented instead to Charles I. It remained in the possession of the English sovereigns until the Royal Library was presented to the nation by George II. With the exception of the greater part of Matthew to Chapter xxv., two leaves of John, and three of Second Corinthians, it contains the whole Greek Bible, including the two Epistles of Clement of Rome, which in early times ranked



THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD, ENGLAND.

from the other books.

Greek Bible, but the beginning to Genesis xlvi. 28, has been lost. The Psalms from cvi. to cxxxviii. inclusive have dropped out; and the latter part of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Catholic Epistles, and the whole of the Apocalypse have disappeared.

The Codex Sinaiticus, next in age and next in importance, was discovered so late as 1859, by Constantine Tischendorf, the great biblical scholar, in the Monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai. While visiting the monastery in 1844, he seized upon some leaves of old manuscripts

which the monks were using to light fires, manuscripts based upon them, have been tain from the steward of the monastery a time been the subject of doubt. bundle of loose leaves which contained a sion of man.

tury, and taken from Italy to Paris by Queen publication, there can be no novelty, no

among the inspired books. Its table of Catherine de' Medici. Its discovery as a contents shows that it once included also Bible manuscript occurred in the seventhe Psalms of Solomon, though, from their teenth century. Up to that time it was position and title in the index, it is evident supposed to contain merely the writings of that they were regarded as standing apart St. Ephraem the Syrian, who wrote in the twelfth century. But underneath these The other three manuscripts, all more writings, more or less imperfectly erased. or less incomplete, are the Codex Vati- was found a portion of the text of the Bible. canus, the Codex Sinaiticus, and the The removal of the later writing and the Codex Ephraemi. The Codex Vaticanus, restoration of the old gave the world the most ancient and most valuable of the sixty-four leaves containing portions of four, has been in the Vatican since about the Old Testament and one hundred and 1450. Napoleon carried it to Paris as a forty-five leaves containing fragments of prize, but it was returned to the Vatican the New. All the rest was undiscoverin 1815. It originally contained the whole ably lost. This manuscript dates from

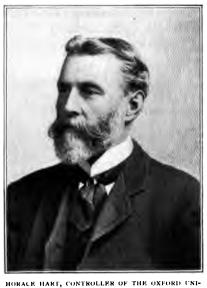
the fifth century.

From manuscripts sixth century.

such as these; from the old Latin version of the fourth century; from manuscript translations of the Bible into Syriac, Coptic, and other languages, dating from the sixth century; and from the writings of early Christian fathers, dating as far back as the middle of the second century, our Bible has come in its present form. Two manuscripts date from the fourth century, two from the fifth, and twenty-seven, only five of which contain a complete book, from the These materials, and the later

and found them to be parts of a manuscript studied, compared, and collated by the of the Bible older than any he had ever seen. great scholars of the ages. There have He picked out forty-three leaves, and was been corrections, convocations, and revispermitted to keep them; but was unable ions in the past, and there will doubtless to get sight of eighty more leaves which be corrections, convocations, and revisions the monks possessed. For years he tried in the future. The debates and disputes, in vain to obtain them, paying a special however, have dealt mainly with minor visit to the monastery for the purpose in matters, important only to scholars; the 1853. Finally, through the intervention essential message, the good tidings of great of the Czar in 1859, he was enabled to ob- joy to all the world, have never at any

From the most ancient of the ancient part of the Old Testament, and the New manuscripts to the most modern of the Testament from beginning to end; and modern Bibles is a long step. It is sixtythis he quickly found to be one of the most one miles long in fact, the distance from valuable copies of the Bible in the posses- the British Museum to the University Press at Oxford. As you are carried to-The Codex Ephraemi was brought from ward Oxford you naturally reflect that the East to Italy early in the sixteenth cen- there, in the field of mere printing and



CINETONÉBLOMÁK ZPT ABACIA ÉYON TOCKÝ PY THE CHNETOYOUPU TOYEICCYNTEXEIAN HHATOCKYENCTOMA +I LE LEWIOLHLEIDEN KCTON EY MAKY OY PYCIY ECO, CLIES COOK KYI EKHLYZEMQVHLHBY• LEILÄYT ÖYKÄIKMAAIÄ LITONYELMN IN VEY ELEIQ SYCIVEACUE CONKLDOCEWEYNER ECHMHNEN MOIGIKO POMHCYITAGIKON ushtmhaao yoqains itossattisalaayoi ht <u>ѻ҈</u>҆҇҆ЍӼ҅ӎҧ҇҅҅ЍҿҜӏѽҲҿ҈ӫӥѧ ϻͼϮϟϡʹͳϙϒͺκλιληλιλ ϻͼϮϟϡʹͳϙϒͺκλιληλ GICTHNIEPOYCLAHM THUENTHIOYALILOIK Poweriantohorkond κήτογίστα μνογτος οκτασκημώς» ENTEPOYCALHMOCOL OYNKATATOYCTONYO GIKOACIME QHOILMC ϟϒϮϣϭϳͼͷϮώτϭπω YTOLENXLYCIMMI CECINIME OLUNONKY KTHHÜNCYNTÖICK **ADICTOICKATEYXAC** THOCTEREIMENOICE Τόιειοντόλκλιοςνι ELOYCYVHWKY KATAM CANTECOIAPXIOYAN TÜNTIATIÜNTHO

A PASSAGE FROM THE CODEX VATICANUS, FOURTH CENTURY.

KAIDOOHTWCMHP MYKNIHYOIUHE ΙΙΙΜΕΧΙΑΚΑΪΤΥΝΙΙ HANAPECHTOBACI LEIKACINEYCEIAN TIACTINKAIHPECE TCUBACIAEITOTIPA LMYKYIELIOIHCE OYTOC KYIYHOLMULLOCHN IOJYYYIOCENCOL COICTHITOLEIKA UNOMAAYTOMAP PUXTIOCOTOLINI POYTOYCEMEEIOY LOLKEICYIOLEK CPYXHCKENIAMET **OCHNALXMAXO** ͳΟϹϾΣΙΪΗΛΜΉΝ HXMAXWTEYCEN NAROYXODONO COLKYCIVEACKY RYAUNOCKAIHN TOYTWILLICAJE ΠΤΗΘΥΙ ΑΤΗΓΑΜΙ ΝΑΔΑΚΑΔΕΆΦΟΥ **ΠΑΤΡΟΓΑΥΤΟΎΚΑ!** TOUNUMARYTHO ECOHI:ENDETU) METAXXAZAIAY THCTUYCIONEIC ELEYEACENYLHIMM EXYTWEICFYNAI XXIK KAKAIHNTOKOPA CIONKANHTWEIMKINN KAIOTEH KOYCOH THE TOTOYBACIAECUC TIPOCTATMACYNH XOHCANTHNTO AI NYTIOXEIPATAL

A PASSAGE FROM THE CODEX SINAITICUS. FOURTH OR FIFTH CENTURY.

The above facsimiles are reproduced, by special permission of the Oxford University Press, from the new copyright edition of the Oxford Teachers' Bible, copyrighted by Henry Frowde, 1806. The Codex Vaticanus is the oldest and most valuable of the four manuscripts from which the Bible as we now have it is mainly derived. It is of the fourth century; but nothing is known of its history prior to the fifteenth century, when it was already in the Vatican Library in Rome, where it is still treasured. The passage shown above is 1 Esdras ii. 1-8. The Codex Sinaiticus, next in age and importance to the Vaticanus, is of the fourth or fifth century. It is the manuscript discovered by Tischendorf in 1859 in the monastery on Mount Sinai. The passage given here is Esther ii. 3-8. Both manuscripts are Greek, written in the uncial letter.

like any other book on earth.

mystery. But no sooner do you reach Bibles for more than three hundred years. the great Bible press of the historic uni- Its first volume bears the date of 1468, versity than the same atmosphere of the but through an error (they made errors in unusual becomes apparent. The Bible those days); it should have been marked is the Bible, and even in its printing is un- 1478. The main building, which was erected and became the home of the Press in The Oxford Press has been actively 1830, is quadrangular, in the usual college engaged in the printing of books for more form, and surrounds a large square court than four centuries, and has been printing in lawns and flowers. The right wing

constitutes the Learned Press, an institu- begun in 1863. tion established in 1669 "for the printing have gone to that bourne from which no of learned books." The left wing is the traveller returns, while engaged on this "Oxford Press," a name probably known piece of work; and this is by no means to to every Bible-reader in the world.

an autocrat of the sternest rigidity, but the ordinary Roman case holds only one a martinet of the most courteous kind. hundred simple characters. He, the comhim for twenty minutes until a business by way of illustration. This requires six conference is concluded. And while you different pieces of metal, and would further are waiting for him you are conducted require, if left to you, a journey to Syria through the various departments—com- to inquire as to its correctness. He proposing, proof-reading, and press rooms—of ceeds to set up another letter, requiring perthat this is, beyond question, the most tour de force. You feel, however, that the learned press on the face of the earth, other achievement is quite sufficient for reach in a lifetime. Here they will print right.

The converge of any tongue, "Go ye into all the world and preach are the your first impression. Persian, Sanscrit, three hundred and twenty different lanit comes to Arabic, Syriac, Javanese, Bur- it to-day. mese, Macassar, Tinneh, Jaski, and a hunthe same. of earth, so far as they have been caught scription of heaviness. and listened to; and unless your eyes are prejudiced, the more fiendish the charac- printer of the Oxford Bible. He speaks ter of the hoped-for proselyte, the more of Bibles only in tons. In a great ex-malt awful are his literary tools, so to speak. house, now a Bible storehouse, he shows

little brochure in Peshito Syriac, a the- an ordinary order. saurus for the use of the old manuscript Mr. Frowde for half a million of this or students of by and by, which has en- that leaves him calm. You incline to begaged the steady labor of the Press for lieve that if Mr. Frowde should send him the past thirty-three years, having been from London, on one of the blue paper

Thirty-one compositors be wondered at. The compositor's case The head, for thirteen years past, of this has a thousand boxes, a thousand dots, great press has been Mr. Horace Hart, curls, curves, bacteria, and microbes, while Upon your entrance he asks you to excuse positor, sets up for you one simple letter the Learned Press. You quickly perceive haps ten pieces of metal—a compositorial The very forms and type-boxes contain a one day's labor, and that a half-holiday metallic knowledge that no man could for him would really be no more than

past, present, or future. There may be an the Gospel to every creature," are the error about the future, but this is certainly quoted words of the Founder. And in Chinese, Hebrew, these are mere details; guages, in all the byways and highways of their daily bread, so to speak. But when the globe, these mute types are preaching

Mr. Hart is as full of surprising facts as dred other kinds of hieroglyphics that you a tenement house of children. They denever heard of, it is too much to be in-velop unexpectedly, at every turn and corstantly digested, and you wish to pause ner, quite in the fashion of the children and think. Your guide explains to you aforesaid. In the type-foundry, the oldest that Jaski and Multain are really one and in England, we learn that the Press makes This is gratifying, and you all its own type, and that the type from nod gravely. It is good to know that which the Bible is printed is different from Jaski and Multain are really one, and not any other type in the world. The "type-two or four or seven, as designing men heights" are different, and they will not might easily have induced you to believe. "range" with any other. The lead used As if languages were mendicants, Mr. in their making is all purchased from Hart says quietly: "We never turn a lan-house to house in the country roundguage away." And the metallic evi- about. It is lead from tea chests, and it is dences before you do not permit the state- used partly because it is pure, being free ment to be clouded by any doubt. In this from solder, and partly because it is accesgreat composing-room are types represent- sible, the freight being an item in dealing ing the sound symbols of all the savages with the metal which stands for the de-

He has a language of his own, this The erstwhile humble compositor now as- you sheets in millions upon millions, sumes in your eyes the glamour of greatness. The despised and hated proofreader becomes a leader among his kind.

At one case a compositor is setting up a
little brochure in Peshito Syriac, a thean ordinary order. The demand from

G. Mathew.

So.rviii

eromes/which fall from there mastere fable. Then Jesus ans fwered and fayde vmo ber. O woman greate is thy fayth / be bit to the/even as thou defprest. Ind her doughter was mas de mholeeven at that fame tyme.

TThen Jelus went awaye from thence / and cam nye onto the fee of galy le/and went uppe in to a mouragne/and fat dos unethere. And moche people cam unto bym havynge with them/balt/blynde/dom/maymed/ and other many: and caft them doune at Besus fete. Und he healed them /in fo moche that the people wondred /to fe the dom fpeate /the maymed whole / and the baltto go / the blyndeto fe/ and glory fred the god of ifrabel.

* 20ar. Thefus called his disciples to him and sayde: 3 have coms vij. passion on the people/be cause they have contynued with me nowe in. dares/and bave nothings to cate: and I well not let them departe fastinge leste they perystoe in the waye. 21nd bis disciples said unto him: where sould we get so moche breed in thewyldernes as foulde fuffyfe fogreate a multitude: and 3es fus faide untothe: homemany loves have ye : and they feyde: feve and a feawe fysses. And he comaunded the people to st doune on the grounde, and tofe the seveloves and the fullbes and save thanky/ and brake them/and gave to hys disciples/ and bye disciples gavetheto the people. And they all are and were suffysed and they tote uppe of the brote meate that was lefte vil. basterffull. They that ate were iii. M. men/befrde wemen and dyloren. And be fent awaye the people/and tofe [hyppe and cam in to the parties of magoala:

The rvi. Chapter. Hom cam to him the pharifes

with the faduces also /and dyd tepte him /befrr= inge that he wolde fhewe the forme to bem: At even ven. Beanfwered and faide unto them: At even and that be cause the fire pe fare/we fall have farre wedder. and that be cause the stre

parced: zi the mornige: ye faye/todaye fhalbe foule wedder/z Zuc.pi. that because the streintrobelous and reed. O peppocryty/ye G g

A PAGE FROM TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT, THE EARLIEST SPECIMEN OF A PRINTED VERSION OF THE SCRIPTURES IN ENGLISH: 1525.

Reproduced by special permission of the Oxford University Press, from the new copyright edition of the Oxford Teachers' Bible, copyrighted by Henry Frowde, 1896. The first edition of Tyndale's New Testament was printed at Cologne in 1525. The above page is from the only remaining fragment of it, consisting of thirty-one leaves, and now preserved in the British Museum.

forms, an order for a round billion, Mr. one day a high wind, and as he was com-Hart, upon reading it, would perhaps knit ing up Walton Street a printed sheet from his brows; but this evidence of discompo- one of the windows fluttered out and fell sure cannot be predicted with any degree nearly into his own hands. It was so of certainty.

Revised Version of the New Testament in May, 1881. Early in April, Mr. Frowde, who is the publisher and the London representative of the Oxford Press, had received orders for over a million copies, and would undertake the delivery of no more than these upon the day of publication. look at the ink-houses.

The pressure to obtain an advance copy was enormous. One American publisher had offered \$25,000. Enterprising American journalists hung about in the shadows of Oxford like Russian diplomatic agents at Sofia. Bribes up to \$10,ooo were offered where it was hoped they would do the most good, or the most bad, according to the point of view. All tricks were tried, even the forgery of Mr. Frowde's name on an order. They did not succeed at Oxford, because the thirty press sheets, each carrying thirty-two pages of the Testament, were, in bundles of a million, in the hands of thirty different employees. Moreover, the employees were incorruptible. At the last moment, the bundles were brought together and the volumes collated bound. Mr. Frowde tells us later that thousands of copies were in the hands of nearly every book-binder in London. There was no betraval, no mishap, and no opening for journalistic enterprise, beyond that of the Chicago "Times," which tele-graphed the whole book from New York to Chicago.

Mr. Hart recalls a curious incident. When they were printing the revised Bible, in 1884, there was

strange, he says, that this sheet, carrying Mr. Hart tells about the printing of the thirty-two pages of the new Bible, the only sheet that went astray, should blow into the hands of the man in the street who was chiefly responsible and in whose hands it could do no harm.

> Through composing-rooms, press-rooms, proof-reading rooms we pass, and then These are three

large brick structures, on the ground floor much correspondence of a diplomatic charford Press.

was presented to the Queen. It reduced price. the thickness of the Bible by one half. it were equally futile. made and abandoned, made and aban- Messrs. Spottiswoode and Eyre. yellow. It was tried, but the color was quality. which they are issued to-day, a paper 2,622,807. which distinguishes the Oxford Bible from all the other books of the world.

of which creosote is burned, the smoke acter and much postal expense. Once, passing upward into chambers lined with after an edition of 50,000 Bibles had been green baize hung an inch from the walls printed, it was discovered that early in the and ceiling. The soot gathers on the baize printing two letters had pulled out of to a depth of four inches, is swept off, purified, and specially treated with boiled turning teaching into "eaching." The linseed oil. The Bible is printed with its second was "e," turning "eaching." into own special ink. Why? Because they aching. It is the line of the li are compelled to use a special ink for its the edition, "Christ aching in the temspecial paper. And now we have come ple." Some thousands had been bound to the special paper, the "India paper" and sent out to the trade. These were reon which the Oxford Bibles are printed, called; and Mr. Frowde's special stamper, the great specialty and pride of the Ox- a unique, unparalleled, and wonderful stamper, was set to work, and stamped into India paper is indeed a wonderful paper. nearly 50,000 Bibles the letters "t" and It has revolutionized Bible-making. It is "e" by hand. It appears that there are a mechanical mystery and a trade secret, fashions, fads, if you will, in Bibles. The a secret known only to three men. It is American church-goer likes a Bible with a made at the Wolvercote Mills of the Ox- pocket or slide in the cover for the prayerford Press, but as no employee is in touch book. These the English devotee will have with more than one stage of the process none of, but desires only two unattached the complicated secret is held in hand. In volumes. The American Bible-reader 1842 an Oxford graduate returned from wants a single reference column down the India with a paper peculiarly thin, pecul- centre of the page; the English, two referiarly tough, and peculiarly opaque. A few ence columns at the two sides. And Bibles were made from it, one of which neither country will have the other at any

Bible-printing in England is done cum Every effort was made to obtain a supply privilegio, by privilege of the Queen. This of it, but without success. Efforts to make privilege is held by the Oxford Press, the Attempts were Cambridge Press, and the Queen's printers, doned, for thirty years. Mr. Gladstone's hold it, however, only in the public interest, ubiquity of research was drawn upon, and and if any man can print a Bible better or his letter to Mr. Hart is on file. He cheaper, or in any way benefit the public could only recommend a search in Japan. in this connection, the privilege will go to Papers equally thin and equally tough him. Some printers assume this: Mr. were obtained, but they were too trans- Bagster, for instance, who prints a polyglot parent. It was not possible to print them Bible; and now and then a Scotch printer on both sides of the sheet. Finally a prints an edition by special privilege. It paper thin enough, and tough enough, and is interesting to know that the Bible is ever opaque enough developed; but it was too being reduced in price and improved in Certain sixpenny Bibles and unacceptable to the public. It was not till penny Testaments are full evidence of thirty years had passed that the tenacity this. The Oxford Press, in the year endand perseverance of Mr. Frowde triumphed ing March, 1896, published Bibles, parts over all obstacles, and Bibles were issued of Bibles, and prayer-books numbering in 1874 on the wonderfully thin paper on 2,906,977. In 1894-95 the number was

All this and more, too much to be set down, from Mr. Hart. Then away to The printing standard of Mr. Hart is an London, to Paternoster Row and Amen ideal one. It is nothing less than infalli- Corner, in the shadow of St. Paul's. Here bility. When an edition of the Bible is is the Oxford Press Publishing House, and issued, a guinea is paid to the discoverer here is Mr. Henry Frowde, whose name is of any mistake. About five guineas per on every Oxford Bible issued in the last year are thus paid out as the reward of twenty years. Mr. Frowde is a tall, grave diligence. When one person discovers an man, whose speech gives faint evidences error and gets his guinea, some thousands of having been acquired north of the discover it after him; and this entails border. Like all the other men connected with Bibles, he combines a unique savor of his exalted business responsibilities sold: with the shrewd worldly experience that is only learned in the marts of men.

You have depended upon Mr. Frowde for the statistical portion of your inquiry, which has an importance of its own. The output of Oxford Bibles averages 20,000 per week, or say one million per year. The weekly shipment to America is five and a half tons, and is increasing, the Press having established its own agency in Fifth Avenue, New York. There are seventy-one editions of the Oxford Bible, ranging from mighty folios for pulpits to tiny little squares in "brilliant." Revised Version, though it has been fifteen years before the public, makes slow progress. The setting generation, even

the rising generation, prefer the old version with the verses. You now remember that Dr. Wright mentioned the same fact in connection with the Authorized Version of 1611. It was forty years before it began to seriously displace its predecessor.

Mr. Frowde as a publisher is visibly proud of the fine art of The special binding his trade. treatment made necessary by the precious India paper, the sewing with silk, the new processes of handling, are all due to him. So also the treatment of the skin for covers, the special processes of stone-rolling for bringing up the grain-all these he exhibits as Oxford specialties. To oblige Macmillan, the Press has done editions of Tennyson, Shakespeare, and other classics on India paper. They seem incredible. All of Tennyson, all of Shakespeare, in a little box of eight or five volumes, clearly printed, the thinnest, daintiest éditions de luxe that could be conceived. Mr. Frowde says, too, that a notable change in the last twenty years has been the great demand for the finest possible editions in Bibles and Testaments.

Mr. Frowde's statistics are most important. His own records as publisher go back only about twenty-five years. In that period the demand for the Bible, so far as it can be measured by the Oxford Press, has about doubled, as the following figures illustrate.

Approximate figures of Oxford Bibles sold:

1875			500,000
1880			650,000
1885			700,000
1890			900,000
1895		•	1,000,000

Here are the totals of the Bibles, Testaments, and bound portions of the Bible issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society in the years named, since 1808:

1808				81,157
1818				272,101
1828				430,895
1838				594,398
1848				1,124,067
1858				1,602,187
1868				2,400,776
1878				2,943,597
1883		•		2,964,636
1896	•	•	•	3,970,439

Ad I sawe when the Lambe opened one of the seales, and I heard as it were the noise of thunder, one of the foure beates,

faying, Come and fee.

2 And Flaw, and behold, a white horse, and hee that sate on him had a bowe, and a crowne was given but him, and hee went soorth conquering, and to conquere.

3 And when hee had opened the lestond leale, I heard the lecond beattlay, Come and lec.

4 And there went out another holle that was red: and power was given to him that fate thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another: and there was given but him a great swood.

5 And when hee had opened the third feale, I heard the third bealt fay, Come and fee. And I beheld, and loe, a blacke horse : and hee that fate on him had a paire of balances in his hand.

KING JAMES'S BIBLE: "AUTHORIZED VERSION" (REV. VI. 1-5). 1611.

Reproduced by special permission of the Oxford University Press, from the new copyright edition of the Oxford Teachers' Bible, copyrighted by Henry Frowde, 1896. The copy of the first edition of King James's Bible from which this specimen is taken is preserved in the British Museum.

People bought the penny Testament by not the door by which the truths of relig-dozens and hundreds, and gave them away ion find entrance to the mind, and that it in hundreds and thousands broadcast. is no evidence of the untruth of religion since 1804 is 147,366,669.

Thus it is that the Bible, nineteen hun-need. dred years after Christ, is moving ever onvanity of professed believers, the jealousy help it has never given before. undoubted part.

may be named as one of the greatest of difficult to the minds of many men. In the language of pure its friends. seekers of this and future time. This is, estine, nineteen hundred years ago.

In July, 1884, the penny Testament was that the apprehension of the higher truths issued, and this carried the figures above of life is within the reach of the æsthetic four millions in 1885, 1886, 1888, and 1893. faculties only; that the human reason is There have been issued of the penny Tes- that the reason alone cannot receive it. tament, from 1884 to 1896, 5,956,958 cop- This had been said before, nineteen hunies, and the society's total Bible issue dred years before, but Huxley's statement is the one for modern sceptics'

Science learned in the late conflict to ward, reaching out farther and faster to admit that, since its own deeps are faththe unknowing men of the unknown lands. omless, it may not reasonably expect that However it may be regarded by faith, this the great mysteries of life and death shall book must be accepted by fact as one of be any less so. And science is to-day bethe great natural, terrestrial forces. The ginning to bring to the aid of religion a of sects, the intolerance of churches, do science, using an infidel Napoleon who not appear to have affected it. In the failed at forty and a Gladstone eloquent at light of history these seem more like the eighty as illustrations, is now presenting vagaries of sea-gulls on the surface of a the practical theorem that lasting success great tide which obeys no law of earth, in the life of any man depends directly but follows only the invisible beck of its upon moral strength. Social science is unseen moon. The champions of religion demonstrating that that healthy state of and of science have recently broken lances, public opinion which can alone conserve as they have broken them before in the the vitality and progress of communities past and will doubtless break them again and nations depends absolutely upon the in the future. But they seem to be only united support of a majority of the citidoughty warriors fighting on the floor of zens given to a moral code which can have a great glacier, which, heedless of them, no existence except upon a basis of religtears its way onward through the mountain ious faith. And the physical and human gorges of all time toward its own con- sciences, which are known to be convergscious goal. Perhaps, however, they are ing to a period of great and wonderful dismore than this. For the Bible, in its hu-covery, may eventually present us with man interpretation, is governed by the law the physical organization of thoughts, of evolution which controls all things with the permanency of memory apart human, and in this process they play an from the recording body, and with the indefinite endurance of post-mortem person-Huxley has come and gone. To-day ality—these and other facts which will he is numbered among the enemies of the certainly smooth the way to the general faith, but in a not distant to-morrow he acceptance of religious conceptions now

And when all these have been discovered, science, and for all time, he laid down a and all these have been told, they will all principle which removes the greatest stumbee found to have been clearly stated, in bling-block in the path of the eager simple words, in the peaceful land of Pal-





"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Harvey Cheyne, the pampered son of an American mill-tion is too fabulous to be believed by the humble-minded ionnaire, falls overboard from an Atlantic liner as he is voyaging to Europe in company with his mother. He is voyaging to Europe in company with his mother with his voyaging to Europe in company with his mother. He is voyaging to Europe in company with his voyaging to Europe in company with h

CHAPTER VI.

exceedingly casual way in which some craft loafed about the broad Atlantic. Fishing-boats, as Dan said, were naturally dependent on the courtesy and wisdom of their neighbors; but one expected better things of steamers. That was after another interesting interview, when they had been chased asylum did they let His Whiskers out of?' for three miles by a big lumbering old cattleboat, all boarded over on the upper deck, that smelt like a thousand cattle-pens. A very excited officer yeiled at them through a speaking-trumpet, and she lay and lollopped helplessly on the water while Disko ran the "We're Here" under her lee and gave the skipper a piece of his mind. "Where might ye be-eh? Ye don't deserve to be anywheres. You barn-yard tramps go hoggin' the road on the high seas with no blame consideration fer your ers," said Disko angrily. He could not neighbors, an' your eyes in your coffee-cups stand up to that particular sort of guying, instid o' in your silly heads.'

At this the skipper danced on the bridge and said something about Disko's own eyes. "We haven't had an observation for three days. D'you suppose we can run her blind?' he shouted.

"Wa-al, I can," Disko retorted. "What's bottom, or are them cattle too rank?"

"What d'ye feed 'em?" said Uncle Salters with intense seriousness, for the smell of HE thing that struck him most was the the pens woke all the farmer in him. "They say they fall off dretful on a v'yage. Dunno as it's any o' my business, but I've a kind o' notion that oil-cake broke small an' sprinkled-

"Thunder!" said a cattle-man in a red jersey as he looked over the side. "What

"Young feller," Salters began, standing up in the fore-rigging, "let me tell yeou 'fore we go any further that I've-

The officer on the bridge took off his cap with immense politeness. "Excuse me," he said, "but I've asked for my reckoning. If the agricultural person with the hair will kindly shut his head, the sea-green barnacle with the wall eye may per-haps condescend to enlighten us.'

"Naow you've made a show o' me, Saltand snapped out the latitude and longitude without more lectures.

"Well, that's a boat-load of lunatics," said the skipper, as he rung up the engine-room and tossed a bundle of newspapers into the schooner.

"Of all the blamed fools, next to you, come to your lead? Et it? Can't ye smell Salters, him an' his crowd are abaout the likeliest I've ever seen," said Disko as the him my jedgment on lullsikin' round these whispered. waters like a lost child, an' you must cut in

things sep'rate?'

Harvey, Dan, and the others stood back, winking one to the other and full of joy; Disko insisting that, even if this were the case, decency and fisher pride demanded that he should have kept "things sep'rate." Long Jack stood it in silence for a time an angry skipper makes an unhappy crew him.' —and then he spoke across the table after supper:

they'll say?" said he.

"They'll tell thet tale agin us fer years " Oil-cake thet's all," said Disko. sprinkled!"

impenitent, reading the farming reports from

a week-old New York paper.

"It's plumb mortifyin' to all my feelin's,"

the skipper went on.

the peacemaker. "Look at here, Disko! an' above that, I say-cud ha' discoorsed compensus conversation that iver accrued. Double game an' twice runnin'-all to us." Harvey choked in his cup.

honor had been somewhat plastered, "I said I didn't know as 'twuz any business o'

mine, 'fore I spoke."

shouldn't.

"I dunno but that's so," said Disko, who saw his way to an honorable retreat from a

fit of the dignities.

"Why, o' course it was so," said Salters, "you bein' skipper here; an' I'd cheerful hev stopped on a hint-not from any leadin' or conviction, but fer the sake o' bearin' an example to these two blame boys of aours."

blamed boys. But I wouldn't have missed gulls, nor schooners; an' prisintly they ob-

"We're Here" slid away. "I was jest givin' the show fer half-share in a halibutter," Dan

" Still, things should ha' been kep'sep'with your fool farmin'. Can't ye never keep rate," said Disko, and the light of new argument lit in Salters's eye as he crumbled cut

plug into his pipe.

"There's a power av vartue in keepin' but Disko and Salters wrangled seriously till things sep'rate," said Long Jack, intent on. evening, Salters arguing that a cattle-boat stilling the storm. "That's fwhat Steyning was practically a barn on blue water, and of Steyning and Hare's f'und when he sent Counahan fer skipper on the 'Marilla D. Kuhn,' instid o' Cap. Newton that was took with inflam'try rheumatism an' couldn't go. Counahan the navigator we called

" Nick Counahan, he never went aboard fer a night 'thout a pond o' rum some-"Fwhat's the good o' bodderin' fwhat wheres in the manifest," said Tom Platt, ey'll say?" said he. playing up to the lead. "He used to bum araound the c'mission houses to Boston lookin' fer the Lord to make him captain of a tow-boat on his merits. Sam Coy, up "With salt, o' course," said Salters the to Atlantic Avenoo, give him his board free for a year or more on account av his stories. Nick Counahan the navigator! Tck! Tck!

Dead these fifteen year, ain't he?"

"Seventeen, I guess. He died the year "Can't see ut that way," said Long Jack the 'Caspar McVeagh' was built; but he could niver keep things sep'rate. Steyning Is there another packet affoat this day in tuk him fer the reason the thief tuk the this weather cud ha' met a tramp an', over hot stove-bekaze there was nothin' else an' above givin' her her reckonin'-over that season. The men was all to the Banks. and Counahan he whacked up an iverlastwid her quite intelligent on the manage- in' hard crowd fer crew. Rum! Ye cud ha' ment av steers an' such at sea? Forgit ut! floated the 'Marilla,' insurance an' all, in Av coorse they will not. 'Twas the most fwhat they stowed aboard her. They lef' Boston Harbor for the great Grand Bank wid a roarin' nor wester behind 'em an' all Dan kicked Harvey under the table, and hands full to the bung. An' the hivens looked after thim, for divil a watch did they "Well," said Salters, who felt that his set, an' divil a rope did they lay hand to, till they'd seen the bottom av a fifteen-gallon cask o' bug-juice. That was about wan week, so far as Counahan remembered. (If "An' right there," said Tom Platt, experi- I cud only tell the tale as he told ut!) All enced in discipline and etiquette. "Right that whoile the wind blew like ould glory, an' there, I take it. Disko, you should ha' asked the 'Marilla'-twas summer, and they'd him to stop of the conversation wuz likely, give her a fore topmast-struck her gait in your jedgment, to be anyways—what it and kept ut. Then Counahan tuk the hogyoke an' thrembled over it for a whoile, an' made out, betwix' that an' the chart an' the singin' in his head, that they was to the south'ard o' Sable Island, gettin' along glorious; but speakin' nothin'. Then they broached another keg, an' quit speculatin' about anythin' fer another spell. 'Marilla' she lay down when she dropped Boston Light, and she never lufted her lee-"Didn't I tell you, Harve, 'twould come rail up to that time—hustlin' on one an' the araound to us 'fore we'd done? Always those same slant. But they saw no weed, nor



"IT WAS WONDERFUL FISHING. HARVEY COULD SEE THE GLIMMERING COD BELOW, . . . BITING AS STEADILY AS THEY SWAM. . . . BUT SO CLOSE WERE THE BOATS THAT EVEN SINGLE HOOKS SNARLED."

days, and they mistrusted the Bank had suspended payment. So they sounded, an' got sixty fathom. 'That's me,' sez Counahan. 'That's me iv'ry time! I've run her slat on the Bank fer you, an' when we get coast,' sez the tramp. thirty fathom we'll turn in like little men. Counahan is the b'y,' sez he. 'Counahan the navigator!'

"Nex' cast they got ninety. Sez Couna- tramp. han: 'Either the lead-line's tuk to stretchin' or else the Bank's sunk.'

that state when ut seemed right an' reasonable, and sat down on the deck countin' the knots, an' gettin' her snarled up hijjus. The 'Marilla' she'd struck her gait, an' tion to you.'

sarved they'd bin out a matter o' fourteen she held ut, an' prisintly along come a tramp, an' Counahan spoke her.

"'Hev ye seen any fishin'-boats now?' sez he, quite casual.

"'There's lashin's av them off the Irish

"'Oh! go shake yerself,' sez Counahan. 'Fwhat have I to do wid the Irish coast?'

"' Then fwhat are ye doin' here?' sez the

"'Sufferin' Christianity!' sez Counahan (he always said that whin his pumps sucked "They hauled ut up, bein' just about in an' he was not feelin' good)—'sufferin' at state when ut seemed right an' reason- Christianity!' he sez, 'where am I at?'

"' Thirty-five mile west-sou'west o' Cape Clear,' sez the tramp, 'if that's any consola-

"Counahan fetched wan jump, four feet him,—to show her haow the money was sivin inches, measured by the cook.

to Skibbereen!' Think av ut! The gall all baound to make mistakes in aour lives.' av um! But ye see he could niver keep

things sep'rate.

an' they ran the ould 'Marilla' into Skibbereen, an' they had an illigant time visitin' week. Thin they wint back, an' it cost 'em Salters, and the incident was closed. two an' thirty days to beat to the Banks again. 'Twas gettin' on towards fall by thin, to Boston, an' no more bones to ut.'

"And what did Steyning say?" Harvey fishing steadily.

Banks, an' Counahan was at T-wharf talkin'

they say-now, what you all think?"

"Blanco," said Tom Platt.

wha-at?"

"Can a schooner like this go right across to Africa?" said Harvey.

"Go araound the Horn ef there's anythin' what's more, he took my mother along with five mile o' you," Dan howled cheerfully.

earned, I presoom,—an' they was all iced "'Consolation!' sez he, bould as brass. up, an' I was born at Disko. Don't re-'D'ye take me fer a dialect? Thirty-five mile member nothin' abaout it, o' course. We from Cape Clear, an' fourteen days from come back when the ice eased in the spring, Boston Light. Sufferin' Christianity, 'tis but they named me fer the place. Kinder a record, an' by the same token I've a mother mean trick to put up on a baby, but we're

"Sure! Sure!" said Salters, wagging his head. "All baound to make mistakes, "The crew was mostly Cork an' Kerry an' I tell you two boys here thet after you've men, barrin' one Marylander that wanted to made a mistake—ye don't make fewer 'n a go back, but they called him a mutineer, hundred a day—the next best thing's to own

up to it, like men."

Long Jack winked one tremendous wink around with friends on the ould sod for a that embraced all hands, except Disko and

Then they made berth after berth to the northward, the dories out almost every day, and grub was low, so Counahan ran her back running along the east edge of the Grand Bank in thirty to forty fathom water, and

It was here Harvey first met the squid, who "Fwhat could they? The fish was on the is one of the best cod-baits, but uncertain in his moods. They were waked out of their av his record trip east! They took their bunks one black night by yells of "Squid satisfaction out o' that, an' ut all came av not O!" from Salters, and for an hour and a half keepin' the crew and the rum sep'rate in the every soul aboard hung over his squid-jigfirst place; an' confusin' Skibbereen wid a piece of lead painted red and armed at the Queereau, in the second. Counahan the lower end with a circle of pins bent backward like half-opened umbrella ribs. The "Once I was in the 'Lucy Holmes,'" squid—for some unknown reason—wraps said Manuel, in his gentle voice. "They himself round this thing and is hauled up not want any of her feesh in Gloucester, ere he can escape from the pins. But as Eh, wha-at? Give us no price. So we go he leaves his home, he squirts first a stream across the water, and think to sell to some of water and next a stream of ink into his Fayal man. Then it blow fresh, and we captor's face; and it was curious to see the cannot see well. Eh, wha-at? Then it men weaving their heads from side to side, blow some more fresh, and we go down be-low and drive very fast—no one know where. sweeps when the flurry ended; but a By and by we see a land, and it get some pile of fresh squid lay on the deck, and the hot. Then come two, three nigger in a brick, cod thinks very well of a little shiny piece Eh, wha-at? We ask where we are, and of squid tentacle at the tip of a clam-baited hook. Next day they caught many fish, "Grand Canary," said Disko, after a and met the "Carrie Pitman," to whom moment. Manuel shook his head, smiling, they shouted their luck, and she wanted to trade—seven cod for one fair-sized squid: "No. Worse than that. We was below but Disko would not agree at the price, and Bezagos, and the brick she was from Liberia! the "Carrie" dropped sullenly down wind So we sell our fish there! Not bad, so? Eh, and anchored half a mile away, in the hope of striking on to some for herself.

Disko said nothing till after supper, when he sent Dan and Manuel out to buoy the "We're Here's" cable and announced his worth goin' fer, and the grub holds aout," intention of going to bed with the broad-axe. said Disko. "My father he run his packet, Dan naturally repeated these remarks to a an' she was a kind o' pinkey, abaout fifty ton, dory from the "Carrie," who wanted to I guess—the 'Rupert'—he run her over to know why they were buoying their cable since Greenland's icy mountains the year ha'af they were not on rocky bottom. "Dad our fleet got tryin' after cod there. An' sez he wouldn't trust a ferryboat within

hinderin'?" said the other.

"'Cause you've jest the same ez lee- "Good evenin'," said Disko, raising his bowed him, an' he don't take that from any head-gear, "an' haow does your garden boat; not to speak o' sech a driftin' gurry- grow?" butt as you be."

man angrily, for the "Carrie Pitman" had an unsavory reputation for breaking her Long Jack.

ground-tackle.

"Then haow d'you make berths?" said Dan. "It's her best p'int o' sailin'. An' ef went home.

"Hey, you Portugoosy organ-grinder, take your monkey back to Gloucester. "and nail 'em to the bottom." That was Go back to school, Dan Troop," was the a salt-flavored jest he had been put up to answer.

before.

you Novy!"

Scotian is not well received. Dan answered in kind.

ye Chatham wreckers! Get aout with your forenoon recovering the cable. But the brick in your stockin'!" And the forces boys agreed the trouble was cheap at the separated, but Chatham had the worst of price of triumph and glory, and thought

"I knew how t'would be," said Disko, have said to the discomfited "Carrie." "She's drawed the wind raound already. Some one oughter put a deesist on thet boat. She's snore till midnight, an' jest when we're gettin' our sleep she'll strike adrift. Good job we ain't crowded with anchor fer her. She may hold—perhaps."

they heard the crack-crack of a huge news. muzzle-loading revolver aboard her.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" sung Dan. "Here she comes, dad; butt-end first, walkin' in her sleep same's she done on 'Queereau.''

With any other boat Disko would have taken his chances, but now he cut the cable as the "Carrie Pitman" lurched down di-The "We're Here," rectly upon them. under jib and riding-sail, gave her no more room than was absolutely necessary. Disko his cable, but scuttled up into the wind as where I'm so's to get at things.' the "Carrie" passed within easy hail, a

"Why don't he git out then? Who's silent and angry boat, at the mercy of a raking broadside of Bank chaff.

"Go to Ohio an' hire a mule," said Uncle "She ain't driftin' any this trip," said the Salters. "We don't want no farmers here."

"Will I lend you my dory-anchor?" cried

"Unship your rudder an' stick it in the mud," said Tom Platt.

"Say!" Dan's voice rose shrill and high. she's quit driftin', what in thunder are you "Sa-ay! Is there a strike in the overall doin' with a new jib-boom?" That shot factory; or hev they hired girls, ye Shackamaxons?'

"Veer out the tiller-lines," cried Harvey, by Tom Platt. Manuel leaned over the "Overalls! Overalls!" yelled Dan, who stern and yelled: "Johnna Morgan play knew that one of the "Carrie's" crew had the organ! Ahaaaa!" He flourished his worked in an overall factory the winter broad thumb with a gesture of unspeakable contempt and derision, while little "Shrimp! Gloucester shrimp! Get aout, Penn covered himself with glory by pipou Novy!" ing up: "Gee a little. Hssh! Come here.
To call a Gloucester man a Nova Haw!"

They rode on their chain for the rest of the night, a short, snappy, uneasy motion "Novy yourself, ye Scrabble-towners! as Harvey found, and wasted half the next over all the beautiful things that they might

CHAPTER VII.

NEXT day they fell in with more sails, all craft hereaways. But I ain't goin' to up circling slowly from the east northerly towards the west. But just when they ex-The wind, which had hauled round, rose at pected to make the shoals by the Virgin sundown and blew steadily. There was not the fog shut down, and they anchored, surenough sea, though, to disturb even a dory's rounded by tinklings of invisible bells. tackle, but the "Carrie Pitman" was a law There was not much fishing, but occasionunto herself. At the end of the boys' watch ally dory met dory in the fog and exchanged

> That night, a little before dawn, Dan and Harvey, who had been sleeping most of the day, tumbled out to "hook" fried pies. There was no reason why they should not have taken them openly; but they tasted better so, and it made the cook angry. The heat and smell below drove them on deck with their plunder, and they found Disko at the bell, which he handed over to Harvey.

"Keep her goin'," said he. "I mistrust did not wish to spend a week hunting for I hear somethin'. Ef it's anything, I'm best

It was a forlorn little jingle; the thick

air seemed to pinch it off; and in the pauses all a fisherman's contempt—how an ignobrother—was up at four of the dim dawn crew came back. in streaming, crackling oilskins, hammering, massacred a boat before breakfast. So Har- a gray-headed man aboard. vey rang the bell.

"Yes, they slow daown one turn o' their stranger groaned. blame propeller," said Dan, applying him- pick me up for?" self to Manuel's conch, "fer to keep inside humper!"

the schooner. A jaunty little feather of to me.' water curled in front of it, and as it lifted past; a jet of steam puffed in Harvey's help-tell her." lessly uplifted hands; a spout of hot water roared along the rail of the "We're Here." and the little schooner staggered and shook to faint or be sick, or both, when he heard consolation. a crack like a trunk thrown on a sidewalk, and, all small in his ear, a far-away telephone voice drawling: "Heave to! You've becket. sunk us!

"Is it us?" he gasped.

"Shucks, no; some one outside. Ring! a dory.

In half a minute all, except Harvey, Fenn, Harvey heard the muffled shrick of a liner's and the cook, were overside and away. siren, and he knew enough to know what Presently a schooner's foremast, snapped that meant. It came to him, with horrible clean across, drifted past the bows. Then distinctness, how a boy in a cherry-colored an empty green dory came by, knocking jersey—he despised fancy blazers now with on the "We're Here's" side, as though it wished to be taken in. Then followed somerant, rowdy boy had once said it would be thing, face down, in a blue jersey, but-it "gay" if a steamer ran down a fishing-boat, was not the whole of a man. Penn changed That boy had a stateroom with a hot and color and caught his breath with a click. cold bath, and spent ten minutes each morn- Harvey pounded despairingly at the bell, ing picking over a gilt-edged bill of fare, for he feared they might be sunk at any And that same boy—no, his very much older minute, and jumped at Dan's hail as the

"The 'Jennie Cushman,'" said Dan, literally for the dear life, on a bell smaller hysterically, "cut clean in half-graound up than the steward's breakfast bell, while an trompled on at that! Not a quarter of a somewhere, close at hand, a thirty-foot mile away. Dad's got the old man. There steel stem was storming along at twenty ain't anyone else, and-there was his son miles an hour! The bitterest thought of too. Oh, Harve, Harve, I can't stand it! all was that there were folks asleep in dry I've seen—" He dropped his head on his cabins who would never learn that they had arms and sebbed while the others dragged

"What did you pick me up for?" the "Disko, what did you

Disko dropped a heavy hand on his the law, an' that's consolin' when we're all shoulder, for the man's eyes were wild and at the bottom. Hark to her! She's a his lips trembled as he stared at the silent crew. Then up and spoke Pennsylvania "Hoooo-whoooo-whupp!" went the Pratt, who was also Haskins or Rich or siren. "Wingle-tingle-tink," went the McVitty when Uncle Salters forgot; and his bell. "Graaa—ouch," went the conch, face was changed on him from the face of while sea and sky were all milled up in a fool to the countenance of an old, wise milky fog. Then Harvey felt that he was man, and he said in a strong voice: "The near a moving body, and found himself Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. looking up and up at the wet edge of a cliff- Blessed be the name of the Lord! I waslike bow, leaping, it seemed, directly over 1 am a minister of the Gospel. Leave him

"Oh, you be, be you?" said the man. it showed a long ladder of Roman num- "Then pray my son back to me! Pray erals—XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., and so back a nine-thousand-dollar boat an' a thouforth—on a salmon-colored, gleaming side. sand quintal of fish. If you'd left me alone It tilted forward and downward with a heart- my widow could ha' gone on to the Provistilling "Ssssooo"; the ladder disappeared; dent an' worked fer her board, an' never a line of brass-rimmed portholes flashed known—an' never known. Now I'll hev to

> "There ain't nothin' to say," said Disko. "Better lie down a piece, Jason Olley."

When a man has lost his only son, his in a rush of screw-torn water, as a liner's summer's work, and his means of livelihood. stern vanished in the fog. Harvey got ready in thirty counted seconds, it is hard to make

"All Gloucester men, wasn't they?" said Tom Platt, fiddling helplessly with a dory

"Oh, that don't make no odds," said Jason, wringing the wet from his beard. "I'll be rowin' summer boarders araound We're goin' to look," said Dan, running out East Gloucester this fall." He rolled heavily to the rail, singing:



DRESSING DOWN ON THE "WE'RE HERE."

"Happy birds that sing and fly Round thine altars, O Most High!"

"Come with me. Come below!" said Penn, as though he had a right to give together. Then Penn's went on alone, and orders. Their eyes met and fought for a

sand dollars." Penn led him into the cabin and slid the door behind.

"That ain't Penn," cried Uncle Salters. everything—an' what'll he say to me?" "It's Jacob Boller, an'-he's remembered

Johnstown! I never seed such eyes in any livin' man's head. What's to do naow? What'll I do naow?'

They could hear Penn's voice and Jason's "I dunno who you be, but I'll come," said Jason, submissively. "Mebbe I'll get back some o' the—some o' the—nine thousand dollars." Penn led him into the Salters slipped off his hat, for Penn was

"He don't know us," Salters groaned. "It's all to do over again, checkers and

Penn spoke; they could hear that it was

"I have prayed," said he. to strangers. "Our people believe in prayer. I have prayed for the life of this man's son. Mine were drowned before my eyes, she and my eldest and—the others. Shall a man be agin young Olley." more wise than his Maker? I prayed never man's son, and he will surely be sent him."

Salters looked pleadingly at Penn to see Here."

if he remembered.

asked suddenly.

" Pshaw, Penn! You weren't never mad," Salters began, "Only a little distracted like."

"I saw the houses strike the bridge before the fires broke out. I do not remember any more. How long ago is that?"

"I can't stand it. I can't stand it!" cried Dan, and Harvey whimpered in sympathy.

"Abaout five year," said Disko, in a shaking voice.

"Then I have been a charge on some one every day of that time. Who was the man?"

Disko pointed to Salters.

"Ye hain't-ye hain't!" cried the seafarmer, twisting his hands together. "Ye've more'n earned your keep twice-told; an' yours fer value received."

your faces. But----"

Jack, "an' he's bin wid us all these trips! checkers, Mr. Salters? He's clean bewitched.'

A schooner's bell struck up alongside, and a voice hailed through the thinning fog: "O Disko! Heard abaout the 'Jen- in a man's mind." nie Cushman '?"

"They have found his son," cried Penn. lowed Salters forward. "Stand you still and see the salvation of the

"Got Jason aboard here," Disko answered, but his voice quavered. "There warn't anyone else."

him snarled up in a mess o' lumber thet might ha' bin a foc'sle. His head's cut some.'

"Who is he?"

The "We're Here's" heart-beats an- mickswered one another.

"Guess it's young Olley," the voice Harvey. drawled.

fellers guyed us consid'rable t'other night." there held him up a piece, same's shorin'

"We don't feel like guvin' any now," said

"I know it; but to tell the honest truth we was kinder-kinder driftin' when we run

It was the irrepressible "Carrie Pitfor their lives, but I have prayed for this man," and a roar of unsteady laughter went up from the deck of the "We're

"Hedn't you 'baout's well send the old "How long have I been mad?" Penn man aboard? We're runnin' in' fer more bait an' graound-tackle. Guess you won't want him, any way, an' this blame windlass work makes us short-handed. We'll take keer of him. He married my woman's aunt."

"I'll give you anything in the boat," said

"Don't want nothin', 'less, mebbe, an anchor that'll hold. Say, young Olley's gittin' kinder baulky an' excited. Send the old man along.'

Penn waked him from his stupor of despair, and Tom Platt rowed him over. He went away without a word of thanks, not knowing what was to come, and the fog closed over all.

"And now," said Penn, drawing a deep breath as though about to preach. "And there's money owin' you, Penn, besides ha'af now"—the erect body sank like a sword o' my quarter-share in the boat, which is driven home into the scabbard; the light faded from the overbright eyes; the voice "You are good men. I can see that in returned to its usual pitiful little titter-"and now," said Pennsylvania Pratt, "do "Mother av Mercy," whispered Long you think it's too early for a little game of

"The very thing—the very thing I was goin to say myself," cried Salters promptly. "It beats all, Penn, how ye git on to what's

The little fellow blushed and meekly fol-

"Up anchor! Hurry! Let's quit these crazy waters," shouted Disko, and never was he more swiftly obeyed.

"Now what in creation d'ye suppose is the meanin' o' that all?" said Long Jack, "We've f'und one, though. 'Run acrost when they were working through the fog once more.

"The way I sense it," said Disko, at the wheel, "is this: The 'Jennie Cushman' business comin' on an empty stum-

"He—we saw one of them go by," sobbed

"An' that, o' course, kinder hove him Penn raised his hands and said something outer water, julluk runnin' a craft ashore; in German. Harvey could have sworn that hove him right aout, I take it, to remema bright sun was shining upon his lifted face; berin' Johnstown an' Jacob Boller an' suchbut the drawl went on: "Sa-ay! You like reminiscences. Well, consolin' Jason up a boat. Then, bein' weak, them props slipped an' slipped an' he slided down the ways an' naow he's water-borne agin. That's haow I sense it."

correct.

"'Twould ha' bruk Salters all up," said Long Jack, "if Penn had stayed Jacob Bollerin'. Did ye see his face when Penn schooners—one to the north, one to the asked who he'd been charged on all these westward, and one to the south. There years? How is ut, Salters?"

"There won't be no grub till he wakes, natural. Did ye ever see sech a gift in worshippin' vain idols."

dif'runt," "That's Salters retorted quickly. "Penn's not all caulked, an' I ain't only but doin' my duty by him.'

hours, till Penn reappeared with a smooth face and a blank mind. He said he believed that he had been dreaming. Then he wanted to know why they were so silent, right. It is a town!" and they could not tell him.

next three or four days; and when they could not go out, turned them into the hold to stack the ship's stores into smaller compass, to make more room for the fish. The packed northern squadron, Disko waving his hand mass ran from the cabin partition to the to friend after friend, and anchored as sliding door behind the foc'sle stove; and Disko showed how there is great art in stowing cargo so as to bring a schooner to ship in silence; but a bungler is jeered all her best draft. The crew were thus kept along the line. lively till they recovered their spirits; and Harvey was tickled with a rope's end by Long Jack for being, as the Galway man said, "sorrowful as a sick cat over fwhat couldn't be helped." He did a great deal "Hey couldn't be helped." He did a great deal "Hey, Tom Platt! Come t' supper to-of thinking in those dreary days; and told night?" said the "Henry Clay"; and so Dan what he thought, and Dan agreed with him—even to the extent of asking for fried pies instead of hooking them.

But a week later the two nearly upset the gossip like the Bank fleet. "Hattie S." in a wild attempt to stab a shark with an old bayonet tied to a gobstick. The grim brute rubbed alongside The young bloods jested with Dan, who the dory begging for small fish, and between had a lively tongue of his own and inquired the three of them it was a mercy they all after their health by the town-nicknames got off alive.

the fog, there came a morning when Disko and even the silent cook was seen riding shouted down the foc'sle: "Hurry, boys! the jib-boom and shouting Gaelic to a friend We're in taown!"

CHAPTER VIII.

To the end of his days, Harvey will never They decided that Disko was entirely forget that sight. The sun was just clear of the horizon they had not seen for nearly a week, and his low red light struck into the riding-sails of three fleets of anchored must have been nearly a hundred of them, "Asleep-dead asleep. Turned in like of every possible make and build, with, far a child," Salters replied, tiptoeing aft. away, a square-rigged Frenchman, all bowing and courtesying one to the other. From every boat dories were dropping away like prayer? He everlastin'ly hiked young bees from a crowded hive; and the clamor Olley outer the ocean. Thet's my belief. of voices, the rattling of ropes and blocks, Jason was tur'ble praoud of his boy, an' I and the splash of the oars carried for miles mistrusted all along 'twas a jedgment on across the heaving water. The sails turned all colors, from black to pearly gray and "There's others jest as sot," said white, as the sun mounted; and more boats swung up through the mists to the south-

The dories gathered in clusters, separated, reformed, and broke again, all head-They waited, those hungry men, three ing one way; while men hailed and whistled and cat-called and sang, and the water was speckled with rubbish thrown overboard.

"It's a town," said Harvey. "Dan was

"I've seen smaller," said Disko. "There's Disko worked all hands mercilessly for the about a thousand men here; an' yonder's the Virgin." He pointed to a vacant space of greenish sea, where there were no dories.

The "We're Here" skirted round the neatly as a racing yacht at the end of the season. The Bank fleet pass good seaman-

" Jest in time fer the capelin," cried the " Mary Chilton."

"Salt most wet?" asked the "King

questions and answers flew back and forth. Men had met one another before, doryfishing in the fog, and there is no place for They all seemed to know about Harvey's rescue, and asked if he were worth his salt yet. they least liked. Manuel's countrymen At last, after playing blind man's buff in jabbered at him in their own language; as black as himself. After they had buoyed

ground-tackle and danger from driftingmannerless ducklings.

As they drove into the confusion, dory dialect from Labrador to Long Island, with of the cod, and the whack of the "muckles" that came from living so long with only the "We're Heres"—among the scores of time from naow on. Where'll we lay, Tom on the other. Platt?'

pant pulling madly on the roding.

" Let him shake it out."

" He's anchored, isn't he?'

Here they come!"

acres the cod began to leap like fingerling on the edge of the pen. trout in May; while, behind the cod, three water into boils,

and whales together flung in upon the luck- noon, and the dories began to search for

the cable—all around the Virgin is rocky less bait. Harvey was nearly knocked overbottom, and carelessness means chafed board by the handle of Dan's net. But in all the wild tumult he noticed, and never after they had buoyed the cable, their forgot, the wicked set little eye-something dories went forth to join the mob of boats like a circus elephant's eye-of a whale, anchored about a mile away. The schoon- that drove along almost level with the water, ers rocked and dipped and courtesied at a and, so he said, winked at him. Three boats safe distance, like mother ducks watching found their rodings fouled by these reckless their brood, while the dories behaved like hunters, and were towed away half a mile ere their horses shook the line free.

Then the capelin moved off, and five banging against dory. Harvey's ears tingled minutes later there was no sound except the at the comments on his rowing. Every splash of the sinkers overside, the flapping Portuguese, Neapolitan, Lingua Franca, as the men stunned them. It was wonder-French, and Gaelic, with songs and shout-ful fishing. Harvey could see the glimings and now oaths, rattled round him, and mering cod below, swimming slowly in he seemed to be the butt of it all. For the droves, biting as steadily as they swam, first time in his life he felt shy-perhaps. Bank Law strictly forbids more than one hook on one line when the dories are on the Virgin or the Eastern Shoals; but so close wild, strange faces that rose and fell with the were the boats that even single hooks reeling boats. "Watch out!" said Dan, snarled, and Harvey found himself in hot flourishing a dip-net. "When I tell you argument with a gentle, hairy Newfounddip, you dip. The capelin 'll school any lander on one side and a howling Portuguese

Worse than any tangle of fishing-lines Pushing and shoving and hauling, greet- was the confusion of the dory-rodings being old friends here and warning old ene- low water. Each man had anchored where mies there, Commodore Tom Platt led his it seemed good to him; drifting and rowlittle fleet well to leeward of the general ing round his fixed point. As the fish crowd, and immediately three or four men struck on less quickly, each man wanted began to haul on their anchors with intent to haul up and get to better ground; but to lee-bow the "We're Heres." But a yell each man found himself intimately conof laughter went up as a dory shot from nected with some four or five neighbors. her station with exceeding speed, its occu- To cut another's roding is crime unspeakable on the Banks; but it was done, and "Give her slack!" roared twenty voices, done without detection, three or four times that day. Tom Platt caught a Maine man "What's the matter?" said Harvey, as in the black act and knocked him over the the boat flashed away to the southward. gunwale with an oar, and Manuel treated a fellow-countryman in the same way. But "Anchored, sure enough, but his graound- Harvey's line was cut, and so was Penn's, tackle's kinder shifty," said Dan, laughing, and they were turned into relief-boats to "Whale's fouled it. . . . Dip, Harve! carry fish to the "We're Here" as the dories filled. The capelin schooled once The sea round them clouded and dark- more at twilight, when the mad clamor was ened, and then frizzed up in showers of tiny repeated; and at dusk they rowed back to silver fish, and over a space of five or six dress down by the light of a kerosene lamp

It was a huge pile, and they went to sleep or four broad gray-black backs broke the while they were dressing. Next day, several boats fished right above the cap of the Then everybody shouted and tried to Virgin; and Harvey with them looked down haul up his anchor to get among the school, on the very weed of that lonely rock, which and fouled his neighbor's line and said what rises to within twenty feet of the surface. was in his heart, and dipped furiously with The cod were there in legions, marching his dip-net, and shricked cautions and advice solemnly over the leathery kelp. When to his companions, while the deep fizzed like they bit, they bit all together; and so when freshly opened soda-water, and cod, men, they stopped. There was a slack time at amusement. It was Dan who sighted the hauled up anchor, and rowed over the rock "Hope of Prague" just coming up, and itself. Many voices called them to come as her boats joined the company they were away, and others dared them to hold on. greeted with the question: "Who's the As the smooth-backed rollers passed to the meanest man in the Fleet?"

"Nick Bra-ady." It sounded like an organ sucking, dimpled water, where she spun

Dan's contribution.

" Nick Bra-ady," sang the boats.

"Who biled the salt-bait fer soup?" This was an unknown backbiter a quarter roding.

of a mile away.

Again the joyful chorus. Now, Brady "Pull for your miserable lives! Pull!" was not especially mean, but he had that reputation, and the fleet made the most of boat drifted; but the next swell checked convicted of using a tackle with five or six roar, and the Virgin flung up a couple of hooks—a "scrowger," they call it—on the acres of foaming water, white, furious, and himself on the Georges ever since, he found Galway men held their tongue. his honors waiting for him full blown. body. And when a poetical Beverly man time when she's at work, Tom Platt?" —he had been making it up all day, and talked about it for weeks-sang, "The Harve, you've seen the greatest thing on for a cent!" the dories felt that they were seen some dead men too." indeed fortunate. Then they had to ask the Beverly man how he was off for beans, be- the fog lay thicker and the schooners were cause even poets can't have things all their ringing their bells. A big bark nosed own way. every man got it in turn. Was there a care- with shouts and cries of, "Come along, less or dirty cook anywhere? The dories darlin'," from the Irishry. sang about him and his food. Was a schooner badly found? The Fleet was told schooner badly found? The Fleet was told "Hain't you eyes? She's a Baltimore at full length. Had a man hooked tobacco boat; goin' in fear an' tremblin'," said from a messmate? He was named in meet- Dan. "We'll guy the very sticks out of ing; the name tossed from roller to roller. her. Guess it's the fust time her skipper Disko's infallible judgments, Long Jack's ever met up with the Fleet this way." market-boat that he had sold years ago, Dan's sweetheart (oh, but Dan was an angry ton craft. Her mainsail was looped up, and boy!), Penn's bad luck with dory anchors, her topsail flapped undecidedly in what Salters's views on manure, Manuel's little little wind was moving. Now a bark is slips from virtue ashore, and Harvey's lady- feminine beyond all other daughters of the like handling of the oar-all were laid be- sea, and this tall, undecided creature, with fore the public; and as the fog fell around her white and gilt figurehead, looked just them in silvery sheets beneath the sun, the like a bewildered woman half-lifting her voices sounded like a bench of invisible skirts to cross a muddy street under the judges, pronouncing sentence.

bled till a swell underran the sea. they drew more apart to save their sides, and some one called that if the swell con- therefore, asking her way. This is part of tinued the Virgin would break. A reckless what she heard from the dancing dories: Galway man with his nephew denied this,

southward, they hove the dory high and Three hundred voices answered cheerily: high into the mist, and dropped her in ugly, round her anchor, within a foot or two of "Who stole the lamp wicks?" That was the rock. It was playing with death for mere bravado; and the boats looked on in uneasy silence till Long Jack rowed up behind his countrymen and quietly cut their

"Can't ye hear ut knockin'?" he cried.

The men swore and tried to argue as the Then they discovered a man from a a little, like a man tripping on a carpet, Truro boat who, six years before, had been There was a deep sob and a gathering Shoals. Naturally, he had been christened ghastly against the shoal sea. Then all the "Scrowger Jim"; and though he had hidden boats greatly applauded Long Jack, and the

"Ain't it elegant?" said Dan, bobbing They took it up in a sort of fire-cracker like a young seal at home. "She'll break chorus: "Jim! O Jim! Jim! O Jim! about once every ha'af hour now, 'less the Sssscrowger Jim!" That pleased every- swell piles up good. What's her reg'lar

"Once ivry fifteen minutes to the tick. 'Carrie Pitman's 'anchor doesn't hold her the Banks; an' but for Long Jack you'd

> There came a sound of merriment where Every schooner and nearly cautiously out of the mist, and was received

"Another Frenchman?" said Harvey.

She was a black, buxom, eight-hundredjeers of bad little boys. That was very The dories roved and fished and squab- much her situation. She knew she was Then somewhere in the neighborhood of the Virgin, had caught the roar of it, and was,

"The Virgin? Fwhat are you talkin'

of? This is Le Have on a Sunday mornin'! come a yell of, "Dory, dory!" They would Go home an' sober up."

tell 'em we're comin'.'

tuneful chorus, as her stern went down with a roll and a bubble into the trough: where it lay lashed on the boom, and cling ` " Thay-aah—she—strikes!"

You're on top of her now.'

thing!"

"All hands to the pumps!" "Daown jib an' pole her!"

if he were insured; and whence he had Provincetown men. stolen his anchor, because, they said, it There was a general sorting out among belonged to the "Carrie Pitman"; they the Fleet next day; and though no one said it with his open palm, and yelled: "Gid up, Buck!"

aboard and "razee" her. They would have of deep water, her sails all hanging anywarned her at once had she been in real how, and Harvey saw the funeral through peril; but, seeing her well clear of the Vir- Disko's spy-glass. It was just an oblong gin, they made the most of their chances, bundle slid overside. They did not seem to It was all over when the lurking rock spoke have any form of service, but in the night, and went her ways; but the dories felt to a very slow tune. that the honors lay with them,

All that night the Virgin roared hoarsely; and next morning, over an angry, whiteheaded sea, Harvey saw the whole Fleet with flickering masts waiting for a lead. Not a dory was hove over till ten o'clock, when the two Jeraulds of the "Day's Eye," imagining a lull which did not exist, set the example. In a minute half the boats

hook up and haul in a drenched man and "Go home, ye tarrapin! Go home an' a half-sunk boat, till their decks were littered down with nests of dories and the Half a dozen voices together, in a most bunks were full. Five times that night did Harvey, with Dan, jump for the fore-gaff with arms, legs, and teeth to rope and spar "Hard up! Hard up fer your life! and sodden canvas as a big wave filled the decks. One boat was smashed to pieces, "Daown! Hard daown! Let go every- and the sea pitched the man head first on to the decks, cutting his forehead open; and about dawn, when the racing seas glimmered all along their cold edges, another Then the skipper lost his temper and man, white and ghastly, crawled in with a said things. Instantly all fishing was sus- broken hand, asking for his brother. Seven pended to answer him, and he heard a extra mouths sat down to breakfast—a great many curious facts about his boat Swede; a Chatham skipper; a boy from and her next port of call. They asked him Hancock, Maine; one Duxbury, and three

called his boat a mud-scow, and accused anything, all ate with better appetites when him of dumping garbage to frighten the boat after boat reported all hands aboard. fish; they offered to tow him and charge Only a couple of Portuguese and an old the bill to his wife; and an audacious youth man from Gloucester were drowned, but slipped almost under the counter, smacked many were cut or bruised; and two schooners had parted their tackle and been blown to the southward, three days' sail. A man The cook emptied a pan of ashes on died on a Frenchman--it was the same bark him, and he replied with cod-heads. The that had traded tobacco with the "We're bark's crew fired small coal from the Here's." She slipped away quite quietly galley, and the dories threatened to come one wet, white morning, moved to a patch again, a half-mile to windward, and the tor- at anchor, Harvey heard them singing somemented bark set everything that would draw thing that sounded like a hymn. It went

> La brigantine Qui va tourner, Roule et s'incline . l'our m'entrainer. Oh, Vierge Marie, Pour moi priez Dieu! Adieu, patrie; Québec, adieu!

Tom Platt visited her, because, he said, were out and bobbing in the cockly swells, the dead man was his brother as a Freebut Troop kept the "We're Here's "at work mason. It came out that a wave had doubled dressing down. He saw no sense in the poor fellow over the heel of the bow-"dares"; and as the storm grew that even-sprit and broken his back. The news ing they had the pleasure of receiving wet spread like a flash, for, contrary to general strangers, only too glad to make any refuge custom, the Frenchman held an auction of in the gale. The boys stood by the tackles the dead man's kit—he had no friends at with lanterns, the men ready to haul; St. Malo or Miguelon—and everything was all watching for a sweeping sea that would spread out on the top of the house, from make them drop everything and hold on his red knitted cap to the empty leather belt for the dear life. Out of the dark would with the sheath-knife at the back. Dan and Harvey were out on twenty-fathom water tain told him—used up on the French coast in the "Hattie S.," and naturally rowed last year. over to join the crowd. It was a long while Dan bought the knife, which had a curious brass handle. When they dropped overside and pushed off into a drizzle of I was keener'n ever to get it." rain and a lopping sea, it occurred to them ing the lines.

"Guess 'twon't hurt us any to be warmed up," said Dan, shivering under his oilskin, fog, which, as usual, dropped on them with-

out warning.

"There's too much blame tide hereabouts to trust to your instinks. Heave over the anchor, Harve, and we'll fish a piece till the thing lifts. Bend on your biggest lead. Three pound ain't any too much in this water. See how she's tightened on her seerodin' already."

There was quite a little bubble at the bows, you to hev it." where some irresponsible Bank current was holding the dory full stretch on her rope; but they could not see a boat's length in keep it as long as I live." any direction. Harvey turned up his collar and bunched himself over his reel with the air of a wearied navigator. Fog had no special terrors for him now. They fished a while in silence, and found the cod struck on well. Then Dan drew the sheath-knife and tested the edge of it on the gunwale.

"That's a daisy," said Harvey. "How

did you get it so cheap?"

"On account o' their blame Cath'lic superstitions," said Dan, jabbing with the bright blade. "They don't fancy takin' tweak. "Holibut 'll act that way 'f he's when I bid?"

"But an auction ain't taking anything off

a dead man. It's business."

" We know it ain't, but there's no goin' in the teeth o' superstition. That's one o' the advantages o' livin' in a progressive country." And Dan began whistling:

> "Oh, Double Thatcher, how are you? Now Eastern Point comes inter view. The girls an' boys we soon shall see, At anchor off Cape Ann!'

"Why didn't that Eastport man bid, then? He bought his boots. Ain't Maine progressive?"

"Maine? Pshaw! They don't know the shortened line. enough, or they hain't got money enough, to paint their haouses in Maine. I've seen em. The Eastport man he told me that the knife had been used—so the French cap-

"Cut a man? Heave's the muckle." pull, and they stayed some little time Harvey hauled in his fish, rebaited, and threw over.

"Killed him! Course, when I heard that

"Christmas! I didn't know it," said that they might get into trouble for neglect- Harvey, turning round. "I'll give you a dollar for it when I—get my wages. Say,

I'll give you two dollars.'

"Honest? D'you like it as much as all and they rowed on into the heart of a white that?" said Dan, flushing. "Well, to tell the truth, I kinder got it for you—to give; but I didn't let on till I saw how you'd take it. It's yours and welcome, Harve, because we're dory-mates, and so on and so forth, an' so followin'. Catch a-holt!"

He held it out, belt and all.

"But look at here., Dan, I don't

"Take it. 'Tain't no use to me. I wish

The temptation was irresistible. "Dan, you're a white man," said Harvey. "I'll

"That's good hearin'," said Dan, with a pleasant laugh; and then, anxious to change the subject: "'Looks's if your line was fast to somethin'."

"Fouled, I guess," said Harve, tugging. Before he pulled up he fastened the belt round him, and with deep delight heard the tip of the sheath click on the thwart. "Con-cern the line!" he cried. "She acts as though she were on strawberry bottom. It's all sand here, ain't it?"

iron frum off of a dead man, so to speak, sulky. Thet's no strawberry bottom. Yank See them Arichat Frenchmen step back her once or twice. She gives, sure. Guess we'd better haul up an' make certain.'

> They pulled together, making fast at each turn on the cleats, and the weight rose

sluggishly.

"Prize, oh! Haul!" shouted Dan; but the shout ended in a shrill, double shriek of horror, for out of the sea came—the body of the dead Frenchman buried two days before! The hook had caught him under the right armpit, and he swayed, erect and horrible, head and shoulders above water. His arms were tied to his side, and—he had no face. The boys fell over each other in a heap at the bottom of the dory, and there they lay while the thing bobbed alongside, held by

"The tide—the tide brought him!" said Harvey with quivering lips, as he fumbled at the clasp of the belt.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Harve!" groaned Dan,

have it. Take it off.

"I don't want it! I don't want it!" buckle."

"Quick, Harve! He's on your line!"

To unfasten the belt Harvey had to sit up, and that brought him face to face with the head that had no face under its streaming Dan, who slipped out his knife and cut the line, while Harvey flung the belt far overside. The body shot down with a plop, and Dan rose to his knees, whiter than the

"He come for it. He come for it. I've seen one hauled up on a trawl and I didn't much care, but he come to us special."

"I wish-I wish I hadn't taken the knife. Then he'd have come on vour line."

We're both scared out o' ten years' growth. Oh, Harve, did ve see his head?'

"Did I? I'll never forget it. But look will be beaten at home." at here, Dan; it couldn't have been meant.

It was only the tide."

"Tide! He come for it, Harve. Why, they sunk him six mile to south'ard o' the Fleet, an' we're two miles from where she's lyin' now. They told me he was weighted him the tale. with a fathom an' a half o' chain-cable."

"'Wonder what he did with the knife— all he said at the end.

up on the French coast?"

What are you doin' with the fish?"

"What for? IVe shan't eat 'em."

keep your catch if you like. I've no use for mine.'

again.

"Guess it's best to be on the safe side," a fog that ye don't see in clear weather yo-hoes an' hollerers and such like. I'm sorter relieved he come the way he did instid o' walkin'. He might ha' walked."

"Do-on't, Dan! We're right on top of him now. 'Wish I was safe aboard, bein'

pounded by Uncle Salters."

Gimme the tooter." Dan took the tin dinner-horn, but paused before he blew.

to stay here all night.'

"be quick. He's come for it. Let him he was in a schooner where they darsen't ever blow a horn to the dories, becaze the skipper—not the man he was with, but cried Harvey. "I can't find the bu- a captain that had run her five years before—he'd drownded a boy alongside in a drunk fit; an' ever after, that boy he'd row alongside too and shout, 'Dory! dory!' with the rest."

"Dory! dory!" a muffled voice cried in hair. "He's fast still," he whispered to the fog. They cowered again, and the horn dropped from Dan's hand.

"Hold on!" cried Harvey, "it's the

cook '

" Dunno what made me think o' thet fool tale, either," said Dan. "It's the doctor, sure enough."

"Dan! Danny! Oooh, Dan! Harve!

Harvey! Oooh, Haarveee!"

"We're here," sung both boys together. They heard oars, but could see nothing till "Dunno as thet would ha' made any differ. the cook, shiny and dripping, rowed into

"What iss happened?" said he. "You

"Thet's what we want. Thet's what we're sufferin' for," said Dan. "Anything homey's good enough fer us. We've had company here that was kinder depressin'." As the cook passed them a line Dan told

"Yess! He come for hiss knife," was

Never had the little "We're Here" "Something bad. Guess he's bound to looked so deliciously home-like as when take it with him to the Judgment, an' so—the cook, born and bred in fogs, rowed them back to her. There was a warm "Heaving 'em overboard," said Harvey, glow of light in the cabin and a satisfying smell of food forward, and it was "I don't care. I had to look at his face heavenly to hear Disko and the others, all while I was takin' the belt off. You can alive and solid, leaning over the rail and promising them a first-class pounding. But the cook was a master of strategy. He took Dan said nothing, but threw his fish over care not to get the dories aboard till he had given the more striking points of the tale and explained how Harvey was the mascot to he murmured at last. "I'd give a month's destroy any possible bad luck. So the boys pay if this fog ud lift. Things go abaout in came overside as rather uncanny heroes, and every one asked them questions instead of pounding them for making trouble. Little Penn delivered quite a speech on the folly of superstitions; but public opinion was against him and in favor of Long Jack, who told the most excruciating ghost stories till nearly midnight. Under that influence "They'll be lookin' fer us in a little time. no one except Salters said anything about "idolatry" when the cook put a lighted candle, a cake of flour and water, and a "Go on," said Harvey. "I don't want pinch of salt on a shingle, and floated them out astern to keep the Frenchman quiet in "Question is, haow he'd take it. There case he was still restless. Dan lit the candle was a man frum down the coast told me once because he had bought the belt, and the cook

grunted and muttered charms as long as he couple o' pore boys fer the sake of a thirtycould see the flame.

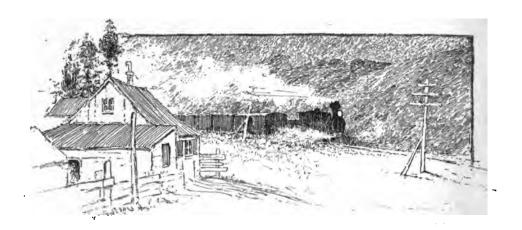
after watch: "How about progress and livin' or dead." Catholic superstitions?"

comes to a dead St. Malo deck-hand scarin' a one another.

cent knife, why, then, the cook can take Said Harvey to Dan, as they turned in hold fer all o' me. I mistrust furriners,

Next morning all, except the cook, were "Huh! I guess I'm as enlightened and rather ashamed of the ceremonies, and went progressive as the next man, but when it to work double tides, speaking gruffly to

(To be continued.)



ENGINEER CONNOR'S SON.

By WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

SOME lives there are that seem to run in pernetual sunshine and roses. Some beside the deeper abysses of tragedy.

Some there are who live their threescore the biggest thing around Antioch. and drop out of existence, and the memory of them, for good or ill, ceases with the tolling of the bell that tells their going. And there are some, short little lives, to be sure, but so brim full of sweetness that go by. the sunshine of them lingers in the hearts of those who knew them long after the lit- quainted with the Antioch people in gentle lives are ended.

the position of engineer on the Nashville and Chattanooga road, which cuts the State of Tennessee from north to south, he moved his family into the pretty little cottage standing side by side with crippled Jerry Crane's, on the hill just above the railroad track, in the little village of Antioch. For the engineer was from home most of the time, and Jerry being a cripple, Jack knew, would insure his own wife considerable company and protection in Jerry's wife.

The houses stood side by side, and both perpetual sunshine and roses. Some doors opened towards the railroad. are rounded to darker lines, running always village, indeed, was built so - straight down the railroad, for the train was about

Jack Connor's cottage stood on a hill, so near to the track that he could speak to his wife from his engine when she stood in the door, as she usually did, to see No. 6

The trainmen were pretty well aceral, but there was not one among them, When Jack Connor was promoted to from conductor down, who did not know Jack Connor's son.

"Little Jack," they called him; and the train never whistled for Antioch but they would look out for the little fellow hoisted on the wood-pile to see his father's engine go by.

He seldom went farther than the woodpile: that was his mother's order; though the brakeman and the "train butcher" would sometimes try to coax him down to the platform with apples and sticks of striped candy. But he would shake his



LITTLE JACK.

vellow curls and throw them a kiss as the caboose, both legs mashed and an arm long train pulled out.

Sometimes his mother would take him down to speak to his father, and the little fellow would go almost wild over the big engine and the glowing furnace, the great man, brakemen, all but Jack. bell clanging a hasty good-by, and the had been permitted to

pull." "Just naturally takes

to the engine," the fireman would often say; "gets that from his pappy."

And Jack did seem to have a natural love for a locomotive. Jerry Crane

used to sav:

"I can allus tell when the cyars are comingthere's a sapbang of neighbor Connor's door, a click of the gate, and in a minute a little yellow head top of a big pile of wood; and when I see it I allus say to my wife, 'Mary, the cyars are coming.' And she looks out, not at the railroad track, but at the wood-pile, and says she, 'Yes, they are coming,

Sometimes a neighbor would pass and speak to him:

"Any news to-day, Jack?

"Father's abroad to-day, sir," he would answer; or else, "There's a bridge down between here and Chattanooga, sir;" or, "No. 6 will be fifteen minutes late to-day, sir.'

He always had something to tell, and it was mostly of the trains or the track, engines or wrecks. Anything that concerned the railroad was interesting to Jack.

He had his father's head, the trainmen said, but the neighbors declared he had his mother's sunny, hopeful, helpful nature.

But one day trouble came to her door. Engineer Connor was brought home in a

gone, while his engine lay in a ruined heap under a broken bridge just beyond the Tennessee River.

Every man had jumped but him-fire-

"Jump, Connor, for your life!" the shrill whistle, which more than once he fireman had called to him when the timbers



began to crack; and the man had laid his hand upon the throttle and said:

"You forget I'm engineer."

And there he stood until the crash came. He was not quite dead when the boys found him, and all the time they were heart wont to clothe with strength that working with him he was praying. Just which it leans upon. She trusted him enfor life to get home, they heard him tirely, and his quick mind recognized it. "Just long enough to get home and die with my wife and boy.'

His prayer was granted;, he reached

it to his wife.

"It is all I've got, Annie," he said. "I

wish it was more, wife."

Then he laid his hand on the little head with its crown of yellow curls pressing his pillow. He seemed to forget the boy was only a baby.

"Jack," he said, "I leave your mother to you. care of her, my man.'

Then his mind seemed to wander; he was on the engine one moment, the next with his family again.

"The company will do something for you by and by, Jack," he said, "and always remember-don't forget it, Jack-

that any man in time of danger may desert—any man but the engineer. He must stickstick-stick-to his post, "'PIES! PIES! FRESH PIES AND CAKES!"

Jack." The hand on the boy's head grew heavy; shouted. "I've promised to let him run the little fellow choked back his sobs and No. 6 to-day." laid one hand tenderly on his father's brow. The dying engineer opened his eyes and a

"Stick to the engine and stand by your a whole day?" mother, Jack," he whispered. The hand on the boy's head grew cold, and when dead man's breast Jack turned to his mother.

There was no childish outburst of grief; young manhood in him as he opened his

understood.

It was then Jack's life began in earnest. The pet name of "Baby Jack" no longer trembled upon his mother's lips. She called him instead "My son," "My boy," or else 'twas "Mother's man." So is the

The prohibition no longer confined him to the wood-pile, but every morning when the whistle sounded, the cottage door home and the two he loved best on God's would open, the gate click, and a pair of earth. Just before he died he reached for bright stockings flash for a moment in his pocketbook under his pillow and handed the sunlight as a pair of nimble legs went hurrying down to the platform.

"Pies! pies! fresh pies and cakes!"

He had turned peddler. Such a tiny, industrious little peddler as he was, too; and with so many roughbearded, warmhearted friends among the trainmen, Jack's business was bound to flourish.

One day the red stockings went dancing down to the platform with unusual speed; so fast, indeed, that the mother, who was following, had scarcely reached the platform when No. 6 pulled up, and Engineer Robinson dropped from his engine and caught the boy in his arms and tossed him up to the fireman.

"Catch the little engineer, Sam," he

There was a happy little laugh, and then vision of golden curls at the window.

"Mother, mother! Can you spare me

She smiled and nodded.

"I'll come back at 5.10"—the wheels they lifted it and laid it back upon the began to turn—"and the wood is in, mother"—the train was moving—"and the kindling"—the rattle of the cars drowned his voice—"box full"—how the steam only an awakening, as it seemed, of the roared! Not one word of what he was saying could reach her now, but he talked on, and when the steam ceased to roar, and 'Here I am, mother," he said, and she the train glided smoothly out, he leaned from the window. "Good-by, mother."



She heard and waved her hand. And then Engineer Robinson pulled him back to look at some roasted chestnuts the "train butcher" had sent up for him.

It was a marve!lous ride to the boy, who never ceased to wonder at the proud old engine and its magnificent strength. But for all the pleasure and freedom, there was a shadow all day on the boyish face, which neither the good things nor the wonderful stories which Engineer Robinson brought to his entertainment could quite dispel. He would climb up to the engineer's velvet cushion and lean his elbow on

Once the train stopped to wait for a de- herself a whole day." layed freight, and the engineer spoke to the boy, sitting silent at the window.

"Hello, Jack!" he said. "You're not asleep, are you? An engineer can't sleep, Whatever other sir; remember that. folks may do, he's got to keep his eyes am away off on your engine, sir." open."

friend.

"Yes, sir," he said, "that's just what sped on its way. father used to say.'

brought him home, sir, he said: 'Every love. man may jump but the engineer-the enme, like you try to speak when the steam's mother.' a-sizzing, sir; he said: 'Stick to the engine



"IT WAS A WONDERFUL RIDE FOR THE BOY, "

the window-sill, and dropping his cheek gineer leaned farther out, the sleeve of his into his hand, fall to dreaming while he blue overalls brushed his face, while Jack watched the clouds or the trees flitting talked on,—"I've been a-thinking all day as maybe I ought not to have left her by

The engineer answered, without turning his head:

"Oh, she's all right, Jack; she's safe." "But you know what father said. 'Stand by your mother, Jack,' and here I

The delayed freight rattled by twenty Jack's eyes filled as he looked at his old minutes late; the fireman threw in some coal, the steam began to puff, and No. 6

The wind, could it have spoken, must Engineer Robinson turned to look out have carried strange stories of what it saw at the other window, down the track—the and heard in its passage through the enstraight, treacherous track along which gine box that day; strange stories of rough poor Jack Connor had travelled to eternity. forms and gentle hearts, gruff voices and Young Jack talked on, softly but distender words, bearded chin and childish tinctly: "And father said, the night they cheek pressed together in sympathy and

No. 6 drew up on time at Antioch, 5.10. gineer must stick to the engine.' And he A door flew open as the whistle sounded said, father said, away off it seemed to four times, as if it said, "Here I am,

A little form was lowered from the enand stand by your mother, Jack.' And I've gine and went flying through the mist and been a-thinking, Mr. Robinson,"—the enfog towards the lighted doorway. As the train pulled out Engineer Robinson leaned from his window.

"Here I am, mother," the joyful greeting rang out, and the engineer saw Jack go straight into the arms opened to receive him.

"Here I am, mother,"—that became a very familiar cry among the nearest neigh- heart softened for Jack Connor's son. bors; and more than one eye filled up. Aye, many an eye wept and many a heart and ran over as little Jack Connor's voice, thrilling and hopeful, rang out on the to appear on the hill above the railroad frosty air of a winter's morning.

One evening he was late returning from

an errand upon which his mother had sent him. The clouds were heavy, as if they might hold snow.

Mrs. Connor knew that Jack would be cold and tired when he returned, so she took his basket and went out to the wood-

"I'll gather the chips," she said, "and save him that much work.'

But she had scarcelv begun her task when Jack came panting up the hill. "Why, mother,"

he called, "didn't you know I was coming?"

He expected her to lean upon him; as he grew older the feeling grew, and he was always disappointed if she failed to do so.

One morning she went out to her milking, and a strange dog met her and sprang

upon her. did, she threw the milking pail at him and to him. screamed for Jack.

He came with a bound, seizing a club as he passed the wood-pile.

"I'm coming, mother." Old Peter Glass, passing near, heard Jack's cry and ran down to see what was the matter. the mad beast, flourishing his club and bidding the dog be gone.

Peter relieved the loyal little fellow by killing the dog, which he afterwards declared to his wife was "raving mad."

"But mad or not," he added, "it wouldn't a-hindered that boy's pitching right in to fight for his mammy. always brings the tears to my eyes, somehow, when I come in contact with that manful little chap of Jack Connor's."

Peter Glass was not the only one whose bled for him when the little fellow ceased track.

It was June, glad, sunshiny June, when Jack's mother went one morning to call on a sick friend, an old neighbor, at the station just above

> Jack thought he had never seen so fair a day—the sun shone, the birds sang, and the flowers were everywhere.

> "You can come to meet me at twelve o'clock, Jack," his mother said, as she kissed his cheek. "I'll be sure to come on that train unless something happens.'

'' I'll be here, mother," said Jack, "to every train until you come.

The sun still shone when the train came in at noon. Jack thought the whistle sounded mournful, somehow. And the engine "slowed up" sooner than usual, so that the train came in "slow and solemn like.'

And the telegraph operator had laid his hand in a very gentle way on the boy's head as he hurried past him. And Engineer

Scarcely knowing what she Robinson never once looked out to speak The fireman, too, turned his face the other way and was busy with his The brakeman leaned on his shovel. brake and never lifted his eyes as the cars pulled up. Jack thought it all very strange.

"Here I am, mother."

The conductor cleared his throat when There he stood between his mother and the well-known welcome rang through the train. Passengers turned from the windows and put their handkerchiefs to their eyes, as if the sight of an eager little face aglow with expectation and delight were painful to them.



"DAY AFTER DAY, WHEN THE WHISTLE SOUNDED, A LITTLE FIGURE WAS SEEN TO CLIMB THE WOOD-PILE, . . . TO WATCH FOR HIS MOTHER."

"Here I am, mother" He was scanning every face eagerly, longingly, when the conductor stepped out.

Jack," he said, "she

isn't aboard.'

A shadow flitted across the bright countenance. The conductor took the boy's hand in his and held it close.

"Jack, my boy," he said, "you must be a man. Your mother has not come, - will not come, Jack. Your mother is dead, my son.'

And the sun still shone, but not for Jack.

He never knew the terrible story, how in stepping from the train her foot slipped and she fell beneath the wheels, which passed over her body. He never knew for from that day he never knew anything, except that she never came back to him.

Day after day when the whistle sounded a

little figure was seen to climb the woodwatch for his mother.

voice would ring out. And when the train had passed on some one would explain: "It's poor Jack Connor come to meet his "Stick to your engine and stand by mother." They grew accustomed to see- your mother, Jack," they heard him ing him there as the days drifted into years. "Every train until you come back," he had said; and day or night, winter or summer, the trainmen would see the cottage door open, and knew it was Jack waiting for his mother.

over his pillow; the poor little life was going. At ten o'clock he opened his eyes.
"Is No. 6 in yet?" he asked.

"Not yet, Jack," they told him.

He smiled and closed his eyes again.

"She'll be here on that train," he said. "I must go down to meet her when No. 6 comes in.'

No. 6 in?'



"JACK RAISED HIMSELF IN BED AND GAVE A CRY OF JOY. 'SHE'S IN!' HE SHOUTED. 'NO. 6 IS IN. HERE I AM, MOTHER!"

"Not yet, Jack, dear," they told him, pile—Jerry Crane's wood-pile now—to and he dropped back among his pillows, where he lay for an hour talking, first to "Here I am, mother," the shrill, clear the engine, then to Engineer Robinson. Then his mind wandered to his father and the night he died.

"'Stick to your engine and stand by whisper.

At midnight a whistle sounded sharp and shrill, and Jack raised himself in bed and gave a cry of joy: "She's in!" he shouted. No. 6 is in. Here I am, mother!'

The train pulled up and stopped. It One day they missed him; he was ill, was only a freight stopping for water, but raving with fever. Jerry Crane's wife bent that was nothing to Jack. A smile flitted "She's come," he said, across his face. and with a look of unutterable peace held out his arms and went to meet her.

The next day old Engineer Robinson swung himself clear of his engine and went down the platform to speak to the agent. When he climbed back to his seat at the engine window, he drew his At eleven he started and sat up in sleeve across his eyes and told the fireman bed. "Is she in yet?" he asked. "Is that little Jack Connor had gone to meet his mother.

ROBIN ADAIR: THE STORY OF A FAMOUS SONG.

By S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

Adair, in whose honor the words were more of the heart and mind than of the Ireland, and a descendant of the Des- consented to. mond Fitz-Geralds, "the mighty Geraldines." His father was made a knight- was appointed Inspector-General of Miliscrape, and as he possessed little money Good fortune did not spoil him, and he besides, received some slight personal in- and her husband, except on state occasions, jury. Adair at once offered his services, when he was obliged to don court costume, as he pleased.

Robin Adair was a wise and energetic young man, and took full advantage of the lucky turn in his fortunes to study assiduously; and soon, with the assistance of his patroness, acquired a good connection at the best end of the town. He was frequently at the dances given by this lady and others, and one night, at a party, he found that his partner was Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. It was a case of love at first sight-mutual love; and Lady Caroline's attachment was as sincere as it was sudden. Her kinsfolk were stupefied with amazement. She was sent abroad to see if travel would alter her determination and cure her of her "folly," but without avail; and gradually she fell ill. When she was at Bath for the benefit of her health (about 1750), she wrote the verses now so popular, and adapted them to the melody of "Eileen Aroon," which Robin Adair had doubtless often sung to her. At last the separation from Adair and the importunities of her

DERHAPS in the whole range of songs, relatives caused her to become so dangernew and old, none is so popular as the ously ill, that, upon the doctors despairing plaintive "Robin Adair." The real Robin of her life, and seeing the disease was written, was a native of County Wicklow, flesh, the union of the faithful pair was

baronet after the battle of the Boyne. tary Hospitals, and was afterwards made Robin or Robert, while studying in Dublin Surgeon-General, King's Sergeant-Surfor the medical profession, got into some geon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. and few friends, the only way he saw out of continued to work hard at his profession; the difficulty was flight. So he set out on and the king was so greatly gratified at foot for London. He had not gone far the successful way in which he treated the when he came upon a carriage that had Duke of Gloucester, that he offered to been overturned, for the roads at that make him a baronet. Adair, however, detime were in a horrible condition. The clined. Adored and admired by all who owner and occupant of the vehicle, a well- knew him, he lived to the ripe old age of known leader of fashionable society, was eighty, and his death was deeply lamented. greatly alarmed at the accident, and had, Lady Caroline, however, died rather early; and soon had the carriage righted, and the wore mourning in remembrance of his love lady carefully attended to. He then, at for his wife until he died, in 1790, when he her invitation, took a seat in her carriage was buried with her in the family vault. as a protector. Arrived in London, she Their only son, the Right Honorable Sir presented him with a hundred guineas, and Robert Adair, died in 1855, at the adinvited him to come to her house as often vanced age of ninety-two, after a brilliant career, especially as a diplomatist.

I here append the song as originally written by Lady Caroline at Bath:

> What's this dull town to me? Robin's not near; He whom I wish to see, Wish so to hear. Where's all the joy and mirth Made life a heaven on earth? O! they're all fled with thee, Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine? Robin Adair! What made the ball so fine? Robin was there! What when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore? O! it was parting with Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt far from me, Robin Adair! And now I never see Robin Adair. Yet he I love so well Still in my heart shall dwell. O! I can ne'er forget Robin Adair.

A NEW RHYTHMIC VERSION OF THE PSALMS.

BY CLIFTON HARBY LEVY.

MOST important and interesting work the Psalms into Engis now in process of issuing: nothing lish verse have failed less than an edition of the corrected text because too much was of the Old Testament and a modern trans- attempted. Here the lation, done by the hands of many of the spirit and the form of most eminent American and European the original have been scholars. Among them are, in the United reproduced with re-States, Professors Briggs, Toy, Moore, and markable faithfulness. Harper, and Dr. Ward of the "Indepen- In their original form dent"; and, in Europe, Professors De- the Psalms are not litzsch, Wellhausen, Driver, Kautsch, Socin, only poetical, but are and Cheyne. There are some thirty-five real poems, and the contributors, among whom are the most endeavor has been, in learned Semitic scholars in the world, this new translation, to Their aim is to send forth an edition of so present them. Here the Bible which will show the results of are some specimens of the latest and best scholarship and give a the new version, which translation in modern, idiomatic English. will show the aim and

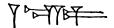
The idea and plan of the work origi- character of it much nated with Professor Paul Haupt of the better than any de- DR, HAUPT'S AUTOGRAPH IN Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, who is assisted in editing the English translation by Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the famous Shakespearean scholar. Professor Haupt has invented a novel method of illustrating the different periods in which the several parts of the Bible He does this by having 2 But who delights in the Law of JHVH were composed. the text printed upon backgrounds of different colors, thus offering to the eye a perspective, as it were, of the periods of the composition. From this distinguishing and important feature the work is called the "Polychrome Bible.

While the Polychrome Bible will be of particular interest to critical students, it will in its new translation be of great interest also to the general reader. Ten parts of the text are already published, but the translation is just on the eve of publication. One of the first translations to appear will be that of the Psalms, advance sheets of which have been kindly placed before us by the general editor, Professor Haupt. The text and a German translation have been prepared by Professor J. Wellhausen, a noted German scholar, and the English version has been done by Professor Haupt and Dr. Furness 3 in collaboration. It is a verse translation, and it approaches the original Hebrew very closely in idea, form, and rhythm. Former attempts at translating

scription.



DR. PAUL HAUPT.



CUNRIFORM CHARACTERS.

PSALM I.

- I Happy the man who follows not the counsel of the wicked.
- Nor treads the path of sinners, Nor sits in the company of scoffers:
- And on that Law meditates day and night.
- He is like a tree planted by the water-side, Which brings forth fruit in due season, And whose leaf never withers; And all that he does prospers.
- Not so the wicked, not so;
- They are like chaff which the wind scatters away. Therefore the wicked cannot stand in the judg-
- ment. Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous. For JIIVII gives heed to the course of the righteous.
- 6 But the course of the wicked is ruin.

PSALM II.

For the Liturgy. Of David.

- I In JHVH I trust; how can ye say to me:
- "Flee, O ye birds, to your mountains!
- 2 For the wicked are bending the bow, They are fitting the shaft to the string, Under darkness to shoot at those who are honest in thought,
- The pillars they are now tearing down: What do the righteous avail?
- JHVH in His holy Temple, JHVH, whose throne is in heaven— His eyes behold men, Yea, His eye-lashes try them.

Selah.

- 5 JHVII holds dear the righteous, But the wicked and lover of outrage His soul does abhor.
- 6 Coals of fire and brimstone He rains on the wicked,
- And in their goblet is a wind that is scorching. 7 For JHVH is just, and uprightness he loves,

His face shall the blameless behold.

PSALM 15.

Psalm of David.

- I O JHVII, in Thy tent who dares to sojourn? On Thy holy mountain who dares to dwell?
- 2 He who lives blamelessly, and practises righteousness,

And speaks from his heart what is true,

- Who utters no slander with his tongue, Does no wrong to another, And his neighbor he does not calumniate,
- 4 Pompous arrogance He despises, The God-fearing man he respects, He pledges his word to his neighbor, and keeps it,
- He puts not out his money at interest, And cannot be bribed to injure the innocent, He who does this, for all time cannot be shaken.

PSALM 24.

Of David. A Psalm.

- t The world is JHVH's, and the fulness thereof, The earth and its inhabitants.
- 2 He has founded it on seas, And established it on floods.
- Who dares ascend to worship on the mountain of HVH?

Who dares set foot on His holy abode?

- 4 He who has sinless hands and a pure conscience, Who cherishes no longing for evil, And never swears falsely.
- He will receive blessing from JHVII And righteousness from God, his Help.
- This is the circle of those who inquire after Him, Who seek Thy face, O God of Jacob! Selah.
- 7 Lift up your heads, ye gates! Lift yourselves up, ye primeval doors! That the King of glory may come in!
- Who is the King of Glory? JHVII, the Mighty, the Hero, JHVII, the Hero in battle.
- 9 Lift up your heads, ye gates, Lift yourselves up, ye primeval doors! That the King of Glory may come in.
- 10 Who, then, is the King of Glory? JHVII Sabaoth, He is the King of Glory.

PSALM 26.

Of David.

- I Right me, O JHVH! my conscience is clear, And in JHVH I trust without wavering.
- Try me, O JHVH, and prove me, Test thou my mind and my heart!
- Ever-present is Thy kindness before me, And in Thy faithfulness do I walk.
- 4 I sit not in the company of men who are false, And with dissemblers I have no converse.
- 5 I hate the society of caitiffs, And sit not in the company of the wicked.
- 6 I wash my hands in innocence, And I go about Thine altar, O JHVH,
- To chant aloud my gratitude, And to recount all Thy wonders.
- O HIVH, I love the house where Thou dwellest, And the mansion of Thy majesty.
- 9 Snatch not away my soul together with sinners, And my life with men of blood,
- In whose hand is violence.
- Whose right hand is full of bribes.
- 11 As for me, my conscience is clear, Deliver me, and be gracious to me.
- 12 My foot stands on even ground; In congregations will I praise JHVH.

One Psalm with the accompanying explanatory notes is subjoined, to give some idea of the character of the notes appended to all of the Psalms when necessary.

PSALM 87.1

Of the Sons of Korah: A Psalm, a Song.

- 1 How fair is the city of God
- Which He has founded on holy mountains!
- JHVII loves the gates of Zion More than all the dwellings of Jacob.
- A glorious thing is told of thee, O thou city of God!
- Natives of Rahab and Babylon, Of Philistia and Tyre, and even of Cush,
- Are among my followers. But every one calls Zion his mother, And of it is every one native.
- He Himself, the Most High, keeps it. JHVH writes in the Book of Nations This one is native here and that one there, Selah. But, gentle or simple *-

The home of them all is in thee, O Jerusalem!

- ¹ The text is corrupt in several places, but the meaning is clear. The Jews are dispersed over the whole world, but the home and mother of them all is Zion

 ² i.e., Egypt, cf. Ps. 89, 10; Isa 30, 7; 51, 9.

 ³ The real home of every Jew is Zion, no matter where he may have been born.
- may have been born

 The civic register in which the names of all the dispersed citizens of JHVH's people are recorded.

 noble or humble.

Selah.





BY RUDYARD KIPLING

THEY christened my brother of old,
And a saintly name he bears;
They gave him his place to hold
At the head of the belfry stairs,
Where the minster-towers stand
And the breeding kestrels cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(Shoal! 'Wure Shoal!) Not I.

In the flush of the hot June prime,
O'er sleek flood-tides afire,
I hear him hurry the chime
To the bidding of checked Desire,
Till the sweated ringers tire
And the wild bob-majors die.
Could I wait for my turn in the pimping choir?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

When the smoking scud is blown,
And the greasy wind-rack lowers,
Apart and at peace and alone,
He counts the changeless hours.
He wars with darkling towers;
I war with darkling sea.
Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not he.

There was never a priest to pray,
There was never a hand to toll,
When they made me guard o' the bay
And moored me over the shoal.
I rock and I reel and I roll;
My four great hammers ply.
Could I speak or be still at the Church's will?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

The landward marks have failed,
The fog-bank glides unguessed,
The seaward lights are veiled,
The spent deep feigns her rest;
But my ear is laid to her breast,
I lift to the swell, I cry.
Could I wait in sloth on the Church's oath?
(Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!) Not I.

364



GRANT IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

· By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

BARRACKS LIFE AT ST. LOUIS.-GRANT'S COURTSHIP OF MISS JULIA DENT,-HIS PART IN THE MEXICAN WAR.—A DARING RIDE AT MONTEREY.—TWO IMPORTANT UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM GRANT.—GRANT'S BOLD CHARGE INTO THE CITY OF MEXICO.—HIS STANDING AND CHARACTER AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

A BOUT ten miles south of the city of for St. Louis was then a far-Western town St. Louis, on a fine height which and a most important military centre. No overlooks the oily, tawny-colored flood of less than sixteen companies of infantry buildings have been added, and the trees his graduation from West Point. Colonel have grown, but the old buildings set round Stephen Kearney commanded the post. the square of sward are quite untouched and commanded it reasonably, and the

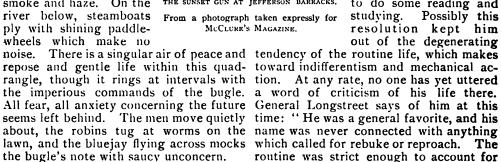
of change. They look as they did in 1843, when Ulysses Grant joined the army there, and entered upon his duties as brevet second lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry. They are of whitewashed stone, with galleries and generous roofs, in the Southern manner. At the eastern end of the campus is set the flagstaff, and under it the brass cannon which serves as evening gun. Across the river are wooded banks, and to the north the city of St. Louis shows vaguely in the smoke and haze. On the river below, steamboats ply with shining paddlewheels which make no

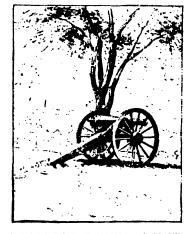
the bugle's note with saucy unconcern.

It was a large post in the early forties, every man and to fill his time pretty thor-

the Mississippi River, is set the Jefferson were stationed at Jefferson Barracks when Barracks of early Western history. New Grant was assigned to duty there just after

> young lieutenant found army life very agreeable. The routine was not severe, and though his room was bare and the duty monotonous, yet there was compensating charm. For diversion, men and officers alike looked to St. Louis. Between roll-call and drill the officers were permitted to enjoy themselves without inquisitorial search into their plans and motives. With his mind still set on securing a situation as teacher, Grant set to work to do some reading and studying. Possibly this resolution kept him





THE SUNSET GUN AT JEFFERSON BARRACKS. From a photograph taken expressly for

Note.—With the abundance of material gathered by Mr. Garland on the period of Grant's life covered by the present paper, particularly in reference to Grant's service in the Mexican War, it would have been easy to carry the narrative on through a second paper. But this would have prolonged the series beyond our first plan, and conflicted with other matter already arranged for; so it was deemed better to condense the material. In the book form which the papers are finally to take there will not be this need of condensation.—Editor. 366



THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT LIVED FOR A TIME AT JEFFERSON BARRACKS. From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

oughly. It was about like that at West filled with young people. He was moved Mexican War was threatening." *

to the northwest, towards Georgetown, in-St. Louis at a point about nine miles outside the city. This byway came to be a familiar one to Ulysses Grant, for Colonel Dent, the father of Grant's classmate and roommate, F. T. Dent, lived on the Gravois plain farmhouse, with two smallish rooms road, a mile or two beyond its intersection and a hall in the main part below. It had been fond enough of Ulysses Grant to cabin and kitchen at the rear. It was visit him at his home in Bethel, and also imposing by reason of its galleries, its to invite him to visit in return at "White position, and the beautiful surroundings Haven," as the elder Dent called his it overlooked. It was not so overawing country seat. Before Grant was able to to the young Ohioan as Colonel Dent pay the visit, however, Frederick Dent himself, who was at this time a middle-was forced to report for duty in a regiment aged man of large frame and irascible stationed farther west.

THE COURTSHIP AND ENGAGEMENT OF GRANT AND MISS DENT.

young girls, Julia, Emma, and Ellen, said, wondered at his son's taste in taking Julia, a girl of seventeen, was at school in to himself such an intimate. His dislike St. Louis, and Lieutenant Grant upon of Grant grew when he saw his daughter making his first visit to White Haven did Julia quite evidently pleased with the

* From an interview with General Longstreet, held November 21, 1896, for McClure's Magazine.

Point, with thorough daily drill, for the to repeat his visit even before Miss Julia returned from St. Louis, and afterwards he From the barracks an irregular road led very frequently rode out there between drills, clattering furiously up the road in tersecting the famous Gravois road from his impetuous, boyish fashion, for between drill and roll-call was short space to make a lover's visit in, especially when the young lady's home was several miles away.

White Haven, for all its title, was but a with the barrack road. Frederick Dent had an addition on the west, and a negro temper, quite the ideal in manner of a gentleman of the plantation. According to local testimony, he took small interest in Ulysses Grant, who was a plain, inexpressive youth, quite commonplace in The Dent household contained three all discernible ways. The colonel, it is not meet her, though he found the house young soldier. Mrs. Dent, on the contrary, liked young Grant at once. Her keen sense apprehended in him honesty,

was wholly committed to the young lieu- first. tenant's future weal or woe.

Dent family depended for society largely on their neighbors. At the home of the Longs, the Sappingtons, or the Dents, the young people gathered of evenings to dance and sing, and in these merrymakings Grant and some of his fellow-officers from the barracks were frequent participants. On the other hand, Miss Julia Dent was a frequent dancer at the barrack "hops." And in time these frequent meetings stirred in Lieutenant Grant a desire beyond every other felt by him-to win the small hand of this Missouri girl.

The courtship proceeded in the true they are not the principals in the matter, matter. Beautiful days followed—days ancestry behind him. to be remembered till death. Over the lovely hills and through secluded, wooded lovers, being astute young Americans, lanes the young people rode or drove agreed to say nothing to Miss Dent's par-without prevision of trouble. Then one ents till Grant's return from the South, at day an order came to the Fourth Infantry least.* Grant felt pretty sure that Coloto break camp and join the Second Dra- nel Dent would not favor his suit. A poor, goons at Fort Jessup in Louisiana.

Grant had just obtained a twenty days' in fact, on the road, and there was no way of recalling him save by letter; so he jourto Jefferson Barracks, saddled his horse, and rode to White Haven.

He arrived at White Haven on the day of a wedding to which the Dents were going, and all things conspired to make him very determined and more than usually serious. He found Miss Julia in a carriage, just start-He persuaded the brother to brother.

loyalty, and a certain unmeasured power. take his horse, and so won a place beside Her greetings continued to be cordial even her in the single-seated carriage, and they after it appeared that her daughter Julia started. He was unusually silent at

Now it chanced that heavy rains had Georgetown was back country at this swollen the Gravois to abnormal size, and time. St. Louis was ten miles away, over the frail bridge which spanned it was nearly a bad road, and its pleasures were quite submerged with a wild and turbid flood. out of reach in winter. Therefore the As they approached it Miss Dent grew apprehensive, and said:

"Are you sure it's all right?"

"Oh, yes, it's all right," Grant replied, man fashion to womankind.

"Well, now, Ulysses, I'm going to cling to you, if we go down," Miss Dent said.
"We won't go down," he replied, and

drove across, while the frightened girl clung to his arm.

She released her hold as they reached the other side of the bridge, and he drove in thoughtful silence for some distance. At length he cleared his throat, and said: "Julia, you spoke just now of clinging to American fashion—that is to say, without me, no matter what happened. I wonder asking by-your-leave of the parents: since if you would cling to me all my life?" This was a great deal of imagery for a man anyhow, their objections are of small with eight generations of New England

The answer was favorable; but the plain, young second lieutenant (by courtesy), a youth whisked about at the comleave of absence to visit Ohio. He was, mand of the War Department, was a very bad match for Miss Julia Dent. parted hopeful and resolute, Grant to join neyed on without worry.* His worry be- his regiment near Natchitoches, Louisiana, gan when a letter reached him telling him and Miss Dent to go back to White Haven his regiment was about to move. He had to wait, which is the lot of women—to not arrived at a definite understanding with wait and to suffer. She found her great-Miss Dent, being content merely to meet est pleasure, during the years of separaher day by day; but now war was threaten- tion which followed, in his letters. He ing, and it seemed of paramount necessity had always been a good letter-writer, and that he should know her precise feeling under the stimulus of love and a life of toward him. He returned in express haste action in strange scenes, he surpassed himself. He delineated the landscape, the camp-life, and the campaigns; he discussed governmental policies; and through it all ran the strong under-current of a pure and loyal love.

In March, 1845, President Tyler signed the bill for the annexation of Texas, and ing to the wedding in company with her the Lone Star republic became a part of the United States, and General Zachary Taylor, the famous Indian fighter, and commander of the Southwest district.

Personal Memoirs t Letter to Mrs. Bailey of Georgetown, wherein he concisely says, "I called around by way of St. Louis, where I spent four or five days very pleasantly." That phrase "called around" is deliciously careless.

^{*&}quot; Personal Memoirs," and also an interview with Mrs. Grant by Frank G. Carpenter.

was ordered to occupy "the disputed terpopular with the garrisons of Florida. ritory," which was a tract lying between Then all went well."* the Nueces and Colorado rivers. Early given reluctantly, but it was given, and in several farces; one that I recall was the young soldier set face at last toward 'The Irish Lion.' I was in the cast also." actual warfare and possible death. It is easy to imagine that he did not return to his regiment whistling for joy. He had no desire for military renown. Mexico would have fired the "lean little Corsican" with colossal plans of empire; but Lieutenant Grant saw injustice and agin the name of freedom, seized upon a the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca. chance to widen its slave territory. Nevertheless he was a soldier; and when he joined his regiment he entered upon his duties with outward readiness.

Corpus Christi, the next station of the army, was a cross between a frontier ranch and a smuggler's camp.* The town when the army arrived there consisted of twenty adobe houses. In a few weeks it was a town of a thousand inhabitants, not counting the soldiers. Camp-followers, traders, and settlers, encouraged by the security given by the presence of the soldiers, made up this miscellaneous and not over-

refined population.†

A very curious and interesting story of Grant is told by General Longstreet in an account of life in the camp at Corpus Christi. "The officers," says General Longstreet, "built a theatre, depending murmur. upon their own efforts to reimburse them. As there was no one outside the army there, our dramatic company was organized among the officers, who took both male it. But they confined their hostilities (except their and female parts. In farce and comedy paper ones) to small detached parties and single inwe did well enough, and soon collected funds enough to pay for the building and until they had their force augmented to thrible or incidental expenses. We found ourselves of which the papers are full. About the least of April sufficiently in funds to send over to New we got word of the enemy crossing the river, no doubt Orleans for costumes, and concluded to with the intention of cutting us off from our supplies sufficiently in funds to send over to New try tragedy. chosen, Lieutenant Theoderic Porter to be the Moor, and Lieutenant U. S. Grant to be the daughter of Brabantio. But after rehearsal Porter protested that male heroines could not support the character nor give sentiment to the hero; so we sent over to New Orleans for Mrs. Hart, who was

*Longstreet's "Story of the War."
†"Personal Memoirs."

Grant was probably selected for his in May Lieutenant Grant, believing he was small stature, handsome face, and soft about to go into war, with the chance of voice. In an interview, General Longbeing killed, asked for a leave of absence, street added: "Grant looked very well and hastened to St. Louis to see his bride- indeed dressed up; but Porter insisted elect and to get the consent of Colonel that there was hardly sentiment enough in Dent to their marriage. The consent was having a man play the part. Grant played

> GRANT'S OWN ACCOUNT OF RESACA AND PALO ALTO-AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

Of the advance of the army from Corpus Christi we have an account in a letter written by Grant himself from Matamoras, gression in the campaign, and believed a on June 26, 1846. This letter, hitherto retribution was in store for a nation which, unpublished, gives also a strong picture of

> MATAMORAS, MEXICO, June 26th, 1846.

DEAR LOWE:

I have just received your letter of the 6th of June. the first I have had from you since my regiment took the field in anticipation of the annexation of Texas. Since that time the 4th Infantry has experienced but little of that ease and luxury of which the Hon. Mr. Black speaks so much. Besides hard marching, a great part of the time we have not even been blessed with a good tent as a protection against wind and weather.

At Corpus Christi our troops were much exposed last winter, which the citizens say was the severest season they have had for many years. From Corpus Christi to this place (a distance of about 180 miles) they had to march through a long sandy desert covered with salt ponds, and in one or two instances ponds of drinkable water were separated by a whole day's march. The troops suffered much, but stood it like men who were able to fight many such battles as those of the 8th and oth of May; that is, without a

On our arrival at the Rio Grande we found Matamoras occupied by a force superior to ours (in numbers), who might have made our march very uncomfortable if they had have had the spirit and courage to attempt paper ones) to small detached parties and single individuals, as in the cases you mention in your letter, of which the papers are full. About the last of April The Moor of Venice was at Point Isabel. On the 1st of April at three o'clock General Taylor started with about 2000 men to go after and escort the wagon train from Point Isabel,

*Longstreet's "Story of the War."
† This valuable letter is here published for the first time.
John W. Lowe, to whom it was written, acted upon his friend
Grant's suggestion and entered the Mexican War himself, as
captain of a volunteer company from Ohio; and in letters
written to his family, he speaks of meeting Grant in the City
of Mexico. He afterwards entered the Civil War, as Colonel
of the Twelfth Ohio Infantry, and was killed in the battle of
Carnifex Ferry, West Virginia, September 20, 1862. The
original letter is now in the possession of his grandson, John
W. Lowe of Chicago.

and with the determination to cut his way, no matter how superior their numbers.

Our march on this occasion was as severe as could be made. Until three o'clock at night we scarcely halted; then we laid down in the grass and took a little sleep, and marched the balance of the way the next morning. Our march was mostly through grass up to the waist with a wet and uneven bottom, yet we made thirty miles in much less than a day. I consider my march on that occasion equal to a walk of sixty miles in one day on good roads and unencumbered with troops. The next morning after our arrival at Point Isabel we heard the enemy's artillery playing upon the little field work which we had left garrisoned by the 7th Infantry and two companies of ar-This bombardment was kept up for seven tillery. days, with a loss of but two killed and four or five wounded on our side. The loss of the enemy was much greater, though not serious.

On the 7th of May General Taylor started from Point Isabel with his little force, encumbered with a train of about 250 wagons loaded with provisions and ammunition. Although we knew the enemy was between us and Matamoras, and in large numbers too. yet I did not believe, I was not able to appreciate, the possibility of an attack from them. We had heard so much bombast and so many threats from the Mexicans that I began to believe that they were good for paper wars alone, but they stood up to their work

manfully.

On the 8th, when within about fourteen miles of Matamoras, we found the enemy drawn up in line of battle on the edge of the prairie, next a piece of woods called Palo Alto (which is the Spanish for tall trees), Even then I did not believe they were going to give battle. Our troops were halted out of range of artillery, and the wagons parked, and the men allowed to fill their canteens with water. All preparations being made, we marched forward in line of battle until we received a few shots from the enemy, and then we halted, and our artillery commenced.

The first shot was fired about three o'clock P.M. and was kept up pretty equally on both sides until sundown or after; we then encamped on our own ground, and the enemy on theirs. We supposed that the loss of the enemy had not been much greater than our own, and expected of course that the fight would be renewed in the morning. During that night I believe all slept as soundly on the ground at Palo Alto as if they had been in a palace. For my part, I

don't think I even dreamed of battles.

During the day's fight I scarcely thought of the probability or possibility of being touched myself (although 9-pound shots were whistling all round) until near the close of the evening a shot struck the ranks a little ways in front of me and knocked one man's head off, knocked the under jaw of Capt. Page entirely away, and brought several others to the ground. Although Capt. Page received so terrible a wound, he is recovering from it. The under jaw is gone to the windpipe, and the tongue hangs down upon the throat. He will never be able to speak or to eat.

The next morning we found to our surprise that the last rear guard of the enemy was just leaving their ground, the main body having left during the night. From Palo Alto to Matamoras there is for a great part of the way a dense forest of undergrowth, here called chaparral. The Mexicans, after having marched a few miles through this, were reënforced by a considerable body of troops. They chose a place on the opposite side from us of a long but narrow pond (called Resaca de la Palma), which gave them greatly the advantage of position. Here they

made a stand. The fight was a pell-mell affair, every-body for himself. The chaparral is so dense that you may be within five feet of a person and not know it. Our troops rushed forward with shouts of victory, and would kill and drive away the Mexicans from every piece of artillery they could get their eyes upon. The Mexicans stood this hot work for over two hours, but with a great loss. When they did retreat there was such a panic among them that they only thought of safety in flight. They made the best of their way for the river, and wherever they struck it they would rush in. Many of them no doubt were drowned.

Our loss in the two days was 182 killed and wounded. What the loss of the enemy was cannot be certainly ascertained, but I know acres of ground were strewed with the bodies of the dead and wounded. I think it would not be an over-estimate to say that their loss from killed, wounded, taken prisoners, and missing was over 2,000, and of the remainder nothing now scarcely remains. So precipitate was their flight when they found that we were going to cross the river and take the town, that sickness broke out among them, and as we have understood, they have but little effective force left. News has been received that Parades is about taking the field with a very large force. Daily, volunteers are arriving to reënforce us, and soon we will be able to meet them in whatever force they choose to come. What will be our course has not been announced in orders, but no doubt we will carry the war into the interior.

Monterey, distant about 300 miles from here, will no doubt be the first place where difficulties with an enemy await us. You want to know what my feelings were on the field of battle! I do not know that I felt any peculiar sensation. War seems much less terrible to persons engaged in it than to those who read of the battles.

I forgot to tell you in the proper place the amount of property taken. We took on the 9th eight pieces of artillery with all their ammunition; something like 2000 stand of arms, muskets, pistols, swords, sabres, lances, &c.; 500 mules with their packs; camp equipage and provisions, and in fact everything they When we got into the camp of the enemy everything showed the great confidence they had of success. They were actually cooking their meal dursuccess. ing the fight, and as we have since learned, the women of Matamoras were making preparations for a great festival upon the return of their victorious armv.

The people of Mexico are a very different race of people from ours. The better class are very proud, and tyrannize over the lower and much more numerous class as much as a hard master does over his negroes, and they submit to it quite as humbly. The great majority [of the] inhabitants are either pure or more than half-blooded Indians, and show but little more signs of neatness or comfort in their miserable dwellings than the uncivilized Indian. Matamoras contains probably about 7,000 inhabitants, a great majority of them of the lower order. It is not a place of as much business importance as our little towns of 1,000. But no doubt I will have an opportunity of knowing more of Mexico and the Mexicans before I leave the country, and I will take another occasion of telling you more of them.

Don't you think Mr. Polk has done the officers of the army injustice by filling up the new regiment of riflemen from citizens?* It is plain to be seen that we have but little to expect from him. I have now

^{*}Grant had applied for a command in this regiment. For political reasons the bill authorizing the equipment of the regiment specified that it should be officered from civillan

written you a long letter; as soon as anything more is done I will write again. If you have an opportunity, I wish you would let them know at home that I am well. I don't think I have written in the last four weeks. I should like very much to see you here in command of a volunteer company. I think you would not be affected by the climate. So far our troops have had their health remarkably well.

Remember me to your own and Judge Fishback's family. I suppose Tom [Mr. Lowe's son] has grown so much that he almost thinks of volunteering for the Mexican wars himself. I shall be pleased to hear from you as often as you will make it convenient to write, and will answer all your letters.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT, 4th Infy.

J. W. Lowe, Esq., Batavia, O.

GRANT AS A QUARTERMASTER.

The battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were hardly more than skirmishes in comparison with the more important



MRS, DENT, MOTHER OF MRS, U. S. GRANT. From a photograph loaned by Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr.

tenant, was made regimental quartermas- of Mexican pack-mules of the time." supplies must not go astray or fall behind. order. Its ammunition must be ready, and its ambulances on hand. must not be forgotten that he was a mere thousand feet in altitude, walling it in.



From a photograph loaned by Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr.

stripling-a small, smooth-faced youth, of slight boyish figure, with rather long, square-cut hair, depending from a gig-top cap. He must have been considered trusty, energetic, and of good administrative ability to be so chosen. Certainly he was a popular officer. There are many complaints of cruelty on the part of young officers toward their men, but no such complaint was ever made of Grant. He was kind and just to all men. And no-where did he show his equable temper, his command over himself, more convincingly, than in his service as quartermaster in that land of burning sun and scant grass. He has himself indicated one of the peculiar difficulties when he said: "I am not aware of ever having used a profane expletive in my life; but I would have the operations soon begun against Monterey. charity to excuse those who may have At Camargo, Grant, now full second lieu- done so, if they were in charge of a train ter, a position requiring activity, resource, His old comrades say he was active, pa-and regularity of habit, and one which tient, resourceful, and prompt. He was cannot be well filled by sleepy or dull- learning a great lesson those days. He witted men. An army must be fed. Its brought his command through in good

Monterey was the principal town in To always have northern Mexico at that time. In 1846 it these necessaries of an army in readiness possessed fifteen or twenty thousand peois no small duty. It means early rising, ple. It was, in fact, a fortified town of methodical habits, and careful scrutiny of Mexican Indians, governed by a few Mexidetails. This appointment is important, can-Spanish priests and soldiers. It was therefore, as showing how Grant was re-situated in a magnificent, wide, flat valley, garded by his superiors at this time. It with noble mountains from three to seven ered with mesquite and other forms of muskets of the men on the housetops. chaparral.

Apparently nothing hindered marching GRANT'S BOLD RIDE IN FRONT OF THE directly upon the town. Taylor soon discovered, however, that the citizens had made careful preparation for receiving thousand men, was in command.

spot, apparently. the enemy. On the morning of the 20th, General Taylor said, "General Worth, you will take your division and make the attempt to dislodge the enemy to the north and west. I shall consider your attack the main movement."

Lieutenant Grant remained with the eastern division of the army, and all day he watched with eager eyes to see the inexorable advance of the northern army. Guns were run forward to a ravine before Keep on the side streets and ride hard.' the "black fort," and planted where they could shell the enemy, while reconnoitring parties were out to the east.

As regimental quartermaster, Lieutenant Grant had no business to leave camp,* but blood, and when the cannonading thickfront. He reached the line just in time to from the housetops joined the din.

Mexicans across the bridge and back into back.* the city.

ners lying behind low parapets of sand-

General Taylor approached it from the bags or blocks of adobe, and the Amerieast, and camped about three miles from cans paused, after crossing the Bridge of the city, at a fine group of springs, shaded the Saint, and scattered out into the side then as now by noble pecan and walnut streets. Every avenue leading west was trees. The plain is quite level and cov- swept by guns in the plaza, and by the

ENEMY AT MONTEREY.

Nevertheless ten companies under comhim. General Ampudia, with ten or eleven mand of Colonel Garland forced their way, by successive rushes from street to street, Ulvsses Grant now watched to see what up almost to the plaza itself. But thence General Taylor, who had already become they could go neither forward nor back; his hero, would do. Here was a town they could only pop away at any Mexican with complete defences. It had no weak head they sighted. So the battle hung How would Taylor poised till Colonel Garland discovered his attack? He resorted to the familiar and ammunition to be running low. It then primitive method—he prepared to flank became necessary to get word to General Twiggs, his division commander, calling for ammunition or reinforcements.

"Boys," said Colonel Garland, "I've got to send some one back to General Twiggs. It's a dangerous job, and I don't like to order any man to do it. Who'll volunteer?'

"I will," said Quartermaster Grant promptly. "I've got a horse."

"Good. You're just the man to do it.

Grant needed no instructions. He was the best horseman in the command. He had the resource of an Indian. He flung himself on his horse, with one heel behind the saddle's cantle, and one hand the excitement grew too great for his young wound in his horse's mane, with the other Amid cheers from guiding his course. ened, he mounted a horse and rode to the his comrades he dashed down a side street leading to the north, a street which looked hear the thrilling order, "Charge!" which like a dry canal. At every crossing he meant death to many brave fellows. Hith- was exposed to view, and the enemy, geterto the fighting had been done by cannon ting his range, sent a slash of bullets shots. At once the men were under the down each street as he flashed past. Hangfire of the terrible "black fort," and also ing thus he forced his horse to leap a fourof the batteries at the eastern end of the foot wall. He rode to the north till out town. As they drew nearer, the musketry of fire, then turned to the east, and in a few moments' time drew rein before Gen-Grant plunged into the charge, and being eral Twiggs, and breathlessly uttered his the only man mounted, became a special message. General Twiggs gave the order target for bullets, but escaped unhurt. He to collect the ammunition, but before it was with the command when it forced the could be done the troops came pouring

That night ended the fighting; for while Every housetop was manned by gun- the demonstrations at the east ended thus unsuccessfully, General Worth with his Texas troops was making way inexorably toward the plaza from the west. houses were all built on the street, with

^{*}In a letter to his parents he said: "I do not mean that you shall ever hear of my shirking my duty in battle. My new post of quartermaster is considered to afford an officer an opportunity to be relieved from fighting, but I do not and can not see it in that light. You have always taught me that the post of danger is the post of duty."

^{*} Richardson's "Life of Grant," "Personal Memoirs,"



NEW ORLEANS BARRACKS.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine. Grant spent several weeks in New Orleans Barracks on his way to Mexico, and his regiment returned there at the close of the war.

the gardens behind, and these gardens variance with Taylor's. He had all along of adobe. Worth's men, accustomed to attacked directly from the east, with Vera and with picks and axes cut through these he pushed his way with reënforcements. soft walls, and thus under cover advanced Lieutenant Grant was transferred with his steadily from house to house. The army regiment from General David Twiggs's ate its way like some monster worm, rod division, under Taylor's command, to the by rod, until General Ampudia felt the division of General William Worth, under prolongation of the struggle to be useless, and on the morning of September 24, 1846, the garrison surrendered.

ry," says General Longstreet, "Grant's Cruz, where Scott was assembling his litname does not appear in the reports. In the army of invasion like Cortes of the those days it was hard for a young officer sixteenth century. to get mention unless he did something of more easily obtained. They were sometimes obtained for merely looking at a battle.

through the North; the victor of Monterey and Matamoras was rapidly mounting to administration determined to cripple him son.

were separated from each other by walls insisted that the City of Mexico should be Mexican towns, battered down the doors, Cruz as a landing point, and thitherward Scott. He therefore retraced the severe journey to Camargo and Matamoras, whence, by much over-loaded transports, Though behaving with such gallant- he and his comrades were carried to Vera

The city of Vera Cruz, lying nearly due very conspicuous bravery. After a man east of the City of Mexico, was an old got to be captain or colonel a brevet was town, built then, as now, of stone and adobe, in the one-storied Spanish fashion, with several superb churches, and with flat-roofed, unimposing buildings. It is a The victories of "Old Rough and place of tropical heat and extreme humid-Ready" Taylor were already resounding ity, yet it was and is the main port of entry for the City of Mexico.

On Lobos Island, just below the city, the position of a popular hero, and the Scott made a landing, March 9, 1847, with no little pomp, the bands playing "Yanif possible. It was decided, at length, to kee Doodle," and the French, Spanish, discredit his line of attack, and to put and English looking on. The site of Vera General Winfield Scott, the commander- Cruz is quite level, but back of it, in a half in-chief of the army, into the field in per- circle, runs a series of low sand-hills. On these hills Scott encamped and planted his Scott's plan of campaign was quite at siege guns. Quartermaster Grant is said

to have unofficially supervised this siege. in pursuance of his policy to see all that went on. It was all a battle of cannon, and the infantry had little to do but swelter on the sand and fight flies and fleas. The town of Vera Cruz soon capitulated, and Scott, aware of the danger to his men

marched in imposing review in at the south gate and out of the north gate, and started for Jalapa, the next considerable town on the main highway to the City of Mexico. A few days later, in the strong mountain pass of Cerro Gordo, he encountered the Mexican army under Santa Anna.

GRANT'S OWN AC-COUNT OF THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO -- AN UN-PUBLISHED LET-TER.

Grant has left an interesting account of the famous battle of Cerro Gordo, and of the subsequent movements of the army, in the following letter, written, like the preceding one, to John W. Lowe, of Batavia, Ohio, only fifteen

days after the battle, and never before about 6000 to be taken prisoners with all their published.*

> TIPLING AHUALCO, MEXICO. Mar 3, 1547.

DEAR LOWE:

Just as the troops were leaving Vera Cruz I received a letter from my young friend Tom and yourself. Now that we will probably be stationary for four or five days, I avail myself of the opportunity of answering. I see that you have written me several letters which you have not received answers to. I always make it a point to answer all your letters and am only sorry I don't get more of them. You say you would like to hear more about the war. If you

had seen as much of it as I have you would be tired of the subject. Of our success at Vera Cruz you have read everything. The strength of the town, its forts and castle, the papers are full, and they do not exaggerate. On the 13th of April the rear division of General Scott's army left Vera Cruz to ascend the mountains and drive Santa Anna from his strong position in one of the passes.

On the night of the 15th, General Worth arrived of longer stay in this land of yellow fever, at Plana del Rio, three miles from the battle-ground.

General Twiggs, with his division, had been there several days preparing for an attack. By the morning of the 17th the way was completed to go around the pass, Cerro Gordo, and make the attack in the rear as well as in the front. The difficulties to surmount made the undertaking almost equal to Bonaparte's crossing the Alps. Cerro Gordo is a long, narrow pass, the mountains towering far above the road on either side. Some five of the peaks were fortified and armed with artillery and infantry.

At the outlet of the mountain gorge a strong breastwork was thrown up, and five pieces placed in embrasure,

sweeping the road so that it would have been impossible for any force in the world to have advanced. Immediately behind this is a peak of the mountains several hundred feet higher than any of the others and commanding them. It was on this height that General Twiggs made his attack. As soon as the Mexicans saw this height taken they knew the day was up with them. Santa Anna va-mosed with a small part GENERAL WINEIFTD SCOTT AT THE TIME OF THE MEXICAN WAR, of his force, leaving

arms, supplies, etc. Santa Anna's loss could not have been less than 5000 killed, wounded, taken prisoners, and missing. The pursuit was so close upon the retreating few that Santa Anna's carriage and mules were taken, and with them his wooden leg and some twenty or thirty thousand dollars in money.

Between the thrashing the Mexicans have got at Buena Vista, Vera Cruz, and Cerro Gordo, they are so completely broken up that if we only had transportation we could go to the City of Mexico and wherever else we liked without resistance. Garrisons could be established in all the important towns, and the Mexicans prevented from ever raising another army. Santa Anna is said to be at Orizaba, at the foot of a mountain always covered with snow and of the same name. He has but a small force.

Orizaba looks from here as if you could almost



Drawn by T. V. Chominski after a painting by Chappel.

^{*} The original letter is now in the possession of J. W. Lowe, of Chicago, a grandson of the recipient of it.



THE BRIDGE OF THE SAINT, MONTEREY.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Mag-AZINE. It was across this bridge that the division in which Grant was fighting charged into the centre of the town. The shrine of the saint, from which the bridge derives its name, was destroyed in the battle, but was subsequently rebuilt.

throw a stone to it, but it looked the same from Jalapa, some fifty miles back, and was even visible from Vera Cruz. Since we left the seacoast the improvement in the appearance of the people and the style

best in the world. The scenery is beautiful, and a great deal of mag-nificent tableland spreads out above you and below you. Jalapa is the most beautiful place that I ever saw. It is about 4000 feet above sea, and being in the Torrid Zone, they have the everlasting spring fruit and vegetables the year around. I saw there a great many handsome ladies and more well-dressed men than I had ever seen before in the Repub-

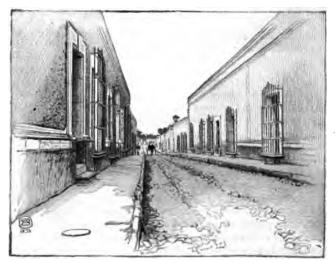
From Jalapa we marched to Perote, and walked quietly into the Strong Castle that you no doubt have read about. It is a great work. One brigade, the one I belong to, is now twenty miles in advance of Perote. Soon, no doubt, we will advance upon Puebla. I am regimental quartermaster, appointed under the new law allowing one to each regiment and giving extra allowances.

Remember me to all your family and Judge Fishback's. Tell Tom he must write to me again. I will be much pleased to receive all the letters you will write to me, and all that Tom will write too. I will

have a beard more than four inches long, and it is Your Friend,

U. S. GRANT, 4th Infy.

The battle of Cerro Gordo, like the battle of Buena Vista on the north, opened the way to the capital. The army of victory moved steadily on toward the heart of the nation. In a letter to his parents, written in May, 1847, about the same time as the letter above, Grant furnishes a further view into his situation and employments. "We are progressing steadily," he wrote, "towards the Mexican capital. Since I last wrote you my position has been rendered more responsible and laborious. . . . But I must not talk to you all the time about the war. I shall try to give you a few descriptions of what I see in this country. It has in it many wonderful things. . . . It is very mountainous. Its hillsides are covered with tall palms whose waving leaves present a splendid appearance. They toss to and fro in the wind like plumes in a helmet, their deep green glistening in the sunshine or glittering in the moonbeams in the most beautiful way. I have been much delighted with the Mexican birds. . . . Many have a plumage that is superlatively splendid, but the display of their music of buildings has been very visible over anything I splendid, but the display of their music had seen in Mexico before. The road is one of the does not equal that of their colors. . . .



A STREET IN MONTERBY.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine. It was probably through this very street that Grant made his perilous ride to order ammunition for Colonel Garland.

write to Tom from Puebla. I suppose we will be They beat ours in show, but do not equal there in a few days. If you see any of the Bethel people, please remember me to them. Tell them I taps, as I write and must be on the am heartily tired of the wars. If you were to see me now, you would never recognize me in the world. I move. I have written this letter with my

sword fastened on my side and my pistol within reach, not knowing but that the next moment I may be called into battle again." *

Clearly nothing was lost upon this young lieutenant wrestling with the stubborn mules of the wagon train in a most difficult country. He mused deeply upon General Scott's audacity in cutting loose from all supplies, and as quartermaster he aided the army in living off the country. He came to believe also in the manifest destiny of the American Republic.

Puebla fell into the hands of the invaders without resistance. It was a fine city,



ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA, COMMANDER OF THE MEXICAN ARMY,

the finest in the country, excepting only the capital. Directly before it, and separating it from the valley and City of Mexico, is the mightiest range of mountains on the American continent. The Mexithe sea. It is semi-arid and semi-tropic in sight, and the army raised a cheer.



GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR, From a daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., of New York.

lected his army and began to reconnoitre. His guides explained to him that there were eight gates to the city. Directly in front was the ancient thoroughfare between Lake Chalco and Lake Xochimilco. This was strongly fortified. The gates to the west were less strongly fortified, and Scott, after hearing the report of his engineers and guides, decided to move round the lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, and attack the city in the rear.

The Americans fell upon Valencia's forces at Contreras, a town four miles from Tlalpan, upon the morning of the twentieth of August. The assault, made in the early light, had all the appalling elements of a surprise in battle. It was a matter of not more than ten or fifteen minutes, but it took the fighting heart out of the Mexican army. Men and officers alike were appalled at the power and fierceness cans have a proverb, "Puebla is the first of these Northerners. Valencia's army heaven, Mexico is the second." The City broke into flight and streamed back into of Mexico lies in a wide, flat valley at an the city, crying as they ran: "Here come altitude of seven thousand feet above the Yankees! Here come the Yankees!"

Grant was with Colonel Garland's divicharacter, with a rainy season which begins sion, which was meanwhile confronting in July or August and lasts for several the Hacienda San Antonio; but when weeks. It was in August that Scott's army Contreras was taken, San Antonio was first looked down upon the beautiful val- evacuated, and the two armies advanced ley with its lakes filled with water, shining on the two parallel roads which skirt the like mirrors, and its green everywhere Pedregal and lead directly toward Mexmeshed with streams. It was a beautiful ico. The next stronghold, a most formidable point, was the church and convent in On the shore of Lake Chalco, at a little the little village of Churubusco, which Indian village called Ayotla, Scott col- stood on the level plain, surrounded by tilled fields marked out by ditches. In this land every cabin has the wall of a fortress,

^{*} Balch's "Life of Grant." Grant took sufficient interest in the birds to count nearly two hundred different kinds.



incredibly short time sent the stars and stripes like a crimson flower soaring up the flag-pole. So great was the demoralization in the ranks of the Mexicans, that the Americans could have entered the City of Mexico upon

during which neither army was to strengthen its position or secure reinforcements, though Scott was allowed to procure supplies for his army. Mr. Trist, on the part of the United States, worked zealously to secure

and every church is a castle. The Churu- a treaty of peace. While this was going busco convent was a low structure of on, Scott, with Worth's division, occupied almost impregnable walls, having but two Tacubaya, a little Indian town on the entrances. It looked unassailable, but at edge of the high ground, and about four the word the American soldiers started miles from Mexico. From near Tacubaya across the open fields, impetuous, unwa- a low cape of rocky, wooded land extends vering as so many bulldogs. They went irregularly into the flat land and ends over the earthworks, silenced the cannon, abruptly in a high rocky knob. This raised ladders against the wall, and in an knob forms a magnificent natural fortress,

which at this time was crowned with a Grant stumbled over his friend Dent. who this fortress, and also enclosed by the aque- Grant shouted a warning. sheds and houses. It was heavily garrisoned, and seemed to be highly valued by the enemy.

A FELLOW-OFFICER'S ACCOUNT OF GRANT'S BRAVERY AT MOLINO DEL REV.

and the enemy driven out of the mill.

In this battle Quartermaster Grant was, Four days later volunteers were called as usual, in the forefront. "You could for to make an attack upon Chapultepec. not keep Grant out of battle," says Gen- It seemed a desperate undertaking, but so eral Longstreet. "The duties of quarter- confident had the Americans become that master could not keep him out of his com- two volunteer columns of 250 men each mand." While pursuing the Mexicans, were made up instantly. They were led who were crowding into the mill for safety,

castle, Chapultepec, a long, low, thick- was lying on the floor with a wound in the walled structure covering almost the en- thigh. Just as he was stooping to examine tire top. On the sides and at the base his friend, Grant came face to face with a were other fortifications, and to the west Mexican who was about to finish Dent. and north a fine stone aqueduct made a The Mexican wheeled to escape, and seeformidable wall, for its arches had been ing Lieutenant Thorne standing between filled in with blocks of adobe. Back of him and the door, was about to fire, when The Mexican duct, was an old mill (Molino del Rey was killed by Thorne; then all the squad "the king's mill"), which was reported to rushed through into the enclosure of the Scott to be Santa Anna's cannon foundry. mill, hot on the track of the fleeing Mexi-It was a plain, square structure, with a cans.* The charge had been so impetuous wide wall enclosing it. In the wall were that those who were behind the parapets on the roof of the mill could not escape. They were treed like wildcats on the walls. Grant was with the earliest of the troops to enter the mill. "He was on staff duty that day, and was everywhere on the field of battle. Grant was always cool, swift, The truce had been violated by the street goes on to say. "He was as uncon-Mexicans, Scott claimed; and on the 4th cerned, apparently, as if it were a hailof September he declared the armistice at storm instead of a storm of bullets. I had an end and marched upon Molino del Rev occasion to observe his superb courage from Tacubaya. During the night of the under fire. So remarkable was his bravery 7th he got within striking distance, and at that mention was made of it in the official daylight an impetuous charge was made, reports, and I heard his colonel say, 'There goes a man of fire."

* Richardson's "Life of Grant."



AQUEDUCT VERONICA, NEAR THE CITY OF MEXICO,

From a photograph taken expressly for McClube's Magazine. It was from arch to arch of this aqueduct that Grant. with a small band of soldiers, tought his way to the San Cosme gate, and finally into the city.

ous cannon; and the citizens of Mexico, Cosme. now completely disheartened, saw the gay

flag of the Americans flame over their last fortress. Pell-mell down the aqueduct leading to the Belen gate, and along the aqueduct Veronica, leading toward Tlaxpanna, the Mexicans retreated. General Ouitman commanded the column moving toward Belen, and General Worth directed the advance toward Tlaxpanna and San Cosme. Grant was in the latter command, and from arch to arch of the aqueduct he scudded with his companions. They met with little serious resistance till they came within gunshot of Tlaxpanna, where the aqueduct turns at right angles toward the city through the San Cosme gate. Grant's impetuous but cool and determined advance kept him with the hardiest of the private soldiers, and there was but a squad of privates and few commissioned officers with him reached.

THE TOWER OF THE CHURCH OF SAN COSME, WHENCE GRANT TRAINED THE HOWITZER ON THE MEXICANS.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's MAGAZINE.

GRANT'S FINE WORK AT THE GATES OF MEXICO.

As usual the flat roofs of the houses from the roof. for reinforcements, Grant did a little rec- with which to hew down the door. from his position to a second defence tools and soon captured their assailants. about half way to the Garita de San

by Captain Silas Casey and Captain Sam- Cosme. At a later hour in the day he recuel McKenzie. One division dug through onnoitred on the south side of the San the filled-up arches of the aqueduct on the Cosme road, and came to the conclusion north, and assaulted that way. The other that he could use a small howitzer to good went up the south side, over defences, effect from the steeple of the church of earthworks, and ditches, and scaled the San Cosme, which stood about three hunwalls in the very shadow of the thunder- dred yards outside the Garita de San

This church had at its eastern end and

front a bell-tower of moderate proportions, with a very narrow flight of steps leading to it. Up these steps the resourceful lieutenant and his squad tugged a small mountain howitzer, and putting it together beneath the bells, began to shell the houses just inside the gates, to the amazement and scandal of the Mexicans, who seemed not to understand that

they might easily sally out and capture this audacious Yankee. This bold and ingenious exploit was seen by General Worth, and he sent Lieutenant Pemberton to bring the quartermaster to him.

"This is mighty fine work, sir; every shot tells. I'll send you another gun."

Grant saluted, "Thank you, General," and took the additional gun. He knew, however, that there was not room

when the cannon of Tlaxpanna were for it in the belfry; but he also knew that a lieutenant must not by any chance know more than a general.

One day, after Scott's final entry into the City of Mexico, a squad of American soldiers, in passing a church, were assailed They rushed into a shop were manned and fortified. While waiting near by, and asked for chisels and axes onnoitring on his own account, and finding owner of the store, a sturdy Englishman, a way to the San Cosme road in the rear Peter Green, said: "I am a resident here. of the men serving the cannon, he led a I can't give you the tools, but I can't help small force there, and drove the enemy your taking them." So they "took" the

This Peter Green and his wife became

friends of Quartermaster Grant, and dur-"We thought the world of him," full of his jokes. -he that was educated by Santa Anna."

liked by all his companions.'

regiment. "In two months I made more storehouse of his great memory." money for the regimental funds than my pay amounted to during the entire war,"

way.''

the demands of the United States. Grant distinction. ly-burly could confuse him. Of his brav- gone into it from the quiet routine of West ery, his activity, and his discretion there Point and Jefferson Barracks, at an age can be no question.

From a military point of view these ing the following months he was a con- years of active service in Mexico were of stant visitor at their house. They lived incalculable value to Grant. They formed in San Francisco Street, and Grant was his post-graduate course; they made all for a time quartered in the San Fran- the theories of his instruction at West cisco church and convent opposite. He Point realities. Jomini and Mahan on found in them and their household a fine, "Fortifications" and Benton on "Gunwholesome family, somewhat like his own nery" were solved in practice. He saw people in Onio. The daughter Sarah retwo really great commanders work out members him well, though she was but a military manœuvres of great brilliancy. He saw General Scott cut loose from his she said, "he was so good-natured and base of supplies and subsist on the country. He wore a long beard He saw him parole prisoners as the cheapest then, which seemed out of place on such a and best way to be rid of them. He saw boy. I suppose he wanted to look old. General Taylor flank the enemy at Mon-He was a daily visitor at our house, and terey, and watched him under fire, cool, my people talked of him a great deal. unhurried. He observed Scott cooperat-John C. Hill used to come to see us too ing with gunboats and directing artillery. From Taylor he learned simplicity in army Grant is also well remembered by Mr. regulation; from Scott, rigorous disci-Hill, now Dr. Hill, who recalls him as a pline. As quartermaster he acquired ideas boyish fellow fond of jokes and frolic, but upon feeding and clothing an army: he one who laughed little himself. "He was wrestled hand to hand with the difficulof most excellent habits," adds Dr. Hill; ties of transportation. He perceived the "a good soldier and a good man. He difference between disciplined troops movwas an active, sturdy little fellow, much ing under one man's direction and many troops operating on lines not converging to Grant proved himself in Mexico not a common purpose. And all these things only bold and faithful, but ingenious and sank deep into his impressionable mind. full of resources. While quartered at He was perhaps not conscious of it at the Tacubaya, for example, he rented a bak- time, but, as one of his fellow-officers said, ery and operated it for the benefit of the "all along he was massing facts in the

There is another service that the Mexican War rendered Grant. It brought him he says. "While stationed at Monterey I in contact with a number of young officers had relieved the post in the very same whom it was afterwards of the greatest value to him to have known under such In May, 1848, the evacuation of Mexico conditions. Jefferson Davis was there, was ordered, Mexico having conceded all and Robert E. Lee, both serving with great There were also Joseph E. was eager to return, for he felt free now Johnston, A. S. Johnston, Thomas Holmes, to marry the faithful little woman in far- Paul O. Hebert, John C. Pemberton, off St. Louis. He had distinguished him- Simon B. Buckner, and James Longstreet, self by brave deeds and sagacious plans the latter a particularly gallant and powwell carried out. He had been twice pro- erful young soldier. Grant met these offimoted for gallantry, and he was returning cers as equals, not as war-gods. He came to his bride-elect a brevet captain. Con- to know their mental habits and their persidering the large number of officers and sonal ideas of warfare; and such things the small number of men, his record was he never forgot. He had a marvellous a distinguished one. For a young man capacity for remembering men and their who had no love of guns, or trainings, or words and deeds. He also had the capa-Fourth of July anvils, to win honorable bility of being profoundly instructed by mention and two brevets for gallant consmall things. Thus the importance of the duct was genuine achievement.* He was Mexican War to him cannot be over-estinot afraid of bullets, and no noise or hur- mated. Its influence reached far. He had

> when the poetic side of his nature was uppermost. He was but twenty-six years

of age when the war closed.

^{*}General Worth made his "acknowledgments to Lieutenant Grant for distinguished services."



It is proposed to publish in this department, under the general heading "Great Business Enterprises," a series of articles on the marvels of business and mechanical achievement. These articles will be written by our own staff-writers, and under the personal supervision of the editors of the magazine. In the treatment of subjects, precisely the same policy will be followed as in the selection of articles for the body of the magazine. Only worthy subjects will be written about, and truthfulness and dignity of treatment will be demanded. The advertising pages of a magazine consist of brief transcripts of the unending human struggle for success. We propose in this department of McClure's Magazine to take the reader behind the scenes, to enable him to see what is in an advertisement. The foremost business institutions of America will be selected. The methods of business success will be revealed. The first articles will treat of "The Marvels of Bicycle-Making," and will describe the great group of factories owned by the Pope Manufacturing Company. Mr. Cleveland Moffett has spent much time in the preparation of these articles. He has achieved signal success in so presenting the marvels of modern machinery and business method as to interest all classes of readers. It should be stated that, while the expense of publishing these articles is borne by the Pope Manufacturing Company, they have been prepared in the same manner as any other series of articles that have appeared in the magazine. No story can be more interesting than the twenty years' achievements of the founding of bicycling in America.—Editor.].

A VISIT TO THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

N describing the marvels of bicycle- men. Since then it has become a naupon which the modern bicycle rests. The revolution. real "boom" in the bicycle business and the universal adoption of the wheel for all matic tire, which has had such a remarksorts of purposes in our daily lives, dates able influence upon our times, is not a refrom the introduction of the pneumatic cent invention, but dates from as far back tire in 1890. Up to that time bicycling as 1845, when an Englishman named had been a pastime and diversion for a Thompson took out patents in England limited number of people, mostly young (and two years later in America) for what

making it is proper to speak first of the tional necessity, for women as well as pneumatic tire, because that tire, both men: a great boon to mankind, a force literally and figuratively, is the foundation that has in it almost the power of social

It is of interest to note that the pneu-



GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARTFORD RUBLER WORKS, HARTFORD, CONS.

that with the steel tires a force of forty-one bicycle with the modern pneumatic tire. pounds was required to draw the vehicle used.

AN INVENTOR'S LUCK-DISCOVERY OF THE son had already discovered. MODERN PNEUMATIC TIRE.

face.

vention, not being properly developed, was one of tolerant condescension.

was practically the double tube tire of to- came to nothing. Forty-four years later, day, a rubber tube forming the air chamber after the ill-starred Thompson had gone to and this protected by a leather cover. It is his grave, a Belfast merchant, J. B. Dunlop, plain that Thompson understood the ad- happening to have a boy whose bicycle vantages offered by this tire over any other made a great clatter, took it into his head form, for the records show that he made to lessen the vibration by putting air cushsome conclusive experiments in Regent's ions about the wheels, and thus a father's Park, using a vehicle weighing 1,070 wish to give his son a more perfect playpounds, the four wheels being equipped thing made that plaything an instrument for first with the ordinary steel tires, and then man's service as important as the steam with his pneumatic tires. It was found engine, and gave the world the modern

Before we consider in detail this pneuover a hard macadamized road, while a matic tire, let us have a look at the solid force of twenty-five and a half pounds was rubber tire which preceded it, and which sufficient when the pneumatic tires were was doing good service on bicycles all over the world during the decade preceding Dunlop's discovery of what Thomp-

The birth of the bicycle industry in America dates from February, 1878, when Thompson thus anticipated the results of Colonel Albert A. Pope placed an order many similar experiments which have been for fifty machines with the Weed Sewing made in recent years, and which have Machine Company, of Hartford, Connecclearly established the fact that a vehicle ticut. This lot of bicycles, the first manurunning on pneumatic tires may be drawn factured in the United States, had solid with an effort one third or one half less rubber tires, which were furnished by an (or even more) than when running on or- outside rubber mill and supplied in long dinary steel tires. The reason for this dif- snake-like strips that had to be spliced ference is that the steel-shod wheel must together at the ends, and were apt to be lifted over every slight obstruction (and break at the splicing. This was one diffithere is no road so level but it is full of culty with these early tires, and there were these), while the air-shod wheel is scarcely others not less troublesome; but the bicylifted at all, but merely indented at its sur- cle-makers had to take what they could get, for their industry was weak, while the rub-Like many inventors, Thompson made ber industry was thriving with the strength no profit from his idea, which was not even of years. In 1879 and 1880 the attitude of thought much of at the time; and his in- the rubber-maker toward the bicycle-maker

"The rubber in that last lot of tires you made us wasn't very good," the bicycle-maker would say timidly to the rubbermaker.

what we turn out is right."

that they needed perfecting.

more than twenty men were employed in cause complaints in the South. the whole mill, and this included the office to the manufacture of bicycle tires.

EARLY DIFFICULTIES WITH TIRES.

Great days were those in the early eigh-"What do you know about rubber?" the ties, when the young company was strugother would reply with scorn. "We've gling to find the secret of a first-class rubber been in this business for twenty years, and tire and the Hartford Rubber Works were struggling to carry out its wishes. Not only were the rubber-makers thus For the first time in America, bicycle tires hard to deal with, but there were delays in were vulcanized in circular form. Other the orders and defects in the product problems were solved as they arose, and which soon convinced the pioneers in bi- from the start there was an advance upon cycle-making that in self-defence they must what the old rubber mills had done. But control a rubber mill which would work that was not enough. There were new shoulder to shoulder with them in perfect- needs to be met, new methods of manuing bicycle tires, and there was no doubt facture to be worked out, and the old rubber lore was often at fault when applied to Now it happened that in 1881 a Hartford the making of bicycle tires. Some tires merchant named John W. Gray had estab- would cut at the rim, others would "chip lished in that city a small rubber mill for out," another lot would be too soft or too the manufacture of moulded rubber goods. hard, and so on. And it would happen His whole plant was contained in a room that a certain grade of tire would answer fifty by sixty feet, and comprised only a few admirably in the summer months but would rolls and mixers driven by direct connection not stand the cold, while another grade, with a little fifty-horse-power engine. Not though satisfactory in the North, would

It was fortunate that the Pope facforce. Such was the humble beginning tory and the rubber mill were in the same of the Hartford Rubber Works, which city, for this allowed the heads of the two to-day employs hundreds of men and oc- establishments to consult together daily, cupies a stretch of large buildings in which and face new problems and difficulties side are scores of great mixers, washers, calen- by side as they arose. Of course, the faults ders, and hydraulic presses, with two en- of the tires grew mainly out of methods of gines exerting a force of 1,000 horse-power, compounding the rubber, or vulcanizing to drive the long lines of shafting and it, which were not adapted for the uses to And the foundation for this which the rubber was to be put. And if great industry was laid when Mr. Gray success came at last, it was only through joined forces with the Pope Manufactur- endless patience and unceasing experiment. ing Company, and gave special attention That success did come and that bicycle tires of the best quality were soon turned



"BISCUITS" OF CRUDE RUBBER -THE FINE PARA.

tires taken from the old 1884 or 1885 Co- tire. lumbias are still in fair condition underformed on the surface.

1879 to 1891. At the beginning of this pediameter. vogue for a year or two, but was not a per- about riding it on a public street.' manent success, as the hollow core within did not offer sufficient support. Many efforts were made to overcome this difficulty. The hollow part was filled with water, but this was found too heavy. Then it was filled with water and air mixed. Finally, air was tried alone. And it was found that by using air alone the walls of eighths of an inch to one-sixteenth of an on the scent of every new idea, Colonel

out at the Hartford Rubber Works is inch in thickness; and so the pneumatic shown by the fact that even to-day rubber tire was the direct outgrowth of the cushion

Everyone remembers the shock to bicyneath an outside crust that has usually cle-riders caused by the introduction of the pneumatic tire. A bicycle publication It would be interesting to tell the story issued June 20, 1890, speaks of the "first of the evolution of the bicycle tire from pneumatic tire in America," then on exhibition in Philadelphia, and says: "This riod the Columbias were fitted with solid tire presents a queer or rather ridiculous rubber tires seven-eighths of an inch in appearance. It is white in color, and endiameter; then, a few years later, came the tirely surrounds the rim, which is hidden cushion tire, with a diameter of an inch or from sight. Its size, two and one-quarter an inch and a quarter, and a hollow space inches in diameter, gives the appearance at the centre three-eighths of an inch in of a road roller, and even the most hard-This cushion tire had some ened cycler would feel some hesitancy

And yet that was the tire that triumphed!

THE SINGLE TUBE TIRE.

Now let us look at this wonderful pneumatic tire, which is, of course, the main product of the Hartford Rubber Works, and a product that has made the institution the tire could be reduced from three- justly famous. Keen as they always were

> Albert A. Pope and his right-hand adviser, Mr. George H. Day, realized from the first that the pneumatic tire would have a most important effect upon the bicycle industry. And as this tire was first introduced in Europe, they spent the summer of 1891 in England and on the Continent making a careful study of all the pneumatics on the market. At this

> > time every manufacturer of pneumatic tires, with a single exception, was making and advocating double tube tires of the Dunlop style; but Colonel Pope and Mr. Day decided that the single tube tire, on account of its extreme simplicity, was the one that would win in the end, and they accordingly took steps to secure control of the patents on this form of pneumatic tire.

Full credit should be given here to I. W. Boothroyd, an English manufacturer, who some months before, in the fall of 1890, had published a description of a single tube tire invented by



THE "WASHER" USED TO PURIFY THE CRUDE RUBBER.



THE DRYING-ROOM, SHOWING THE STRIPS OF CRUDE RULBER AS HUNG UP TO DRY AFTER COMING FROM THE WASHER.

gral whole in the process of vulcanizing.

this bicycle activity abroad, an American is now so popular. As to the trouble of inventor, P. W. Tillinghast, of Providence, mending punctures, the device of the Rhode Island, had patented and put into mushroom patch, put on the inside of the use in the United States a pneumatic tire tire, settled that, while the possibility of that was practically identical with that of revulcanizing in case of large cuts or seri-Boothroyd and that antedated Boothroyd's ous injuries to the tire overcame all republication. The Pope Company promptly maining dangers. This operation of repurchased Tillinghast's patents, and these vulcanizing tires was first brought to were subsequently sold to Colonel Theo- success at the Hartford Rubber Works, dore A. Dodge, of Boston, along with the injured part being bandaged up as it other patents on pneumatic tires.

pany was practically alone in its belief manipulation under uniform heat furnished that the single tube tire would be the tire by gas, steam, or electricity. of the future, and it must be admitted that the first tires made with the single single tube tire came a rapid advance in tubes were defective in several respects; its popularity, for in other respects it had

him, and had given the benefits of his dis- Indeed, this trouble in repairing was a sericovery to the trade without protecting him- ous menace to the usefulness of the tire; self by patents. Of course it is understood in cases of puncture it was hard to find the that in the Dunlop and all other double tube leaks, and harder still to repair them pertires there is an inner air tube protected manently. Nevertheless, the makers reby an outer cover, the two being distinct mained true to their original idea, and new and separable, whereas the single tube tire difficulties only increased their zeal to is, as the name implies, one continuous overcome them. As usual, intelligence tube. It is true that this tube is composed and tirelessness in experiment brought of several parts, as will be explained, but their reward, and soon the Hartford Rubthese are brought together into one inte- ber Works had turned out a repair kit that was in every way suited to the rider's Later on it was found that, during all needs and was the basis of the one that were, and brought back to uniformity with In 1892 the Pope Manufacturing Com- the rest of the tire by pressure and proper

With the possibility of repairing the they were heavy, and difficult to repair, substantial advantages over the double



THE MIXING-MILL, WHERE THE RUBBER IS CRUSHED AND "COMPOUNDED."

tube tire; notably, it was "faster," it ran gle tube tire as an option on their machines. thus giving plain recognition to the public

THE CRUDE RUBBER.

suffer no harm.

There is a world of interest in the crude truer, and was the best tire for the wooden rubber itself just as it arrives from Pará rim. How marked and sudden was the in big "biscuits" weighing from twenty to change of opinion regarding pneumatic seventy-five pounds each. This is the fatires is shown by the fact that, while at mous up-river grade, the best rubber in the Chicago cycle show of 1895 there was the world, as may be judged by its cost; for only one exhibitor of single tube tires be"fine Pará" brings eighty cents a pound sides the Hartford Rubber Works, at the or more, and "fine Pará" is the rubber 1896 show in the same city nearly every for bicycle tires, at least for good ones. prominent tire manufacturer in the country Here are bins and bins of it, waiting their put forward single tube tires as the ones turn in the mill; and the longer the rubber he regarded as the best. Indeed, before waits the better it is. Only think of the the close of the 1895 season a large num- outlay and the money tied up, for the comber of cycle manufacturers offered the sin- pany often buys as much as a hundred tons or more of rubber in a single month.

It must not be supposed that the fordemand. This resulted in a very large ests of Brazil in the Pará district are the sale of tires of this form during that year. only ones in the world that produce rubber. Quite the contrary. Rubber comes to us from Asia, from Africa, from Central America, and comes in many grades, but Now we come to the making of this sin- all cheaper than the "fine Pará" and all gle tube tire, and must consider at closer different in appearance. There is rubber range the processes of the rubber mill, in little black balls from the Cameroons, The first thing one notices here is the odor, rubber in ugly flat "oysters" from farther which is unlike any other odor in the up the African coast, cheaper grades of It is penetrating, oppressive, rubber from Pará. There is rubber for sweetish, but not entirely unpleasant, es- fifty cents a pound, for forty cents, for pecially that of the South American stock, thirty cents, but it cannot be made into a which has somewhat the wholesome smell first-class bicycle tire. No doubt this of smoked beef. In the mixing-room you cheapness of the lower grades of rubber has get the smell in full quality; the air is sat- been a temptation to some bicycle manuurated with rubber dust moistened by facturers; but if they have used it in their steam. You are eating, drinking, breath-tires or even mixed it with high grade rubing rubber, and yet the workmen seem to ber they have regretted it later, or, at any rate, their customers have.

mulation of hundreds and hundreds of dippings; and in each one, as they lie in the running down the middle, for before shipment each biscuit is split in two, lengthinside for a nucleus.

In all this it is a pleasing conceit to imagine the forests of the Amazon swarming with toilers who brave all manner of dangers from wild beasts and serpents, from heat and pestilence, for no other reason than that the Hartford Rubber Works may go on making single tube tires for the the stock of rubber during its process of American people.

WASHING AND DRYING.

when it is taken from the bins is to throw it into vats of hot water that stand near the washers at one end of the mill-room. This mill-room is a place of rumbling sounds, where long rows of polished iron rollers, huge affairs that would flatten out a horse. are always grinding and munching, turned by massive gear-wheels at either end.

After being steamed and softened for two or three hours in this hot-water bath, the crude rubber, first sawed into small chunks, massive iron rolls with corrugated surfaces. As a load of rubber is caught beulty of living for months in the recesses pride when he brings to his superintendent of a "biscuit" without food and with litthe written formula of some new receipt. tle air. They must make haste now if they know what is well for them, for the big rolls spare nothing that comes between them.

It is believed that the Pará rubber owes rubber that five minutes in the "washers" its excellence, in part at least, to the is sufficient to transform a basketful of method of gathering and curing followed rubber chunks into a continuous sheet of by the natives. To begin with, the rubber rubber ten or twelve feet long and several sap from the big trees is received in buck- feet wide. These sheets are left with very Then the natives, provided with rough surfaces, hundreds of little lumps long stakes of hard wood about an inch in and bumps covering them, and they look diameter and pointed at the end, dip these like something between an alligator's skin again and again into the sap-buckets, and a heavy Turkish towel. In this form and, after each dipping, hold them over they are now carried to the drying-room, fires until the successive films of rubber a great space at the top of the mill, where solidify around them. Thus, each of these they are hung on adjustable racks and left big "biscuits," which are usually larger in a temperature of ninety degrees until than hams, is the slow and laborious accu- the moisture in them has been thoroughly evaporated.

The longer the rubber is left in the bins, can be seen the original stake-hole drying-room the better it is for the subsequent processes, and so it has become the policy of the company to keep on hand wise, to make sure that no cunning Brazil- here an immense stock, each lot in its sepian has made profit by putting a stone arate lobby. There are rows and rows of these lobbies, lines and lines of racks all hung with sheets of rubber, thousands of them, which look for all the world like the skins of some huge reptiles, and present all possible shadings of color from yellow to black. This will give some idea of the enormous amount of money locked up in manufacture in a mill like the Hartford Rubber Works.

When taken finally from the drvingroom, the sheets of rubber are carried back The first thing done with a lot of rubber to the mill-room to be crushed again between heavier rolls, and to be "compounded" with various powdered substances necessary for proper vulcanization. This process may be compared to the kneading of dough in the hands of a skilful baker, for the making of good rubber is as difficult an art as the making of good bread. Many try to produce it and many fail.

There is a grave-faced man in a black cap who walks about mysteriously in a is thrown into the "washers," which are room down at the left and measures out these powders with a big scoop. If you ask him what they are he will shake his tween the two turning surfaces, streams of head. Sulphur is one of them; he will tell water play down upon it from above, wash- you that, for everybody knows it, but ing out all sand and impurities concealed nothing more. This man carries under his within, and sometimes driving from their black cap scores of receipts for rubber hiding places the big brown rubber bugs compounds, and he lies awake nights trying with their long whiskers that have the fac- to invent new ones. And he takes great

FEEDING THE "MIXERS."

The mill contains many mixers—that is, So great is the adhesive power of raw rolls for doing the "compounding." A an old soldier who fought under Havelock once more and drag it through. in India, and witnessed the horrible scenes as if aware that he could do more impor- costs them many a sore hand." tant things should the occasion require. One great pride in his life is the knowledge that Colonel Pope never fails to stop and speak to him whenever he goes through like to greet each other.

catch it, each small projection being takes on a uniform grayish tint. dragged down into a flattening rope. And what this workman does a low afterward. mouthful thrust between their jaws.

"Suppose a man got caught in there." I asked, "would it take him through?"

"Indeed it would, sir; it would take an elephant through. The only thing a man could do would be to cut his arm loose between the rolls, and he would have to be a good soldier to do that."

flattened into an even mass that covers the It is not many months since the superinnearer roll like a blanket of dark-colored tendent of a rival rubber factory, while dough. From time to time the old soldier being shown through the Hartford Rubber holds a short triangular-pointed knife Works, stopped as he came to the long against the roll, making it cut through the line of mixers, and, after some moments of rubber blanket as it turns, laying open with silent contemplation, said: "Have you clean stroke the dark covering of the roll people got money to throw away, or do as if he were disembowelling some huge you try everything that anybody suggests

single workman attends to each pair of animal. And as he cuts with one hand, rolls, and he has plenty to attend to. Watch making the incision run diagonally from this fellow, a stern-faced, sallow-complex- side to side, he rolls up the severed porioned man with chin-whiskers, as he feeds tion with the other until it comes into anthe rubber into the polished jaws of the big other good-sized bundle, and this he throws mixer down at the end of the line. He is again upon the rolls for them to crush it

"It's not an easy trick, sir, to cut the of the Sepoy mutiny. He does his work rubber that way on the rolls; it takes the with a certain dignity and self-confidence, new men a nice bit of time to learn it, and

KNEADING THE RUBBER.

Now, under this tremendous kneading the mixing-mill. Two old soldiers always the rubber becomes softer and is worked more easily. The rolls grow warm with Now he throws between the rolls a bun- the friction in spite of the cold water that dle of rubber from the drying-room, about is kept flowing through them to reduce the a foot thick, and weighing as much as a temperature. Were it not for this preheavy man. It is far tougher than any caution they would become so heated as man would be, for raw rubber is one of the to spoil the rubber, which in this part toughest things in the world. This bundle of its working must not be warmed belies between the two rolls, which turn youd ninety degrees. Now the workman slowly against it, the distance between scoops out a quantity of sulphur, a quart their smooth surfaces being not more than or so, from his "compound" box, and half an inch. It seems impossible that sprinkles it into the rubber as the rolls this mass of rubber can go through, and turn. The black mass is forthwith yet it does go through-not all at once, streaked with yellow markings, which but slowly, little by little, as the rolls blend in more and more until the whole

And what this workman does at the big that hauls ceaselessly and with increasing rolls, that sixteen other workmen do at strength upon the mass above, for the sixteen other rolls which stretch in double rubber does not break, its cohesive power lines from one end of the mill to the other, being enormous, and where a little arm of without counting the four washers or the it goes first, there the whole body will fol- five big calenders. What a strange sight There are times, espe- they all present! What a dull roar they cially, as now, after a fresh lot of rubber make with the clanking of the gearhas been thrown in, when a single pair of wheels and the pounding of tons of metal the big rolls have to exert for three as they turn heavily in their bearings! or four minutes a force equal to a hun- From each set of rolls there comes a dred horse-power in swallowing the great series of sharp explosions, now little ones like the popping of corks, now louder ones like pistol-shots. These are caused by the bursting of air-bubbles in the masses of rubber in process of kneading, or warming, or mixing.

These rolls and mixers are larger than from his hand if the fingers got caught any used in any other rubber mill in the country. They are the wonder and admiration of those who see them for the first Soon the big bundle of rubber has been time. Needless to say, they are very costly.

elaborate machinery after careful experi- with it. ments?"

hazard at the Hartford Rubber Works and chinery here, no rumbling noises, no grimy that every one of the heavy rolls, as well workmen, but one immense big room filled as each piece of perfected machinery, had with clean white tables, at which men are been put in only under the advice of the busy cutting, pasting, and fitting. To company's skilled engineers, and only understand what all these people are doing, when it had been demonstrated that these one must know in a general way how the superior facilities would lead to better re- pneumatic tire is put together. sults in rubber working and in the manufacture of bicycle tires than were other- with rubber rolls go to the cutting-tables, wise possible.

IN THE PNEUMATIC ROOM.

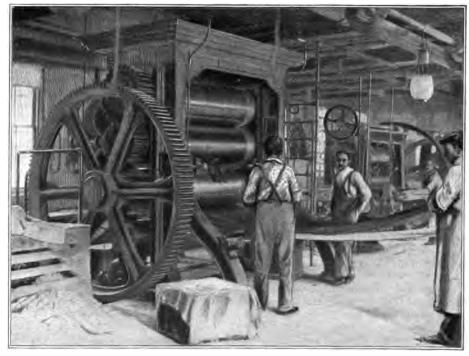
After the kneading and compounding, the rubber is brought to the calenders five of them there are, each as big as a printing press—and, under the pressure of room.

tion fabric," the rubber cloth which en- air-swellings from under the long sheet and folds the inner tube of the tire, and about dust its surface with flour or soapstone which we shall hear presently. This rub- to prevent any stickiness, the head cutter ber cloth is formed by crushing the soft twirls his rapid compasses along the

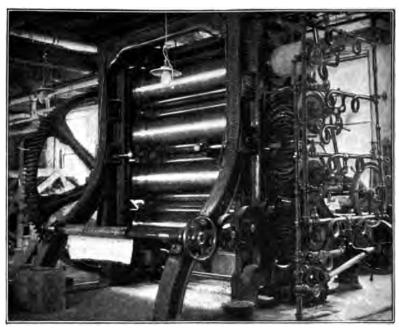
to you, or have you put in all this passed through the rolls at the same time

The pneumatic room, or tire-making de-Before the visitor went away he had been partment proper, is on the floor above convinced that nothing is done at hap- the mixing-room. There is no heavy ma-

From the elevators the trucks loaded where men alone do the work, for girls, with all their deftness, could never learn to handle the rubber-knives. Upon these tables, each served by three workmen, a head cutter, and two helpers, the lengths of rubber are unrolled, twenty-four feet at a time, the sheets being six inches over a yard in width. The apron is stripped four steel rolls, one above the other, is back, leaving the clean surface of the rubthinned into long sheets for the pneumatic ber exposed upon the table, and now the work of cutting begins. While his two The calenders also turn out the "fric- helpers, brushes in hand, smooth out all rubber into one fabric or another, which is widths on either end, marking the point



THE BIG CALENDERS THAT ROLL THE COMPOUNDED RUBBER INTO SHEETS.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BIG CALENDERS.

of one width or another, according to the table. size of the tires, usually about three or the sheet.

as the sixteenth of an inch, the strip would rarely allow a break at the seams. be spoiled, and the rubber for one bicycle has meantime been going up and down brown snakes. Then there are sixty-six

where the sheet will be divided into strips the lines on the other side of the

As soon as a sheet of rubber has been four inches. At these points the helpers thus cut into long strips, these, cut again hold a chalk-line, one standing at each into lengths of eight feet, are rolled into end of the table, and the head cutter snaps little cylinders about the size of large the cord at the middle, making eight or spools, and, placed on trays, are carried nine parallel lines running the length of to the drawing-tables farther down the line, where deft-fingered girls cement Then each man grasps his rubber-knife, them into tubular form by passing them specially ground so as to give a long cut-lengthwise through a little iron ring in the ting edge, and, dipping the blade in a can table. This ring, a device as simple as it of water at his side, starts down one is effective, brings the two lateral edges of of the white lines, walking backward, his the strips evenly together, and the rubber body bent, his eyes intent, and cutting as cement holds them firmly. Indeed it is he goes. He has nothing to support his one of the properties of rubber cement arm, nothing to guide him but the skill which is simply rubber stock dissolved in born of long practice. Should his knife naphtha, that it so merges itself into the err from the line to right or left by so little fibre of the original rubber as to very

The Hartford single tube tire is comtube at least would go into the scrap posed of three parts (to be subsequently heap. But his knife does not err, his vulcanized into one): first, the inner tube hand does not waver, and from one end or air-holding part; second, the encasing of the line to the other there shows a fabric, or strength-giving part; and, third, clean cut that never leaves the chalk- the outer cover, or wearing part. At one mark. After one cutting he goes back to set of tables men are cutting strips for the the other end of the table and makes inner tubes from sheets of pure rubber. another, and then another, walking quick- At another set of tables men, with wonly, almost as fast as he would on the derful skill of the hands, are cutting the street, and never pausing until his knife fabric into strips. At still another set has worked across the width of the sheet girls are cementing the rubber strips into and met that of his fellow-cutter, who tubular form, making them look like thin

tables where men do nothing but apply the fabric (two layers of it) over the inner tube, and then apply over all this the outer cover.

Finally the tubes, now looking like long black snakes, receive the valve-stems. which suggest inverted mushrooms, and are brought in on trays from the valve-stem room, where eighteen girls turn out thousands of them a day. Then the tubes are bent into circular form and securely spliced and joined by skilled workmen, who do much cutting and measuring and adjusting with "stitcher" and shears and roller, until finally the tire stands complete, a circle of rubber without any flaw in any seam; indeed, with scarcely a line to show where the joinings are made.

THE ALL-IMPORTANT FABRIC.

That, in a few words, is the story of the pneumatic room. But to appreciate the admirable nature of these operations we must go back to some of the special diffi- fabric from wear and moisture. The fabric culties that followed the adoption of the had now become the object of chief conpneumatic tire. To begin with, the makers found that all their carefully acquired knowledge of rubber-working, while very admirable in its way, was not sufficient to solve the new problem brought before them. Strictly speaking, they were not any longer to make rubber tires, but air they found another mountain rising before tires, the rubber tube within being useful, as much for its ability to hold air as for its themselves in a fair way to become cloth elasticity, while the rubber cover without had principally the rôle of protecting the



CUTTING STRIPS OF PURK RUBBER FOR THE INNER TUBES.



CEMENTING THE INNER TUBE.

sideration; the fabric might be called the skeleton of the tire, and without the highest excellence here, all other excellence was in vain. And so it came that in 1892, just when the company had so successfully climbed the mountain of rubber-making, them, that of fabric-making, and they saw manufacturers, just as they had already become rubber manufacturers. Such are the burdens that come upon men's shoulders in this new industry. What wonder if some of them break down!

But there was no breaking down at the Hartford Rubber Works, no lessening of effort here, and bicycle men and rubber men went to work resolutely at the problem of finding the best fabric for their tires, and the best way of putting that fabric on, and all about it. The old policy was followed of test and experiment with this thing and that, until nothing remained to be experimented upon. Tires were made with fabric of ordinary cotton goods, and these failed for two reasons: first, because the ordinary grades of cotton were too closely woven, and when "frictioned" would show too little pliability and break under wear, thus leading to breaks in the tire, for when the fabric goes everything else goes; and, second, because in ordinary cotton goods the warp, or threads running lengthwise, were not as strong as the woof, or threads run-



THE VULCANIZING ROOM, WHERE THE TIRRS ARE MOULDED AND PRESSED INTO THEIR FINAL FORM.

such fabric was inflated the unequal resist- grades of fabrics. ance of woof and warp would make the whole tire curl up and prove valueless.

Then bed-ticking was tried for the fabric and gave better results, but was not these all failed. it. And this was no small task.

This "Sea Island cotton" was found to ordinary wear of riding, be the very thing for the purpose, and, Between these two extends to the control of the purpose, and, Between these two extends to the control of the con making it worth their while, to put in kind that is put on carriages.

ning crosswise, and when a tire containing machinery which would weave these new

THE QUESTION OF RESILIENCY.

And a series of experiments in this conyet up to the standard; then silk and linen nection led to an interesting discovery were tried, and finally woven wire, and which lies at the base of that much-dis-The threads in silk and cussed question of resiliency. Resiliency linen fabrics would saw across each other in a bicycle tire is the quality which makes and lead to breaks, and they were also in- it run easily and speedily. A wheel with jured by the heat of vulcanizing. At resilient tires will outcoast a wheel whose last it was demonstrated by a process of tires are not resilient, and will run more elimination that there was no cloth in ex- smoothly over sand and pebbles and the istence, whether woven in this country or ordinary obstacles on a road. It was found abroad, which would furnish the ideal fab- that the weave of the threads in the fabric ric for the pneumatic tire. Nor was there of a tire has almost everything to do with any machinery in existence which would the tire's resiliency. If the threads are inweave such fabric in the desired way. It terwoven and closely woven the tire loses was therefore necessary not only to dis- in resiliency, whereas if they are loosely cover the right stuff for the fabric, but to woven, a high degree of resiliency is obhave special machinery built for weaving tained. On the other hand, it was found that a gain in resiliency was often effected The long-sought-for material was found at the expense of strength and durability; at last in a grade of cotton of singular for instance, a bicycle equipped with racing strength and fineness that grows on some tires will run with delightful ease and elaslow-lying islands off the coast of Georgia. ticity, and yet will suffer sadly from the

Between these two extremes of strength although the fabric cost ten or twelve and resiliency the company had to choose, times more than ordinary cotton cloth, it and the result of their experiments led to was immediately purchased in large quan- a selection of a dozen varieties of fabric, tities, and has since then been one of the all specially made, and each one having chief elements in the success of the Hart- shown itself the best adapted for some ford single tube tire. Cotton mills were specific purpose, to be used in this or that also induced, by that fine old argument of grade of tire, light, heavy, racing, or in the nary purposes two kinds of bicycle tires any slightest defect in the tires as made, are to-day put out by the Hartford Rub- and any chance of improvement. This ber Works—the Number 77 and the Num- might be called the eternal fault-finding ber 80; the former, with threads loosely department of the works, the place where interwoven, offering greater resistance to no standard of excellence is high enough. puncture and somewhat better lasting Here are brought bicycle tires from every qualities; the latter, with coarse strands maker and from all parts of the world, at superimposed at right angles, offering a least all that have any claim to merit, and, maximum of resiliency. The fabric of one after another, without prejudice and

the Number 80 tire is composed entirely o f warp threads, almost as coarse as string, with only enough woof threads to hold the fabric together in manufacture, and these woof threads break as soon as any strain comes on the tire, and leave only the warp threads. As each tire contains two layers of fabric, these are so placed on a bias of fortyfivé degrees that the threads of one run at right angles to the threads of the other.

Between 1892 and 1896 there has been a constant tendency to lessen the weight of

And, it may be added here, that for ordi-specialists always on the alert to discover

without mercy, they are put into machines for wearing them out, and the details of their destruction are carefully noted and recorded. If this tire resists longer than that one, an expert is at hand to say why it does so, and the fact goes down. If an air tube breaks down before the fabric, or vice versa, a conclusion is promptly drawn that may

serve in the future. And if any tire from anywhereand made by anybody is found showing any element of superiorityto the Hartford single tube tire, then the experts pounce down

upon that tire and do not rest until the secret of superiority has been discovered, and until steps have been taken to give even a higher excellence to their own tire.

And not content with the decisions of the " bumping machine " and other destructive engines, the rubber

the pneumatic tire, the one of to-day works have a corps of men constantly emweighing one-half less than the one of ployed riding wheels over the roads, under five years ago. And the racing tire of to- the severest conditions, wheels equipped day is almost as thin as a glove, the now with this tire and now with that, so threads in its fabric being almost as fine that the results may be compared and conclusions drawn. Every man in this force of No one can know what it cost to arrive riders uses a cyclometer and makes record at such perfection in pneumatic tire-mak- and regular reports as to ease of running, ing without studying the history and the condition of the roads, etc. Thus the methods of the testing department as it Hartford Rubber Works have constantly to exists to-day and has existed at the Hart- guide them not only the theories of their ford Rubber Works. Here are a force of engineers, but the practical demonstrations



TESTING THE FINISHED TIRE FOR LEAKS.

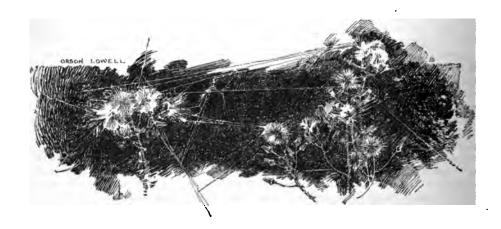
the world, and that air.

equipped with pneumatic tires, and the a bolt loose in a year.' Hotel Heublein in the same city has for tire has shown no injury. As for comfort riages. and the convenience to passengers, there to speak in a whisper while riding over modern bicycle is shod.

Furthermore, when properly cared for, cobblestones and be heard. A well-known they are more durable than solid rubber carriage-maker, after his first ride in this tires, because in them the rubber and the carryall, said: "What will become of our rims are protected by the best cushion in repairs if people generally put pneumatic tires on heavy wagons like this? Why, For some time an ambulance in the city we make half our profit from repairs, but of Hartford has been running successfully a wagon on tires like this wouldn't shake

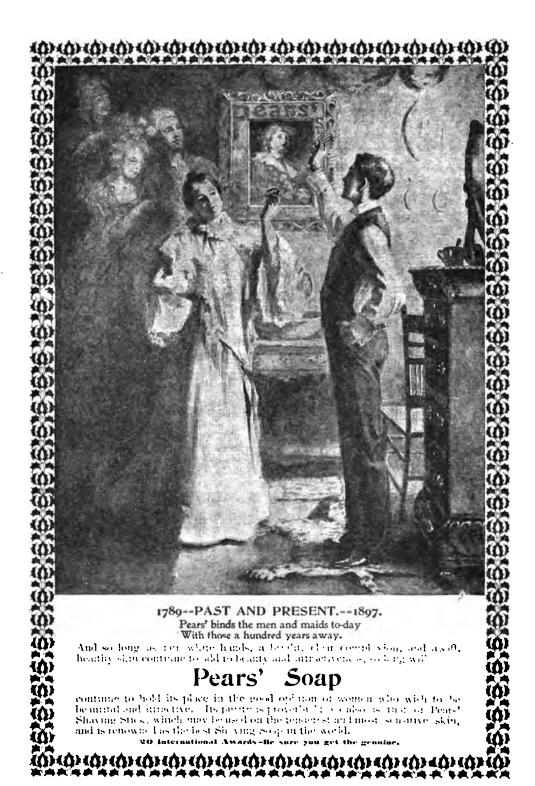
In spite of the excellent results that months been using a heavy carryall, fur- have followed the adoption of pneumatic nished with pneumatic tires two and one-half inches in diameter. This carryall, pany are confident that this use of pneuwithout passengers, weighs 2,600 pounds, matic tires will become very general in the and carries ten people, so that its ordinear future, they still realize that for cernary weight with passengers is about two tain kinds of heavy wagons the solid rubtons. In spite of this heavy weight, and ber tire offers better advantages, especially the fact that it makes twenty trips a day in durability, and they put much value on of one mile each, this carryall has given their large and growing trade in the excellent satisfaction, and its pneumatic manufacture of solid rubber tires for car-

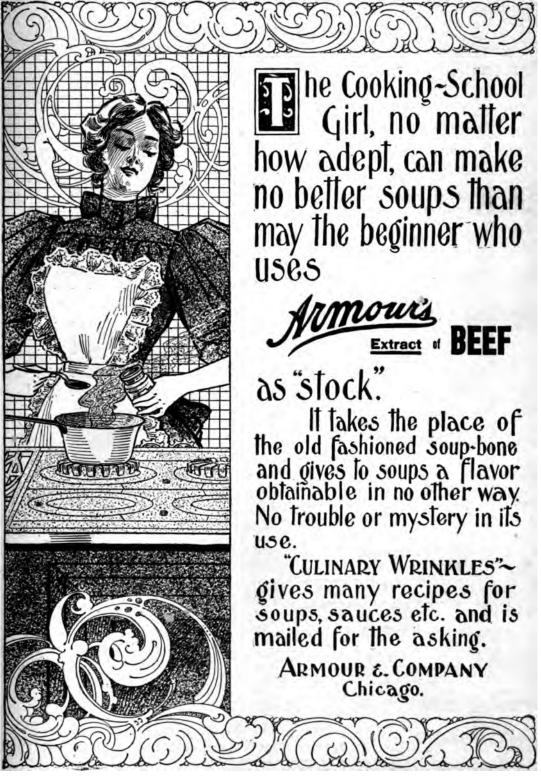
There is still much to say about this is no comparison between this and the great rubber mill, but we have seen the old style of hotel 'bus-here it is possible chief operations and have learned how the



MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE FOR MARCH









Pears' binds the men and maids to-day With those a hundred years away.

And so long as fair white hands, a bright, clear complexion, and a soft, healthy skin continue to add to beauty and attractiveness, so long will

continue to hold its place in the good opinion of women who wish to be beautiful and attractive. Its purity is proverbial; so also is that of Pears' Shaving Stick, which may be used on the tenderest and most sensitive skin, and is renowned as the best Shaving Soap in the world.





II.

A VISIT TO THE WORKS OF THE POPE TUBE COMPANY.

By Cleveland Moffett.



where the skeleton of the wheel is made, and still among the shadows. the tubing for forks and frame and handle ing apparatus in the world.

the city of Hart- seven to six in the daytime, from six to ford, Connecticut, six in the darkness, alternate gangs of about a mile from men toil at the draw benches, at the oil the main factory troughs, at the great annealing furnaces. of the Columbia And many a time have the neighbors been Bicycle, out near startled from their slumbers by the shrieks the grinding, and wailings of the metal, that are heard queer-smelling with almost terrifying distinctness in the rubber mill, is a still hours of the night. It is as if the low, wide-stretch- ghosts and wandering spirits of a hun-ing building of dred haunted houses had taken lodgings brick and iron, a in this broad building, not at all a gloomy building covering place, but ablaze with the radiance of over an acre, many electric lights that shine out white

Most interesting is the story of the bar, these being the bones of the modern rise and development of these busy tube bicycle. Other buildings stand around works. To go through them to-day and this central one—the power-house, the coal see the admirable appliances on every bunkers, the rolling-mill, the gas-house hand, and the wonders that are accomwith its buried naphtha wells, the freight- plished, one can scarcely believe that this house, and the water-tower with its three whole industry of bicycle tube-making tanks, one above the other, the top one has come into existence in the United rearing its head aloft like a church steeple. States within the past four or five years. These are the works of the Pope Tube Yet it is a fact that in 1893 the limited Company, and here may be seen the best amount of steel tubing produced in this equipped plant for drawing steel tubing country was so far below a suitable standand the most efficient high-pressure pump- and of safety and accuracy that, after suffering much loss and inconvenience from A strange place is this, especially at the purchase of this tubing, the officers of night, for the work never ceases through- the Pope Company decided that the only out the year, save on Sundays. From way out of their difficulties was to become

operate their own plant.

Nineties, there was no supply of steel tub- enamel, the one may have the best steel in ing in the country such as was needed for its tubing, the other only an inferior qualthe bicycle, nor any knowledge of how ity. An expert alone can determine this such tubing should be made, for, up to that in advance, and even he can do so only time, neither in the arts nor the industries, after elaborate and costly tests. As for had there been any demand for steel tubing at once so strong and so light as was ness, running the risk of money loss and now required in this new vehicle. It is true that the backbones of bicycles with high that the wheel he is about to purchase confront wheels had for some years been drawn tains steel that has already been tested by from steel tubing, but these were much thicker than the tubes now required for "Safety" frames, and of course every in- kets of the world. crease in the thinness of the tubes, if I may so express it, necessitated a corresponding increase in the strength of the metal. Think what it means to take a heavy piece of steel and reduce it, as a child would has a right to demand from the manufacdraw out a piece of molasses candy, until it becomes as thin as writing paper. Such his comfort and safety may depend. But tubing is actually used in the modern wheel.

bought to-day everything depends upon one among hundreds of grades of steel the steel that is used; without the highest was the best for bicycle tubing, or which excellence here all other excellence is in grades would best resist the varying strains vain. And yet from this very fact comes of different parts of the machine. For the difficulty of distinguishing a good ten years or more the bicycle manufacturer

tube-makers themselves, to establish and bicycle from a bad one, for all the external signs may be misleading, and of It is easy to understand why, in the early two wheels shining alike with nickel and the individual buyer, he is groping in darkserious accident unless he assures himself the best means known to science, and that it is the best steel to be found in the mar-

EARLY DIFFICULTIES WITH TUBING.

Such is the assurance that the wheelman turer; indeed, it is upon this assurance that in 1892 it was not easy for the bicycle manufacturer to give any assurance at all upon It is plain, therefore, that in the bicycle these points, since no one could say which



THE MAIN ROOM OF THE TUBE MILL, GIVING A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DRAW BENCHES.

would fill the order accordingly. At another time the bicycle manufacturer would say: "I must have a tougher grade of steel. That last lot you sent was too brittle," and then the steel-maker would do his best to overcome the defects and supply what was wanted. Sometimes he succeeded, sometimes he failed, and in either instance the manufacturer was equally in the dark. and could never say stiffly to the steelmaker: "This tubing you've been furnishing me is not what I want," because he did not know himself what he did want, nor why he wanted it, nor why one grade of steel suited his purpose better than another.

This difficulty was rendered still more serious in 1802 by the introduction of

the pneumatic tire, which, with its mani- how to equip this mill and how to operate than had previously been attainable. It them tube-manufacturers. was at this time that the makers of the

had been dependent for the most important tionably the very best and the best adapted part of the wheel, its steel, upon men who to its purpose, thrust itself before all other necessarily had no practical knowledge of considerations. As they could not buy the bicycle construction or bicycle needs— right kind of steel tubing, they must set the steel-makers. He had been obliged about making it; they must understand not to give his orders in some such haphazard only their own business, but the steel busiway as this: "I want a lot of steel for ness as well; they must employ the most forks or handle bars." Whereupon the capable metallurgists and steel-makers; steel-maker would nod his head and say: they must equip and operate their own "I guess this will do, or that will do," and steel tube mill, and first they must learn



THE EAST END OF THE BOILER ROOM. UNDER THE LIFTED DOOR IS SHOWN THE COXE TRAVELING GRATE.

fold advantages, promised to set the whole it. Already their determination to produce world wheeling at greater speeds (and the best bicycle in the world had made therefore with liability to greater strains) them rubber-manufacturers; now it made

This daring purpose was immediately Columbia rose to the situation and faced put into execution, and by the summer of the new emergency with a confidence born 1893 an extensive building had been erected of successes in the past. Cost what it for the new plant, with engines and mamight, their bicycles must be safe as well chinery of the most approved design, and as swift, strong as well as light, and the with a force of the best mechanics, who importance of using steel that was not were familiar with the processes of steelmerely "good enough," but was unques- working similar to those that were to be undertaken. And to direct the work the not know to what extent the old methods steel-drawing. money would take care of itself.

EXPERIMENTS IN DRAWING STEEL.

the tube while diminishing its diameter these pioneer makers of bicycle tubing. No heat is used here, the and thickness. powerful jaws of the benches being sufficient to do this work of reduction; but between each drawing the tubes are an-

so that it may be still further reduced without injury to the metal, for it is a remarkable fact that the mere drawing out of cold steel produces such molecular changes as to result in a marked harden-

Now, when the men in the tube department began their experiments they did

most competent men available were of steel-drawing would apply to the new brought together from different cities, problem before them; they did not know metallurgists, engineers, and experts in how much reduction a tube would stand The highest authorities between annealings, nor how many drawwere consulted, both here and abroad; ings were necessary to bring it to the money was literally no object compared desired dimensions, nor what degree of with the achievement of their purpose; heat in the furnaces would have the best they knew very well that if they could effect upon the steel. And, above all, they succeed in making better bicycle tubing did not know what grade or grades of than could be procured elsewhere the steel would most nearly meet the requirements of the ideal bicycle, for of course it is understood that steel contains, in addition to the iron which forms its chief component, several other elements—carbon, Then came months of experimenting, a phosphorus, sulphur, etc., the presence of period of struggle and uncertainty, for which in varying percentages has a direct there were no teachers from whom these and most important effect upon the propermakers of bicycles could learn what was ties of the steel; for example, the addition almost a new art, owing to the quality of of phosphorus to the amount of only 1100 tubing desired, and it was only after long of one per cent. might entirely change and costly effort, with many failures, that the value of a certain lot of metal. In they found out what must be done and general, the higher the percentage of what not done in order to turn out such carbon in a lot of steel the stronger it bicycle tubing as was needed. In order becomes and the more costly. On the to understand these efforts, and the high other hand, phosphorus and sulphur in success that finally rewarded them, it may even moderate percentages render steel be well to indicate briefly the methods of unfit for structural purposes, although it bicycle tube-drawing. Starting in the form must be said that these elements are of thick-walled hollow billets, two or three much in evidence in the cheaper grades of feet long, the tubes are drawn through steel. Volumes have been written on this dies on the powerful draw benches, this subject. Consideration of it here would operation being repeated several times, take us too far in the realm of metallurgy, and each drawing increasing the length of but it had to be diligently considered by

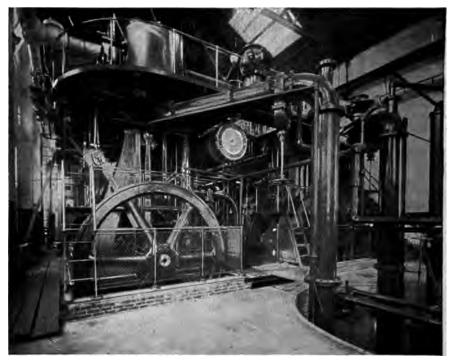
THE TESTING DEPARTMENT.

Their best guidance came from the testnealed in the furnaces to soften the steel ing department, a feature of the Columbia

Works also established in 1893, its purpose being to assist the processes of bicycle manufacture by throwing upon them the latest and clearest light of scientific investigation and practical experiment. In this department, which represented an outlay of thousands of dollars, was every



THE CHAIN OF BUCKETS THAT CARRY COAL TO THE HOPPERS-WHICH, IN TURN, FEED THE FURNACES-AND ALSO CARRY ASHES FROM THE ASH PITS.



THE ENGINE ROOM, SHOWING ONE OF THE FINE HIGH-PRESSURE PUMPING-ENGINES.

appliance and facility known to the physi-

ance might vary from that of a heavy steel bar down to that of a silken hair, and with an adjustment so delicate that the jaws could exert a gentle pull scarcely sufficient to break an egg, or put forth a terrific rending effort of fifty tons. This costly machine allowed the experts to draw valuable conclusions as to the relative strength and toughness of specimen lots of tubing drawn and annealed in one way or another and containing this or that percentage of carbon or other ingredients. It allowed them to form a sure estimate of the resistance that would be offered by any given tube to the sudden and violent strains such as a bicycle may encounter in coasting or in the many emergencies of wheeling.

Here also was the alternate stress macists and chemists for analyzing specimens chine, a piece of apparatus resembling a of steel and for testing the various quali- large lathe, and designed to test the capacties of steel tubing. Here was the great ity of a given lot of tubing for enduring 100,000-pound "Emery" testing machine, repeated and moderate strains such as are in all respects the equal in accuracy of the put upon it constantly in ordinary riding, one used by the government at the Water- this quality being quite as important as town Arsenal, with massive jaws ready to toughness. In this machine the tube to clutch and tear apart objects whose resist- be tested is gripped at each end, and then



THE LONG TUNNEL THROUGH WHICH, IN THREE IRON PIPES, THE WATER IS DRIVEN TO AND FRO BETWEEN THE PUMPING-ENGINES AND THE CYLINDERS OF THE DRAW BRNCHES.

weight of several hundred pounds bearing had been on the wrong track in using "low down upon the unsupported center, so that carbon "steel in their tubing, and that the in each revolution the tube is bent first one general practice of drawing tubing from way and then the other, the tendency besteel of "fifteen point" carbon or "twening to break the particles of steel at the ty-five point" carbon was not calculated point of bending, just as a woman breaks to give the best results. It should be exa hairpin by bending it back and forth.

still, a court of last appeal in comparing the bon to the extent of fifteen one-hundredths physical qualities of two lots of tubing. of one per cent., and other numbers are used

There in a few hours the tubing underwent all the strains that it could possibly be subjected to in a bicycle during years of actual running. Two rival specimens would be placed successively in the big Emery machine and hauled on by the jaws until they broke. Plainly the one that gave way at the lower pressure (this being carefully noted) had the less strength, while the one that stretched the less before breaking had the less toughness. Then two other specimens from the same lots would be whirled back and forth in the alternate stress machine until the particles were torn asunder, and the one which gave way at the lower number of revolutions (this being also carefully noted) would offer less endurance under the conditions prevailing in bicycle use. And a consideration of these two results

of tubing is better adapted to its purpose than the other, and therefore the method bon" steel offers unquestionable superiwhich produced it is preferable."

THE FAMOUS "FIFTY CARBON" STEEL.

led the company to a most important conclusion, it might almost be called a dis- pany decided to use steel of this grade in

made to turn rapidly on its long axis, a covery, namely, that bicycle manufacturers plained that the term "fifteen point" car-These two machines formed, and form bon is applied to steel which contains car-



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ENGINE ROOM, SHOWING THE TWO ACCUMULATORS IN WHICH THE SURPLUS ENERGY OF THE PUMPING-ENGINES IS STORED.

enabled the head of the testing depart- in the same way. The most careful tests ment to say without hesitation: "This lot have demonstrated that tubing made from "fifty point" carbon steel or "fifty carority over lower carbon grades, possessing a maximum of endurance under vibratory strain and at the same time being soft enough to resist the shattering effects of a Within a few months these experiments heavy blow. Accordingly, in the summer of 1893 the Pope Manufacturing Com-

from The Pope Tube Company, while some them." makers who cannot afford to use "fifty in the testing department show that, weight for weight, "fifty carbon" steel over 2,000,000 revolutions.

In a recent article in one of the scientific journals, Lieutenant Eames, who is use of higher grades. at the head of The Pope Tube Works, makes this strong statement in favor of ing department rendered assistance of vital the "fifty carbon" steel: "It has been importance to the tube mill. When they bicycles into whose construction, wholly entered. Among the few cases of broken tubes which service developed in these one which contained 0.50 per cent. carbon, of the breaking of a tube of this comconstruction and service."

This contention of Lieutenant Eames was sustained in a subsequent issue of the same journal by no less an authority than there is no partiality—only rugged truth. James E. Howard of the Watertown Arsenal, while the eminent president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, John Fritz, in a recent address before that to the bicycle manufacturers who have led of tube-making have been submitted to the world in the use of "fifty carbon" steel. Mr. Fritz says: "As illustrative of other they have been positively, finally the advantages of the use of higher car- settled. bon steels may be cited the piston rods of exactly alike in all other respects save that steam hammers, especially those of large the one had been cooled more quickly in size, where the strains were found too the retorts than the other, or left a longer severe for the softer steels to stand them time in one of the furnaces, or reduced for any length of time. . . . In view of more after the last annealing, or had been the above well-known facts it must seem given a fewer number of reductions bestrange that many progressive builders of tween anneals, or been put into the fursteam engines still continue to use soft naces at a somewhat greater or less temsteel rods as an alleged means of safety, perature than the other, or been treated

the Columbia bicycle, and they did this in late the bicycle-maker as the first to recogspite of the much greater cost of this kind nize the value of the development in the of steel and the much greater difficulty of manufacture of higher carbon steel, with working it. The excellence of their judg- all its salient advantages with regard to ment at this time has been since ab indantly combining strength with lightness. There proved, and to-day many bicycle-makers is no doubt that the element of first cost, have followed their example, purchasing and fear combined, has deterred some from "fifty carbon" tubing for their wheels a possible progress made available to

The justice of this last remark by the carbon" tubing in all parts of their ma- distinguished president is made evident by chine buy it for the more important parts, the fact that the analysis of several speci-It is a positive fact that conclusive tests mens of tubing used by various bicyclemakers seems to indicate a maximum carbon contents not er ceeding 0.28 per cent., will last eight times as long as "twenty-five while the majority of the specimens showed carbon" steel. Of two lots tested in the a contents of about 0.15 per cent. If the alternate stress machine, that made of riding public realized what the presence of "twenty-five carbon" steel end red 200,- this low carbon steel in the tubing of their ooo revolutions before giving way, while bicycles meant in risk of limb and danger that made of "fifty carbon" steel endured of annoyance, they would see to it that their wheels came from a factory where safety and comfort are guaranteed by the

Thus we see one point in which the testfound possible to follow with considerable decided finally that "fifty carbon" steel accuracy the history of some fifty thousand was the best for bicycle tubing, the big machines whose working we have observed or in part, tubing of 0.50 per cent. carbon paid for their cost over and over again, and they decided other points scarcely less essential in the making of first-class tubmachines, chemical analysis revealed not ing. In fact, from the very first they have been called upon constantly to pronounce and I have yet to learn of a single instance between different grades of tubing and tube steel, to decide whether one kind is position under the ordinary conditions of superior or inferior to another kind, to say whether a certain change in the process of drawing or annealing has been for the better or for the worse. In their strong jaws

HOW SUCCESS WAS ACHIEVED.

One after another, scores of questions inbody, pays the following handsome tribute volving some slight but important detail the testing department, and one after an-Here were two lots of tubing In this instance it seems fair to congratu- differently after tempering. Probably the

differences between the two lots were not very great; still there were differences, and in so vast an industry thousands of dollars might depend upon knowing exactly how these differences would affect the final result. Which of two ways was the better? Which of many ways was the best? Those were questions the head of the tube works is and has been perpetually putting to the testing depart-And he alment. ways gets his answer, and when he has acted upon it the tubing is the better for it. Indeed, the patient tests of this department in a bicycle factory have in several instances actually added to the sum of human knowledge.



THE SWAGING MACHINES. WHICH TAPER THE ENDS OF THE TUBES SO THAT THE TUBES CAN BE DRAWN THROUGH THE DIES.

not uniform for the different drawings. ual one for vibratory strain. They know the exact temperatures that fifteen feet long, with sides as thin as a had been previously produced, or have wafer, without changing its structural since been produced, by any other conthere alone by slow and painful growth.

found it to their interests to purchase tub- accommodations would not long be suffiing for their bicycles from The Pope Tube cient. With the factories turning out Company, but the fame of their product bicycles by tens of thousands, with a dehas gone abroad and has led to a promis- mand for thousands of feet of steel tubing

And it has come to pass at last that they leading bicycle concern of England, one know at the tube mill exactly what is best that pays special attention to quality, gave for the steel, what it will stand and what its order here for the tubing to be used in it will not stand, how to guard it from the its '97 machines, paying willingly for it a injury of overstrain, just how far each much higher price than it would have to drawing may be pushed; for the amount pay at home. This choice was made after of reduction that may be safely given is elaborate tests, including the rather unus-

This rapid success of the tube mill are best for all the annealings, and these brought such quick justification of Colonel are followed carefully at the furnaces with Pope's foresight, that within a year from the aid of pyrometers and the workmen's the start the company was turning out skill of the eye. In a word, they know how finer grades of steel tubing, in every way to change a solid block of steel into a tube better adapted for use in the bicycle than qualities or impairing its original excel- cern. Soon they found themselves unlence. This knowledge is the most pre- able to satisfy the demands put upon cious possession of the tube mill, more them. Additional machinery was straightvaluable than its equipment, for it may way put in with more presses and draw not be purchased in the market, it cannot benches, the force of men was strengthbe found in books, it has come into being ened, and in various ways the plant was extended. Still the demand kept increas-Not only have American manufacturers ing, and it was soon seen that the present ing export trade. Indeed, quite recently a every week, it was evident that they must

soon move into larger quarters, and in the fires are stoked automatically, and the in a year this was complete, with every- better.' thing as it should be, for the best engineers sulted during the period of its construction. And as there are very wonderful things in this plant, huge pumps, ponderous machinery, lines of glowing furnaces, serve these latter in some detail.

We should bear in mind that whatever we see here is the best of its kind in the world, the latest development of enmodel in every respect, and it is a model, nace under us." its fame having spread through this counand scientists from all parts of the world come to visit it, and wonder and admire.

IN THE BOILER ROOM.

Let us look first at the great boilers and furnaces, huge masses of iron, built in a absence of soot or ashes.

charge; "the boilers are fed automatically, thing less than a bushel of coal. They not

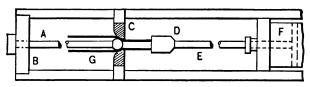


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE OPERATION OF DRAWING TUBE.

The above diagram, reproduced from "The Iron Age," will help the reader to understand how the draw bench works. The tube is represented by the heavy black line G. One end of this is passed through the circular die C and is gripped in the tongs D, which are attached to the piston rod of the hydraulic cylinder F. At the other end of the machine is the mandrel A, tipped with an enlarged knob or head, and this knob or head, during the operation of drawing, occupies a position practically in the center of the die C. As the tube is drawn through the die its outer diameter is reduced to the diameter of the die; and the annular space between the mandrel head and the die determines the thickness of the tube and the amount of reduction in thickness effected by the drawing.

1895 active preparations were begun for ashes are carried away automatically. A building the permanent plant, on a site not single man can take charge of the six far distant from the temporary one. With- boilers. Come up here and you will see

He leads the way up a steep swaying and specialists in the country were con- ladder that brings us to a platform over the boilers; it is like climbing to the masthead of a vessel, and yet we are only midway between the floor and the top of the building. Beneath us, side by side, are monstrous hydraulic rams, and a system the curving bellies of the six boilers, each of tube-drawing that is altogether un- resting on its own foundation of brick and equalled, it will repay us to stroll through iron, within which glowing fires burn day this stretch of buildings with their strange and night throughout the year. Overhead, noises and unfamiliar operations, and ob- up among the trusses, are three big black masses ending beneath in black funnels. They look like the pictures of cyclones.

"What are those?" I ask.

"Coal hoppers, one for each pair of gineering science. Colonel Pope's instruc- furnaces. They feed the fires through the tions from the start were to spare no long iron chutes, and are fed themselves expense in the purchase of any machine or by the chain of buckets that you see travelpiece of apparatus that would ultimately ling up there above them. Each one holds save a fair percentage on its extra cost fourteen tons of coal. There, do you over the cost of a cheaper machine or ap- hear that click? That means that fifty pliance. He wished this tube mill to be a pounds of coal has slid down into this fur-

The clicking sound seems to come from try and others, so much so that engineers a red painted swelling in the chute that descends from the funnel of the hopper into the furnace, and the foreman informs me that this is a weighing machine which registers automatically every pound of coal as it passes into the fires.

I look up to the chain of buckets which stretches along the ridge of the roof the room as large as a church, a room surpris- full length of the building, coming from ingly clean and cool. I remark on the somewhere outside and descending along the wall near us in a perpendicular line and "That is because everything is done disappearing underneath the floor. Each automatically," says the engineer in bucket is a little iron basket holding some-

only bring in coal for the hoppers, but they carry away the ashes from the ash pits, and they do it all automatically.

Coming down to the floor again the foreman points to one of the observation holes that give a view of the furnace fires. I see a surface like the floor of a room burning cherry red.

"Do you notice anything particular?" asks the foreman.

"It seems hottest at the front end,'' I remark.

"Look closer," he says.
"Why, it's moving," I ex-

claim; "the whole thing is mov-



OPERATING THE DRAW BENCHES.

stoker I was telling you about—the Coxe this wonderful chain, about a fifth of a traveling grate. It's made of bars of mile in length, encircles the entire length cast iron laid side by side in an endless and height of the boiler room and the coal chain that runs over two pulley wheels at bunkers, passing up and down the two the respective ends, each one about two feet ends, and stretching above and below, round like a treadmill, and is so operated ings.

"Here is where we get our coal from the ings in the engineer leading." in diameter. The grate travels round and coal is reduced to ashes before it reaches the railroad," says the engineer, leading the rear end of the fire box, where it is the way to a covered track at the farther dropped down into the ash pit."

occupy a building continuous with the coal cars directly to our door. They are boiler room and of about the same dimen- stopped here, and empty their loads sions, a building whose sides are con-through this opening in the track into a structed of curved steel plates put together coal hopper underneath, built just above loosely, so as to offer safe resistance to the bucket chain. Then over the track you the enormous pressure from within and see another big hopper, which receives the allow a certain play when the bunkers are ashes from the buckets as they are carried filled to their uttermost. The bunkers are from the ash pits, and discharges the ashes divided into three large rooms or bins, into empty cars on the track beneath. So each about thirty by forty feet, and thirty it is literally true that our boiler fires are feet high, and built like the ash pits, with fed automatically from the railroad cars, V-shaped floors and openings at the bot- without any handling of the coal by worktom which discharge the coal automatically men, and that the furnaces discharge their into the bucket chain that runs underneath ashes automatically into the railroad cars, in the tunnel. The bunkers not only dis- again without any handling by workcharge into this bucket chain, but they are men."

"Certainly it is; that's the automatic filled by it when it passes above them; for through the full length of the two build-

end of the bunkers. "This is a gravity Now we visit the coal bunkers, which spur, from the main line, which brings the

THE ENGINE ROOM.

Now we pass into the engine room, two triple-expansion, vertical fly-wheel, Riedler high-pressure pumping-engines, heavy, and the huge masses of polished you only know how to use him. metal, wheels and rods and eccentrics, pounds of steam per hour for each indi- works?" cated horse-power.

boilers, and coal bunkers. This whole assemblage of buildings, this gathering together of costly machines and imposing apparatus, is simply a huge contrivance which is the pride of the works. Here are for making rams work back and forth in distant cylinders, these being the draw benches where the tubing is reduced. It built by Fraser & Chalmers of Chicago, to is a splendid feat of hydraulic engineerspecifications by Mr. E. D. Leavitt. They ing, a magnificent illustration—perhaps are the finest of their kind in the world, so the best in the whole world-of the enormy guide informs me. And I can well be- mous work that may be gotten out of that lieve it, for they are certainly very big and hoary old giant, Hydraulic Pressure, if

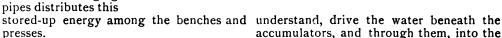
As I stand in this confusion of marvels move very smoothly on their bearings and the question that comes to my mind is a connections. "At greatest economy," he natural one—"How is this hydraulic prescontinues, "they are designed to turn sixty sure exerted, and how is the strength of revolutions to the minute, and both work- these great pumping-engines, each with its ing together will drive 1,100 gallons of equivalent of eight hundred horse-power, water a minute against a pressure of 1,200 transmitted through this long stretch of pounds to the square inch, and they are buildings to all the draw benches and expected to use an average of only twelve hydraulic presses scattered through the

"I'll show you," says the engineer who Translated into simple English, this has now taken me in charge, and forthmeans that here are two wonderfully power- with leads the way down into another ful and efficient pumps for driving great tunnel whose length makes that of the quantities of water through heavy pipes other one seem trifling. This is indeed a with enormous force. After all, that is tunnel worth talking about. Standing at the entire purpose of this power house, one end, the other end seems almost bewith its necessary adjuncts of furnaces, youd the eye's reach, this effect of extreme



THE ANNEALING FURNACES.

length being aided by a misty quality in the air, which dims the electric lights along the sides. This tunnel carries along its floor three lengths of heavy iron pipe, each about eight inches in diameter, these being the channels through which the water is forced back and forth between the engines and the cylinders of the draw benches. These pipes are filled with water, a piston of water, one might say, which transmits faithfully, by the laws of hydraulics, a pressure of so many tons exerted at one end, and delivers it, with slight loss from friction, at the other end, ready for hauling or turning or doing whatever work is desired. A system of diverging



points out the two accumulators—tanks of sheet steel, each as big as a room, and resting on massive foundations of masonry and iron. about these accumulators is that they do to the weight of over one hundred tons. not remain still, but move continually up Then at moments when all the draw and down, sliding on upright iron cylinders benches are working and call for a maxiover a foot in diameter and sixteen feet mum of effort, the accumulators assist the high, which run up through their centers. pumps by the downward pressure they ex-Now the accumulators are poised a dozen ert upon the columns of water in their feet in the air, near the very tops of the cylinders, these opening of course into the cylinders; now with many little springs and pipes. As the draw benches work irregusudden stoppings they descend almost to larly, it is plain that without the accumuthe bottoms of the cylinders. It makes lators there would be a considerable waste one dizzy to watch them; it is as if two of energy; but with them the pumps have giant arms had caught up a pair of a constant load to carry and every pound houses and were doing jugglers' tricks of their force is utilized, although more is with them.

apprehension, as we stand near these with water instead of iron is that their bounding masses.

of the pumping-engines, which, you must by letting more flow in."



THE DOUBLE-ACTION HYDRAULIC DRAW PRESS, USED FOR "CUPPING" NICKEL STEEL DISKS INTO BILLETS.

accumulators, and through them, into the Having explained all this, the engineer pipes. Whenever the draw benches in the works are idle for a few moments, as is constantly happening, the effort of the pumps is utilized in lifting these great The most remarkable thing tanks, each of which is loaded with water used at some times than at others. The "What are they doing?" I ask, in some advantage of weighting the accumulators downward pressures may be easily regu-"They are storing up the surplus energy lated by letting some of the water out, or

AMONG THE DRAW BENCHES.

Having thus observed what goes on at of the tubes so that they can be drawn and the thickness of their walls. through the dies. And, finally, coming two cooling. Between the benches and the triblet-rod into it. tral store-house.

but the billets are made in Sweden after reduce more easily. specifications furnished by the company. These specifications, as has been seen, were the result of months of testing and experimenting, during which samples of maker in this country and Europe, all

tation the world over, and the billets to fill these specifications cost more than any other tube billets.

And now we come to the draw benches. the source of power, we may now look each long enough to stretch across a wide in at the tube mill proper, which comprises city street and possessing a great fascinaone enormous room, almost as large as a tion for the chance beholder. Each one is city block, where the chief operations are manned by two workmen. One stands at performed, and a wing 160 feet long where the wheel and lever, midway down the are the shipping department, the inspec- length of the bench, and works these back tion department, the tool-room, the men's and forth, exercising perfect control over wash-room, the bicycle stable, the dining- the heavy jaws which advance and retreat room, etc. In this wing are also the gen- from out the big cylinder with whatever eral offices and the drafting-room. Our speed or force the man desires. The other concern now is with the main room, which workman watches over the tubes in the oil is a place of many noises—a place where trough, shifting them forward one by one the noises never cease. There is the clang to the die, through which the jaws drag of metal as the workmen throw the tubes them. The dies are always smaller in passed through their hands upon the diameter than the tubes, and it is this dragtrucks. There is the clatter of the swag- ging operation which increases the length ing machines as they taper the ends of the tubes while lessening their diameters

Each tube undergoes successively a numor three times a minute, there is the groan- ber of drawings, smaller and smaller dies ing and screaming of the draw benches being used until the desired thinness has as the tubes are drawn into longer and been obtained. What goes on at one bench thinner lengths. These draw benches, is repeated at all the others, hour after ranged side by side, in long parallel lines, hour, day after day, night after night, occupy one entire end of the building, throughout the year. From one side come At the other end, built in double rows with the clutching jaws, sliding smoothly like an alleyway between, are the red-hot a gliding serpent; from the other side comes annealing furnaces and the muffles for the length of tubing, pushed forward in its protecting the retorts from sudden chills in bath of black oil as the workman drives Thump, thump, furnaces is a great space of flooring oc- the two come together at the die block. cupied by various smaller machines and In an instant, with a movement of the heaped with piles of tubing, a sort of cen-lever, the jaws have gripped the tapering end of the tube as it pushes through the The steel comes to the draw benches in die hole, and then, with the turn of the two forms: either the hollow billets for the wheel, a force of ten tons is straining at famous "fifty point" carbon steel, which the tube, as the jumping arrow shows in forms the chief product of the works, or the bright gauge. Before one's eyes it in elongated cups that look like big bo- grows longer and thinner, and as the logna sausages and are of nickel steel, of change takes place, it puts forth its wail which a limited quantity is drawn. The or groan. Between each two drawings the cups are stamped and pressed on the tubes are sent to the annealing furnaces to premises from steel that comes in sheets, be softened in the fires, so that they will

THE ANNEALING FURNACES.

Now let us follow the tubes over tosteel were analyzed from nearly every the furnaces and observe in detail this process of annealing. Here are twomanner of mixtures and percentages of alleyways with a row of furnaces on one carbon were considered, and the leading side and a row of muffles on the other. metallurgists of the world were taken into Down the alleyways run little railroad. consultation. If there is good steel to be tracks on which are cars loaded with iron found anywhere for bicycle needs, then cylinders about a foot in diameter and a. these billets surely have it. In fact, the dozen feet in length and suggesting tor-Pope tube steel specifications have a repu- pedo projectiles. Each of these cylinders. or retorts holds about one hundred or one down come the heavy blocks of iron that hundred and fifty tubes, and being charged balance the furnace door, which lifts with these, is sealed up at the end and straight up like the end of a mouse-trap placed on one of the little cars. The ad- and shows the hot fire-bed within and three vantage of having the tubes placed in the retorts lying on the bars. A catch holds retorts is that they are kept from direct the door up, and now the roaring and contact with the flames, which would form panting of the fires within can be heard a scale upon the surfaces and necessitate throughout the whole room. the subsequent and injurious operation of "pickling" the tubes in large vats of acid annealing steel tubes.

It is a strange sight to see the workmen of holes.

charging the furnace with the retorts. The whole side of the furnace seems to lift up in a heavy iron shutter, and the cylinders, rolled in from the cars, are left in the shimmering red and white flames until the work of annealing is accomplished. This usually takes about forty-five minutes. So complicated is this work of tubemaking, with so many steps in the process, that every tube used in a Columbia bicycle, before it is ready for



NICKEL STEEL IN ITS SEVERAL STAGES FROM THE FLAT DISK TO THE COMPLETED ELONGATED TUBE,

Reproduced by permission from "The Iron Age."

tion of the tubes.

Let us observe now the discharging of a furnace. Two brawny men come forward carrying long iron implements. They lay iron rails across the alley between the furnace, a width of about eight feet, and its

"What do you burn in there?" I ask.

" Naphtha gas from the tanks out in the in order to remove this scale. The Pope yard. Each furnace uses about ten gallons Tube Company holds the exclusive license an hour. It comes in through large pipes in the United States for this process of under the bed of fire-brick, which lets the flames from below come up through dozens Of course the hissing and

> screaming of the flames is caused by the air blast.'' As he speaks, the men reach forward into the flames with long iron hooks, and, grappling the nearest retort. draw it toward them. The retort rolls out heavily upon the rails, red-hot throughout its whole length and burning in places with yellow flames from the oil-gas generated within. Two other men, prying with iron bars, help them roll the heavy retort (it weighs half a ton with

the factory, must be submitted thus to the its load of tubes) across to the muffle, fire six or eight or frequently a dozen where it presently comes to rest with a times, which means that a period of two dull clang. Then the second retort is or three weeks elapses between the starting treated in the same way, and finally the of the hollow billets and the final comple- third, and as soon as the three are safely lodged in the muffle, the door is drawn down, and they are left still blazing to grow cool. This will take five, six, or seven hours, as the case may be, so the engineer tells me.

For the next step two men roll forward muffle. Then one of them catches the on the little railroad track an iron truck handle of the heavy muffle door-a wide bearing three freshly loaded retorts from sheet of iron it is, fifteen feet long—and up which the air has been expelled. Each it goes with a creaking of the balancing one of these holds from fifty to two hun-The other hauls down on a dred lengths of tube, according to the size, handle at the back side of the furnace, and and these are tightly screwed inside by

the fire. The retorts are iron pipes about biscuits. descend, and another heating has begun.

to the place where the tubes are to be piled awaiting further treatment. The long

the manufacture of bicycle tubing, the the drawing. company have recently concluded, after plate constructions for the government. Of course the exceptional hardness and toughness of this kind of steel occasion great difficulties in its reduction, and and for special skill in all stages of manuthe drawing of this nickel steel tubing that nealing furnaces. up to date the product has been exceedquality.

and one tenth of an inch thick. that weighs four tons, and bites through of Trinity College.

end pieces, and will keep out any touch of the cold steel as a housewife stamps out These disks are then put fourteen feet long and nine inches in diam- through a number of hydraulic presses, eter. These in their turn are rolled into even heavier than the blanking machine, the furnace with the help of long levers, and are forced through dies by powerful the catch is drawn, letting the shutter door rams. The first operation brings the disk to the shape of a shallow basin, the next A little later we watch the workmen open makes it an elongated cup, the next makes some of the retorts which have been in the it still longer, and so on, until finally it is muffles for hours and become quite cold. reduced to the form of a tube two feet The heavy cylinders with their loads still or more in length. Then the rounded end inside are swung across the room by means of the tube is sliced off, and the nickel of an overhead trolley, which carries them steel is in the form of a billet ready for the draw benches.

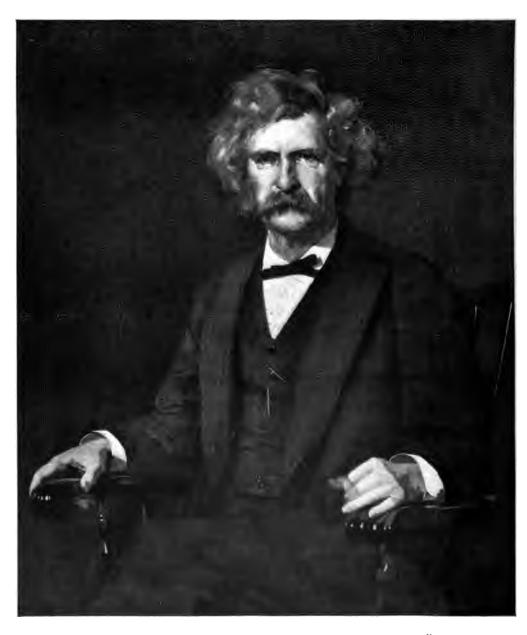
Simple enough these processes seem lengths, now as smooth as glass, have still when one sees them going smoothly; but to be cleaned and straightened; then they it took months of patient toil, with many are cut into such lengths as are needed, mistakes and disappointments, before the and stand ready for shipment. It is of in- company learned the right way of "cupterest to note, and the company point to ping" these disks into billets. And tothe fact with just pride, that in hundreds day the museum of the tube department of tons of "fifty carbon" tubing that has bears record of the many failures in cups been brazed under careful observation, not crushed into fantastic shapes, some with one case of burnt tube has come to light. ragged sides, and in tubes of nickel steel Strong in their determination to lead in deformed in many ways and torn apart in

Now that our journey through the tube exhaustive experiments in the testing de-mill is almost completed, we may stroll partment, that it is possible to obtain the through the yard and look in a moment at very best results from the use of tubing the little naphtha building, with enough oil drawn from steel containing five per cent. buried near it to blow the whole works to denickel, an alloy of the same class as the struction should a full explosion be effected famous "nickel steel" used in armor- by any mischance. Fortunately ample precautions have been taken against such a catastrophe. A hot, hissing place is this little building, with an oil-tainted breath. Near the door are two retorts that receive call for special and powerful machinery the liquid naphtha, while on the other side are two engines working away busily, facture. So slow and expensive has been changing the naphtha into gas for the an-

My last inspiration is to climb to the top ingly limited, so much so that the mill of the water-tower, a dizzy structure of has undertaken to supply only the Pope iron beams, a giant with three heads, one Manufacturing Company with steel of this above the other, these being the three water tanks. From the highest one I be-The main difficulties in working this hold a charming panorama. Around me nickel steel come in preparing it for the are the buildings of the tube works, the draw benches. In them it is treated very main roof rising in half a dozen ridges like much as the "fifty carbon" billets are, but parallel troughs. Near by, just across a litbefore it reaches them it requires almost tle pond, are the Hartford Rubber Works. as much handling, with as many elaborate At the right is a magnificent park of nearprocesses, as the Swedish billets receive in ly a hundred acres, the gift of Colonel their entire journey through the mill. The Pope to the city of Hartford. In the nickel steel comes from the works of the distance the eye falls restfully upon elm-Bethlehem Iron Company, and is rolled into clad hills, dotted here and there with plates about two feet long, one foot wide, houses. And off yonder rises the gilded These dome of the capitol; across from it are the plates are first punched into disks about a twin towers of the cathedral; and here, foot in diameter in a blanking machine apart from the rest, is the long brown pile



DECORATIVE PANEL. FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES CHAPLIN, Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co., New York.



SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("MARK TWAIN"). FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES NOËL FLAGG; NOW FIRST REPRODUCED.

The original portrait, now first reproduced, hangs in Mr. Clemens's house at Hartford, Connecticut. It was painted for Mrs. Clemens by Mr. Flagg in 1891, when Mr. Clemens was fifty-five years old. It is reproduced here by the special permission of the artist.

McClure's Magazine.

Vol. VIII.

MARCH, 1897.

No. 5.

TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

A POSSIBILITY OF ELECTRICAL SCIENCE.

BY H. J. W. DAM.

I.

TERVIEW WITH DR. BOSE.

more important, and more revolutionary still—the new telegraphy. Two gentlemen be seen. have come to London at the same time But the from different countries to tell the same twenty years has been most extraordinary. story, namely, that telegraphy needs no Invention and experiment have daily, if wires, and that through walls, through not hourly, thrown open new doors in the houses, through towns, through moun- electrical wing of the temple of truth. tains, and, it may possibly happen, even And now, at the close of the nineteenth through the earth, we can send dispatches century, the great mass of new facts conto any distance with no other apparatus cerning light, electricity, inaudible sound, than a sender and a receiver, the com- invisible light, and the Lenard and Röntmunication taking place by means of elec- gen rays; the eager inquiry, based upon tric waves in the ether.

The English language uses the word "ether" in two totally different senses. The first is as the name of a colorless liquid, easily vaporized, the vapor of which is used to allay pain. This liquid has nothing sciences thus represented, marching whatever to do with the present subject, abreast of one another along the old Roand should be put entirely out of the mind. The second use of the word is as the name knows whither, have come upon a great of a substance colorless, unseen, and un- high wall blocking the way completely in known, we will say—except in a theoretical all directions. It is an obstacle which sense-which is supposed to fill all space. must be conquered in whole or in part The original conception of this substance before science can go any farther. And is as old as Plato's time. Newton, Des- upon the wall, as upon the wall in the cartes, all the beacon lights of science palace of Babylon, is a strange and as yet

accept it. The ether theory of the formation of worlds must be familiar to THE MYSTERIES OF THE ETHER.—AN IN- many. In fact, up to twenty years ago, as the men of to-day who were then in college will remember, the word "ether" A YEAR has elapsed since Röntgen was a familiar name, a harmless necessary gave us the new photography. To- conception, a great convenience in bridgday, on the same general lines, we are con- ing a tremendous void in science which fronted with something more wonderful, nobody knew anything about or ever would know anything about, so far as could then

But the electrical advance in the last new discoveries, into the properties of living matter, crystallization, the transference of thought, and the endeavor to establish scientifically the truth of certain great religious concepts-all the special man road of science, which leads no one through the ages, have assumed its exist-unintelligible inscription—the mysterious ence, and all modern physical students word "ether." What new and great dis-

Copyright, 1897, by the S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved.

the nineteenth has been startled.

solid mass of colorless jelly; that in this erse.

this jelly, though it is at present believed to have density and rigidity, is so inconceivably thin that it soaks completely through all the cherries and through everything upon them; that the minute atoms composing the cherries are so large when compared with the thinness of the jelly that each atom is surrounded by the jelly just as the whole cherry is surrounded; that the jelly is continuous, without a point in the whole universe at which there is a single break in its continuity; that, consequently, if we tap the glass containing the jelly on the table a quiver will run through the jelly completely: the cherries will not quiver, but the quiver will run through them, the jelly which has soaked into them carrying the quiver through them as easily as through the spaces between the cherries; that, in short, this jelly or ether is a universal substance so thin that

coveries lie beyond this wall, no one causes yet undefined, the ether carries knows; but more than one high authority light rays through certain substances, but believes that these discoveries will startle will not carry Röntgen rays through those the twentieth century more greatly than substances. Röntgen rays, on the other hand, are carried through substances which To suggest, in the crudest possible fash- stop light. Electric rays, or electric rays ion, how ether is at present regarded by of a low rate of vibration, differ in some scientists, let the reader imagine that the respects from both light and Röntgen rays whole universe, to the uttermost stars, is a in the substances which they can trav-Electric rays of high oscillation colorless jelly the stars, solar systems, and show other differences still. Other classes space-worlds are embedded, like cherries of rays or waves which remain to be disin a mould of fruit jelly for the table; that covered, and which will also have different

properties, will doubtless be found to receive different treatment from the ether, the sum and substance of the whole matter being that the comparatively new research for new rays has now concentrated the whole scientific world's attention on the ether, its different treatment of different rays affording to-day a means of studying it that has never been enjoyed before.

The density of the ether has been calculated from the energy with which the light from the sun strikes the earth. As there are twenty-seven ciphers after the decimal point before the figures begin, its density is of course less than anything we can imagine. From its density its rigidity has been calculated, and is also inconceivably small. Nevertheless, with this small rigidity and density it is held to be an actual substance, and is believed to be incompressible, for the reason that

it permeates everything in space and on otherwise it would not transmit waves in earth—glass, stone, metal, wood, flesh, the way it does. As it is believed to fill all water, and so on-and that only by its the interplanetary space, many profound quivering, only by the waves in it which and searching experiments have been made light rays, electric rays, and Röntgen rays to determine whether, as the earth moves in excite, are these rays enabled to travel and its orbit through space at the rate of nineproduce their various results. Light en- teen miles per second, it passes through ables us to see. But all the light which the ether as a ship goes through the water, comes to us from any object and enables pressing the ether aside, or whether the us to see that object comes by means of ether flows through the earth as water waves in the ether. These light waves pass flows through a sieve forced against it. through glass; that is, the wave continues Through the elusive character of the subright through the glass in the ether which stance none of these experiments have as lies between the particles of glass. From yet produced any very satisfactory results.



DR. IAGADIS CHUNDER BOSE.



DR. BOSE AND HIS NEW APPARATUS FOR THE STUDY OF ELECTRIC RADIATION.

enclosed in solid bodies is much less free floors and ceilings each fourteen inches in transmitting waves than the ether in the thick, and caused induction—set up what waves at the rate of about three miles per in the cellar. This fact of induction is second. The ether in the glass transmits now one of the simplest and most comthem at a rate 40,000 times greater, or monplace phenomena in the work of elecabout 120,000 miles per second, while the tricians. Edison has already used it in ether in the air transmits them at the rate telegraphing to a flying train. Hertz, the of 192,000 miles per second. The reason great German investigator, developed the why the ether in the glass and other solids study of these waves, and announced that transmits more slowly than that outside is they penetrated wood and brick but not a mystery at present; but, as said before, metal. Strange to say, however, considerthis is one of a mass of gathered facts ing the number of brilliant electricians in which have now placed science in a position the more western countries to-day, and from which it is possible to attack the mys- the enormous amount of interest in and tery of the ether.

spark an inch long on a wire circuit in will be told with the utmost simplicity and

It has been found, however, that the ether in the ether, which passed through two Thus glass, alone, transmits light is called an induced current—in the wires experimental investigation of electrical Electric waves were discovered by an phenomena therein, it has been left to a American, Joseph Henry, in Washington, young Italian, Guglielmo Marconi, to D. C., in the year 1842. He did not use frame the largest conception of what might the phrase "electric waves"; but he dis- be done with electric waves and to invent covered that when he threw an electric instruments for doing it. Marconi's story a room at the top of his house, electrical care. But it sounds like a fairy tale, and action was instantly set up in another if it had not for a background four grave wire circuit in his cellar. There was no and eager committees representing the visible means of communication between British Army, the British Navy, the Britthe two circuits, and after studying the ish Post-Office, and the British Lightmatter he saw and announced that the house Service, which are now investigatelectric spark set up some kind of an action ing it, it might well be doubted.

said at once that Dr. Bose has no interest in the new telegraphy. Though he has little more in it than was announced by Hertz in 1888. He has done great work and corroboration of those of Marconi.

language in which these statements are expressed. If any man of science, therefore, reads this article, it is understood records the passage of the wave. that he is to base no opinion or criticism of this year. happy understanding, Dr. Bose says:

years has been the study of electric radia- ception that I could devise.' tion; more particularly the comparatively length. My results were represented in receiver?' the complete apparatus which I had the

Before introducing Marconi, however, honor of describing before the British the attention of the reader is called, for Association, an apparatus for the verificaseveral good reasons, to his immediate tion of the laws of reflection, refraction, predecessor in London, Dr. Jagadis Chun- selective absorption, interference, double der Bose. Dr. Bose is a Hindoo, and is refraction, and polarization of these at present the Professor of Physics in the waves. I also contributed a paper to the Presidency College, Calcutta. He is a Royal Society in December, 1895, on the graduate of Cambridge, with the degree determination of the indices of refraction of Master of Arts, and has been honored of various substances for the electric ray, with the degree of Doctor of Science by and another in June of this year [1896] on the University of London, as a recogni- the determination of the wave length of tion of certain inventions regarding elec- electric radiation by means of a diffraction tric waves which have won him the highest grating. These have been duly reported praise in the Royal Society, the British and discussed in the scientific journals, Association, and elsewhere. It should be and I fear would not be appreciated or understood outside of their circle."

This is too evident a fact to be disputed, been named as its discoverer, he has done and the conversation is turned to the

wave-telegraphing in Calcutta.

"That," said Dr. Bose, "was simply an in his own field, but it is that kind of de-incident in the course of a popular lecture, tail work which is only understood and an illustration of the ability of electric appreciated by other investigators, and in rays to penetrate wood and brick. My the matter of telegraphy his statements are radiator was a small platinum ball between here given largely as a preparation for two small platinum beads, connected with a two-volt storage battery. By pressing Dr. Bose, as he sits in the drawing-room a key the ball was made to spark and start of his temporary London home in Maida an electric wave which progressed outward Vale, is a man of medium height, thirty-six through the ether in the air. Popularly years old. His father was a distinguished speaking, an electric wave in the ether, scholar and mathematician. His manner though it moves in all directions, prois modest and very reserved. He dislikes gresses outward like a wave produced by publicity in the extreme. To be inter-dropping a stone in a pond. The water viewed for publication, and to have his wave can be seen. An electric wave is, of delicate, complex, and ultra-technical course, invisible. Supposing a cork on work described in the non-technical lan- the surface of the pond at any distance guage of a popular magazine is something from the place where the stone was from which he shrinks visibly. Conse- dropped, the cork, when the wave reaches quently, though he submits to the ordeal it, will bob up and down. Now, though of an interview, he disclaims all responsi- we cannot see the electric wave, we can bility for the statements made in it and the devise an arrangement which indicates the presence of the wave as the cork does. This mechanical arrangement detects and

"This is the whole idea simply exupon it; but if he is interested in Dr. pressed; an electric radiator and a receiver Bose's work, he is requested to refer to for the waves. My receiver was in a room the Journal of the Royal Society for De-seventy-five feet distant from the radiator, cember, 1895, and June, 1896, and the with three walls of brick and mortar, Journal of the British Association meeting eighteen inches thick, between them. The The ethereal waves of electric wave thus induced penetrated the courtesy between speaker and writer hav- walls and traversed this distance with ing vibrated to the conclusion of this sufficient energy, when it was converted, to fire a pistol and ring a bell, these being My special work for the last three the simplest and best evidences of its re-

"Do you mean to say that the wave, slow electric waves, varying between about outgoing in all directions, had this effect one-quarter and about one-half an inch in when a very small part of it reached the

"No. A large portion of it was concen-



From a photograph taken by Russell & Sons, London, expressly for McClure's Magazine.

by a lens placed close to the radiator. This received a large portion of the wave as Morse signals by a relay.' and bent all the rays which fell upon it made and used various concentrating lenses, the best materials being sulphur, ebonite, and pitch."

"Instead of ringing a bell or firing a pistol, could a telegraph message have been sent with it and received through the walls?'

"Certainly; there would be no difficulty about that.'

"What is the law describing the intensity or power of the wave at any given distance?

"Exactly the same as the law of light. Generally speaking, these electric waves the differences in rays. Without commitact like rays of light."

"Do you mean to say, then, that you could telegraph in this way through houses as far as you could send a beam of light, say with a search-light?"

"I would not like to say it in these terms, but, generally speaking, such is the of vibrations in a second are heat rays, fact.'

"How far could this ether dispatch, so to speak, be sent?'

Indefinitely. exciting energy. At Salisbury Plain, I am to their rapidity, these light rays produce told, electric rays were sent with a para- a gradation of colors. The lowest num-

trated, as rays of light are concentrated, bolic reflector a quarter of a mile through the ether in the air, and then reproduced

"But in telegraphing through housesinto parallel lines, thus making a beam across a block of houses, for instance proceeding outward in a straight line supposing the lens and reflector properly through the walls to the receiver. I have aimed at the receiver, what would stop the rays?'

'Metal stops the waves I have been working with. Also water. They will penetrate wood, brick, glass, granite, rock, earth, and retain their properties.'

"How far have they been successfully sent?"

"Through the air? I believe a mile. Through three walls? A distance of seventy-five feet, so far as I know.'

"What is their relation with the Röntgen rays?''

This brought up the whole question of ting Dr. Bose to exact language it may be said that the rays with which he is working are of comparatively slow vibrations, representing about fifty billion oscillations per second. Those ether vibrations which lie between 200 trillions and 400 trillions producing the sensation of warmth. Above 400 trillions and as far as 800 trillions per second the vibrations are light rays, pro-That depends on the ducing the sensation of light. According



DR. BOSE'S HOUSEBOAT.

bers of light vibrations give our eyes the sensation of red, and the scale mounts through the yellows, greens, and blues, to the violets. When the number of vibrations passes 800 trillions per second they become invisible. The human eye is limited in its perceptive power to vibrations between 400 trillions and 800 trillions. Below and above these numbers lie the regions of what are called "invisible light rays." The same is true of the ear. Sound is conducted by air vibrations. When these vibrations are below sixteen per second or above 32,000 per second, they make no impression on our ear drums and our conof "inaudible sound."

doctor, "lie above 800 trillions of vibrations per second."

"And what other unknown forces also lie in that upper region?"

"That remains for the future to deforces.'

"New forces?"

"That is merely a phrase. Force is a confusing word. Say new forms of energy, enabling us to accomplish results now imunthinkable."

"Then the ether-"

"Is the great field of the future, a field whose products no one can imagine or attempt to conceive.'

"Have you ever considered thought impulses generated by the brain, with reference to their radiation and reception by other brains, over small or great distances?"

"I have."

"What is your opinion with reference to thought transference?'

"I must decline to express it. There is no experimental basis upon which to make a satisfactory statement."

Dr. Bose would say no more for publication. Opinions and convictions as to the unexplored regions of physical phenomena are the luxury of every scientific sciousness. These are the so-called regions thinker, but he does not express them except under the seal of confidence. It was "I think the Röntgen rays," said the a delight, however, to hear this wise man of the East, thinking and speaking the language of exact science, discuss the region of the occult. That Theosophy and Christian Science will shortly hug the ether to their breasts as the undoubted velop. It is impossible to forecast what vehicle of their claimed marvels is entirely new facts the study of the ether is destined certain. The present difficulty with regard to give us. It is a tremendous field, from to thought phenomena is that the human which we may expect new facts and new body is not a machine and cannot be used in an exact way to exact ends in experiments. That some one ingenious enough to accomplish this will ultimately appear is highly probable, however, and that the silent influence of brain on brain will in possible—results now unthought of and time be measured under mathematical conditions is as reasonable to expect as it would be rash to deny.

II.

THE NEW TELEGRAPHY .- INTERVIEW WITH SIGNOR MARCONI.

Guglielmo Marconi, whose name will doubtless be often heard in the years which lie before us, is a young Anglo-Italian. father is an Italian gentleman of independent means, and his mother is an English lady connected with several well-known English families. He is a tall, slender that he has observed certain facts and invented instruments to meet them. Both the facts and the instruments are new, and the attention they are at present exciting and getting signals at distances of a mile, is extraordinary.

This attention is largely due to the enterprise and shrewdness of Mr. W. H. Preece, the able chief of the electrical department of the British postal system. Marconi's invention is a year old, but he could obtain no satisfactory recognition of it in his own country. Mr. Preece, however, had for a long time been at work upon the problem of telegraphing through wish to state it as a fact. I am not certhe air where wires were not available. Last year the cable broke between the hill or over it. It is my belief, based on mainland and the island of Mull. setting up lines of wire opposite each other through.' on the two coasts, he was enabled to telegraph by induction quite successfully over hill?" the water and through the air, the distance being four miles and a half. He sent and received in this way 156 messages, one of Morse signals through this hill or over it them being 120 words in length. Ordinary to some one on the other side?" Morse signals were used, the dispatches being carried by the ether in the air. In a late lecture at Toynbee Hall, Mr. Preece admitted that Marconi's system, which is completion of my special invention, the electro-static, far surpassed his own, which instruments I have been using at Salisbury is electro-magnetic. fullest faith in Marconi, describing his in- neers. I find that while Hertz waves have ventions as new and beautiful, scientifically but a very limited penetrative power, anspeaking, and added that he (Mr. Preece) other kind of waves can be excited with had been instructed by the postal depart- the same amount of energy, which waves, ment to spare no expense in testing them I am forced to believe, will penetrate anyto the fullest degree. It will be under- thing and everything. stood, therefore, that it is due to Mr. Preece that Marconi has received the full- and the Hertz waves? est recognition in England and that engineers from four different departments of but I doubt if any scientist can yet tell.

the English government are now supervising his work.

Marconi was educated at Leghorn, Florence, and Bologna, and has more recently been following his special study at his home in the last named city. He speaks English perfectly, and said, in his London home, in Westbourne Park: "For ten years past I have been an ardent amateur He was born in Bologna, Italy, and will student of electricity, and for two years be twenty-two years old next April. His or more have been working with electric waves on my father's estate at Bologna. I was using the Hertz waves from an apparatus which you may photograph, a modified form of the apparatus for excityoung man, who looks at least thirty, and ing electric waves as used by Hertz. My has a calm, serious manner and a grave work consisted mainly in endeavoring to precision of speech, which further give determine how far these waves would the idea of many more years than are his. travel in the air for signalling purposes. He is completely modest, makes no claims In September of last year, working a variawhatever as a scientist, and simply says tion of my own of this apparatus, I made a discovery."

"What was the discovery?"

"I was sending waves through the air or thereabouts, when I discovered that the wave which went to my receiver through the air was also affecting another receiver which I had set up on the other side of the hill. In other words, the waves were going through or over the hill.'

"Do you believe that the waves were

going through the hill?"

"That is my present belief, but I do not tain. The waves either went through the By many later experiments, that they went

"And what was the thickness of the

"Three-quarters of a mile."

"And you could send a dispatch with

" With ease."

"What followed?"

"What followed was the conception and He expressed the Plain in the presence of the Royal engi-

"What is the difference between these

"I don't know. I am not a scientist,

These are now being patented, however, and I cannot say anything about them.'

"How high an alternation were you

using?'

' About 250,000,000 waves per second.'' "Do these waves go farther in air than

Hertz waves?"

"No. Their range is the same. The with equal ease. Please remember that till there was no room for doubt.' the amount of exciting energy is the same. cited. My receiver will not work with the Hertz transmitter, and my transmitter will not work with the Hertz receiver. It is a new apparatus entirely. Of course the waves have an analogy with the Hertz waves and are excited in the same general way. But their power is entirely different. When I am at liberty to lay my apparatus and the phenomena I have observed before the scientists, there may be some explanation, but I have been unable to find any could thus be sent?'

as yet."
"How far have you sent a telegraphic

dispatch on the air?"

results at two miles, but they were not entirely satisfactory. This was at Salisbury Plain, across a shallow valley between low

"What battery were you using?"

"An eight-volt battery of three amperes, four accumulators in a box."

" Did you use a reflector?"

- "Yes. It was a roughly-made, copper as the square of the distance. parabolic reflector with a mistake of an future, however. A reflector is of no value.
 - "Nor a lens?"
 - " Nor a lens."

"Why not?"

"Because the waves I speak of penetrate everything and are not reflected or refracted.'

After Professor Röntgen's distances of a few yards and limitations as to substances this was rather stunning. Marconi, however, was entirely serious and visibly in earnest in his statement.

"How far have you verified this be-

lief?"

'Not very far, but far enough, I think, to justify the statement. Using the same direction."

I have a vague idea that the difference lies battery and my transmitter and receiver in the form of the wave. I could tell you we sent and received the waves, at the a little more clearly if I could give you General Post-Office building, through seven the details of my transmitter and receiver. or eight walls, over a distance of one hundred yards.

'How thick were the walls?"

"I can't say. You know the building, however. It is very solidly constructed."

"And you sent an ordinary telegraphic

dispatch by those signals?'

"No. We did not do that, though we difference is in penetration. Hertz waves could have done so. We were working are stopped by metal and by water. These with agreed signals, and we obtained the others appear to penetrate all substances taps which we sought and repeated them

"Do you think that sitting in this room The difference is in the way they are ex- you could send a dispatch across London

to the General Post-Office?

"With instruments of the proper size and power, I have no doubt about it.

Through all the houses?'

"Yes.

We were in a drawing-room in Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, a distance of about four and one-half miles from the General Post-Office.

"And how far do you think a dispatch

"Twenty miles."

"Why do you limit it to twenty miles?"

"I am speaking within practical limits, 'A mile and three-quarters. We got and thinking of the transmitter and receiver as thus far calculated. The distance depends simply upon the amount of the exciting energy and the dimensions of the two conductors from which the wave proceeds."

"What is the law of the intensity at a

given distance?'

"The same as the law of light, inversely

This means that whatever the energy inch in the curve. I shall not use one in with which the waves are sent out, their power at, say twenty feet, when compared with their power at ten feet would be in the proportion of 10 x 10 to 20 x 20, or one-fourth, in this special instance.

"Do you think they are waves of invis-

ible light?"

"No; in some respects their action is

very different.''

"Then you think these waves may possibly be used for electric lighthouses when fog prevents the passage of light?"

I think they will ultimately be so used. A constant source of electrical waves, instead of a constant source of light waves, and a receiver on the vessel would indicate the presence of the lighthouse and also its

- the passage of the waves?
 - Not at all."
 - "Nor metal?"

"Nothing affects them. My experience of these waves leads me to believe that they will go through an ironclad."

'Concerning the size of the apparatus,

how large is it?"

"The transmitter and receiver we have been using at Salisbury Plain and at the think, suffice.' post-office are each about "-he held up his hands to indicate the dimensions-"say fifteen inches by ten by eight. Small ones, effective enough for ordinary purposes, can be made of half that size.

"What are you working on at pres-

ent?"

"Mr. Preece and I are working at Penarth, in Wales, to establish regular communication through the air from the shore value. Then the waves would go outward to a light-ship. This will be the first direc- in all directions to all places at the same tion in which my apparatus is utilized communication with the light-ships. The light-ships lie off this coast at any distance from half a mile to twenty miles or more."

"What length of waves have you tions and concentrate it in one direction?"

used?"

"I have tried various lengths, from tion will give us that. thirty meters down to ten inches.

"Why would not these waves be useful in preventing the collision of ships in a fog?"

"I think they will be made use of for that purpose. Ships can be fitted with the apparatus to indicate the presence of ship, and the direction of each to the other will be indicated by an index.'

"Do you limit the distance over which

these waves can be sent?'

"I have no reason to do so. The peculiarity of electric waves, which was noted, I believe, by Hertz, is the distance they travel when excited by only a small amount of energy."

"Then why could you not send a dis-

stance?'

"I do not say that it could not be done. Please remember, however, that it is a new field, and the discussion of possibilities which may fairly be called probabilities omits obstacles and difficulties which may develop in practical working. I do not wish to be recorded as saying that anything can actually be done beyond what I have already been able to do. With re- moment. Then he asked: "Do you regard to future developments I am only member Hertz's experiment of exploding saying what may ultimately happen; what, gunpowder by electric waves?"

"But would not the fog interfere with so far as I can now see, does not present any visible impossibilities.

"How large a station would be necessary, assuming the practicability, to send a message from here to New York?"

"A station the size of this room in square area. I don't say how high." The room was twenty feet square.

"What power?"

"Fifty or sixty horse-power would, I

"What would be the cost of the two stations completed?

"Under £10,000, I think."

"Would the waves go through the ether in the air or through the earth?'

"I cannot say with certainty. I only believe they would go that distance and be recorded."

"You say that no lens or reflector is of distance as New York?'

''Yes.'

"Do you think that no means will ever be found to stop this progress in all direc-

"On the contrary, I think that inven-

"Do you see any way of accomplishing this?"

"No, not as yet."

"In what other directions do you expect your invention to be first utilized?"

"The first may be for military purposes, another ship so fitted, within any desired in place of the present field telegraph distance. As soon as two approach within system. There is no reason why the comthat distance the alarms will ring on each mander of an army should not be able to easily communicate telegraphically with his subordinate officers without wires over any distances up to twenty miles. If my countrymen had had my instruments at Massowah, the reinforcements could easily have been summoned in time.

"Would the apparatus be bulky?"

"Not at all. A small sender and receiver would suffice."

"Then why would it not be equally usepatch from here to New York, for in- ful for the admiral of a fleet in communicating with his various ships?"

"It would," said Marconi, with some

hesitation.

" Is there any difficulty about that?"

"Yes," said he, very frankly, but in a way which set the writer to wondering. "I do not know that it is a difficulty yet, but it appears to be.

The writer pondered the matter for a

" Yes."

room with a box of gunpowder placed across the street in that house vonder?"

"Yes. If I could put two wires or two

and explode it."

"Then if you threw electric waves upon an ironclad, and there happened to be two nails or wires or plates in the powder magazine which were in a position to set up induction, you could explode the spoke than he knew fifty years before. magazine and destroy the ship?"

"Yes."

magazines of ironclads as far as light from a lighthouse could be seen?"

"That is certainly a possibility.

ing energy.'

instruments for fleet purposes-'

ship itself."

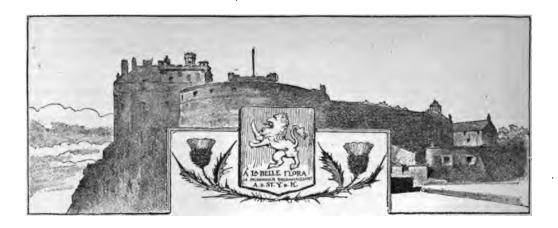
electric waves from the shore over disconceived.

promises, of miracles. that strange things are coming, and coming

which offers to those college students of tery of life.

to-day who have already felt the fascina-"Could you not do the same from this tion of scientific research, a life work of magical and magnificent possibilities, a virgin, unexplored diamond field of limitless wealth in knowledge. Science knows plates in the powder, I could set up an so little, and seems, in one sense, to have induced current which would cause a spark been at a standstill for so long. Lord Kelvin said sadly, in an address at Glasgow the other day, that though he had studied hard through fifty years of experimental investigation, he could not help feeling that he really knew no more as he

Now, however, it really seems that some Columbus will soon give us a new conti-"And the electric lighthouses we are nent in science. The ether seems to promspeaking of might possibly explode the ise fairly and clearly a great and new epoch in knowledge, a great and marked step forward, a new light on all the great It problems which are mysteries at present, would depend on the amount of the excit- with perhaps a correction and revision of many accepted results. This is particu-And the difficulty about using your larly true of the mystery of living matter and that something which looks so much "The fear has been expressed that in like consciousness in certain non-living using the instruments on an ironclad the matter, the property which causes and enwaves might explode the magazine of the ables it to take the form of regular crystals. Crystallization is as great a problem It is perhaps unnecessary to say that as life itself, but from its less number of this statement was simply astounding. It conditions will perhaps be easier and earlier is so much of a possibility that electric attacked. The best conception of living rays can explode the magazine of an iron- matter which we have at present, comclad, that the fact has already been recog- pletely inadequate though it be, is that of nized by the English Royal engineers, the most chemically complex and most Of all the coast defences ever dreamed unstable matter known. A living man as of, the idea of exploding ironclads by compared to a wooden man responds to all kinds of impulses. Light strikes the livtances equal to modern cannon ranges is ing eye, sound strikes the living ear, physicertainly the most terrible possibility yet cal and chemical action are instantly and automatically started, chemical decompo-Such are the astonishing statements and sition takes place, energy is dissipated, views of Marconi. What their effect will consciousness occurs, volition follows, acbe remains to be seen. In the United tion results, and so on, through the infinity States alone, considering the many able of cause and infinity of results which experimenters and their admirable and characterize life. The wooden man is original equipments, like Tesla's dynamos, inert. There is no chemical or physical the imagination abandons as a hopeless action excited by any impulse from withtask the attempt to conceive what-in the out or within. Living matter is responuse of electric waves—the immediate sive, non-living is not. The key to the future holds in store. The air is full of mystery, if it ever comes, will come from The certainty is the ether. One great authority of to-day, Professor Oliver Lodge, has already stated his belief that electricity is actually mat-Because, underlying the possibilities of ter, and that if the ether and electricity are the known electric waves and of new kinds not one and the same, the truth will ultiof electric waves, which seem to be numer- mately be found to be near that statement. ous and various—underlying these is still If this be true, it will be a great and the mystery of the ether. Here is a field startling key to the now fathomless mys-



ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

By Robert Louis Stevenson,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

CHAPTER I.

A TALE OF A LION RAMPANT.

T was in the month of May, 1813, that I was so unlucky as to fall at last into held a prisoner of war. Into the Castle of his snuff-box with the bean in it come very Edinburgh, standing in the midst of that welcome. city on the summit of an extraordinary fellow-sufferers, all privates like myself, and the more part of them, by an accident, very ignorant, plain fellows. My English, which had brought me into that scrape, now helped me very materially to bear it. I had a thousand advantages. I was often called to play the part of an interpreter, whether of orders or complaints,

times so obliging as to have me join him at the meal. Chevenix was his name. He was stiff as a drum-major and selfish as an Englishman, but a fairly conscientious pupil and a fairly upright man. Little did I suppose that his ramrod body and the hands of the enemy. My knowledge frozen face would, in the end, step in beof the English language had marked me tween me and all my dearest wishes; that out for a certain employment. Though I upon this precise, regular, icy soldier-man cannot conceive a soldier refusing to incur my fortunes should so nearly shipwreck! the risk, yet to be hanged for a spy is a dis- I never liked, but yet I trusted him; and gusting business; and I was relieved to be though it may seem but a trifle, I found

For it is strange how grown men and rock, I was cast with several hundred seasoned soldiers can go back in life. So that after but a little while in prison, which is after all the next thing to being in the nursery, they grow absorbed in the most pitiful, childish interests, and a sugar biscuit or a pinch of snuff become things to follow after and scheme for!

We made but a poor show of prisoners. The officers had been all offered their paand thus brought in relations, sometimes role, and had taken it. They lived mostly of mirth, sometimes almost of friendship, in suburbs of the city, lodging with modwith the officers in charge. A young lieu- est families, and enjoyed their freedom tenant singled me out to be his adversary and supported the almost continual evil at chess, a game in which I was extremely tidings of the Emperor as best they might. proficient, and would reward me for my It chanced I was the only gentleman gambits with excellent cigars. The major among the privates who remained. A of the battalion took lessons of French great part were ignorant Italians, of a regifrom me while at breakfast, and was some- ment that had suffered heavily in CataloWe had but the one interest in common: sire. each of us who had any skill with his fingers specimen of our rude handiwork. boast that every Frenchman should excel. visitors, I had a particular manner of ad- a set of lugubrious zanies at a fair. dress and even of appearance, which I name of an "oddity" or a "droll fellow." choked upon tears, to behold them thus In this way, although I was so left-handed parodied. The more part, as I have said,

The rest were mere diggers of the a toy-maker, I made out to be rather a soil, treaders of grapes or hewers of wood, successful merchant; and found means to who had been suddenly and violently pre- procure many little delicacies and alleviaferred to the glorious state of soldiers. tions, such as children or prisoners de-

I am scarce drawing the portrait of a passed the hours of his captivity in the very melancholy man. It is not indeed my making of little toys and articles of Paris; character; and I had, in a comparison with and the prison was daily visited at certain my comrades, many reasons for content. hours by a concourse of people of the In the first place, I had no family; I was an country, come to exult over our distress, orphan and a bachelor; neither wife nor or-it is more tolerant to suppose-their child awaited me in France. In the second, own vicarious triumph. Some moved I had never wholly forgot the emotions among us with a decency of shame or sym- with which I first found myself a prisoner; pathy. Others were the most offensive and although a military prison be not altopersonages in the world, gaped at us as if gether a garden of delights, it is still prefwe had been baboons, sought to evan- erable to a gallows. In the third, I am gelize us to their rustic, northern religion almost ashamed to say it, but I found ceras though we had been savages, or tor- tain pleasure in our place of residence: tured us with intelligence of disasters to being an obsolete and really mediæval forthe arms of France. Good, bad, and in- tress, high placed and commanding extradifferent, there was one alleviation to the ordinary prospects not only over sea, mounannoyance of these visitors; for it was the tain, and champaign, but actually over the practice of almost all to purchase some thoroughfares of a capital city, which we This could see blackened by day with the led, amongst the prisoners, to a strong moving crowd of the inhabitants, and at spirit of competition Some were neat of night shining with lamps. And lastly, hand, and (the genius of the French being although I was not insensible to the always distinguished) could place upon restraints of prison or the scantiness of sale little miracles of dexterity and taste. our rations, I remember I had sometimes Some had a more engaging appearance; eaten quite as ill in Spain, and had to fine features were found to do as well as mount guard and march perhaps a dozen fine merchandise, and an air of youth in leagues into the bargain. The first of my particular (as it appealed to the sentiment troubles, indeed, was the costume we were of pity in our visitors) to be a source of obliged to wear. There is a horrible pracprofit. Others again enjoyed some ac- tice in England to trick out in ridiculous quaintance with the language, and were uniforms, and as it were to brand in mass, able to recommend the more agreeably to not only convicts but military prisoners purchasers such trifles as they had to sell, and even the children in charity schools. To the first of these advantages I could I think some malignant genius had found lay no claim, for my fingers were all his masterpiece of irony in the dress which thumbs. Some at least of the others I we were condemned to wear: jacket, possessed; and finding much entertain- waistcoat, and trousers of a sulphur or ment in our commerce, I did not suffer my mustard yellow, and a shirt of blue and advantages to rust. I have never despised white striped cotton. It was conspicuous, the social arts, in which it is a national it was cheap, it pointed us out to laughter -we, who were old soldiers, used to arms, For the approach of particular sorts of and some of us showing noble scars-like

The old name of that rock on which our could readily assume and change on the prison stood was (I have heard since then) occasion rising. I never lost an opportu- the "Painted Hill." Well, now it was all nity to flatter either the person of my painted a bright yellow with our costumes: visitor, if it should be a lady, or, if it should and the dress of the soldiers who guarded be a man, the greatness of his country us being, of course, the essential British in war. And in case my compliments red rag, we made up together the elements should miss their aim, I was always ready of a lively picture of hell. I have again to cover my retreat with some agreeable and again looked round upon my fellowpleasantry, which would often earn me the prisoners, and felt my anger rise, and name of an "oddity" or a "droll fellow." choked upon tears, to behold them thus taken a delight to tend my childhood. . . . business. discipline: that we were shaved twice in life to be fresh shaven, can a more irritating indignity be devised? Monday and Thursday were the days. Take the Thursday, and conceive the picture I must present by Sunday evening! And Saturday, day for visitors.

Those who came to our market were of all qualities, men and women, the lean and the stout, the plain and the fairly pretty. Sure, if people at all understood the power of beauty, there would be no prayers "Madam," said I, "your handker-addressed except to Venus; and the mere chief. The wind brought it me." privilege of beholding a comely woman is worth paying for. Our visitors, upon the whole, were not much to boast of; and yet, sitting in a corner and very much ashamed of myself and my absurd appear- have an English proverb, 'It's an ill wind ance, I have again and again tasted the that blows nobody good.'" finest, the rarest, and most ethereal pleasures in a glance of an eye that I should good turn deserves another.' I will see never see again—and never wanted to. The flower of the hedgerow and the star more the look of that exquisite being who cannon. was created to bear and rear, to madden and rejoice, mankind!

There was one young lady in particular, about eighteen or nineteen, tall, of a gallant carriage, and with a profusion of hair in which the sun found threads of gold. strong east wind; the banner was strain- grave. "Strange, is it not," I added,

were peasants, somewhat bettered perhaps ing at the flagstaff; below us the smoke of by the drill-sergeant, but for all that un- the city chimneys blew hither and thither gainly, loutish fellows, with no more than in a thousand crazy variations; and away a mere barrack-room smartness of address: out on the Forth we could see the ships indeed, you could have seen our army no- lying down to it and scudding. I was where more discreditably represented than thinking what a vile day it was, when she in this Castle of Edinburgh. And I used appeared. Her hair blew in the wind with to see myself in fancy, and blush. It changes of color; her garments moulded seemed that my more elegant carriage her with the accuracy of sculpture; the would but point the insult of the travesty. ends of her shawl fluttered about her ear And I remembered the days when I wore and were caught in again with an inimitathe coarse but honorable coat of a soldier; ble deftness. You have seen a pool on a and remembered farther back how many of gusty day, how it suddenly sparkles and the noble, the fair, and the gracious had flashes like a thing alive? So this lady's face had become animated and colored: But I must not recall these tender and and as I saw her standing, somewhat insorrowful memories twice; their place is clined, her lips parted, a divine trouble in farther on, and I am now upon another her eyes, I could have clapped my hands The perfidy of the Britannic in applause, and was ready to acclaim her government stood nowhere more openly a genuine daughter of the winds. What confessed than in one particular of our put it in my head, I know not; perhaps because it was a Thursday and I was new the week. To a man who has loved all his from the razor; but I determined to engage her attention no later than that day. She was approaching that part of the court in which I sat with my merchandise, when I observed her handkerchief to escape from her hands and fall to the ground; which was almost as bad, was the great the next moment, the wind had taken it up and carried it within my reach. I was on foot at once: I had forgot my mustardcolored clothes, I had forgot the private soldier and his salute. Bowing deeply, I offered her the slip of cambric.

I met her eyes fully.
"I thank you, sir," said she.
"The wind brought it me," I repeated. "May I not take it for an omen? You

"Well," she said, with a smile, "One

what you have.'

She followed me to where my wares in heaven satisfy and delight us: how much were spread out under lee of a piece of

"Alas, mademoiselle!" said I, "I am no very perfect craftsman. This is supposed to be a house, and you see the chimneys are awry. You may call this a box if you are very indulgent; but see where my tool slipped! Yes, I am afraid As soon as she came in the courtyard (and you may go from one to another, and find she was a rather frequent visitor) it a flaw in everything. 'Failures for Sale' seemed I was aware of it. She had an air should be on my signboard. I do not keep of angelic candor, yet of a high spirit; a shop; I keep a Humorous Museum." I she stepped like a Diana, every movement cast a smiling glance about my display was noble and free. One day there was a and then at her, and instantly became

ST. IVES. 396

"that a grown man and a soldier should blackness. I tore out her detested image; at ? ''

this moment by the name of Flora, and

her party.

A few days after she came again. But I must first tell you how she came to be so frequent. Her aunt was one of those terrible British old maids, of which the world has heard much; and having nothing "interest in the French prisoners." A big, bustling, bold old lady, she flounced glass, and playing cicerone to her followold gentlemen or dull, giggling misses, to whom she appeared to be an oracle. "This one can really carve prettily, is he not a quiz with his big whiskers?" what she imagined to be French: "Bienne, of any hardship? hommes! ça va bienne!" I took the freedom to reply in the same lingo: "Bienne, complain," said I. "I am a soldier of femme! ça va conci-conci tout d'même, la Napoleon." femme! ça va couci-couci tout d'même, la bourgeoise!" And at that, when we had all laughed with a little more heartiness was quite an oddity!" says she in triumph. did with pretty strangeness of accent. Needless to say, these passages were be"What am I to say?" I replied. fore I had remarked the niece.

than her accustomed tact. I kept my eyes country; these are native feelings. down, but they were ever fixed in the same direction, quite in vain. The aunt came

be engaged upon such trash, and a sad I felt I was done with her for ever; I heart produce anything so funny to look laughed at myself savagely, because I had thought to please; when I lay down at An unpleasant voice summoned her at night, sleep forsook me, and I lay and rolled, and gloated on her charms, and she made a hasty purchase and rejoined cursed her insensibility, for half the night. How trivial I thought her! and how trivial her sex! A man might be an angel or an Apollo, and a mustard-colored coat would wholly blind them to his merits. I was a prisoner, a slave, a contemned and despicable being, the butt of her sniggering whatever to do and a word or two of countrymen. I would take the lesson; no French, she had taken what she called an proud daughter of my foes should have the chance to mock at me again; none in the future should have the chance to think about our market-place with insufferable. I had looked at her with admiration. You airs of patronage and condescension, cannot imagine any one of a more reso-She bought indeed with liberality, but her lute and independent spirit, or whose manner of studying us through a quizzing- bosom was more wholly mailed with patriotic arrogance, than I. Before I dropped ers, acquitted us of any gratitude. She asleep, I had remembered all the infamies had a tail behind her of heavy obsequious of Britain and debited them in an overwhelming column to Flora.

The next day, as I sat in my place, I became conscious there was some one standing near; and behold, it was herself! I she would say. "And this one," indicat- kept my seat, at first in the confusion of ing myself with her gold eyeglass, "is, I my mind, later on from policy; and she assure you, quite an oddity." The odd- stood and leaned a little over me, as in ity, you may be certain, ground his teeth. pity. She was very still and timid; her She had a way of standing in our midst, voice was low. Did I suffer in my capnodding around, and addressing us in tivity? she asked me. Had I to complain

" Mademoiselle, I have not learned to

She sighed. "At least you must regret La France," said she, and colored a little than was entirely civil, "I told you be as she pronounced the words, which she

"What am I to say?" I replied. "If you were carried from this country, for The aunt came on the day in question which you seem so wholly suited, where with a following rather more than usually the very rains and winds seem to become large, which she manouvred to and fro you like ornaments, would you regret, do about the market, and lectured to at rather you think? We must surely all regret! more than usual length and with rather less the son to his mother, the man to his

"You have a mother?" she asked.

"In heaven, mademoiselle," I anand went, and pulled us out, and showed swered. "She, and my father also, went us off, like caged monkeys; but the by the same road to heaven as so many niece kept herself on the outskirts of others of the fair and brave: they followed the crowd and on the opposite side of the their queen upon the scaffold. So, you courtyard, and departed at last as she see, I am not so much to be pitied in my had come, without a sign. Closely as I had prison," I continued; "there are none to watched her, I could not say her eyes had wait for me; I am alone in the world. ever rested on me for an instant; and my 'Tis a different case, for instance, with you heart was overwhelmed with bitterness and poor fellow in the cloth cap. His bed is next to mine, and in the night I hear him croaching on your shy heart. Shy as your sobbing to himself. He has a tender char-heart is, it is lodged there—I am lodged acter, full of tender and pretty sentiments; there; let the hours do their office—let and in the dark at night, and sometimes by time continue to draw me ever in more day when he can get me apart with him, lively, ever in more insidious colors." And he laments a mother and a sweetheart. then I had a vision of myself, and burst Do you know what made him take me for out laughing. a confidant?"

not speak. The look burned all through low travesty, was to awake the interest me with a sudden vital heat.

ing by, the belfry of his village!" I con- close. It must be my policy to hold myenough. It seems to bind up into one the pleasing attitude; never to alarm or startle whole bundle of those human instincts that her; to keep my own secret locked in my make life beautiful, and people and bosom like a story of disgrace, and let places dear—and from which it would seem hers (if she could be induced to have one) I am cut off!"

I rested my chin on my knee and looked before me on the ground. I had been than the inclination of her heart. I was talking until then to hold her; but I was the man, and yet I was passive, tied by the now not sorry she should go: an impression is a thing so delicate to produce must cast a spell upon her at each visit, so and so easy to overthrow! Presently she that she should return to me; and this seemed to make an effort.

was gone ere I could thank her.

I retired to a place apart, near the ram-parts and behind a gun. The beauty, the expression of her eyes, the tear that had trembled there, the compassion in her nothing to distract him, and he can spend voice, and a kind of wild elegance that all his hours ripening his love and preparconsecrated the freedom of her move- ing its manifestations. I had been then ments, all combined to enslave my imag- some days upon a piece of carving, no ination and inflame my heart. What had less than the emblem of Scotland, the she said? Nothing to signify; but her Lion Rampart. eves had met mine, and the fire they had ish with what skill I was possessed of; and kindled burned inextinguishably in my veins. I loved her; and I did not fear to (and, you may be sure, was already rehope. Twice I had spoken with her; and gretting I had done so much), added on in both interviews I had been well in the base the following dedication: spired, I had engaged her sympathies, I had found words that she must remember, that would ring in her ears at night upon her bed. What mattered if I were half shaved and my clothes a caricature? was still a man, and, as I trembled to realize, she was still a woman. Many waters cannot quench love; and love, which is the law of the world, was on my side. I these letters. What was done with so closed my eyes, and she sprung up on the much ardor, it seemed scarce possible background of the darkness, more beauti- that any should behold it with indifferful than in life. "Ah!" thought I, "and ence; and the initials would at least sugyou too, my dear, you too must carry away gest to her my noble birth. I thought it with you a picture, that you are still to be- better to suggest; I felt that mystery was hold again and still to embellish. In the my stock-in-trade; the contrast between darkness of night, in the streets by day, my rank and manners, between my speech still you are to have my voice and face, and my clothing, and the fact that she

A likely thing, indeed, that a beggar She parted her lips with a look, but did man, a private soldier, a prisoner in a velof this fair girl! I would not despair; but "Because I had once seen, in march- I saw the game must be played fine and "The circumstance is quaint self before her, always in a pathetic or grow at its own rate; to move just so fast, and not by a hair's breadth any faster, foot in prison. I could not go to her: I was a matter of nice management. I had "I will take this toy," she said, laid done it the last time—it seemed impossia five-and-sixpenny piece in my hand, and ble she should not come again after our interview; and for the next I had speedily ripened a fresh plan. A prisoner, if he has one great disability for a lover, has yet one considerable advantage: there is This I proceeded to finwhen at last I could do no more to it

À LA BELLE FLORA LE PRISONNIER RECONNAISSANT A. D. ST. Y. D. K.

I put my heart into the carving of whispering, making love for me, en- could only think of me by a combination

ST. IVES. 398

terest and engage her heart.

This done, there was nothing left for me but to wait and to hope. And there "and I shall be always proud of the inis nothing farther from my character: in scription. Come, Ronald, we must be love and in war, I am all for the forward going." She bowed to me as lady bows movement; and these days of waiting to her equal, and passed on (I could have made my purgatory. It is a fact that I sworn) with a heightened color. loved her a great deal better at the end penny addition to the prison fare?

brother.

I rose and bowed in silence.

christ," said she. "I have told him of your sufferings. He is so sorry for you!"

"It is more than I have a right to ask," I replied; "but among gentlefolk these it. generous sentiments are natural. If your brother and I were to meet in the field, we should meet like tigers; but when he sees his animosity." (At which, as I had ven- it." tured to expect, this beardless champion colored to the ears for pleasure.) "Ah, my dear young lady," I continued, "there are many of your countrymen languishing in my country, even as I do here. I can but hope there is found some French lady and for the prisoner's sake deign to ac- our quarters. cept this trifle.'

she took, looked at in some embarrassment, and then, catching sight of the dedication, broke out with a cry.

"Why, how did you know my name?" she exclaimed.

"When names are so appropriate, they should be easily guessed," said I, bowon the day I found your handkerchief, accustomed to move among subject and

of letters, must all tend to increase her in- and I was quick to remark and cherish

it."
"It is very, very beautiful," said she,

I was overjoyed; my innocent ruse had of them, for love comes, like bread, from succeeded; she had taken my gift without a perpetual rehandling. And besides, I a hint of payment, and she would scarce was fallen into a panic of fear. How, if sleep in peace till she had made it up to she came no more, how was I to continue me. No greenhorn in matters of the to endure my empty days? How was I to heart, I was besides aware that I had fall back and find my interest in the ma- now a resident ambassador at the court jor's lessons, the lieutenant's chess, in a of my lady. The lion might be ill chistwopenny sale in the market, or a half- elled; it was mine. My hands had made and held it; my knife-or, to speak more Days went by, and weeks; I had not the by the mark, my rusty nail-had traced courage to calculate, and to-day I have those letters; and simple as the words not the courage to remember; but at last were, they would keep repeating to her she was there. At last I saw her approach that I was grateful and that I found her me in the company of a boy about her own fair. The boy had looked like a gawky age, and whom I divined at once to be her and blushed at a compliment; I could see besides that he regarded me with considerable suspicion; yet he made so manly a "This is my brother, Mr. Ronald Gil- figure of a lad, that I could not withhold from him my sympathy. And as for the impulse that had made her bring and introduce him, I could not sufficiently admire It seemed to me finer than wit and more tender than a caress. It said (plain as language), "I do not, and I cannot. know you. Here is my brother-you can me here disarmed and helpless, he forgets know him; this is the way to me—follow

CHAPTER II.

A TALE OF A PAIR OF SCISSORS.

I was still plunged in these thoughts to convey to each of them the priceless when the bell was rung that discharged consolation of her sympathy. You have our visitors into the street. Our little given me alms; and more than alms—hope; market was no sooner closed than we were and while you were absent I was not for- summoned to the distribution and received getful. Suffer me to be able to tell myself our rations, which we were then allowed that I have at least tried to make a return; to cat according to fancy in any part of

I have said the conduct of some of our So saying, I offered her my lion, which visitors was unbearably offensive; it was possibly more so than they dreamed—as the sight-seers at a menagerie may offend in a thousand ways, and quite without meaning it, the noble and unfortunate animals behind the bars; and there is no doubt but some of my compatriots were susceptible beyond reason. Some of these old whising. "But indeed there was no magic in kerandos, originally peasants, trained the matter. A lady called you by name since boyhood in victorious armies, and

trembling populations, could ill brook a gentleman, and I cannot bear to soil my least understood and most detested; and you shall be dead to-night. the mere view of our visitors would leave him daily in a transport of annoyance, past, I believe he thought there was no which he would make haste to wreak on end to my forbearance, and he was at first the nearest victim, and too often on my- amazed. But I have the pleasure to think self.

served out, and I had just withdrawn into brute was truly a hero of valor, and loved a corner of the yard, when I perceived him fighting for itself. Whatever the cause, at drawing near. He wore an air of hateful least he had soon pulled himself together, mirth; a set of young fools, among whom and took the thing (to do him justice) he passed for a wit, followed him with handsomely. looks of expectation; and I saw I was about to be the object of some of his in- horns, that you shall have the chance!' beside me, spread out his rations, drank to me derisively from his measure of prison beer, and began. What he said it would be impossible to print; but his admirers, who believed their wit to have sur- nated like those of the spectators at a horse passed himself, actually rolled among the race; and indeed you must first have tasted gravel. For my part, I thought at first the active life of a soldier, and then I should have died. I had not dreamed the wretch was so observant; but hate jail, in order to understand, perhaps even sharpens the ears, and he had counted our to excuse, the delight of our companions. interviews and actually knew Flora by her Goguelat and I slept in the same squad, name. Gradually my coolness returned to which greatly simplified the business; and me, accompanied by a volume of living a committee of honor was accordingly anger that surprised myself.

word or two myself.

tribune."

"Very well," said I. "I have to inform you that I am a gentleman. You do not the young lady of whom Goguelat had know what that means, hey? Well, I will spoken had on several occasions given me tell you. It is a comical sort of animal; alms. I reminded him that, if we were now springs from another strange set of crea- reduced to hold out our hands and sell tures they call ancestors; and in common pill-boxes for charity, it was something with toads and other vermin, has a thing very new for soldiers of the Empire. We that he calls feelings. The lion is a gen- had all seen bandits standing at a corner of

their change of circumstance. There was fingers with such a lump of dirt. Sit one man of the name of Goguelat, a brute still, Philippe Goguelat! sit still and do of the first water, who had enjoyed no not say a word, or I shall know you are a touch of civilization beyond the military coward; the eyes of our guards are upon discipline, and had risen by an extreme us. Here is your health!" said I, and heroism of bravery to a grade for which he pledged him in the prison beer. "You was otherwise unfitted, that of marechal have chosen to speak in a certain way of a des logis in the twenty-second of the line. young child," I continued, "who might In so far as a brute can be a good soldier, be your daughter, and who was giving he was a good soldier; the cross was on his alms to me and some others of us mendibreast, and gallantly earned; but in all cants. If the Emperor"-saluting-"if things outside his line of duty, the man my Emperor could hear you, he would was no other than a brawling, bruising, ig-pluck off the cross from your gross body. norant pillar of low pothouses. As a gen- I cannot do that; I cannot take away what tleman by birth and a scholar by taste and his Majesty has given; but one thing I education, I was the type of all that he promise you—I promise you, Goguelat,

I had borne so much from him in the that some of my expressions had pierced It was so now. Our rations were scarce through his thick hide; and besides the

"And I promise you, by the devil's sufferable pleasantries. He took a place said he, and pledged me again; and again

I did him scrupulous honor.

The news of this defiance spread from prisoner to prisoner with the speed of wings; every face was seen to be illumimouldered for a while in the tedium of a formed of our shed-mates. They chose "Are you nearly done?" I asked for president a sergeant-major in the "Because if you are, I am about to say a Fourth Dragoons, a graybeard of the army, an excellent military subject, and a "Oh, fair play!" said he. "Turn good man. He took the most serious about! The Marquis of Carabas to the view of his functions, visited us both, and reported our replies to the committee. Mine was of a decent firmness. I told him tleman; he will not touch carrion. I am a wood truckling for copper halfpence, and not right."

and returned to his committee.

to arrange the details of the meeting. So that I would the most readily expose. far as regards place and time, we had no choice; we must settle the dispute at passed by, and in the open middle of the both had certainly been spitted. good many tools, indeed, which we emcombat between civilized men; and, being At length a pair of scissors was unscrewed; dozen heads crowded around me. I sat and a couple of tough wands being found up. "What is it?" I exclaimed, in a corner of the courtyard, one blade "Hush!" said the sergeant-major. of the scissors was lashed solidly to each with resined twine—the twine coming I know not whence, but the resin from the green pillars of the shed, which still sweated from the axe. It was a strange which was no heavier than a riding-rod, and which it was difficult to suppose would prove more dangerous. A general oath was administered and taken that no one it to result seriously) betray the name of the survivor. And with that, all being then ready, we composed ourselves to await the moment.

The evening fell cloudy; not a star was to be seen when the first round of the night passed through our shed and wound off places, we could still hear, over the murblood-stained clothing, my adversary and sob his name. I had stripped to the shoes; and the chill of

after their benefactors were gone by spit- than myself; he was vastly taller than I, ting out injuries and curses. "But," being of a stature almost gigantic, and said I, "I trust that none of us will fall so proportionately strong. In the inky blacklow. As a Frenchman and a soldier, I ness of the shed, it was impossible to see owe that young child gratitude, and am his eyes; and from the suppleness of the bound to protect her character, and to wands, I did not like to trust to a parade. support that of the army. You are my I made up my mind, accordingly, to elder and my superior; tell me if I am profit, if I might, by my defect; and as soon as the signal should be given, to He was a quiet-mannered old fellow, throw myself down and lunge at the same and patted me with three fingers on the moment. It was to play my life upon one back. "C'est bien, mon enfant," says he, card: should I not mortally wound him, no defence would be left me. What was Goguelat was no more accommodating vet more appalling, I thus ran the risk of than myself. "I do not like apologies bringing my own face against his scissor nor those that make them," was his only with the double force of our assaults, and answer. And there remained nothing but my face and eyes are not that part of me

" Allez!" said the sergeant-major.

Both lunged in the same moment with night, in the dark, after a round had an equal fury, and but for my manœuvre shed under which we siept. The question was, he did no more than strike my shoulof arms was more obscure. We had a der, while my seissor plunged below the girdle into a mortal part; and that great ployed in the manufacture of our toys; but bulk of a man, falling from his whole they were none of them suited for a single height, knocked me immediately senseless.

When I came to myself, I was laid in my nondescript, it was found extremely hard own sleeping-place, and could make out in to equalize the chances of the combatants, the darkness the outline of perhaps a

"Blessed be God, all is well." I felt him clasp my hand, and there were tears in his voice. "Tis but a scratch, my child; here is papa, who is taking good care of you. Your shoulder is bound up; we have thing to feel in one's hand this weapon, dressed you in your clothes again, and it will all be well."

At this I began to remember. "And Goguelat?" I gasped.

"He cannot bear to be moved; he has should interfere in the duel nor (suppose his bellyful; 'tis a bad business,' said the

sergeant-major.

The idea of having killed a man with such an instrument as half a pair of scissors seemed to turn my stomach. I am sure I might have killed a dozen with a firelock, a sabre, a bayonet, or any accepted weapon, and been visited by no such sickness along the ramparts; and as we took our of remorse. And to this feeling every unusual circumstance of our encounter, the murs of the surrounding city, the sentries darkness in which we had fought, our challenging its further passage. Leclos, nakedness, even the resin on the twine, the sergeant-major, set us in our stations, appeared to contribute. I ran to my fallen engaged our wands, and left us. To avoid adversary, kneeled by him, and could only

He bade me compose myself. "You the night enveloped our bodies like a wet have given me the key of the fields, com-The man was better at fencing rade," said he. "Sans rancune!"

battles of beasts. Here was he, who had hold himself from groaning. been all his life so great a ruffian, dying in a foreign land of this ignoble injury and meeting death with something of the the corner and moved into our field of visspirit of a Bayard. I insisted that the ion: two file of men and a corporal with a guards should be summoned and a doctor lantern, which he swung to and fro, so as

"It may still be possible to save him,"

I cried.

The sergeant-major reminded me of our as he came by Goguelat. engagement. " If you had been wounded,' said he, "you must have lain there till the hearts were flying. patrol came by and found you. It hap-Come, child, time to go to by-by." And as guard. I still resisted, "Champdivers!" he said, We this is weakness. You pain me."

with one of his jovial, gross epithets.

were far from experiencing, sleep. was not yet late. The city, from far below wheels and feet and lively voices. Yet to-morrow.' awhile and the curtain of the cloud was the eaves of the shed and the regular out- blasphemous farewell.

At this my horror redoubled. Here line of the ramparts a multitude of stars had we two expatriated Frenchmen en- appeared. Meantime, in the midst of us gaged in an ill-regulated combat like the lay Goguelat, and could not always with-

> We heard the round far off; heard it draw slowly nearer. Last of all, it turned to cast its light in the recesses of the yards and sheds.

"Hullo!" cried the corporal, pausing

He stooped with his lantern. All our

"What devil's work is this?" he cried, pens to be Goguelat-and so must he! and with a startling voice summoned the

We were all afoot upon the instant; more lanterns and soldiers crowded in "Ay, off to your beds with you!" said front of the shed; an officer elbowed his Goguelat, and named us in a company way in. In the midst was the big, naked body, soiled with blood. Some one had Accordingly the squad lay down in the covered him with his blanket; but as he dark and simulated, what they certainly lay there in agony he had partly thrown It it off.

"This is murder!" cried the officer. and all around us, sent up a sound of "You wild beasts! you will hear of this

As Goguelat was raised and laid upon a rent across, and in the space of sky between stretcher, he cried to us a cheerful and

(To be continued.)

APPEARANCES.

By Robert Browning.

I.

AND so you found that poor room dull, Dark, hardly to your taste, my dear? Its features seemed unbeautiful: But this I know—'twas there, not here, You plighted troth to me, the word Which—ask that poor room how it heard.

II.

And this rich room obtains your praise Unqualified—so bright, so fair, So all whereat perfection stays? Ay, but remember-here, not there, The other word was spoken! Ask This rich room how you dropped the mask!

GRANT'S QUIET YEARS AT NORTHERN POSTS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

SURVIVING RECOLLECTIONS OF GRANT AT SACKETT'S HARBOR AND DETROIT. -NOTED AS A DRIVER AND A CHECKER-PLAYER,-MODEST LIFE AND GREAT RESERVE.—CONDUCTS A CHOLERA-STRICKEN REGIMENT ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.—BARRACKS LIFE ON THE PACIFIC.—UNFORTUNATE BUSI-NESS VENTURES.—RESIGNATION FROM THE ARMY,



and felt in position to marry.

only public recognition of this mighty returned to Detroit.' event. Privately tales circulated, describing the shy young soldier who found his GRANT'S MANNER OF LIFE AT SACKETT'S sword in his way, and who trembled more than at Molino del Rey or Monterey. If these tales are true, then we have two somely and coolly do: make a speech or

New York, had moved to Detroit, arriving there November 17, 1848. Four days later (November 21) Grant himself was ordered to Sackett's Harbor. "I well old soldier, tall and straight and buoyant of bearing."

T the close of the Mexican remember," remarks one who was his fel-War, Grant's regiment, the low-officer at this time, "the day Grant Fourth Infantry, returned to came to Detroit with his young bride and the beautiful barracks of New his sister. He was regimental quarter-Orleans for a short stay, and master, and, after his hard campaigns in then took ship for New York; Mexico, entitled to rest; but a fellowbut Grant, procuring a leave officer who, I believe, did it for purely of absence, took steamer up the Mississippi selfish reasons, got Grant ordered to the River on the most important business of bleak and undesirable post of Sackett's his life-which was to marry Miss Julia Harbor. Although Grant's proper place Dent. "The small lieutenant with the as quartermaster was at Detroit with the big epaulettes" was returning a bronzed regimental headquarters, he uncomplainveteran of many battles and with merited ingly obeyed the orders. He laid his promotions. He was now brevet captain, grievance before brevet Colonel Francis Lee, commander of the regiment, and it An excessively modest marriage notice was forwarded to General Scott. Scott appeared in the newspapers of St. Louis decided in Grant's favor, and as soon as on the 2d of July, 1848, and that was the navigation on the lakes was open Grant

HARBOR AND DETROIT.

There are not many people living in things which Ulysses Grant could not hand. Sackett's Harbor who remember Lieutenant Grant, but it happens that one or two get married. However, he did not think credible witnesses remain* to supply a at the time to be ever again called upon to pleasant and lifelike glimpse of the young man, and also to give the lie to several ab-Immediately after the marriage the surd and foolish stories. Grant settled to young people went to visit the Grants his work in his quiet way, and made friends at Bethel, Ohio, and old friends of the at once by his modest demeanor and genyoung lieutenant at Georgetown. Old tle habit of command. Major Elderkin, residents in these towns recall the very fair- drum-major of Grant's regiment, rememskinned, petite, and vivacious little lady bers him also with especial clearness at who accompanied "Ulyss," as they still this and a rather earlier time, for Grant continued to call the rising soldier, on did him many favors, t "My first acthis visit. After a few care-free weeks quaintance with Lieutenant Grant," says spent thus, Grant took his bride and Major Elderkin, "was at Corpus Christi, went to join his regiment, which, from at the beginning of the Mexican War.

He was a very mild-spoken man-spoke to show his character. He attended church airs of a superior officer.

day, to their house on Fort Street. I back. He won the race. think Lieutenant Grant at that time wore used to practice with clubs. Some said he punched a sand-bag. I never saw him do that, but he was a strong little man, and could take care of himself if necessary. danced.

'He lived very modestly—he couldn't and he paid high prices to get one.'

out and supplemented by those of Mr. bleak, and inhospitable port at the edge Walter Camp of Sackett's Harbor. of a vast, wind-swept lake of ice and snow. "Lieutenant Grant and his wife came Youth and love had made it a habitable here," says Mr. Camp, "in the fall of spot; but, nevertheless, the world counts 1848. Few knew him, for he lived very for something even in the honeymoon, quietly with his young bride. He came and as soon as the lakes were open to again in 1851. He was an earnest advo- navigation, Lieutenant Grant and his wife cate of temperance while here the second returned to his rightful post. time. He organized the Sons of Temperance at the barracks, and gave hearty en- of their own outside of the barracks, couragement to the order in the village by which were hardly habitable for a woman. his presence. He marched once in the The modest little frame cottage in which procession, wearing the regalia of the they made their home is still standing, and drinking bout once. It pleased me, and I would occupy. At that time it stood on spoke to him about it next day. He ex- the outskirts of the town, and had some plained his action by saying: 'I heard trees growing about it, and some vines cept from abstaining from liquor alto- time warranted. The neighbors were or-

ance, but Lieutenant Grant was prepared zing.

like a lady almost. He always asked his while here, and lived a quiet, uneventful men to do their duty; he never ordered life. He was a great checker-player, and them in an offensive way. He was about he generally worsted his opponent. There as nice a man as I ever saw. He was won- is a story that he rode over to Watertown derfully cool and quick in battle. Nothing once to meet a champion player. It was ever 'rattled' him. He took an active ten miles over there, and he rode it in part in every battle, and was quartermaster forty-five minutes; he couldn't abide a besides. I saw a great deal of him all slow horse. He met the champion, a through the Mexican War, and then at shoemaker, and they settled upon a series Detroit and Sackett's Harbor after the of games and the wager. They agreed war. He was very sociable, always talked that if the result was a draw they would to a man freely and without putting on the decide the supremacy by a foot-race. The result was a draw, and the players got out "I remember him very well at Detroit. into the street and laid out the course. I also remember his wife very well; she Grant was small, but lively on foot. He was very fair and a charming woman. I wore a linen duster, and he made it snap used to carry the mail, sometimes twice a in the wind as he scurried up the hill and

"He was a modest, quiet, sociable young his hair rather long, but had shaved off his fellow, of whom we knew little at the time. beard. He used to ride and drive a great Mrs. Grant attended the Methodist Church, deal. At Sackett's Harbor I remember he but Grant had a pew in the Episcopal Church, just to show his 'friendliness,' he said. This may have been a sentiment leading back to his life at West Point. There was a strong military feeling here He and Mrs. Grant used to go to little during those days. Old army forms were dancing parties, but I don't think he ever rigidly maintained; but Grant was always simple and kindly in his manner." *

Grant had been in Sackett's Harbor but afford to do anything else on his pay. His a few months when he received orders to only dissipation was in owning a fast return to Detroit. He was very glad to horse; he always liked to have a fine nag, do this, for Sackett's Harbor at that time was far separated from the outside world Major Elderkin's recollections are borne even in summer. In fact, it was a cold,

They set to work at once to find a home lodge. I heard him refuse to join in a is about such as a well-to-do carpenter John B. Gough lecture in Detroit the other were in the yard. There was nothing disnight, and I have become convinced that tinctive in it. It was indeed small, but it there is no safety from ruin by drink ex- was all that the pay of a lieutenant at that gether.'

"It took courage in those days to wear dition. The officers who were unmarried

^{*} From an interview held especially for McClure's Maga-

"that a grown man and a soldier should blackness. I tore out her detested image; be engaged upon such trash, and a sad heart produce anything so funny to look at ? ''

frequent. Her aunt was one of those termanner of studying us through a quizzingglass, and playing cicerone to her followold gentlemen or dull, giggling misses, to whom she appeared to be an oracle. he not a quiz with his big whiskers?" ing near; and behold, it was herself! I she would say. "And this one," indicat- kept my seat, at first in the confusion of ing myself with her gold eyeglass, "is, I assure you, quite an oddity." The oddity, you may be certain, ground his teeth. She had a way of standing in our midst, nodding around, and addressing us in tivity? she asked me. Had I to complain what she imagined to be French: "Bienne, of any hardship? hommes! ça va bienne?" I took the freedom to reply in the same lingo: "Bienne, femme! ça va couci-couci tout d'même, la bourgeoise!" And at that, when we had was quite an oddity!" says she in triumph. did with pretty strangeness of accent. Needless to say, these passages were before I had remarked the niece.

large, which she manœuvred to and fro about the market, and lectured to at rather than her accustomed tact. I kept my eyes country; these are native feelings." down, but they were ever fixed in the same direction, quite in vain. The aunt came had come, without a sign. Closely as I had watched her, I could not say her eyes had ever rested on me for an instant; and my

I felt I was done with her for ever; I laughed at myself savagely, because I had thought to please; when I lay down at An unpleasant voice summoned her at night, sleep forsook me, and I lay and this moment by the name of Flora, and rolled, and gloated on her charms, and she made a hasty purchase and rejoined cursed her insensibility, for half the night. How trivial I thought her! and how trivial A few days after she came again. But her sex! A man might be an angel or an I must first tell you how she came to be so Apollo, and a mustard-colored coat would wholly blind them to his merits. I was a rible British old maids, of which the world prisoner, a slave, a contemned and deshas heard much; and having nothing picable being, the butt of her sniggering whatever to do and a word or two of countrymen. I would take the lesson; no French, she had taken what she called an proud daughter of my foes should have "interest in the French prisoners." A big, the chance to mock at me again; none in bustling, bold old lady, she flounced the future should have the chance to think about our market-place with insufferable I had looked at her with admiration. You airs of patronage and condescension, cannot imagine any one of a more reso-She bought indeed with liberality, but her lute and independent spirit, or whose bosom was more wholly mailed with patriotic arrogance, than I. Before I dropped ers, acquitted us of any gratitude. She asleep, I had remembered all the infamies had a tail behind her of heavy obsequious of Britain and debited them in an overwhelming column to Flora.

The next day, as I sat in my place, I be-"This one can really carve prettily: is came conscious there was some one standmy mind, later on from policy; and she stood and leaned a little over me, as in pity. She was very still and timid; her voice was low. Did I suffer in my cap-

"Mademoiselle, I have not learned to complain," said I. "I am a soldier of Napoleon."

She sighed. "At least you must regret all laughed with a little more heartiness La France," said she, and colored a little than was entirely civil, "I told you he as she pronounced the words, which she

"What am I to say?" I replied. "If you were carried from this country, for The aunt came on the day in question which you seem so wholly suited, where with a following rather more than usually the very rains and winds seem to become you like ornaments, would you regret, do you think? We must surely all regret! more than usual length and with rather less the son to his mother, the man to his

"You have a mother?" she asked.

"In heaven, mademoiselle," I anand went, and pulled us out, and showed swered. "She, and my father also, went us off, like caged monkeys; but the by the same road to heaven as so many niece kept herself on the outskirts of others of the fair and brave: they followed the crowd and on the opposite side of the their queen upon the scaffold. So, you courtyard, and departed at last as she see, I am not so much to be pitied in my prison," I continued; "there are none to wait for me; I am alone in the world. 'Tis a different case, for instance, with you heart was overwhelmed with bitterness and poor fellow in the cloth cap. His bed is

next to mine, and in the night I hear him croaching on your shy heart. Shy as your he laments a mother and a sweetheart. then I had a vision of myself, and burst Do you know what made him take me for out laughing. a confidant?"

me with a sudden vital heat.

ing by, the belfry of his village!" I con- close. It must be my policy to hold my-I am cut off!'

talking until then to hold her; but I was the man, and yet I was passive, tied by the now not sorry she should go: an impres- foot in prison. I could not go to her; I sion is a thing so delicate to produce must cast a spell upon her at each visit, so seemed to make an effort.

was gone ere I could thank her.

expression of her eyes, the tear that had trembled there, the compassion in her nothing to distract him, and he can spend voice, and a kind of wild elegance that consecrated the freedom of her movements, all combined to enslave my imagination and inflame my heart. What had less than the emblem of Scotland, the she said? Nothing to signify; but her Lion Rampart. eves had met mine, and the fire they had ish with what skill I was possessed of; and kindled burned inextinguishably in my when at last I could do no more to it veins. I loved her; and I did not fear to (and, you may be sure, was already rehope. Twice I had spoken with her; and gretting I had done so much), added on in both interviews I had been well in- the base the following dedication: spired, I had engaged her sympathies, I had found words that she must remember, that would ring in her ears at night upon her bed. What mattered if I were half shaved and my clothes a caricature? I was still a man, and, as I trembled to realize, she was still a woman. Many waters cannot quench love; and love, which is the law of the world, was on my side. I these letters. What was done with so closed my eyes, and she sprung up on the much ardor, it seemed scarce possible background of the darkness, more beauti- that any should behold it with indifferful than in life. "Ah!" thought I, "and ence; and the initials would at least sugyou too, my dear, you too must carry away gest to her my noble birth. I thought it with you a picture, that you are still to be- better to suggest; I felt that mystery was hold again and still to embellish. In the my stock-in-trade; the contrast between darkness of night, in the streets by day, my rank and manners, between my speech still you are to have my voice and face, and my clothing, and the fact that she

sobbing to himself. He has a tender char- heart is, it is lodged there—I am lodged acter, full of tender and pretty sentiments; there; let the hours do their office—let and in the dark at night, and sometimes by time continue to draw me ever in more day when he can get me apart with him, lively, ever in more insidious colors." And

A likely thing, indeed, that a beggar She parted her lips with a look, but did man, a private soldier, a prisoner in a yelnot speak. The look burned all through low travesty, was to awake the interest of this fair girl! I would not despair; but "Because I had once seen, in march- I saw the game must be played fine and "The circumstance is quaint self before her, always in a pathetic or enough. It seems to bind up into one the pleasing attitude; never to alarm or startle whole bundle of those human instincts that her; to keep my own secret locked in my make life beautiful, and people and bosom like a story of disgrace, and let places dear—and from which it would seem hers (if she could be induced to have one) grow at its own rate; to move just so fast, I rested my chin on my knee and looked and not by a hair's breadth any faster, before me on the ground. I had been than the inclination of her heart. I was and so easy to overthrow! Presently she that she should return to me; and this was a matter of nice management. I had "I will take this toy," she said, laid done it the last time-it seemed impossia five-and-sixpenny piece in my hand, and ble she should not come again after our interview; and for the next I had speedily I retired to a place apart, near the ram- ripened a fresh plan. A prisoner, if he parts and behind a gun. The beauty, the has one great disability for a lover, has yet one considerable advantage: there is all his hours ripening his love and preparing its manifestations. I had been then some days upon a piece of carving, no This I proceeded to fin-

À LA BELLE FLORA LE PRISONNIER RECONNAISSANT A. D. ST. Y. D. K.

I put my heart into the carving of whispering, making love for me, en- could only think of me by a combination

ST. IVES. **3**98

terest and engage her heart.

This done, there was nothing left for made my purgatory. It is a fact that I sworn) with a heightened color. loved her a great deal better at the end penny addition to the prison fare?

brother.

I rose and bowed in silence.

your sufferings. He is so sorry for you!'

"It is more than I have a right to ask," his animosity." (At which, as I had ven- it." tured to expect, this beardless champion colored to the ears for pleasure.) "Ah, my dear young lady," I continued, "there are many of your countrymen languishing in my country, even as I do here. I can but hope there is found some French lady and for the prisoner's sake deign to ac- our quarters. cept this trifle."

cation, broke out with a cry.

"Why, how did you know my name?" she exclaimed.

of letters, must all tend to increase her in- and I was quick to remark and cherish

"It is very, very beautiful," said she, me but to wait and to hope. And there "and I shall be always proud of the inis nothing farther from my character: in scription. Come, Ronald, we must be love and in war, I am all for the forward going." She bowed to me as lady bows movement; and these days of waiting to her equal, and passed on (I could have

I was overjoyed; my innocent ruse had of them, for love comes, like bread, from succeeded; she had taken my gift without a perpetual rehandling. And besides, I a hint of payment, and she would scarce was fallen into a panic of fear. How, if sleep in peace till she had made it up to she came no more, how was I to continue me. No greenhorn in matters of the to endure my empty days? How was I to heart, I was besides aware that I had fall back and find my interest in the ma- now a resident ambassador at the court jor's lessons, the lieutenant's chess, in a of my lady. The lion might be ill chistwopenny sale in the market, or a half- elled; it was mine. My hands had made and held it; my knife—or, to speak more Davs went by, and weeks; I had not the by the mark, my rusty nail-had traced courage to calculate, and to-day I have those letters; and simple as the words not the courage to remember; but at last were, they would keep repeating to her she was there. At last I saw her approach that I was grateful and that I found her me in the company of a boy about her own fair. The boy had looked like a gawky age, and whom I divined at once to be her and blushed at a compliment; I could see besides that he regarded me with considerable suspicion; yet he made so manly a "This is my brother, Mr. Ronald Gil- figure of a lad, that I could not withhold christ," said she. "I have told him of from him my sympathy. And as for the impulse that had made her bring and introduce him, I could not sufficiently admire I replied; "but among gentlefolk these it. It seemed to me finer than wit and generous sentiments are natural. If your more tender than a caress. It said (plain brother and I were to meet in the field, we as language), "I do not, and I cannot, should meet like tigers; but when he sees know you. Here is my brother-you can me here disarmed and helpless, he forgets know him; this is the way to me-follow

CHAPTER II.

A TALE OF A PAIR OF SCISSORS,

I was still plunged in these thoughts to convey to each of them the priceless when the bell was rung that discharged consolation of her sympathy. You have our visitors into the street. Our little given me alms; and more than alms—hope; market was no sooner closed than we were and while you were absent I was not for- summoned to the distribution and received getful. Suffer me to be able to tell myself our rations, which we were then allowed that I have at least tried to make a return; to eat according to fancy in any part of

I have said the conduct of some of our So saying, I offered her my lion, which visitors was unbearably offensive; it was she took, looked at in some embarrass- possibly more so than they dreamed—as ment, and then, catching sight of the dedi- the sight-seers at a menagerie may offend in a thousand ways, and quite without meaning it, the noble and unfortunate animals behind the bars; and there is no doubt but "When names are so appropriate, they some of my compatriots were susceptible should be easily guessed," said I, bow- beyond reason. Some of these old whising. "But indeed there was no magic in kerandos, originally peasants, trained the matter. A lady called you by name since boyhood in victorious armies, and on the day I found your handkerchief, accustomed to move among subject and

trembling populations, could ill brook a gentleman, and I cannot bear to soil my their change of circumstance. There was fingers with such a lump of dirt. Sit one man of the name of Goguelat, a brute still, Philippe Goguelat! sit still and do of the first water, who had enjoyed no not say a word, or I shall know you are a touch of civilization beyond the military coward; the eyes of our guards are upon discipline, and had risen by an extreme us. Here is your health!" said I, and heroism of bravery to a grade for which he pledged him in the prison beer. "You heroism of bravery to a grade for which he pledged him in the prison beer. was otherwise unfitted, that of marechal have chosen to speak in a certain way of a des logis in the twenty-second of the line, young child," I continued, "who might he was a good soldier; the cross was on his alms to me and some others of us mendibreast, and gallantly earned; but in all cants. If the Emperor"—saluting—"if things outside his line of duty, the man my Emperor could hear you, he would norant pillar of low pothouses. As a gen- I cannot do that; I cannot take away what tleman by birth and a scholar by taste and his Majesty has given; but one thing I least understood and most detested; and you shall be dead to-night. the mere view of our visitors would leave him daily in a transport of annoyance, past, I believe he thought there was no which he would make haste to wreak on end to my forbearance, and he was at first the nearest victim, and too often on my- amazed. But I have the pleasure to think self.

served out, and I had just withdrawn into brute was truly a hero of valor, and loved a corner of the yard, when I perceived him fighting for itself. Whatever the cause, at drawing near. He wore an air of hateful least he had soon pulled himself together, mirth; a set of young fools, among whom and took the thing (to do him justice) he passed for a wit, followed him with handsomely. looks of expectation; and I saw I was about to be the object of some of his in- horns, that you shall have the chance! sufferable pleasantries. He took a place said he, and pledged me again; and again beside me, spread out his rations, drank I did him scrupulous honor. to me derisively from his measure of prison beer, and began. What he said it prisoner to prisoner with the speed of would be impossible to print; but his admirers, who believed their wit to have sur- nated like those of the spectators at a horse passed himself, actually rolled among the race; and indeed you must first have tasted the wretch was so observant; but hate jail, in order to understand, perhaps even sharpens the ears, and he had counted our to excuse, the delight of our companions. interviews and actually knew Flora by her Goguelat and I slept in the same squad, name. Gradually my coolness returned to which greatly simplified the business; and me, accompanied by a volume of living a committee of honor was accordingly anger that surprised myself.

tribune.''

In so far as a brute can be a good soldier, be your daughter, and who was giving was no other than a brawling, bruising, ig-pluck off the cross from your gross body. education, I was the type of all that he promise you.—I promise you, Goguelat,

I had borne so much from him in the that some of my expressions had pierced It was so now. Our rations were scarce through his thick hide; and besides the

"And I promise you, by the devil's

The news of this defiance spread from wings; every face was seen to be illumi-For my part, I thought at first the active life of a soldier, and then I should have died. I had not dreamed mouldered for a while in the tedium of a formed of our shed-mates. They chose "Are you nearly done?" I asked. for president a sergeant-major in the "Because if you are, I am about to say a Fourth Dragoons, a graybeard of the word or two myself."

army, an excellent military subject, and a "Oh, fair play!" said he. "Turn good man. He took the most serious about! The Marquis of Carabas to the view of his functions, visited us both, and reported our replies to the committee. "Very well," said I. "I have to inform Mine was of a decent firmness. I told him you that I am a gentleman. You do not the young lady of whom Goguelat had know what that means, hey? Well, I will spoken had on several occasions given me tell you. It is a comical sort of animal; alms. I reminded him that, if we were now springs from another strange set of crea- reduced to hold out our hands and sell tures they call ancestors; and in common pill-boxes for charity, it was something with toads and other vermin, has a thing very new for soldiers of the Empire. We that he calls feelings. The lion is a gen- had all seen bandits standing at a corner of tleman; he will not touch carrion. I am a wood truckling for copper halfpence, and

to comply with his engagement.'

This threw upon the young quartermas- muttered with fear and wrath. severely as any campaign in which he had him or anger him or make him afraid. ever been engaged. To make the situaastride mules, the men on foot laden with Grant's special care. to, had his bride with him, and Quarter- he had been quartered at Detroit. dress in man's clothing.

told Grant how I stood, and he said, 'I've was like a ministering angel to us all."
got one that will just fit her,' and he went The captain of "The Golden Gate" buckled on my sword-belt.

some wine, and use it sparingly.'

"When we got near Panama the natives noticed my wife and said, 'This is a handsome boy.' But some of them saw her ear-rings and said, 'This is not a boy, it is "We established a camp at Benicia," a lovely señorita.' When we got near the Major Elderkin relates, "which was a city the consul came out on a horse and short distance out of San Francisco, where met us, and said: 'The cholera is in Pana- we stayed several weeks till we got a ma. When you get in, go immediately out steamer to take us to Oregon.' to the ship "The Golden Gate"; don't stay in the town.' Grant stayed behind to attend to the stores. He took care of the health of the soldiers and everybody else. He had to look after the stores and pay all the bills. His position was very hard, and at one time everything seemed to depend upon him.'

took at Panama. More than one hundred room-mate, Rufus Ingalls. It consisted

etc., from there to Panama. After waiting one day, among the rest Major J. H. three days for Mr. Duckworth to furnish Gore, with whom Grant had been most transportation, I found that at the terms intimately associated in Mexico and Dehe had agreed upon he was entirely unable troit. The passengers were panic-stricken, and the men, appalled at their new foe, In the ter the entire responsibility of moving the midst of all the confusion and dread, people in his charge and the regimental which amounted to frenzy, Quartermaster baggage safely on to Panama, and tested Grant remained cool, resolute, watchful, his energy and his practical experience as and sympathetic. Nothing could flurry

"Captain Grant had a tremendous retion worse, cholera had broken out in sponsibility on his hands," says Mrs. Cruces. At last he got his heterogeneous Elderkin, who as the bride wife of the cavalcade in motion, the ladies riding drum-major was the object at this time of "He had hospital bundles, and in the midst some sisters of facilities, medicinal supplies, and the discharity borne in hammocks by the natives. posal of the dead to look after; but he did Drum-Major Elderkin, already referred the work with as much system as though master Grant did all in his power to pro- we were, with from fifty to sixty dangertect her from discomfort and danger. He ously sick people on our hands all the time, gave the drum-major a twenty-dollar gold with twelve or fifteen of them dying daily, piece, and said: "Get a mule, if you can, and with only a ship's deck to take care to carry your wife over; but if you can't, of them on. Grant seemed to be a man use the money as you wish. You had bet- of iron, so far as endurance went, seldom ter start at once. Your wife can't go sleeping, and then only two or three hours safely in skirts, however; she had better at a time, while at the same time his medicinal supplies were always ample and at The major, in recalling this incident re-hand. He seemed to take a personal incently, said: "So I dressed my wife in a terest in each case, and when one considers pair of my white trousers and a white the matter, the hospital accommodations shirt. I had everything but a coat. I he provided were simply wonderful. He

to his trunk and took out a jacket, which was a man of decision and character also, she put on. It fit very well. Then she and an officer of wide experience in the We all treatment of Asiatic cholera. He refused laughed, for she looked like a handsome to sail until all the passengers had been boy. Then Grant said, 'Now don't drink landed and all clothing fumigated and the any water while you are on the way. Get ship thoroughly overhauled. These vigorous measures put an end to the plague, and "The Golden Gate" passed on her way to San Francisco without further mis-

"We established a camp at Benicia,"

GRANT'S BARRACKS LIFE ON THE PACIFIC.

Columbia Barracks, as it was then called, was a post on the Columbia River not far from the site of the present city of Portland, which was at that time a small settlement of woodsmen. The buildings of the Cholera broke out in the ship which they post were erected by Grant's friend and and fifty men died of it, thirty-seven in of a number of rudely and hastily conbattles of beasts. Here was he, who had hold himself from groaning. been all his life so great a ruffian, dying

"It may still be possible to save him,"

The sergeant-major reminded me of our engagement. " If you had been wounded," said he, "you must have lain there till the hearts were flying. patrol came by and found you. It hap-Come, child, time to go to by-by." And as guard. I still resisted, "Champdivers!" he said, We this is weakness. You pain me."

with one of his jovial, gross epithets.

were far from experiencing, sleep. It it off. was not yet late. The city, from far below wheels and feet and lively voices. Yet to-morrow.' awhile and the curtain of the cloud was rent across, and in the space of sky between stretcher, he cried to us a cheerful and the eaves of the shed and the regular out- blasphemous farewell.

At this my horror redoubled. Here line of the ramparts a multitude of stars had we two expatriated Frenchmen en- appeared. Meantime, in the midst of us gaged in an ill-regulated combat like the lay Goguelat, and could not always with-

We heard the round far off; heard it in a foreign land of this ignoble injury draw slowly nearer. Last of all, it turned and meeting death with something of the the corner and moved into our field of visspirit of a Bayard. I insisted that the ion: two file of men and a corporal with a guards should be summoned and a doctor lantern, which he swung to and fro, so as to cast its light in the recesses of the yards

"Hullo!" cried the corporal, pausing

as he came by Goguelat.

He stooped with his lantern. All our

"What devil's work is this?" he cried, pens to be Goguelat-and so must he! and with a startling voice summoned the

We were all afoot upon the instant; more lanterns and soldiers crowded in "Ay, off to your beds with you!" said front of the shed; an officer elbowed his Goguelat, and named us in a company way in. In the midst was the big, naked body, soiled with blood. Some one had Accordingly the squad lay down in the covered him with his blanket; but as he dark and simulated, what they certainly lay there in agony he had partly thrown

"This is murder!" cried the officer. and all around us, sent up a sound of "You wild beasts! you will hear of this

As Goguelat was raised and laid upon a

(To be continued.)

APPEARANCES.

By ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

AND so you found that poor room dull, Dark, hardly to your taste, my dear? Its features seemed unbeautiful: But this I know—'twas there, not here, You plighted troth to me, the word Which—ask that poor room how it heard.

II.

And this rich room obtains your praise Unqualified—so bright, so fair, So all whereat perfection stays? Ay, but remember—here, not there, The other word was spoken! Ask This rich room how you dropped the mask! and fall in unending torrents over the form shook and his eyes grew moist."* steaming earth. There are weeks when earth, and vegetation leaps to maturity.

revealing incident.

It was a dull and dreary year to the brought the commission, the captain young soldier. The routine of an army dropped into the sergeant's little cottage post is the same everywhere, no matter to witness and enjoy his delight. "When how the social conditions may differ. Oreabout to leave," the sergeant himself regon at that time was a wilderness, and a lates, "he said: 'Oh, I, too, had a letter gloomy wilderness in winter time. West last night,' and drawing one from his of the Cascade range the vegetation is pocket he opened it out. He did not read gigantic and oppressive. For six months it to us, but showed us the last page, of the year it is a land of rain, of dank where his wife had laid baby Fred's hand moss, of dripping trees. The mists rise on the paper and traced with a pencil to from the warm sea, float inward, break show the size of it. He folded the letter against the Cascade range of mountains, and left without speaking a word; but his

He received few letters. There was a the sun is scarcely felt, the glorious moun-period of several months after leaving tains are hidden, and the world is of the New York during which he was cut off color of gray-green leaves and falling from all news of his wife, and this at a rain. But when the rains cease, then the time when his anxiety was peculiarly indazzling crests of great mountains loom tense, and yet he uttered no complaint and into the sky, the sun falls warm upon the was always mindful of others. He secured an appointment for Eckerson and helped Grant did his duties and carried himself Elderkin and his wife to make a home in with his usual quiet dignity, but he was the post. Beneath his impassive exterior unusually silent and grave. He had not he was known to be sympathetic to all need the careless nature which makes light of and suffering in others. Nobody ever went such a situation, although he was never a to him for help who did not get it readily man to complain. He afterward spoke in and ungrudgingly. It seemed his greatest warm praise of the land and the people pleasure to aid others. Louis Sohns, a he met there. How deeply he felt the member of the Fourth-Infantry band, says separation from his wife and his two little in a recent letter: "I saw Captain Grant sons will never be known, but the mem- almost daily while he was stationed here at ory of an old artillery sergeant holds one Vancouver. He carried himself with digvealing incident.

nity, and was highly respected by the garCaptain Grant had procured for the serrison." And Drum-Major Elderkin adds geant a position as agent of the United of this same time: "I used to see Captain States Ordnance Department, and on the Grant almost every day. He used to ride morning after the arrival of the mail which up to our house almost every morning and

say 'Good morning,' and ride off into the woods. He took great interest in the theatre which the officers established. His habits were very regular. He drank considerably, but not to excess. I never saw him intoxicated in my life. He was one of the kindest and best men I ever knew. but he seemed to be always sad. He never seemed jovial and hearty, like most of the officers. thought him a very active man and a thorough soldier."

The winter dragged slowly on, and Grant began to plan diversion. He



THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT LIVED AT FORT VANCOUVER IN 1852 AND 1853. Redrawn from a photograph loaned by Colonel Thomas M. Anderson, present commandant of Fort Vancouver.

^{*} Recollections of Major Theo. Rek-rson, written specially for McCLuzz's



FORT VANCOUVER.

Redrawn from a painting by Dr. Covington, now owned by Captain James A. Buchanan of the Eleventh Infantry.

felt the necessity of doing something outside his camp, not merely because he knew he would be the better for it physically and in June and killed part of the young plants. mentally, but also because he hoped to "However," he adds, "it saved us the make money enough to enable him to send trouble of digging them in the fall." for his family. He looked about for someboyhood; he determined to farm. He purset to work valorously.

ment is furnished by Lieutenant Wallen, and I agreed to go into a potato specula- stronger or better man."* tion. We rented a piece of ground from the Hudson Bay Company, and, as Grant a full captaincy and ordered to Fort Humhad been a farmer, he was to plow it. I boldt to fill a vacancy caused by the death was to cut and drop the potatoes, and we of Captain Bliss, famous as General Taywere to tend them together. Our capital lor's adjutant in the Mexican War. He was joined to buy the seed, as neither of started for his new post in October. "The us had much money. We planted a large post," says Richardson, "was two hun-patch, and in the fall we reaped a large dred and forty miles north of San Franharvest; but everyone had raised potatoes, cisco, and the buildings stood on a plateau and they were worth nothing. We finally affording a splendid view of Humboldt had to pay some of the farmers to haul Bay. The only town in the vicinity was the potatoes away out of the magazine Eureka, which contained but a saw-mill that was borrowed from the commandant and twenty houses. Communication with of the post and in which we stored them."

Grant himself says of the venture that the gray old Columbia swept over the field

Grant also went into a partnership with thing which he could engage in without Rufus Ingalls to cut and ship ice to San interfering with his duties at the post. He Francisco. This, too, ended in disaster. naturally turned to the employment of his Adverse winds held the brig back till some ships from Sitka unloaded their cargoes chased a team, rented a piece of land, and on the market and ice was of no great value. He then tried buying cattle and The account of this disastrous experi- hogs and shipping them to San Francisco. "We continued this business," said his who took a partnership in the enterprise, partner, "until both of us lost all the "When we got to Vancouver," says he, money we had. He was the perfect soul "we found that Irish potatoes were worth of honor and truth, and believed everyone eight or nine dollars a bushel. So Grant as artless as himself. I never knew a

In August, 1853, Grant was promoted to

* Quoted in Burr's "Life of General Grant."

irksome.'

Grant had little work to occupy his time, commander in Colonel Buchanan. He face. took little interest in the dancing, huntof absence and soon after resigned his pine table, and one chair. commission. The immediate cause of his resignation has been the subject of much here?' asked Allen. gossip and speculation. Grant's own exas follows: "My family, all this while, have no means of getting home." was at the East. It consisted now of a of supporting them on the Pacific coast and I guess we can raise some money for out of my pay as an army officer. I con- you.' cluded, therefore, to resign, and in March resignation to take effect at the end of meet his daily needs." that time. I left the Pacific coast very

The change came when he was least pre- where his father now lived. might gather his family about him; but bearings once more.

San Francisco was solely by water, and now the future was a shoreless, gray sea. mails were very irregular. The officers The prospect plunged him into the deepest looked out anxiously every morning for a despair. What could he do? He had no sail, and when one appeared galloped down money; everything seemed to go against to Eureka for their letters or a stray news- him. The sullen old Columbia swept away paper. The line captain's duties were less his crop. Adverse winds held his ship onerous than the quartermaster's had been, from port. A rascally debtor had deand the discipline was far more rigid and faulted. Everything had failed. And now he was a private citizen once more, under a ban, and penniless. In such conhe was far separated—hopelessly separated dition he walked the streets of San Franfrom his family, and had an uncongenial cisco, not knowing which way to set his

Robert Allen, chief quartermaster of ing, fishing, and other diversions of the the coast, heard some men talking of him officers; and, above all, the futility of the and was made aware of his presence in whole life weighed upon him. He saw San Francisco. He set forth to find him, nothing ahead worth doing. He seemed to for he loved him, as did everyone who be indefinitely settled at a dull post. He knew him. "He found him at last in a was not a man of small things and dull miner's hotel called the 'What Cheer routine. He had been at Fort Humboldt House.' Grant was up in a little garret scarcely six months when he took a leave room which contained only a small cot. a

""Why, Grant, what are you doing

"' Nothing,' he replied. 'I've resigned planation, in his "Personal Memoirs," is from the army. I'm out of money, and I

"'Well,' said Allen, 'I can arrange wife and two children. I saw no chance for your transportation without trouble,

"He took hold of the matter vigorously, applied for a leave of absence until the and through him Grant procured transporend of the July following, tendering my tation to New York and money enough to

He reached New York still forlorn and much attached to it, and with the full expractically penniless. He had enough to pectation of making it my future home." carry him to Sackett's Harbor, where one This is brief, but it is reasonable and of his recreant debtors lived, from whom sufficient. If there were other causes than he expected to extract some money. He the one assigned, they cannot now be failed to do so, and returned to New certainly ascertained. None of the offi- York in worse condition than ever. There cers who served at Fort Humboldt with he applied to Simon B. Buckner, who was Grant are now living, and of his life there stationed as a recruiting officer in Brookthe positive information is very slight. lyn, and received fifty dollars, which en-The resignation took effect July 31, 1854. abled him to reach Covington, Kentucky,

pared for it. Unlucky speculations had It was a sad blow to the proud old left him with little ready money, and he father. He turned away from his eldest knew not which way to turn. To read his son to his younger sons, Simpson and Orvil. own account of this time one would think They were to uphold the honor of the famall his acts were commonplace, the time a ily. The mother, on the contrary, was glad gray day and nothing more. As a matter of that he was out of the service. She seemed fact it had all the elements of a tragedy to to understand the dangers and temptations the gallant young soldier and to his am- of a soldier's life in barracks, and was rebitious father. Up to this moment there lieved to know he was returning to civil had been a faint hope of being transferred life and a home. Her serene, steadfast, back to some Eastern post, where he and gentle spirit helped him to get his



DANIEL VIERGE, THE MASTER ILLUSTRATOR.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE MAN AND HIS ART.

BY AUGUST F. JACCACI.

trations and compares them with those tinues to be their inspiration. made during the early and middle part of the century, one cannot help being struck most recent ones is like jumping from the

HEN one looks over a number of brethren—once their recognized leader, representative contemporary illus- now the honored master whose career con-

Passing from the older examples to the by the fact that illus- dull atmosphere of fatuous respect for obtration, the most dem- solete traditions into a free, vivid expresocratic of our modern sion of the modern life around us. The arts, has undergone, old illustrations everywhere in France, within less than thirty Germany, and Italy, with a few exceptions years, a revolution, or which emphasize the rule, seem to have rather an emancipat- been executed according to straight and ing evolution. To no hard formulas, so that no matter what the man but Daniel Vierge subject represented was, all were treated can this radical in the same artificial way; the same persons change be justly at- appeared again in hardly a different guise; tributed. He was its the same monotony of technique pervaded prime mover, them all; and the same lights, the same and from the intense shadows were thrown over them. first stood, as Under the influence of a man powerful he stands to- enough to go straight to nature for his in-day, head and spiration, modern illustration has struck shoulders above out for itself into untrodden paths, where the rest of his the observation of nature is the first conprofessional sideration; where the artists, seeking to



render solely what is before them, endow through the pencil as other reality with the intensity of feeling, dra- children do with language matic or otherwise, which reality kindles spoken or written. in them. To so render subjects which father, Vincente Urrabieta had been treated in a formal fashion, the Ortiz, was the most reold narrow, meagre method was inade- nowned illustrator of Spain quate. A new technique had to be in- at the time. He joined vented, full of light and movement, of with a great love for his gaiety and unexpectedness, savoring art a capacity for work, strongly, not of the cold atmosphere of of which hundreds of the schools, nor of their straight and nar- thousands of drawings, row formulas, but of nature and of life scattered all over the alone. The extraordinary importance of Spanish newspapers and that evolution and the difficulty of its books, testify. A kindachievement can be appreciated only when ly, enthusiastic nature he one reflects that a technique is usually the was, and remained to the product of generations, the slow unfold- end of his days Daniel's ing and perfecting of given means of ex- best friend and adviser. pression sifted through many minds, and Soon recognizing the that here a technique had to be found with genius of his boy, he most varied and unexpected means because gave him every opporits field was practically of limitless range tunity to study, so and unknown. For example, in old days, that at thirteen day and night scenes were treated in the years of age Daniel, same fashion, only a little more black or after a brilliant exa little more white differentiating the night amination, entered. from the day; but in the modern illustra- the Fine Arts Academy of Madrid. tions every scene had to be rendered in speak, in each case, a different treatment,

of Modern Illustra- training all that he is. tion."

the nature of his talent, its genesis, its unfolding, Vierge.

express his boyish ideas skin.

His whole training before this had been its own peculiar way, necessitating, so to to try to jot down on paper the things that impressed him. His father, with remarkborn of the scene itself. So magnificent able tact, had encouraged him in trying to a result, to which we have become accus- give expression to his individual thoughts tomed as we have to the latest and most in his own individual way. He never made wonderful conquests of copies from the drawings or paintings of electricity, hardly real- others; his only models were the things izing the strides made, of life, moving, breathing; and no doubt we owe to Daniel Vierge there was laid the foundation of a talent more than to any other which has succeeded in the rendering of man, and justly he has life better than that of any other man in been called "The Father our day. Vierge says that he owes to that

> In the Academy of Fine Arts Vierge It is needless to point found a rare teacher, Don Federico de out in this magazine the Madrazo, and his fellow-pupils were men advantages of the side who have since attained a wide European lights thrown by the in- reputation. There were the great Villegas timate life of a man, in and Rico and Carbonero, and many others order to truly appreciate whose works adorn the best picture galleries in this country, as elsewhere. There Vierge learned what Mr. Ingres called its tendencies. Without "the probity of art"—drawing seriously lingering on biographi- and painstakingly from the model, and recal minutiæ, it is worth fining his study little by little until there while going over the few stood on the paper the life figure, not simple steps which have simply with its characteristic expression of marked the career of movement, its main picturesque and typical outside features, but considered as care-Daniel Urrabieta y fully in all its parts and constructed as the Vierge, born in Madrid model himself, with a living body under in 1851, soon grew up to his costume, and flesh and bones under his



added criticisms of their own to one an- to render what had most impressed them. other. Their enthusiasm for their work did not permit them to have idle evenings memory, accustoming one thereby to see after their hard day's labor, and they used vividly and well the large aspects of a rid, searching for the most interesting and developing Vierge's talent. Many art picturesque manifestations of the popular connoisseurs prefer the drawings of Rico tently, reflectively, and the next morning, because these drawings show more than

There was a great rivalry between the by any documents (for it was the rule not pupils, who, to the criticism of the master, to take any sketches or notes), they tried

This splendid exercise of training the to go out together in the streets of Mad- thing, was no doubt an important factor in life in low quarters; looking at them in- and Villegas to their paintings, precisely in the quietness of their rooms, unaided their paintings how accurate and nervous



MENDICANTS AT THE JERUSALEM GATE, CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE, DURING HOLY WEEK.

From "La Vie Moderne,"



execution with

position and academic drawing.

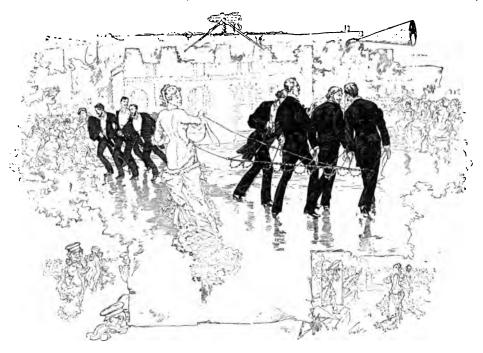
a grasp of a scene artists. There are now many signs of a these men have. reaction against that feeling, but in those The tendency days, and especially in Spain, with the of the French meteoric career of Fortuny so dazzling beschool—the fore one, Paris was the place to which all teaching of all artists aspired, and to which Vierge came other schools, in at sixteen years of age. Spaniard and fact, in compari- provincial in his ways, he found himself son with this—is lost in the whirlpool of the cosmopolitan towards elabor- life. Yet nothing ever seemed to surprise ate compositions him, while the stimulus of his surrounding (which are after- influences in that maelstrom of movement thoughts) and an began to be felt in his first productions.

Then, as now, in Paris, as elsewhere, the the help of the ranks of the illustrators were pretty full, model, whence it and no one was allowed to come in without seems that, with good fortune or great talent. Vierge didn't the acquirement have the good fortune, but his strenuous of a necessary efforts were rewarded, and he managed to thoroughness, all live by contributing here and there to some the life and spirit ephemeral sheets of the illustrated weekly of the thing has press. He was happy though, taking so departed. So far much pleasure in his work that there was as I know, the nothing in the world outside of it for him, Spaniards of that and he became a recognized power in the period were the circle of foreign artists who were trying only group of to force the well-guarded doors of the people who culti- French editors. He was young, abandonvated memory, ing himself to the joy of living, the pleas-as well as com- ure of seeing life in its multitudinous osition and academic drawing.

Wierge had been casting longing glances good and the bad,—free from the trammels toward Paris, then the Mecca of all of school and teacher, and training him-



THE INTERIOR OF AN ARAB SHOEMAKER'S TENT AT THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION OF 1870. From "Le Monde Illustré."



THE FIGURE OF A COTILLION AT THE ANNUAL BALL OF THE ALUMNI OF THE PARIS POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.

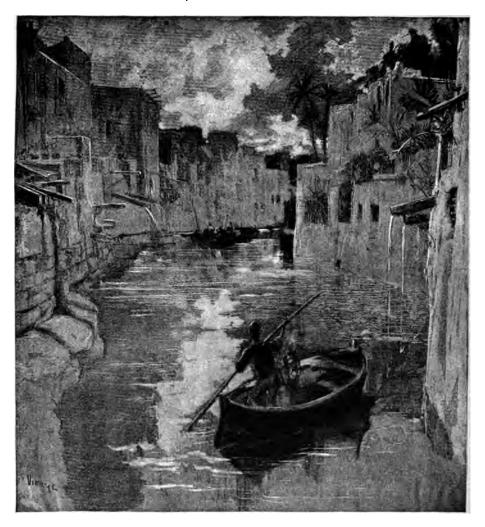
From "Le Monde Illustré."

self, as in his early days, to render what he other fields; he has never done anything saw in his own way.

No one can tell what Vierge might have clear sky, the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, the daily dramatic scenes around him, he spies, when summary executions were the touched by the bow. All his training, all unrest, of that feeling of horror, in these his fierce and dramatic, his sombre and magisterial pages. It is a rare delight to touched by the bow. All his training, all energetic Spanish nature asserted itself in see him take them out of a little secretary a vibrant expression so powerful that it in his studio, some twenty small sheets of stands forth unique among the many pro- that thin, gray paper which the Parisian ductions brought out by the Année Terri- small shopkeepers use for wrapping their ble. All the shackles of his school training humble wares. The artist handles them were thrown over; the tentativeness of his tenderly, as if the mere act of touching earlier works disappeared, and, rising to the fragile things were bringing back to him the occasion in a series of pages which the experiences of those inauspicious days. have roused the admiration of his brother The few lines struck off, as it were, in the artists ever since, he depicted all those very face of death, stand out with incomparevery-day events of the war in a manner able vividness, like mute witnesses. There full of simplicity and directness, and so is the cruel and bloodthirsty Raoul Rigault, forcible that it brings back to one all a socialist, or rather a nihilist, bedecked that sad and eventful period. There was in splendid military paraphernalia, like a all the master. He has since worked in guardsman of imperial Germany. There

better.

To find a parallel to the few scratchy been had not the unexpected happened. drawings which he made at the peril of his Surely his development would have been life during the Commune, one must go back more gradual; but that thunderbolt from a to the masters of the past—to Goya in his "Horrors of War"—but it is in making and its sequel, the Commune of 1871, made such comparisons that one feels how useless a man of the boy, a master of the student. and inadequate comparisons are. These Stirred to the very depth of his being by pages of the Commune are unique; that the tragic events which threw the Parisians poor Spanish youth wandering in the streets into frenzied excitement, appealed to by of Paris when every one was looking for responded magnificently, like a violin string order of the day, has put some of that



STREET OF A MURCIAN VILLAGE DURING AN INUNDATION. From "La Vie Moderne."

work, so straightforward and virile, and considered his masterpieces! Vierge made no mistake in choosing that

ing undeveloped, he had hardly suspected. Pablo." His hero is an extraordinary ad-His joy in dipping into that old atmosphere venturer whose wit and presence of mind of the glorious days of Spain was as intense never desert him in the most distressing as it was unexpected. And here, for the circumstances, and who passes through a first time, he found scope also for his hu- series of singular adventures, touching high mor, of so riotous and exuberant a quality. and low, the aristocracy, the middle Most of the work of Vierge before this classes, and the peasants, none more than had been done in two black-and-white me- the class of professional swindlers, begdiums-wash, and pen and ink. In both gars, which then were a feature of Spanish he stands unrivalled; but his pen and ink, civilization. One follows him, in the most reproduced directly without the interposi- amusing and philosophical way, through tion of the engraver, represents him more school and convent, prisons, and dens of intensely and faithfully. All the critical burglars. How real all this seems as seen authorities have expatiated upon the won- with Vierge's imagination in those eighty derful technical merit of his pen and ink or more drawings, which were until recently

In the midst of this work, when fired up medium for the illustrations of his "Don with such enthusiasm as he says he had



From "LeMonde Illustré."

never before felt, the artist was, without his limbs. His memory came back entirely prived him of memory, speech, action; patiently training his left hand to draw. leaving him a wrecked body with apparunderstood, was dead; and his family, greater, more elemental and essential, than after consultation with the best Parisian his first work. The brilliancy of his

doctors, gave him up as one soon to die. It is pathetic to hear the artist tell of that awful experience, and one marvels how he could have come out of it sound in mind. great Dr. Charcot, when called to examine him, said roughly that there was nothing to do; that in a few weeks, going from bad to worse, he would be dead. And Vierge heard it all. But he clung to life, and after two years of tragic agony, slowly recovered the partial use of

the slightest warning, struck by paralysis, to him, and with indomitable energy, his which, in the twinkling of an eye, de-right hand being useless, he set to work

It has been a very slow recovery; but the ently no signs of life, except of a merely artist stands to-day, but for that partial vegetative kind. And yet, slumbering in paralysis of his right side, which is conthat ruin of a most powerful and healthy stantly growing better, and for a certain organism were no mere glimmerings, but difficulty of speech, the fine man he was an acute realization, of his condition. He before; a finer man, because reflected in had no means to express himself; his his latter-day productions, of necessity father, who might, nay, who would, have much fewer than of old, is something

> technique is replaced by qualities more precious. He is more thoughtful, and touches things in a deeper way. It is a new stage in Vierge's development. Some have said (it is unfortunate that so much should be written about art, which, when it is art at all, is a sufficient explanation unto itself) that Vierge having changed, his first manner is preferable to his second manner, and others assert that the second is superior to the first. No doubt, as



it is in the nature of things that mature age are true in every detail. Or he will draw

power and the same personal qualities.

Lately it seems as if Vierge had gone back to his old inspiration in those drawings made from notes taken during a journey which he undertook primarily to prepare himself for what he and his friends consider must be the crowning achievement of his career, an illustration of "the great and wise and kindly book" which, written by a Spaniard, belongs to all mankind; a book that, like all the great books of the world, still remains to be illustrated by the ideal man-the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes.

Vierge is completely independent of the

foundly learned to memorize, that the highest. process is inbred in him; and his notes The F makes those elaborate compositions which sion to the ranks of the Legion of Honor,

should follow youth, the simple truth is that a type as carefully and thoroughly, and Vierge has grown, as all fine people do carry it as far as if the man were standgrow. But idiosyncrasies are not to be ing before him. While everything he does reasoned with. Some prefer the buoyancy is true to life, he well knows how to endow of youth, and love to linger upon it; to reality with the color of his feelings. others maturity appeals more. Surely the He is like a poet, one of those exceptional quality of charm exists as strongly in the natures essentially synthetic, who, of what drawings of the second manner as in those he has seen, makes a work of art that is, as of the first. The man was too good to stop Zola says, "a corner of nature seen through in his career, he has gone ahead, and life a temperament." It is in comparing a in its tragic aspect having left its imprint photograph with a drawing by Vierge repupon him, he has given a new note, a graver resenting the same thing that one underone, more sober, but full of just the same stands the part a great artist plays. It is

a conception of art singularly short-sighted and altogether too easy, the rendering a scene after the manner of an instantaneous photograph. The photograph sees too much of it, gives and emphasizes unduly every detail, and the result is perforce mechanical. In the work of the artist a process of selection takes place; long reflection results in the simplifying and emphasizing of the impressions received. The artist has to digest what he sees, to select all that is essential and necessary, so as to render the mystery of an effect, the dramatic or picturesque look of a scene. An artist has

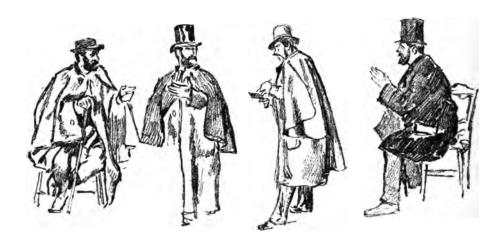
modern movement which insists upon the to love his art very much to do this, for in necessity of doing translations from nature comparison it is infinitely easier to copy. directly from nature. He has never done And when one is such a master of virtuoshis work directly on the spot; yet it is ad- ity as Vierge, who, with the simplest means mirably true to nature and to life, and few and in a few moments, can deal with facts artists would dream that he uses the model in the most precise and telling manner, but rarely. His manner of work is like such a process implies self-respect and that of the old painters. He has so pro- a passionate love for what is best and

The French painters, large-hearted Meisfrom nature, therefore, while exceedingly sonier at the head, followed by Gérôme, accurate, are scanty. In two or three Cabanel, Carolus Duran, and all the leadstrokes of the pencil they give an attitude, ing men, petitioned their government to an effect, the expression of a face, or the confer the cross of the Legion of Honor movement of a crowd. If a bit of land- upon Vierge, "one of the greatest artists scape, two or three lines, two or three of all times," as they expressed it. This dashes of vivid color, and that is all he unanimous token of esteem and apprecianeeds. Then in the studio, quietly, with tion touched Vierge profoundly; and at the the memory of the scene before him, he banquet given in celebration of his acces-

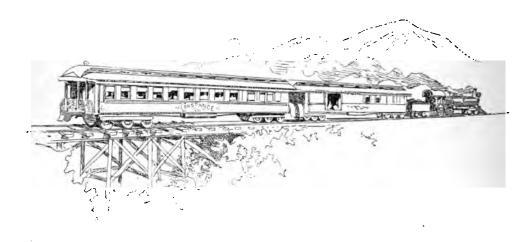
could neither eat nor speak. In reply to free from any motives but the highest, like the congratulations of his three hundred that of a faithful cathedral image-maker sponsors, the poor invalid, straightening of the religious ages. In the studio at the himself up with the help of a staff, could end of a little court behind his house, in a only utter, "Thanks! Thanks! It is too suburb of Paris, he is to be found from much honor!" and, sitting down, covered early morning till night, happy, singing, his face with his hands.

and unaffected man, who, with full con- beloved work and his home. Such a pure sciousness of his talent, thinks he has ac- and single-minded life is a beautiful and complished little as yet, and that his great rare example.

he was so overcome by emotion that he work is still before him. And his life is and working,—constantly working. There That was typical of the man, a simple is nothing in the world for him but his



EDITOR'S NOTE. - A true illustrator has always in view, while doing his work, the final engraved result, printed on a page of a given size, and harmonious with type of a special design. The selection of illustrations for this article presented a peculiar difficulty, as the reduction to the size of McClure's MAGAZINE of Vierge's most important productions—the drawings which he made for the large pages of the "Monde Illustré" and the "Vie Moderne"-took away much of those elements of force and character which are the trade-mark, so to speak, of the virile artist. The editors have felt that they should not, in justice to Vierge, attempt to give more than a few small, and, at best, inadequate reproductions of the hundreds of large illustrations which he has contributed to the French weekly illustrated press; but in order to explain and complete these, they have secured from the artist some precious leaves from his sketch-books which have never been published before. Some of these rapid notes, jotted down as records of such simple facts as a type, a movement, a gesture, an expression, reveal as much as any of his finished productions the master's incomparable virtuosity, his vividness of impression, his never-failing sympathy with nature and life. The portrait of Vierge in his studio, at the head of this article, was secured especially in view of its publication in McClure's Magazine.



"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Harvey Cheyne, the pampered son of an American millionnaire, falls overboard from an Atlantic liner as he is voyaging to Europe in company with his mother. He is picked up, off the Grand Banks, by the fishing schooner "We're Hcre," of Gloucester. His story of his rich connec-

tion is too fabulous to be believed by the humble-minded skipper of the "We're Here," and he is forced to fall to work as a member of the crew, and bide with the schooner on the Banks until she finishes her season. It is a hard ordeal, but soon brings out in the boy a rather fine spirit.

CHAPTER VIII.—Concluded.

THE "We're Here" was racing neck and neck for her last few loads against the "Parry Norman," a Provincetown boat; and since that meant Cape Cod against Gloucester, the fleet took sides and betted tobacco. All hands worked at the lines or dressingdown till they fell asleep where they stood -beginning before dawn and ending when it was too dark to see. They even used the cook as pitcher, and turned Harvey into the hold to pass salt, while Dan helped to dress down. Luckily the "Parry Norman" lost a man who sprained his ankle falling down the foc'sle, and the "We're Here's gained. Harvey could not see how more fish could be crammed into her, but Disko and Tom Platt stowed and stowed, and planked all down with big stones from the ballast, and there was always "jest another day's work." Disko did not tell them when all the salt was wetted. He rolled to the lazarette aft the cabin and began hauling out the big mainsail. This was at ten in the

morning. The riding-sail was down and the main and top sail were up by noon. and dories came alongside with letters for home, envying their good fortune. At last, with cleared decks, she hoisted her flagas is the right of the first boat off the Banks -up-anchored and began to move. Disko pretended that he wished to accommodate folks who had not sent in their mail, and so worked her gracefully in and out among the schooners. In reality, that was his little triumphant procession, and for the fifth year running it showed what kind of mariner he was. Dan's accordion and Tom Platt's fiddle supplied the music of the magic verse you must not sing till all the salt is wet:

"Hey! Yih! Yoho! Send your letters raound!
All our salt is wetted, an' the anchor's off the graound!

Bend, oh, bend your main'sle, we're back to Yankeeland-

With fifteen hunder' quintal, An' fifteen hunder' quintal, 'Teen hunder' toppin' quintal, 'Twix' old 'Queereau an' Grand.''

Copyright, 1396, by Rudyard Kipling.

Harvey very soon discovered that the from berth to berth, and the "We're Here" headed west by south under home canvas, were two very different boats. There was surges, and the streaming line of bubbles overside made his eyes dizzy.

They had little time for loafing those days. Disko kept them busy fiddling with the sails; and when those were flattened like a racing yacht's, Dan had to wait on the big topsail, which was put over by hand every time she went about. In spare modripped brine, which does not improve a Fleet?'

cargo.

on the wheel together, Tom Platt within the lightning flickered along the capes from hail, and she cuddled her lee-rail down to four different quarters at once. It gave the the crashing blue, and kept a little homemade rainbow arching unbroken over her windlass. whined against the mast, and the sheets and buoy on the water, in blinding photocreaked, and the sails filled with roaring; and when she slid into a hollow she trampled the minute as the "We're Here" crawled like a woman tripped in her own silk dress, in on half-flood, and the whistling-buoy and came out, her jib wet halfway up, yearn- moaned and mourned behind her. ing and peering for the tall twin lights of the storm died out in long separated, vicious Thatcher's Island.

the straits of St. Lawrence, with the Jersey salt-brigs from Spain and Sicily; found a friendly northeaster off Artimon Bank that drove them within view of the East light of Sable Island—a sight Disko did not linger over-and stayed with them past Western and Le Have, to the northern fringe of George's. From there they picked up the deep water and let her go merrily.

"Hattie's pulling on the string," Dan fall." confided to Harvey. "Hattie an' ma. Next Sunday you'll be hirin' a boy to throw water lowered the little flag half-mast for the sake on the windows to make ye go to sleep. Guess you'll keep with us till your folks come. Do you know the best of gettin'

ashore again?"

"Hot bath?" said Harvey. His eyebrows were all white with dried spray.

"That's good, but a night-shirt's better.

The last letters pitched on deck wrapped I've been dreamin' o' night-shirts ever since round pieces of coal, and the Gloucester we bent our mainsail. Ye can wiggle your men shouted messages to their wives and toes then. Ma'll hev a new one fer me, all womenfolk and owners, while the "We're washed out soft. It's home, Harve. It's Here" went through her musical ride home! Ye can sense it in the air. We're among the Fleet, her headsails quivering runnin' into the aidge of a hot wave naow, like a man's hand when he raises it to say an' I can smell the bay-berries. Port a trifle."

The hesitating sails flapped and lurched "We're Here" with her riding-sail, strolling in the close air and the deep smoothed out, blue and oily, round them. When they whistled for a wind only the rain came in spiky rods, bubbling and drumming, and a bite and kick to the wheel even in "boy's" behind the rain the thunder and the light-weather; he could feel the dead weight in ning of mid-August. They lay out with bare the hold flung forward mightily across the feet and arms telling one another what they would order at their first meal ashore; for now the land was in plain sight. A Gloucester sword-fish boat drifted alongside, a man in the little pulpit on the bowsprit flourishing his harpoon, his bare head plastered down with the wet. "And all's well!" he sang cheerily, as though he were watch on a big liner. "Wouverman's waiting ments they pumped, for the packed fish fer you, Disko. What's the news o' the

Disko shouted it and passed on, while the The best fun was when the boys were put wild summer storm pounded overhead and low circle of hills round Gloucester Harbor, Ten Pound Island, the fish-sheds, with the Then the jaws of the booms broken line of house-roofs, and each spar graphs that came and went a dozen times to dags of blue-white flame, followed by a sin-They left the cold gray of the Bank sea, gle roar like the roar of a mortar-battery, saw the lumber-ships making for Quebec up and the shaken air tingled under the stars, as it got back to silence.

"The flag, the flag," said Disko, suddenly, pointing upward.

"What is ut?" said Long Jack.

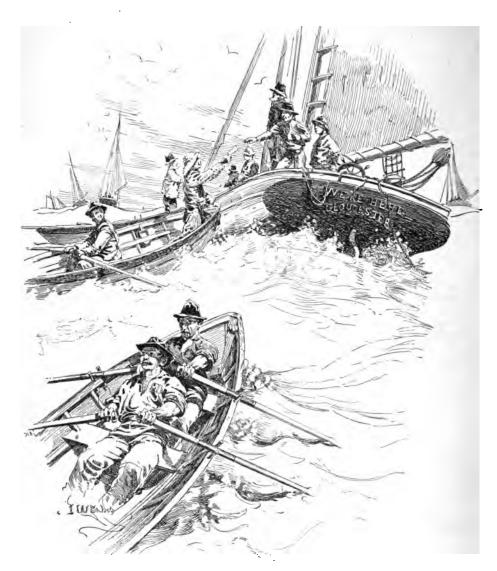
"Otto! Ha'af mast. They can see us frum shore now."

"I'd clean forgot. He's no folk to Gloucester, has he?"

"Girl he was goin' to be married to this

"Mary pity her!" said Long Jack, and of Otto, swept overboard in a gale off Le Have three months before.

Disko wiped the wet from his eyes and led the "We're Here" to Wouverman's wharf, giving his orders in whispers, while she swung round moored tugs and nightwatchmen hailed her from the ends of inky-



"DORIES CAME ALONGSIDE WITH LETTERS FOR HOME,"

and the mystery of the procession, Harvey sound. could feel the land close round him once more, with all its thousands of people asleep, rope, and they made fast to a silent wharf was breaking; and until the telegraph office flanked with great iron-roofed sheds full of was open and he could wire to his folk,

black piers Over and above the darkness warm emptiness, and lay there without a

Then Harvey sat down by the wheel, and sobbed and sobbed as though his and the smell of earth after rain, and the heart would break, and a tall woman who familiar noise of a switching-engine cough- had been sitting on a weigh-scale dropped ing to herself in a freight-yard; and all those down into the schooner and kissed Dan once things made his heart beat and his throat dry on the cheek; for she was his mother, and she up as he stood by the foresheet. They heard had seen the "We're Here" by the light-the anchor-watch snoring on a lighthouse ning flashes. She took no notice of Harvey tug, nosed into a pocket of darkness where a till he had recovered himself a little and lantern glimmered on either side. Some- Disko had told her his story. Then they body waked with a grunt, threw them a went to Disko's house together as the dawn Harvey Cheyne was perhaps the loneliest boy in all America. But the curious thing was that Disko and Dan seemed to think the better of him for crying. He could not help himself.

prices till Disko had given him a few days to full of mystery and most haughty to his panions, but they were useless.

fresh.'

"I'd lay into him naow ef he was mine,"

boarded with the Troops.

"Oho!" said Dan, shuffling with the acthe fence if the enemy advanced. "Dad, use of going on?" you're welcome to your own jedgment, but warn't stuck on my own opinion.

nity and a pair of beautiful carpet-slippers. sailor from one of Cheyne's big tea-ships; "You're gettin' ez crazy as poor Harve, the wife was dying, or worse; he himself in' an' kickin' each other under the table and doctors and maids and attendants; till there's no peace in the haouse," said worried almost beyond endurance by the

some folks," Dan replied. "You wait an' see."

to East Gloucester, where they tramped people occupied a wing of great price, and through the bay-berry bushes to the light- Cheyne, in a verandah-room, between a sechouse, and lay down on the big red boulders retary and a typewriter, who was also a and laughed themselves hungry. Har- telegraphist, toiled along wearily from day vey had shown Dan a telegram, and the to day. There was a war of rates among two swore to keep silence till the shell burst.

"Harve's folk?" said Dan, with an unruffled face after supper. "Well, I guess they don't amount to much of anything, or we'd ha' heard frum 'em. His pop keeps a kind o' store out West. Maybe he'll give you's much as five dollars, dad."

"What did I tell ye?" said Salters. "Don't sputter over your vittles, Dan."

CHAPTER IX.

WHATEVER his private sorrows may be. a multi-millionnaire, like any other working-Wouverman was not ready for Disko's man, should keep abreast of his business. Harvey Cheyne, senior, had gone East late swallow them; so all hands played about the in June to meet a woman broken down, streets, and Long Jack stopped the Rocky half mad, who dreamed day and night of her Neck trolley, on principle, as he said, till son drowning in the gray seas. He had the conductor let him ride free. But Dan surrounded her with doctors, trained nurses, went about with his nose in the air, bung- massage-women, and even faith-cure com-Cheyne lay still and moaned, or talked of "Dan, I'll hev to lay inter you ef you act her boy by the hour together to any one this way," said Troop, pensively. "Sense who would listen. Hope she had none, we've come ashore you've bin a heap too and who could offer it? All she needed was assurance that drowning did not hurt; and her husband watched to guard lest she said Uncle Salters, sourly. He and Penn should make the experiment. Of his own sorrow he spoke little—hardly realized the depth of it till he caught himself asking the cordion round the back-yard, ready to leap calendar on his writing-desk, "What's the

There had always lain a pleasant notion remember I've warned you. Your own at the back of his head that, some day, flesh an' blood ha' warned ye! 'Tain't when he had rounded off everything and any o' my fault ef you're mistook, but I'll the boy had left college, he would take be on deck to watch ye. An' ez fer yeou, his son to his heart and lead him into his Uncle Salters, Pharaoh's chief butler ain't possessions. Then that boy, he argued, in it 'longside o' you! You watch aout an' as busy fathers do, would instantly become wait. You'll be ploughed under like your his companion, partner, and ally, and there own blamed clover; but me-Dan Troop- would follow splendid years of great works I'll flourish like a green bay-tree because I carried out together—the old head backing the young fire. Now his boy was dead— Disko was smoking in all his shore dig- lost at sea as it might have been a Swede You two go araound gigglin' an' squinch- was trodden down by platoons of women shift and change of her poor restless "There's goin' to be a heap less-fer whims; hopeless, with no heart to meet his many enemies.

He had taken the wife to his raw new He and Harvey went out on the trolley palace in San Diego, where she and her four Western railroads in which he was supposed to be interested; a devastating strike had developed in his lumber-camps in Oregon, and the legislature of the State of California, which has no love for its makers, was preparing open war against him.

Ordinarily he would have accepted battle ere it was offered, and have waged a pleasant and unscrupulous campaign. But now he sat limply, his soft black hat pushed foror the Chinese junks in the bay, and assent- zey.' ing absently to the secretary's questions as

he opened the Saturday mail.

places in Colorado and a little society (that on the wall. would do the wife good), say in Washington and South Carolina, a man might forget vate car—straight through—Boston. other hand .

The click of the typewriter stopped; the girl was looking at the secretary, who had turned white.

He passed Cheyne a telegram repeated from San Francisco:

Picked up by fishing schooner "We're Here," having fallen off boat. Great times on Banks, fishing. All well. Waiting Gloucester, Mass., care Disko Troop, for money or orders. Wire what shall do; and how is mamma?—Harvey N. Cheyne.

The father let it fall, laid his head down on the roller-top of the shut desk, and breathed heavily. The secretary ran for Mrs. Chevne's doctor, who found Cheyne pacing to and fro.

possible? Is there any meaning to it?

can't quite make it out," he cried.

"I can," said the doctor. "I lose seven thousand a year-that's all." He thought of the struggling New York practice he had and returned the telegram with a sigh.

"You mean you'd tell her? May be a

fraud?

boy sure enough."

Enter a French maid, impudently, as an indispensable one who is kept on only by large wages.

" Mrs. Cheyne she say you must come at once. She thinks you are seek."

The master of thirty millions bowed his head meekly and followed Suzanne; and a thin, high voice on the upper landing of the Barnes, of course. "What is it? What has happened?"

news.

serenely, to the typewriter. "About the for Toucey.'

ward on to his nose, his big body shrunk only medical statement in novels with any inside his loose clothes, staring at his boots truth to it is that joy don't kill, Miss Kin-

"I know it; but we've a heap to do first." Miss Kinzey was from Milwaukee, some-Cheyne was wondering how much it would what direct of speech, and as her fancy cost to drop everything and pull out. He leaned towards the secretary, she divined carried huge insurances, could buy himself there was work in hand. He was looking royal annuities, and between one of his earnestly at the vast roller-map of America

"Milsom, we're going right across. Priplans that had come to nothing. On the the connections," shouted Cheyne down the staircase.

"I thought so."

The secretary turned to the typewriter and their eves met (out of that was born a story—nothing to do with this story). She looked inquiringly, doubtful of his resources. He signed to her to move to the Morse as a general brings brigades into action. Then he swept his hand musician-wise through his hair, regarded the ceiling, and set to work, while Miss Kinzey's white fingers called up the Continent of America.

"K. H. Wade, Los Angeles-The 'Constance' is at Los Angeles, isn't she,

Miss Kinzey?"

"Yep." Miss Kinzey nodded between clicks as the secretary looked at his watch.

"Ready? Send 'Constance,' private car, here, and arrange for special to leave here "What-what d'you think of it? Is it Sunday in time to connect with New York I Limited at Sixteenth Street, Chicago, Tuesday next."

> Click — click — click ! "Couldn't you better that?"

"Not on those grades. That gives 'em dropped at Cheyne's imperious bidding, sixty hours from here to Chicago. They won't gain anything by taking a special east of that. Ready? Also arrange with Lake Shore and Michigan Southern to take 'Con-"What's the motive?" said the doctor, stance' on New York Central and Hudson coolly. "Detection's too certain. It's the River Buffalo to Albany, and B. and A. the same Albany to Boston. Indispensable I should reach Boston Wednesday evening. Be sure nothing prevents. Have also wired Canniff, Touccy, and Barnes.—Sign, Cheyne."

Miss Kinzey nodded, and the secretary went on.

"Now then. Canniff, Toucey, and Ready? Canniff, great white-wood square staircase cried: Chicago. Please take my private car 'Constance' from Santa Fe at Sixteenth Street No doors could keep out the shriek that next Tuesday p.m. on N. Y. Limited through rung through the echoing house a moment to Buffalo and deliver N. Y. C. for Albany. later, when her husband blurted out the Ever bin to N'York, Miss Kinzey? We'll go some day .- Ready? Take car Buffalo "And that's all right," said the doctor, to Albany on Limited Tuesday p.m. That's that!" with a toss of the head.

Wade will do, but it pays to shake up the hatchet. managers."

look of admiration. man she understood and appreciated.

"'Tisn't bad," said Milsom, modestly. Santa Fé straight through to Chicago."

"But see here, about that Noo York Limcar to her," Miss Kinzey suggested, recov-

ering herself.

Cheyne—lightning. It goes."

boy. You've forgotten that, anyhow."

"That's so. I'll ask."

When he returned with the father's mesat an appointed hour, he found Miss Kinand spreading.

even Milsom could not guess): "Don't hurry!" shoot, Colonel. We'll come down."

it isn't likely I shall do any business on the Sunday. road. Tell 'em the truth-for once."

clicked in the sentiment while the secretary as if we'd never get there." added the memorable quotation, "Let us have peace," and in board-rooms two thou- be in Chicago before you know." sand miles away the representative of sixtythree million dollars' worth of variously manipulated railroad interests breathed more freely. Cheyne was flying to meet their way to San Bernardino and the the only son, so miraculously restored to Mohave wastes, but this was no grade for

"Haven't bin to Noo York, but I know the bulls. Hard men who had their knives drawn to fight for their financial lives put "Beg pardon. Now, Boston and Albany, away the weapons and wished him God Barnes, same instructions from Albany speed, while half a dozen panic-smitten tinthrough to Boston. Leave three-five P.M. pot railroads perked up their heads and (you needn't wire that); arrive nine-five spoke of the wonderful things they would P.M. Wednesday. That covers everything have done had not Cheyne buried the

It was a busy week-end among the wires: "It's great," said Miss Kinzey, with a for, now that their anxiety was removed, This was the kind of men and cities hastened to accommodate. Los Angeles called to San Diego and Barstow that the Southern California engineers "Now, anyone but me would have lost might know and be ready in their lonely thirty hours and spent a week working out round-houses: Barstow passed the word to the run, instead of handing him over to the Atlantic and Pacific, and Albuquerque flung it the whole length of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé management, even ited. Chauncey Depew couldn't hitch his into Chicago. An engine, combination-car with crew, and the great and gilded "Constance " private car were to be " expedited " "Yes, but this isn't Chauncey. It's over those two thousand three hundred and fifty miles. The train would take prece-"Even so. Guess we'd better wire the dence of one hundred and seventy-seven others meeting and passing; despatchers and crews of every one of those said trains must be notified. Sixteen locomotives, sixsage, bidding Harvey meet them in Boston teen engineers, and sixteen firemen would be needed—each and every one the best availzey laughing over the keys. Then Milsom able. Two and one-half minutes would be laughed too, for the frantic clicks from Los allowed for changing engines; three for Angeles ran: "We want to know why— watering, and two for coaling. "Warn the why—why? General uneasiness developed men, and arrange tanks and chutes accordd spreading." ingly; for Harvey Cheyne is in a hurry, a Ten minutes later Chicago appealed to hurry—a hurry," sang the wires. "Forty Miss Kinzey in these words: "If crime of miles an hour will be expected, and division century is maturing please warn friends in superintendents will accompany this special time. We are all getting to cover here." over their respective divisions. From San This was capped by a message from To- Diego to Sixteenth Street, Chicago, let the peka (and wherein Topeka was concerned magic carpet be laid down. Hurry! oh,

"It will be hot," said Chevne, as they Cheyne smiled grimly at the consterna- rolled out of San Diego in the dawn of Suntion of his enemies when the telegrams day. "We're going to hurry, mother, just were laid before him. "They think we're as fast as ever we can; but I really don't on the war-path. Tell 'em we don't feel think there's any good of your putting on like fighting just now, Milsom. Tell 'em your bonnet and gloves yet. You'd much what we're going for. I guess you and better lie down and take your medicine. Miss Kinzey had better come along, though I'd play you a game o' dominoes, but it's

"I'll be good. Oh, I will be good. So the truth was told. Miss Kinzey Only—taking off my bonnet makes me feel

"Try to sleep a little, mother, and we'll

"But it's Boston, father. Tell them to

hurry."

The six-foot drivers were hammering him. The bear was seeking his cub, not speed. That would come later. The heat

son and how the sea had given up its dead, plains. and they nodded and spat and rejoiced with "let her out a piece," and Cheyne thought till a division superintendent protested.

only moaned a little and begged her husband to bid them "hurry." And so they dropped the dry hills and moon-struck rocks of Arizona behind them, and grilled on till the crash of the couplings and the wheeze moved among people. of the brake-hose told them they were at Coolidge by the Continental Divide.

Three bold and experienced men-cool, confident, and dry when they began; white, quivering, and wet when they finished their trick at those terrible wheels—swung her over the great dips and falls from Albu- moving. Sit down and tell me the miles." querque to Glorietta and beyond Springer, into La Junta, had sight of the Arkansaw, where Cheyne took comfort once again from setting his watch an hour ahead.

There was very little talk in the car. The secretary and typewriter sat together on the stamped Spanish-leather cushions by they be in Chicago? the plate-glass observation-window at the best to entertain him.

At night the bunched electrics lit up that the last crew took entire charge of switching

of the desert followed the heat of the hills distressful palace of all the luxuries, and as they turned east to the Needles and the they fared sumptuously, swinging on through Colorado River. The car cracked in the the emptiness of abject desolation. Now utter drouth and glare, and they put crushed they heard the swish of a water-tank, and ice to Mrs. Cheyne's neck, and toiled up the the guttural voice of a Chinaman, the clinklong, long grades, past Ash Fork, towards clink of hammers that tested the Krupp Flagstaff, where the forests and quarries steel wheels, and the oath of a tramp chased are, under the dry, remote skies. The off the rear platform; now the solid crash of needle of the speed indicator flicked and coal shot into the tender; and now a beating wagged to and fro; the cinders rattled on back of noises as they flew past a waiting the roof, and a whirl of dust sucked after train. Now they looked out into great the whirling wheels. The crew of the com- abysses, a trestle purring beneath their bination sat on their bunks, panting in their tread, or up to rocks that barred out half shirt-sleeves, and Cheyne found himself the stars. Now scaur and ravine changed among them shouting old, old stories of the and rolled back to jagged mountains on the railroad that every trainman knows, above horizon's edge, and now broke into hills the roar of the car. He told them about his lower and lower, till at last came the true

At Dodge City an unknown hand threw him; asked after "her, back there," and in a copy of a Kansas paper containing whether she could stand it if the engineer some sort of an interview with Harvey, who had evidently fallen in with an entershe could. Accordingly, the great fire-horse prising reporter, telegraphed on from Boswas "let out" from Flagstaff to Winslow, ton. The joyful journalese revealed that it was beyond question their boy, and it But Mrs. Cheyne, in the boudoir state- soothed Mrs. Cheyne for a while. Her one room, where the French maid, sallow-white word "hurry" was conveyed by the crews with fear, clung to the silver door-handle, to the engineers at Nickerson, Topeka, and Marceline, where the grades are easy, and they brushed the Continent behind them. Towns and villages were close together now, and a man could feel here that he

"I can't see the dial, and my eyes ache so. What are we doing?"

"The very best we can, mother. There's no sense in getting in before the Limited. We'd only have to wait."

"I don't care. I want to feel we're

Cheyne sat down and read the dial for up and up to the Raton Tunnel on the her (there were some miles at eighty-two), State line, whence they dropped rocking but the seventy-foot car never changed its long steamer-like roll, moving through the and tore down the long slope to Dodge City, heat with the hum of a giant bee. Yet the speed was not enough for Mrs. Cheyne; and the heat, the remorseless August heat, was making her giddy; the clock hands would not move, and when, oh, when would

It is not true that, as they changed enrear end, watching the surge and ripple of gines at Fort Madison, Cheyne passed over the ties crowded back behind them, and, it to the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Locois believed, making notes of the scenery, motive Engineers an endowment sufficient Cheyne moved nervously between his own to enable them to fight him and his fellows extravagant gorgeousness and the naked on equal terms for evermore. He paid his necessity of the combination, an unlit cigar obligations to engineers and firemen as he in his teeth, and the pitying crews forgot believed they deserved, and only his bank that he was their tribal enemy, and did their knows what he gave the crews who had sympathized with him. It is on record that was in a doze at last, and Heaven was to them Eastern way-trains. When we're

help any one who bumped her.

Now the highly paid specialist who con-

of it, our runnin' time from San Diego to Harvey was waiting for them.

operations at Sixteenth Street, because "she" Chicago was 57.54. You can tell that to tryin' for a record, we'll let you know.

To the Western man (though this would veys the Lake Shore and Michigan South- not please either city), Chicago and Boston ern Limited from Chicago to Elkhart is are cheek by jowl, and some railroads ensomething of an autocrat, and he does not courage the delusion. The Limited whirled approve of being told how to back up to a the "Constance" into Buffalo and the car. None the less he handled the "Con- arms of the New York Central and Hudson stance" as if she might have been a load River (illustrious magnates with white whisof dynamite, and when the crew rebuked kers and gold charms on their watch-chains him, they did it in whispers and dumb show. came on here to talk a little business to Har-"Pshaw!" said the Atchison, Topeka, vey), who slid her gracefully into Albany, and Santa Fé men, discussing life later, where the Boston and Albany completed the "we weren't runnin' for a record. Harvey run from tide-water to tide-water—total time, Cheyne's wife, she were sick back, an' we eighty-seven hours and thirty-five minutes, didn't want to jounce her. Come to think or three days, fifteen hours and one-half.

(To be continued.)

THE LADY IN THE BOX.

By CLINTON Ross,

Author of "The Countess Bettina," "The Scarlet Coat," etc.

Ι. .



I suppose bachelors The Box." ever are searching,

expecting they may give or receive that one look; they fancy ever that outside of the circle they know there will be some one who will answer in their cases the require- a good house for the famous comedian. ments of the love stories. So they go Alone with only Tom Levin, I envied everyabout peering into faces, into carriages, body who seemed to be married, or on the at their neighbors; in public conveyances, way to that end. I forgot that many of or at the play, or church. Of course they my friends who had succeeded seemed to rarely confess this weakness. I remem- have made a mess of it. I only remember in my own case how I sat up late bered that most of the people and the with a man to hear him deride the better pretty girls I might have called on, sex, and when, on being told the next morn- wouldn't care to see me on an evening ing he was engaged, I accused him of insin- when only greater intimates were privicerity, he said, without a blush, "Why, leged. You see, I was at the play with she's the one woman who proves the Tom Levin only because I had nothing Instead of confessing, your sea- better to do. soned bachelor goes to the opposite extreme, as a defence against himself, of good company, carried a contagious geniposing as near a misogynist or as a gay ality, and the audience were inclined to fellow who holds all women lightly. But make the applause frequent. But I was

of all this has not Louis Stevenson written better than I ever may in that delightful IS a theory as old as essay, "Virginibus Puerisque"? I have the dear goddess her- only to tell a story of one of those fellows self that there's such who are ever looking about, looking about; a thing as being and how this one met her. He was after-brought down into a ward not a bit ashamed of having sought state of sentimental sentimentalities—since he had succeeded collapse by one ef- in finding one; and, so, I may as well let fective glance. So him tell his own story of "The Lady In.

II.

The lobby was crowded, and it promised

The play, a fine old comedy, done by a



"SHE WAS IN A BOX WITH A LOT OF PROFIE; TWO OLD TERSONS AND A GAY YOUNG GENILEMAN."

all the time looking about; and looking about I first saw her.

She was in a box with a lot of people: man who seemed to have been diningit was not the simple cheer of unaided spirits. The two old persons might have shouldn't—' been her father and mother; the gentleas you expect them to.

The elder lady was a study for a dowager. But, as for the real lady of the box—the lady who took my fancies at once and who and half a brunette. She was vivacious on boldly; I hadn't a misgiving. and sweet and admirably gowned, and,

that girl in the box more than at the tive dislike to him.

ally she was returning my stare, and then she nodded. For a moment I was embar- Jack," she went on. rassed; and then I nodded back.

"Know her?" said Tom.

"I should say so,"

She was looking at me. and then calling the others' attention to me. I was growing red, for I was sure it was a mistake. Yet we were cooped on the side against an empty box. There was nobody besides us to bow to there. It must be I. I bowed again.

"Who is she?" said Tom.

"You ought to know," said I.

The curtain went down. The audience stamped and shouted for the famous comedian. But I was looking at her, and she was looking at me; and then she leaned forward and beckoned. At first I couldn't believe it at all; she was actually

beckoning to me.
"I am going over there," said I.
"Who are they?" said Tom.

"I may not come back," said I, taking two old persons and a gay young gentle- my coat and hat, and ignoring his ques-

"She looks interesting," said Tom. "I

But I was up the aisle. I didn't hear man looked irascible, like your notion of his further observations. I would speak a successful banker, though successful to her. I would be the person she took bankers, like other celebrities, never look me to be. You probably have read some particular story about such an adventure. Have you longed that it might happen to you? I knew that I would have gone anywhere if that particular girl had beckoned has held them since—she was pretty, as to me in that way. As an actual fact I you can imagine. She was half a blonde wasn't the least timid about it. I went

So I entered the box. A nearer view of course, bored by the young man. I made her more delightful. She extended disliked him tremendously. I thought her hand, blushing a bit. I didn't notice that I, and I alone, was worthy to talk to the others; I believe I did hear the young fellow's "How d'ye do?" That was all. "Look here, Billie, you're looking at I heard it because I had taken an instinc-

stage."

"I oughtn't to have called to you,
"You're an old idiot, Tom," said I, and
I looked again.

This time she was staring at me; actu
clare to man and the start of the said she. "You didn't deserve it."
"One expects to get what he doesn't deserve it."

"This time she was staring at me; actu
clare to man and the said she was called to you,
"You're an old idiot, Tom," said I, and
I looked again.

"How the said to have called to you,
"You didn't deserve it."
"I oughtn't to have called to you,
"You're an old idiot, Tom," said I, and
I looked again.
"One expects to get what he doesn't

"But the flowers were nice of you,

"I wish they had been more than flowers," said I.

to reward you, you may stay here through thought I knew her very well. She was the play, and then you can go back and not a girl who was hard to know, when see how crazy Dottie and Charlie are be- you chanced to be Jack; it was as easy as cause they are sitting up on account of making love to the right girl. I thought Charlie's birthday."

"You don't mean that of my brother How could he help it?

and sister," said she; rather stiffly.

"We all were crazy on our birthdays agined about Jack should be true? when we were that age. Now, weren't we?" said I. "I'm crazy now, I think. I feel like looking up a street beggar instead of fact." of him looking me up."

"You're always doing nice things,

Jack," said she.

"I believe," said I, "that if I painted, the play.'

Or you might write a story."

"I know what the story would be about," said I. "An angel in a box at the play would take me for somebody I wasn't."

"As if Jack weren't Jack," said she.

" I have read a story like that."

"Yes, exactly," said I; "my story wouldn't be original. But it would be delightful for the young man who should be mistaken for somebody else—for me, that is, who am not Jack—'

'In the story, that is," said she.

"Yes, it's a story," said I. "But to for the carriages. go on, in the story, say I'm not Jack, but I touched her finger-tips in assisting her. Billie, and I haven't anywhere to go this I fancied they gave mine a slight, responevening excepting to this play, when it happens the mistake is made, and I am into that carriage as joyously as if I really raised to the level of happiness." were Jack.

"Eh, what's that?" said the old gentleman, who appeared to be quite deaf. "I hope they'll Christianize the Turks,"

he added, inconsequently.

ginger for the Armenians," said the old

fidget. At last he rose and said he must dently like Jack. go; and, for the other acts of the play on that her words were like music—the sweetest music. I forgot that I wasn't Jack: for me. that any moment my disguise might be penetrated; and then toward the play's pretentious house, while the man opened

"That's good of you," said she. "Just end I remembered it. But by that time I rlie's birthday." I should care to make love to her; I won-Dottie and Charlie usually are," said I. dered if Jack did. Yes, of course he did.

"What would you do if the story I im-

"It was a very silly story," said she.

"Some silly stories have a foundation

"I should think, then," said she, "that the man would be dreadful."

"Dreadfully presumptuous," said I. "Isn't that permitted-presumption, I I could paint—well—a lady in a box at mean—where a pretty woman is concerned?'

"I should call it impertinence."

"Oh, I say," said I, "I'm sorry for that

imaginary fellow."

"I don't pity him a bit. But"—the curtain was down; the audience was shuffling—"you are coming home with us to take supper?"

I hesitated; but when you will be called presumptuous in any case, you may as well

make the most of the situation.

"I shall be delighted," said I; and I followed her to the lobby, into garish Broadway, where the crier was bawling

sive pressure, and I liked it. I jumped

You may suppose that I might make some mistake; that common interests between Jack and her would have led me to some hopeless disclosure of my ignorance "I myself sent over some preserved of Jack's acquaintances and peculiarities. But nothing of that sort happened; and, when you analyze acquaintanceship, it's But the young fellow I disliked said surprising how by the mere use of small nothing. He didn't like my presence talk you can avoid mentioning anybody or there. I was glad that he didn't. It de- anything. So, as we rode on through the lighted me for Jack's sake, and, inciden- long streets, I only grew to know the tally, for my own, that I could make him more what she was like, and I was evi-

As for the old people, they seemed to the stage, and my own little play, I had leave us quite to ourselves. There plainly the heroine quite to myself. I forgot Tom was an understanding about Jack and Levin there alone and forlorn. I thought Annabel, and at one moment I was both of Annabel—I found her name was Anna- jealous of this fellow who wasn't, and bel. She didn't remind me of Poe, save who still was I, and at another I was thanking Jack for having paved the way

When we had drawn up before a rather

the door she whispered, "In some way you are different to-night, Jack."

"Didn't Flavia say something like that to Rassendyllin' The Prisoner of Zenda'?" said I, as we ascended the steps.

"When she thought he was the king?" We were in the hall now, and her cheeks were glowing as she threw off her wrap.

"But Flavia liked him the more because you."

he was different,'' said I.

"I believe she did," she acknowledged.
"Am I," I insisted, "any the worse in

that whole story was silly. There couldn't be such a case of a double."

"Ah, couldn't there?" I said. "I want to tell you that there can be." I couldn't keep it up any longer. I wanted her to know me, to be myself. I didn't want to be taken for my double for a moment longer. "It's so in my case; I am not Jack!"

She looked at me suddenly frightened, and then she burst into laughter.

'' How silly you are!''

me and the ordinary Jack," I said. "I am sillier than he.

I like you better to-night.

"Ah, then you do like me for myself,

I cried. "I am not Jack.

"What do you mean?" she said, looking at me quickly. "Isn't there such a thing as carrying a joke too far?"

"You made me," I said; "and I would do it again-just to know you-for five

minutes--'

"What are you talking about? I don't been in England, up to two weeks ago." understand.'

Again that look of fright was over her

face; and I think then she understood.
"Forgive me," I said. "I shall hate

myself for it.'

But she did not answer; and the inevitable happened: the real, the expected

Jack, entered the room.

I don't think I ever have had so uncanny a feeling as when we first faced each other. I was half an inch taller, perhaps; as we stood there staring at each other any one could see the difference. When we were not together anybody could mistake us.

"Who are you?" said Jack.

manly thing then and there.

time," she said, in a low voice.

"Perhaps I didn't try so hard as I might," sad I, bowing.

You are an extraordinary impostor." came the old gentleman's treble. "I'll hand you over to the police.'

"He's been personating me," said Jack.

Then Annabel spoke up:

"We made him. We insisted he was

"Still, it was a cowardly thing to do.

Come outside, sir," said Jack.

"Presently," said I. "I have a right your eyes for being rather different from to a word. There are times in a man's the ordinary Jack?"

"Don't be silly," said she. "Besides, the most he can do is to apologize. I am

"Boro couldn't sorry about it. Still, the adventure sorry about it. Still, the adventure claimed me. Still—well, I did it."

I bowed again; I fumbled for a card.

"That's my card. You will see I'm not a thief or a coward, I hope. I belong at least to a decent family; that may explain matters."

Again I looked around at them, and, bowing, went into the hall, hoping I hadn't appeared so badly. I certainly had, badly enough; a poor appearance wasn't to be avoided in that predicament. Jack fol-"There's the difference, then, between lowed me out. He had the card in his hand; he looked as if he knew my name.

"I don't know but I should have done "No," said she, sobering; "but I think the same thing," said he. "It's extraor-

dinary.'

"Kather," said I. "It's good of you, however, to say you would have done the same thing."

"I think we have the same great-grand-

fathers."

"You are a Merton, then?" said I.

"Yes, I'm John Merton, as you are William Merton. You see, I always have

"That's why we haven't met. But it's strange," said I. "I never believed that such resemblances could occur."

"Do come in," he now said; "let me

explain.'

"I can't," I answered, "under the circumstances."

"I understand how you feel," he said; but then it was excusable. I know I might have done the same, if Annabel had been the girl. At least, I will look you up.'

We shook hands, and I went gloomily into the street. Jack was a very good fellow, after all. It's well, if you have a "Simply an impostor," said I. I could double, for him to be a decent fellow. not say anything else. I must do the And we admired the same girl. Ah, but there was a difference; and Annabel had "You were trying to tell me-all the said it was not to my discredit. I woke up in the night and remembered that. But it



wasn't so very much consolation, after

all.

In the morning I saw the situation clearer. I thought I had been right in not going back when Jack asked me to; but now I could go and explain. I wanted to see Annabel again. I wondered if she remembered she had pressed my hand in the carriage, and if she hated me for having let her. I stopped and thought about it all at a church door. I was so sorry, and the choristers bore the hymn up to heaven; for it was a Sabbath morning. "You didn't extraordinary co "My extraord gasping. "Why, you indidn't know but you somewhere." I should thim

Well, I called. I asked for her, wondering if she would see me. I should have called for her father, but I didn't know their names; to be sure I might

have asked at the door; I ought to have asked for Jack. To make the matter plain, I will repeat I didn't do any of these things, which you may think reprehensible in me.

But instead of seeing her I saw the old gentleman who had been so offended the night before. He came into the room the very picture of an apoplectic old fellow in a tremendous rage.

"How dare you, sir?" he cried; "how the deuce dare you?"

"You didn't expect, my dear sir, that I was going to run away, did you? I was bound to see you again, after your very extraordinary conduct last night."

"My extraordinary conduct!" he cried, gasping. "What d'ye mean, sir?"
"Why, you invited me into your box. I

"Why, you invited me into your box. I didn't know but that I might have met you somewhere."

eaven; for it was a Sabbath morning.

"I should think you would remember a Well, I called. I asked for her, wongirl like Annabel," said he.

"I should think so, too," I answered.
"I only thought I was very—very stupid."

"No such thing!" he almost screamed;



""HOW DARE YOU, SIR? HE CRIFD."

"no such thing at all! You accepted because she was a pretty girl.'

"Yes, to tell you the truth, that was the reason," I agreed, not being minded to lie to him.

"You dare, sir; you dare?"

He looked at me; suddenly, unexpectedly, his face underwent a change, and he was smiling.

"You are exactly like me when I was come-before we had been introduced." your age, I declare. I couldn't resist a pretty girl myself."

"You were then young yourself?" said

I, rather peevishly.

"You thought I'd been old always, but I was once a lively young fellow, I can tell you," said he, with old age's regret for past pleasures.

'Then you can understand—'' said I,

as mildly as possible.

"Jack seemed to think you not so bad a fellow," he said, musingly.

"So you will understand," I went on, "why I am here to explain, and to apologize. I hope you may understand, that "Eh? I think I like it

in you myself," said he.
"But after I have apologized to you, I want to explain to the lady in the box with you - to Miss Annabel.'

"I'll make her understand," said he; "that's

not necessary."

"But I want to say it to Miss Annabel herself,' said I; "my principal offence is against her.

I drew nearer, seeing he had changed his opinion of me, and that his rage had

spent itself.

"You said you were once young yourself," I insisted; "then you can understand why I want to talk to her about it-to

explain, to apologize."
"Oh, well," said he, "I don't know that it will do any hurt for her to see you a few moments." He laughed with docile senility. "Yes, I was once young myself, I tell you—once young myself." And he turned away. "I'll let you see her-for five minutes."

He went in, and presently she entered very slowly, her lips close held. left us alone, that considerate old man.

Did she hate m. I wondered. face bent before me. She turned away, and then she wheeled about and faced me. "It was atrocious of you."

"Yet you let me see you."

"I think it was impertinent of you to

"A great admiration sometimes leads to unintentional impertinence," said I.

"I like that," said she.

"And I wanted to explain," I went on. "I must explain to you; I was so rude."

'I think you were," said she.

"And it was so good of you to defend me.'

"Did I defend you?"

"Yes-don't you remember?"

"Well, I had to; it really wasn't your fault. It was mine. I felt there was a difference. I thought Jack was improved, as I told you.'

"Ah, improved," said I, drawing nearer; "you said that last night."

won't tell a soul, I will prove it to you." She was blushing.

" Not a soul. I felt I was getting on with Annabel.

"I intended to accept him last night," said she, softly.

"And you didn't," said I, "you didn't?"

"No, I found I couldn't, after"

"Ah, after?" said I. "That little mistake."

"That delightful mistake. It was," said I, "like a blessing."

"I am saying too much," said she, "to you—a stranger. But you don't look like one, you know," she explained.

"I am Jack improved, you yourself said.''

"Did I? I had forgotten it," said she, demurely.

"If," said I, "you refused the other Jack, would that apply to your improved

"Isn't this rather sudden," said she, laughing, "for strangers?"

I took her hands in some way. "I've Save this Billie, I myself never met a man

"Did I? It was strange. Now if you much in love with woman. But of a day, love has visited me. Ah! don't answer now, dear. You can't, of course. But just let me keep on telling you every day for a year, and then answer me next year -or, make it, say, two months. Now, may I keep on telling you?"

She looked timidly into my eyes, and er face was scarlet again. "If you her face was scarlet again. want to. And-well, I'll make it a

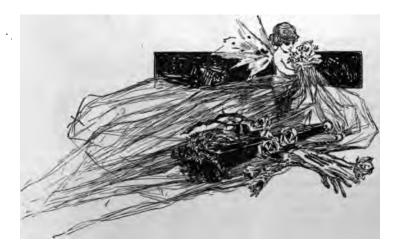
month," said Annabel.

III.

"Such," Billie went on, "was the beginning of the end, which itself was only another beginning.'

"You sentimental old prater," I cried: yet I added, "I don't know but that I should be as sentimental, if I had your luck."

Now this, as I have said, is the story of one of those bachelors who are always looking about, looking about; but, remember, he only succeeded because she But we are not strangers, you know." fancied him an improvement on his double. lived thirty years, and I haven't been with a double, outside of a story or a play.



A NIGHT WITH STANTON IN THE WAR OFFICE.

AN EPISODE OF THE WAR BETWEEN PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND CONGRESS IN 1867.

BY GENERAL JOHN M. THAYER.



fought and bled and prayed, had come.

Five days passed, and, lo, another sound to be dropped. was heard: the low wailing of despair President. A triumph, a tragedy, and ever, an entire and radical change had Andrew Johnson was President of the United States.

After his elevation to the Presidency, Mr. Johnson at first continued to manifest the outspoken hostility to the South which had marked his career before and during the war. His public speeches and private conversations were seasoned with the most vehement denunciations of those who had brought on the war and those who had fought it through. Time and again he declared: "The leaders must take a back seat in the work of reconstruction." "Traitors must be punished." "Treason must be made odious." He even went so far as to propose and insist upon the arrest and trial of General Lee for treason.

When Lee and his army surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, the latter required their sacred pledge that they would never again take up arms against the United States or resist its authority; and Grant, in return, pledged them that, so long as they observed the conditions of their parole inviolate, they should not be molested by the government. These terms were approved by President Lincoln and his cabinet and by the people of the country. When, therefore, President Johnson announced his intention of prosecuting Lee and other Confed-

N the 4th of March, 1865, Abra- erate officers for treason, Grant's indignaham Lincoln and Andrew tion was aroused, and he protested in strong Johnson were inaugurated as language against such prosecutions as a President and Vice-President, violation of the pledge he had given. But respectively, of the United President Johnson, with his accustomed States, and thirty-six days obstinacy, persisted. Grant, equally perlater was flashed to the sistent, said to him: "If you interfere with country the exultant news: "The Conone of those who surrendered to me and federacy is dead! 'Old Glory' floats has faithfully kept his parole, I will resign from the dome of the Confederate capitol my commission in the army, for I would at Richmond." The hour for which a feel myself disgraced in remaining." The loyal people had watched and waited and President did not dare to break with Grant at that time; so he caused the prosecutions

Less than seven months after Johnson from millions of hearts for a murdered entered the office of Chief Executive, how-



ROWIN M. STANTON.

taken place in his views. He was now that Stanton should remain in control of engaged in hurling the same denuncia- the War Department, where he could be tions against the Republican leaders of the a check upon any effort by the President North which he had so recently fired at to employ the army to his own ends. My the leaders of the South. He undertook experience and observations in those to provide a reconstruction of the Union troublous times, being then a member of on plans of his own conception, and he the Senate, led me to believe that, if sought to forestall the action of Congress Andrew Johnson had been a man of more and to ignore that body entirely. He courage than, in fact, he was, and had felt talked about his policy until the phrase sure of the support of the army, he would "My policy" became a jest and a by- have driven the American Congress out of word.

being the legislative power of the nation, ment from Whitehall, or at least would it assumed its proper functions. began a controversy interesting in its prinside, with nearly the whole Republican

be possessed by either.

Culloch, Secretary of the Treasury, and that he must report the suspension, with Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, the cause of it, to that body within twenty political fortunes. James Harlan, Secre-sembling the Senate approved the suspentary of the Interior, Mr. Dennison, Post-sion and the new appointment, the old their offices except Stanton. He retained office without any further action. his position as Secretary of War at the it became rather common talk. By virtue him offensive in the extreme. of his office as President, he was comdeemed best by the Congressional party ganized, the members being sworn in on

the capitol at the point of the bayonet, as But Congress refused to be ignored, and Oliver Cromwell drove the Rump Parlia-Then have attempted it.

Matters had reached such a crisis that ciples and issue, but especially interesting it was deemed necessary on the part of in the character of its actors. It was the Congress to adopt such restrictive legisla-President of the United States, with all tion as would, to some extent, leave the the power and patronage of his office, and President shorn of his power for mischief. all those who followed in his footsteps for Caution was observed, so as not to imthe sake of patronage, arrayed on one pinge upon the rights and prerogatives guaranteed to him by the Constitution; but party in both Houses of Congress and in he was so hedged about and hemmed in the Northern States arrayed on the other; that it was difficult for him to turn the and each party was inspired with the fixed powers he did possess to any revolutionary purpose of not surrendering any portion purpose. A law known as the "Tenure of the authority possessed or assumed to of Office Act" was placed upon the statute book, in which it was provided that no President Johnson retained Lincoln's officer should be removed and another cabinet for a time; but the divergence appointed to his place without the apbetween him and the Republican party proval of the Senate, if that body was in became so marked, and, apparently, ir- session. It was further provided that the reconcilable, that the cabinet divided. President might suspend an officer for Seward, Secretary of State, Hugh Mc- cause during the recess of the Senate; but sided with the President, and followed his days after it convened again. If on reasmaster-General, James Speed, Attorney- incumbent stood dismissed and the new General, and Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary one confirmed; but if the suspension was of War, utterly refused to sustain or in- disapproved, the temporary appointee was dorse by their presence in the cabinet the thrown out and the former incumbent renew "policy," and all of them resigned stored and left in full possession of the

When this bill was presented to Presiurgent request of the Republican leaders; dent Johnson for his approval he promptly for, in view of the violent and belligerent vetoed it; but Congress as promptly nature of Johnson, and his unwillingness passed it over his veto by a two-thirds vote to be deterred by any obstacle from the of both houses, and it became a law. At accomplishment of his purposes, the ap- this, Johnson fretted and chafed like a prehension existed in the minds of many lion in his cage. He found the great party that he would not hesitate to resort to which had elevated him to power now force to carry his points and thus overawe arrayed in solid phalanx against him. Congress. Intimations to this effect, in- Stanton's presence in cabinet councils and deed, were given out by his supporters, and in the War Department now became to

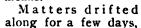
On the 4th of March, 1867, a new Conmander-in-chief of the army; and it was gress came into being, and was duly orstatute recently passed, in order that Tenure of Office Act, reinstated Stanton. Congress might, if needed, be in con- As soon as Grant was officially informed of emergency that might arise.

of War ad interim. The latterwas utterly averse to taking the office, being in full sympathy with the policy of Congress and disapproving of the course pursued by the President. He was in a delicate and most embarrassing position. As a military officer he was subordinate to the President and must obev his constitutional orders; but he was not compelled to accept the secretaryship, for that was a civil office. He earnestly urged the President not to appoint him. Johnson, however, insisted, and had the appointment announced; and then Grant, reluctant though

more in obedience to a sense of public duty Senate and House, as well as the country, than to comply with the wishes of his chief. that the President had issued an order ab-He entertained the hope that he might be solutely removing Stanton and appointing able to dissuade the latter from attempting Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General of the to put in force some of his revolutionary Army, to be Secretary of War ad interim, purposes, and it is a matter of history that and this without the knowledge or consent the influence of Grant while a member of of the Senate. Four Senators-Simon Camthe cabinet did contribute largely towards eron of Pennsylvania, Anthony of Rhode keeping the President within bounds. He Island, Ramsay of Minnesota, and myself knew he was imperilling his own standing, were immediately driven to the War Office to some extent, in the estimation of those and called upon Secretary Stanton. All who had been his fast friends and support- united in urging him in most pressing ers from 1861, but his sense of duty to his terms to hold the fort and not surrender country rose above other considerations.

that day, instead of waiting till the first Grant to succeed him, it immediately Monday in December. Provision had adopted a resolution disapproving of both been made for this change by a special acts. This resolution, by virtue of the tinuous session for the two years of its it, he locked the doors of the War Office, existence and be always ready for any handed the key to the Adjutant-General of the Army, and retired to his headquar-Finding himself completely foiled in his ters as General-in-Chief, having previously attempts to get rid of Stanton, by the notified the President that he could no measures which Congress had adopted to longer retain the portfolio of war, as it prevent the Secretary's removal, Presi-would be in violation of the statutes and dent Johnson now resorted to the only would subject him to a fine and imprisonpower left to him; and in the month of ment. Johnson almost begged him to re-August, 1867, the Senate not being then in main, saying that he would himself pay session, he suspended Stanton from office, the fine and suffer the imprisonment. But and appointed General Grant as Secretary Grant was immovable. Johnson was so

desirous to have him remain, in order not only to prevent the reinstatement of Stanton, but also to have it appear to the country that the General-in-Chief of the Army was attached to his political fortunes. Finding he could not prevail upon Grant, he sought with the same tenacity of purpose to induce General Sherman to accept the War Office; but Sherman was no more compliant. In an interview with Sherman, the President said that he would use force to remove Stanton if he could not get him out by any other means.



he was to do so, yielded his assent, but when one afternoon the report startled the under any circumstances. We knew per-When the Senate again convened, and fectly well where he stood; and we went the President reported to it the suspen- to see him only in order to give him ension of Stanton and the appointment of couragement and assurance of support.



ANDREW IOHNSON.

As we filed out of his office I happened to the door open, and as I passed him, I said, sent to him.

night to remain over Sunday. We re- relieved. quested him not to leave Washington at curtailing Johnson's power, it had been of the Methodist Church. The Secretary provided that all orders and communications emanating from the President and addressed to any officer of the army below the General should be transmitted through the headquarters of the army; and all officers were prohibited from receiving any orders or official communications except through the channel prescribed.

Department, and found the office full of Senators and members of the House, and other friends, all counselling Stanton to devotion to the country, and he gave most stand fast. Senator Sumner had previ- earnest words of encouragement to the ously sent his celebrated laconic message Secretary to hold the fort. Their parting to Stanton, "Stick." By eleven o'clock was almost affectionate. Bishop Simpson all had retired, leaving the Secretary and was one of the fast friends of President myself alone to keep the vigil of the night Lincoln during the war, and as he was one in the much sought after, but now almost of the most eminent prelates of that powdeserted, Department of War. Stanton erful organization, the Methodist Church, fully believed the President would attempt he wielded a potent influence in behalf of his expulsion by force that night. I did the government. not, however, share this belief: not that the troops, were wanting.

tioned on the lawn on each side of the old into a light sleep broken at intervals. and spoke with him.

As soon as Stanton and myself were left be the last one leaving. He was holding alone, he asked me if I was acquainted with General Carr, commanding the bat-"Mr. Secretary, would you like to have talion stationed around the building. I company to-night?" He quickly re-replied that I was very well acquainted sponded, "Well, Senator, if you feel dis- with him—that we had commanded diviposed to stay with me, I shall be very glad sions in the same corps. He then requested to have you." I answered, "I will return me to talk with General Carr and obtain at eight o'clock." In the interview, it his views on the question which was upwas understood Stanton would not leave permost in the minds of all, and ascertain the War building for any purpose while the whose authority he would recognize. I contest lasted. He was to have his meals called upon General Carr and stated the object of my visit. It was evident at We then proceeded across the street to once that in the contest between Congress the headquarters of the army and inter- and the President his sympathies were with viewed General Grant, though we were not the former. He assured me that he rein doubt as to his position. One of the garded Mr. Stanton as the lawful Secreparty alluded to the subject which had tary of War, and he added that he would brought us to the Secretary's office, and to receive no orders from any source unless the prevailing apprehension of trouble im- they came through the hands of General pending, when Grant remarked that it was Grant. When I reported his declarations his intention to start for New York that to the Secretary, the latter was greatly

We now settled down for the night, and that time, to which he readily assented to await events. A little past midnight a and remained at his post. For still further card was brought in from Bishop Simpson sent for him to come up. The Bishop had left his home in Philadelphia for Raleigh, North Carolina, and had come in by the night train. On his arrival in Washington he found there was an interval of two hours before the train would start South, and availed himself of the interval to visit Mr. Stanton. It was interesting to In the evening I repaired to the War observe the cordial, cheery greetings extended to each by the other as they met. The Bishop was overflowing with patriotic

There were two lounges in the office, the President lacked the disposition; but and after the departure of the Bishop, Mr. the courage on his part, and confidence in Stanton and I lay down with the purpose of getting some rest. I do not think A battalion of infantry had been sta- Mr. Stanton slept at all. I dropped off War Department building. The main Then I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder, doors were in the centre on each side. giving a gentle shake. Rousing up, I The Secretary's office was on the second found it was the Secretary standing before floor. As I passed in I saw the officer in me. He said, "Senator, I believe the command of the troops seated at the foot troops are coming to put me out." We of the stairs, between the outside doors, distinctly heard the tramp of soldiers approaching from the direction of the

On the next day James M. Ashlev of States, of high crimes and misdemeanors."

jutant-General Thomas to be Secretary of War ad interim, he directed the latter to served through the war, to accompany Secretary.

White House. Thinking to look at my him. Gage was in full accord with the watch, I found it was just four o'clock, policy of Congress, but could not well de-The tramp ceased for a few moments in cline to go with his chief. He (now Genfront of the building, and then passed on. eral Gage) has been a resident of Nebraska I said it must be the relief changing guards, for a long time, and was Adjutant-General which turned out to be the case. We were of the State till a year or two ago. He not again disturbed. The night passed was an eye-witness to what transpired beuneventfully; but there was great appre- tween the Secretary and the Adjutanthension in the public mind of serious General, and described the scene to me a few days ago.

General Thomas entered the office and Ohio arose in the House of Representa- inquired for Mr. Stanton, who was in his tives and, amid a deathlike stillness and private apartment. The messenger took with deep solemnity of manner, said, after his card in, and Mr. Stanton replied, "Let some preliminary remarks, "I impeach him come." The messenger then said to Andrew Johnson, President of the United him, "Walk in." But as General Thomas opened the door the Secretary immedi-Articles of impeachment were forthwith ately confronted him and stayed his furprepared and adopted by the House, and ther entrance. Standing a moment awaita Board of Managers was appointed to ing an invitation to a seat, which did not prosecute them before the Senate-with come, Thomas offered a paper to the Secthe result which everybody knows, namely, retary and was saying: "The President a vote within just one of the two-thirds of has directed me to take possession of-" the Senate necessary, under the Constitu- when Stanton, with electrical quickness. tion, to convict. The trial, prolonged clapped a hand upon each shoulder of the through months, put an end, for the time invader and whirled him around so suddenbeing, to all efforts on the part of the ly that he might have supposed a catapult President to oust the Secretary of War, had struck him; then with a strong push though the latter remained in his office he sent him through the open door. The nearly two months without once leaving only words uttered by the Secretary were, it. "Get out of here." General Thomas On the day when Johnson appointed Ad- did not stand upon the order of his going, but went at once. That was the last effort he made to secure possession of the War demand and take possession of the office. Department. He retreated ingloriously General Thomas, when he started on this to his own office. When the impeachment mission, requested a young officer on duty proceedings ended, Stanton retired, and in his office, Lieutenant Gage, who had was succeeded by General Schofield as

WHAT WILL TIME GIVE?

BY GERTRUDE HALL.

WHAT will Time give for youth we lose, For dense, bright hair, and lip of rose, For flowers wherewith Spring heaps our laps, For trust in words, and faith in shows, And all the castle-dreams he saps?

For wealth of hair, and lip of rose, For faith in promises and shows, For buds of May heaped in your laps, What Time will give ye—Ah, who knows? Patience, perhaps.

HUERFANO BILL, THE BANDIT.

BY CY WARMAN,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," etc.

I.



HUERFANO BILL.

roof of a house in a hard April shower.

range, every rill became a rushing river. rushing down into the main canon the song of the stream that rippled there was hushed, the bed of the creek was filled in leaving the Junction that day, and had with big boulders that had been rolled down by the flood, and a great river went roaring down toward the plain. Up through this narrow, crooked canon a narrow-gauge railroad ran to Silver Cliff. Silver Cliff, at one time, had thirty thousand people, then thirty hundred; and now not seemed to have water in them. The three more than thirty people live there, unless day coaches were filled with a heterogetheir business compels them to do so. It neous herd pushing to the Cliff, which, like produced some silver, a sensational murder, many other camps, was then posing as "a one Congressman, and petered out. second Leadville." There were preachers

main cañon, and picked up eight or ten cowboys and confidence men; and here railroad bridges and all the dead timber in and there, gaunt-faced girls with peachthe gulch, it presented a rolling front blow complexions and wonderful, impossitwenty-five feet high and reached from ble hair, billed for the variety. hill to hill.

track, with the cross-ties still hanging to the rails, was ripped up, and the rails, HE roar and rum- bending like baling wire, wound about ble of distant the rolling débris and clogged the cañon. thunder had been Then the welling flood would fill the whole heard in the hills all gorge, and roll on with such a mass of morning, and along bridge timber and fallen trees pushed in about noon a big front of it that you could see no sign of black cloud came water as it bore down upon you, but creeping up over the only a tangled mass of rails and ties and crest of the continent, twisted trees. A couple of prospectors listed a little when a heard the roar of it, and climbed the peak of one of the hills canon wall just in time to save themselves. caught the lower cor- while the little burros, with their packs on ner, ripped it open, their backs, went down to a watery grave. and let the water out. Next came a long string of freight teams It didn't rain; the bringing lumber down from a little mounwater simply fell out tain sawmill. The rattle and noise of the of the cloud, and went rushing down the heavy wagons made it impossible for the side of the mountain as it rushes off the freighters to hear the roar of the flood, and as they were coming down the caffon, they The little fissures were filled first, then had their backs to it; so they were overthe gorges, gullies, and rough ravine; and taken in a narrow place. Some of them, when these emptied into the countless rills leaping from their wagons, scrambled up that ran away toward the foot of the the steep hill out of the way of the water, while others took to the tall trees. But Leaves and brush and fallen trees were when the flood came, the stoutest trees borne away on the breast of the flood, that in the gulch went down like sunflowers in grew in volume and increased in speed a cyclone's path, and the luckless freighters alarmingly. When all this water came mingled with the horses and wagons and were washed away.

Fortunately for us, we were an hour late not yet reached the narrow part of the cañon. The engineer had been watching Up the black cloud as it came up over the range, and knew we were due to run into a washout at any moment. The very winds that came down the canon fresh and cool, When the flood had gone a mile in the and play-actors, miners and merchants,

Up near the engine the express messen-Great spruce trees were uprooted; the ger sat on a little iron safe. Upon either



"AT THE BRITHER OF TENNES OF THE OFFICE OF THE THE THE OFFICE OF THE TEN OFFICE OF THE TEN OFFICE OF

hip he wore a heavy six-shooter, and across his lap lay a Winchester rifle. He was as nearly contented and happy as menmay reasonably hope to be on this earth. The refreshing breeze that came to him was sweet with the scent of summer. The hills were green, and his heart was glad. But his heart was not in the hills. That the keeping of the warden's daughter as they walked without the walls of the gravpassed up and down, to and from the minhim all he wished to know. Now he grew into the river that ran beside the track. The door at his back, and next the canon wall, was closed and barred. The opposite door, overlooking the little river, was thrown wide open, and to the messenger, sitting there, came the splash of water and the smell of pine.

He remembered that the agent, running alongside of his car as he was leaving the Junction, had pointed to the iron safe and said: "Keep your eye on the gun." The little safe held \$40,000 in paper, and over in one corner of the car, in an old claystained ore sack, was \$10,000 in gold.

We were cutting across a little piece of very Sunday morning he had given it into high ground in the bend of the river, when the awful flood burst forth from the narrow cañon just in front of us. The enprison down by the Junction. Almost gineer's first thought was to back down within hearing of the townspeople who and run away from the flood, but the recollection that a double-headed freight eral springs that gushed from the rocks at train was following us caused him to the entrance to the great cañon, he had told change his mind. The trainmen hurried her the secret of his heart. The color the passengers all out, the messenger coming to her face the while she heard carried the mail and express matter to a the tale told him that she was listening, safe place, and everyone gazed in wonder-When they had come to the corner of the ment while the roaring flood went by. wall, one step beyond which would bring. The main force of it, following the bed of them into full view of the warden's resi- the creek, hugged the opposite hill, but dence, he had pressed her for an answer. none of our party was jealous. Broad as She could find no voice to answer, but put the valley was here, it was soon filled, and out her hand as if she would say good- the water rose high enough to float the by. He took it, and the touch of it told rear coach; but the engine, being on higher ground, acted as an anchor and held the so glad, thinking it all over, that he clasped train. In less than five minutes the water had his hands together, as a girl would do; and swept around and carried away the bridge the rifle, slipping from his lap, shot down which we had just crossed, and there we were, on about three hundred yards of track, and nothing before or behind us.

The freight train, having a clear track, backed away to the Junction, told the story of our distress, and at midnight the company's agent came to the top of the canon with a white light, and in a little while we

were all taken out, and after tramping had reached the foot-hills, the sun caught over a mountain trail for a half-hour, the two threads of steel that stretched away loaded into wagons and hauled back to across the park and disappeared at the the Junction.

II.

"LET's have a drink afore we go."

head of the table, and one could see at a stood at the foot of the valley, where the glance that wherever he sat would be the railroad track, gliding smoothly over the head of the table. "You promised me up mesa, seemed to tumble into the canon as in the gulch that day that you'd never get swift Niagara tumbles over the falls. At drunk again, an' I promise you right now, Skinny, that if you do you'll never get mount and take the train for the Cliff. sober, for I intend to have you shot while The leader, who was able to read both ye're happy."

dressed only glanced across the table, and that the new Custer County Bank would then, dropping his eyes, brushed the ashes from his cigar with the tip of his little He had been assured by his own banker finger. The man at the speaker's right at Gunnison that the new institution would smiled quietly over at his vis-à-vis, and then there was silence for a moment.

The freighter and the prospector leaning on the bar paid no attention to the four men who sat and smoked at the little pine table in a dark corner of the log saloon. The "Lone Spruce," as the place was called, had done a rushing business in the "boom" days; but Ruby Camp was dying, even as Silver Cliff, Gunnison, and dozens of other camps have died sinceas Creede is dying to-day—and business was slow. A drunken Ute reeled in and wanted to play poker, shake dice, or shoot with any dog of a white man in the place. When all the rest had put him aside coldly, he came over to the corner, and the dark man, being deep in thought and not wishing to be disturbed, arose, and picking his way between the two guns which dangled from the hips of the noble red man, kicked him along down the room and out into the night.

Having done his duty in removing the red nuisance-for he hated a drunkardthe dark man bade the barkeeper goodnight and passed out by the back door. The three men at the pine table followed

All this occurred in the last half of the closing hour of the week. Thirty minutes later, when the four mountaineers rode away from the Black Bear Carrel, it was Sunday; but the people of Ruby Camp When the sun took no note of time. came up on that beautiful Sunday morning it found the dark man and his companions at the top of the range overlooking the wet mountain valley. Before they

entrance of the canon at the foot of the vale. All night they had ridden single file; but now, as they entered the broad valley, they bunched their horses, and conversed as they went along. The dark man "Nary drink," said the dark man at the kept his eyes upon a barren peak that that point the little party expected to dise're happy."

print and writing, had noticed a paragraph
Nobody replied to this. The man adin the Denver "Tribune" to the effect open for business at Silver Cliff, July 10. be perfectly reliable, backed as it was by the First National of Denver. Being a



THE MADDENED ANIMAL . . LEAPED OVER A PRECIPECE AND WENT ROLLING DOWN THE SPLINTERED SIDE OF A DEEP GORGE TI

man of good judgment, he reasoned that cent washout had left the bed of the gulch was why he wished to take the train.

entered the wilderness of pine and cedar, they began to search for a side cañon which would lead them down to the main gulch. Having found a proper ravine, they watered and grassed their horses, and had breakfast.

dark man made out from the figures upon a of the little rill upon which they were en-

Having breakfasted and smoked, the men stretched themselves upon the ground, all save the dark man, and slept like tired children.

The leader, leaning against a moss-covered spruce tree, watched a black storm that was brewing in the hills to the north. Presently he heard a sharp clap of thunder. In a few minutes there came the upon a new and important mission. roaring sound of a waterfall, and the dark man knew that a cloud had given way. But, as the main gulch was between him and the storm, he gave the matter no serious thought.

main gulch, only to find that there was no railroad there. Skinny, still smarting from the effect of the rather severe temperance lecture he had received the evening before, looked at the leader and began to laugh, but the dark man scowled and crushed him. He knew the country, and knew that the road had been there, but was now washed away. A little way up the canon they came to the torn end of the track, and realized for a surety that no train would come up the gulch that day.

The silent leader made no show of dismen, and watched them ride away toward the sunset, with their broad hats tipped across their saddles. For himself, he was offered for his capture, would have no rifle. "Only a coward or a A deputy sheriff made to cannon to do the work of a forty-five."

the canon, intending, since he was so near,

the necessary funds for the new bank almost impassable, and it was not until would in all probability leave Denver Sat- after midnight that the lone traveller came urday night, and go up from the Junction to the abandoned train, lying, like a living by the one daily train on Sunday. That thing that had fallen asleep, on its own trail. Finding the express car locked, he When they had crossed the valley and opened one of the doors with the coal pick which he found on the engine. The little iron safe was securely locked. Having removed all the explosives from the car, this experienced mountaineer quietly blew up the safe with a few sticks of dynamite; but there was no money in it. By It was not yet noon, and the train, the the light of the engineer's torch he managed to read a letter that had been left time card which he carried, would not leave there by the messenger, and which was the Junction until 2 P.M. It would prob- addressed to the express agent. As the ably be 3 or 3.15 when it passed the mouth explorer finished reading it he gave a low, soft whistle of surprise, not much above a whisper, for he was a quiet, undemonstrative man.

From the car he returned to the engine, and with the clinker-hook fished an old clay-stained ore sack out of the tank. When he had cached the sack in the bed of the river, he hurried away in the direction of the Junction, urging his horse over the rough ground as though he were bent

III.

THERE was great excitement at the Junc-At last the hour arrived. The four men, tion when we arrived without the express leaving their horses, descended to the messenger, who acted as postal clerk as well.

When the local express agent learned that the messenger was not with the rescued party, that the conductor had been unable to find him, and that no one could remember having seen him since we stopped and he was seen heading for high land with his register pouch and some packages of express matter bearing red seals, he began to wire in all directions. In a little while mounted men were dashing out toward the hills so as to be ready to take the trail at dawn. It was plain appointment, but quietly dismissed his enough, the agent argued, that the messex ger had taken advantage of the circumstances and cleared out with the wealth in sidewise, and their ever-ready rifles resting his possession. A thousand dollars reward

A deputy sheriff made up a posse of bungler," he used to say, "will carry a four, including himself, and put out for the scene of the robbery. They were When the others had passed out of sight among the first to leave town, and as they the dark man reined his own horse down all knew the country, were soon upon the ground, where the open and empty safe to visit his wife at the Junction. The re- left little to be explained. The safe, they

fooled.

The messenger, it would seem, had reuntil the train was abandoned, and then set out upon a long tramp through the trackone. The country, which was new to him, was extremely rough. At times he found himself at the bottom of a deep gorge, and again at the top of a steep bluff, and saw before him a black and apparently bottomless abyss. There was no moon, but the friendly stars would guide him. Pike's Peak, standing high against the sky, showed him where the east was, while the Greenhorn range rose rough and abrupt to the west. But when he had been upon his journey less than an hour, a gray cloud hung like a heavy fog on the hills and shut out all the light from the heavens and obscured the earth. Instead of waiting for the mists to clear away, he kept on going, and was soon helplessly lost, so far as any knowledge of the points of the compass was concerned. He might, for what he



"HER HORSE REFUSED TO PASS THE DEAD. IN VAIN SHE URGED, COAXED, AND WHIPPED HIM.

argued, had been blown up by the messen- knew, be headed for the hills, or he might ger for a blind; but they would not be be walking in the direction of the Junction and the State's prison.

At last, having reached what appeared mained in the vicinity of the washout to be the summit of a little hill, he sat down upon a huge rock to rest. As he sat there he thought he heard a sound like less hills. He knew the packages that that produced by horses stepping about on were most valuable, and with these he a stone floor. Presently the cloud rolled filled his pockets. The gold he must away, and although the valley below was leave, for the journey would be a tiresome still obscured, the stars were bright above, and the crags of the main range stood out clean-cut against the western sky. Before him he saw Pike's Peak, and knew that a little way below him, hid in the mist, lay the Junction.

> The sheriff and his posse, lost in the fog, had halted in a small basin and were waiting for the clouds to clear away. The sheriff insisted that he had heard a man cough, and now the little party were sitting their horses in silence, which was broken only by the nervous tramping of a bronco. "What's that?" asked the sheriff, pointing to the rock above them.

> "I should say it was a bear setting on his haunches," said one of the men. "I'll just tap him with a cartridge," he continued; but at that moment one of the horses gave a snort, and instantly the figure of the big messenger rose from the rock and stood out against the dark blue sky. Until now he had been sitting bare-headed, and that gave him the bunchy look of a bear, but when he stood up and clapped his belltopped cap upon his head, the sheriff recognized him in an instant.

> "Let's drop him," said one of the men; "there's a thousand in it, and if he ever leaves that rock, he's gone."

> "Hold," said the sheriff: "we must

give him a show to surrender."

When the four men had swung their guns into position, the sheriff commanded the messenger to throw up his hands. Instead of obeying, the man turned as if he intended to bolt, and with the first move of his body the four rifles cracked as one gun, and the messenger went down.

Throwing the bridle reins over the necks of the horses, the sheriff's posse dismounted and hurried up the little hill; but when they reached the spot where the messenger had stood, there was no messenger, nor sign of messenger. Anticipating the rain of lead, he had dropped behind the rocks while the bullets passed over his head, and by the time the posse had reached the crest of the hill and recovered from their surprise, he was far up the side of the mountain, hiding among the crags.

emergency that might arise.

attempts to get rid of Stanton, by the notified the President that he could no measures which Congress had adopted to longer retain the portfolio of war, as it prevent the Secretary's removal, Presi- would be in violation of the statutes and dent Johnson now resorted to the only would subject him to a fine and imprisonpower left to him; and in the month of ment. Johnson almost begged him to re-August, 1867, the Senate not being then in main, saying that he would himself pay session, he suspended Stanton from office, the fine and suffer the imprisonment. But

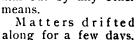
of War ad interim. The latter was utterly averse to taking the office, being in full sympathy with the policy of Congress and disapproving of the course pursued by the President. He was in a delicate and most embarrassing position. As a military officer he was subordinate to the President and must obey his constitutional orders; but he was not compelled to accept the secretaryship, for that was a civil office. He earnestly urged the President not to appoint him. Johnson, however, insisted, and had the appointment announced; and then Grant, reluctant though

to put in force some of his revolutionary who had been his fast friends and supportcountry rose above other considerations.

that day, instead of waiting till the first Grant to succeed him, it immediately Monday in December. Provision had adopted a resolution disapproving of both been made for this change by a special acts. This resolution, by virtue of the statute recently passed, in order that Tenure of Office Act, reinstated Stanton. Congress might, if needed, be in con- As soon as Grant was officially informed of tinuous session for the two years of its it, he locked the doors of the War Office, existence and be always ready for any handed the key to the Adjutant-General of the Army, and retired to his headquar-Finding himself completely foiled in his ters as General-in-Chief, having previously and appointed General Grant as Secretary Grant was immovable. Johnson was so

desirous to have him remain, in order not only to prevent the reinstatement of Stanton, but also to have it appear to the country that the General-in-Chief of the Army was attached to his political fortunes. Finding he could not prevail upon Grant, he

sought with the same tenacity of purpose to induce General Sherman to accept the War Office; but Sherman was no more compliant. In an interview with Sherman, the President said that he would use force to remove Stanton if he could not get him out by any other means.



he was to do so, yielded his assent, but when one afternoon the report startled the more in obedience to a sense of public duty Senate and House, as well as the country, than to comply with the wishes of his chief. that the President had issued an order ab-He entertained the hope that he might be solutely removing Stanton and appointing able to dissuade the latter from attempting Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General of the Army, to be Secretary of War ad interim, purposes, and it is a matter of history that and this without the knowledge or consent the influence of Grant while a member of of the Senate. Four Senators-Simon Camthe cabinet did contribute largely towards eron of Pennsylvania, Anthony of Rhode keeping the President within bounds. He Island, Ramsay of Minnesota, and myself knew he was imperilling his own standing, were immediately driven to the War Office to some extent, in the estimation of those and called upon Secretary Stanton. All united in urging him in most pressing ers from 1861, but his sense of duty to his terms to hold the fort and not surrender under any circumstances. We knew per-When the Senate again convened, and fectly well where he stood; and we went the President reported to it the suspen- to see him only in order to give him ension of Stanton and the appointment of couragement and assurance of support.



ANDREW IOHNSON.

self, and seeing that the messenger had a confederate, was about to retire, when a saved me and the money too. But who are badly aimed shot from his companion shattered the ankle of the messenger, causing him to fall. In an instant he rose to his knees, and began again to use his rethe safe—"
volver. The sheriff, glancing at his com"But that was for the agent." panion, saw that he had been hit in the head, for blood was streaming down his face. The battle had gone against them, and now the wounded sheriff and his bleeding companion turned their horses and galloped away.

The messenger sank to a sitting posture, laid his empty, smoking revolver upon the ground, and gazed at his new-found friend.

"Are you hit?" asked the latter, coming toward the young man, and the messenger made no reply until he had given his hand to the stranger; then he answered

simply, "Yes."

The dark man opened the messenger's shirt (and he did it as deliberately as he had kicked the Ute from the Lone Spruce saloon), examined the shattered shoulder, and then the broken ankle, and asked, "Is that all?"

that enough?"

"Not if they meant to kill you, for they haven't found your vital. What a lot of said the dark man, as the messenger farmers to go shootin' a man in the foot scratch wasn't bad; reckon you must have tache. "Come, let me help you into the got that in the previous ingagement, eh? saddle while I've got strength—be quick, that fellow's hoss go over the cliff; gee! rise. he must have fell a mile.

The dark man had risen after examining the messenger's wounds, and when the latter looked up his friend had his own shirt open and was squeezing at a little pink spot just under his right breast.

you shot there?"

the wrong side.'

But why don't it bleed?"

the answer; and then the stranger closed the smell of blood. his shirt, looked steadily at his companion, and asked: "Where's your dough?

"Behind those two rocks that are partly hidden by the boughs of yon cedar—can you bring it to me? There are five pieces."

Forty thousand, eh?" said the dark man as he dumped the five envelopes beside the messenger, "and it ain't worth I like you—there's good stuff in you,

"Half of it ought to be yours, for you you, and how did you happen to be here?" asked the messenger eagerly.

"I got your note—the one you left in

"Yes, I know—I opened it by mistake." "My, but those fellows did fight wicked," the messenger remarked, as he picked up his empty revolver and began to kick the shell out. "Hope that was old Huerfano himself that went over the bluff."

"The devil you do!"

"Say! are you bleeding inside?" asked the messenger, as his companion sank to the ground with the air of a tired man.

"I reckon so. Can you set a hoss?" "No," said the messenger; "but if you've got a horse, for heaven's sake take

this money and go, for those wolves will return, and I'd rather they'd get me without the money than the money without me, or, what is more likely now, both of

us and the money too."

The dark man put two fingers to his lips, gave a shrill, wild whistle, and a "Yes," said the wounded man; "isn't beautiful horse—black as night—came leaping up from the gulch behind him.

"My! but you're a verdant youth," offered him the money, and there was a guess they wanted you to dance. That top shade of a smile about his black mus-The blood's begun to thicken up. I see and he reached to help the messenger to

"I shall never leave you here alone-"

"I'll be dead in twenty minutes-thirty at the outside; now don't be a fool." And he stooped to lift the big messenger by his wounded leg; but the effort caused him to cough, blood spurted from his mouth, and "My God!" cried the messenger, "are both men, weak from their wounds, fell down in a heap, and then, leaning on their "Yes—that wasn't a bad shot, only on elbows, they looked at each other, the dark man with a cynical, the messenger with a sort of hysterical smile. The black "It's bleedin' on the wrong side," was horse sniffed at his master, and snorted at

V.

THE warden's dark-eyed daughter was taking her regular morning ride in the foot-hills. There were no daily papers to spread the news of the place, and she had heard nothing of the washout of the prethe excitement you've gone through; but vious day and of the flight of the messenger. Yesterday he had made her feel herself the happiest woman in the world.

that day, instead of waiting till the first Grant to succeed him, it immediately Monday in December. Provision had adopted a resolution disapproving of both been made for this change by a special acts. This resolution, by virtue of the statute recently passed, in order that Tenure of Office Act, reinstated Stanton. Congress might, if needed, be in con- As soon as Grant was officially informed of tinuous session for the two years of its it, he locked the doors of the War Office, existence and be always ready for any handed the key to the Adjutant-General emergency that might arise.

attempts to get rid of Stanton, by the notified the President that he could no measures which Congress had adopted to longer retain the portfolio of war, as it prevent the Secretary's removal, Presi- would be in violation of the statutes and dent Johnson now resorted to the only would subject him to a fine and imprisonpower left to him; and in the month of ment. Johnson almost begged him to re-August, 1867, the Senate not being then in main, saying that he would himself pay session, he suspended Stanton from office, the fine and suffer the imprisonment. But

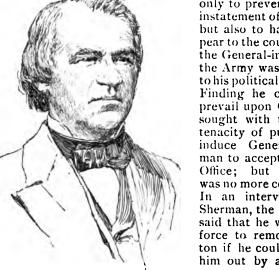
of War ad interim. The latter was utterly averse to taking the office, being in full sympathy with the policy of Congress and disapproving of the course pursued by the President. He was in a delicate and most embarrassing position. As a military officer he was subordinate to the President and must obey his constitutional orders; but he was not compelled to accept the secretaryship, for that was a civil office. He earnestly urged the President not to appoint him. Johnson, however, insisted, and had the appointment announced; and then Grant, reluctant though

he was to do so, yielded his assent, but when one afternoon the report startled the more in obedience to a sense of public duty. Senate and House, as well as the country, than to comply with the wishes of his chief. that the President had issued an order ab-He entertained the hope that he might be solutely removing Stanton and appointing able to dissuade the latter from attempting Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General of the to put in force some of his revolutionary Army, to be Secretary of War ad interim, purposes, and it is a matter of history that and this without the knowledge or consent the influence of Grant while a member of of the Senate. Four Senators-Simon Camthe cabinet did contribute largely towards eron of Pennsylvania, Anthony of Rhode keeping the President within bounds. He Island, Ramsay of Minnesota, and myself knew he was imperilling his own standing, were immediately driven to the War Office to some extent, in the estimation of those and called upon Secretary Stanton. All who had been his fast friends and supporters from 1861, but his sense of duty to his terms to hold the fort and not surrender country rose above other considerations.

of the Army, and retired to his headquar-Finding himself completely foiled in his ters as General-in-Chief, having previously and appointed General Grant as Secretary Grant was immovable. Johnson was so

desirous to have him remain, in order not only to prevent the reinstatement of Stanton. but also to have it appear to the country that the General-in-Chief of the Army was attached to his political fortunes. Finding he could not prevail upon Grant, he sought with the same tenacity of purpose to induce General Sherman to accept the War Office; but Sherman was no more compliant. In an interview with Sherman, the President said that he would use force to remove Stanton if he could not get him out by any other

means.



ANDREW JOHNSON.

Matters drifted along for a few days.

united in urging him in most pressing under any circumstances. We knew per-When the Senate again convened, and fectly well where he stood; and we went the President reported to it the suspen- to see him only in order to give him ension of Stanton and the appointment of couragement and assurance of support. As we filed out of his office I happened to posed to stay with me, I shall be very glad to have you." I answered, "I will return sent to him.

night to remain over Sunday. We requested him not to leave Washington at that time, to which he readily assented to await events. A little past midnight a and remained at his post. For still further card was brought in from Bishop Simpson curtailing Johnson's power, it had been of the Methodist Church. The Secretary provided that all orders and communica- sent for him to come up. The Bishop had tions emanating from the President and left his home in Philadelphia for Raleigh, addressed to any officer of the army below the General should be transmitted night train. On his arrival in Washington through the headquarters of the army; and all officers were prohibited from receiving hours before the train would start South, any orders or official communications except through the channel prescribed.

Department, and found the office full of Senators and members of the House, and other friends, all counselling Stanton to devotion to the country, and he gave most stand fast. Senator Sumner had previously sent his celebrated laconic message. Secretary to hold the fort. Their parting to Stanton, "Stick." By eleven o'clock was almost affectionate. Bishop Simpson all had retired, leaving the Secretary and was one of the fast friends of President myself alone to keep the vigil of the night Lincoln during the war, and as he was one in the much sought after, but now almost of the most eminent prelates of that powdeserted, Department of War. Stanton erful organization, the Methodist Church, fully believed the President would attempt he wielded a potent influence in behalf of his expulsion by force that night. I did the government. not, however, share this belief: not that the President lacked the disposition; but and after the departure of the Bishop, Mr. the courage on his part, and confidence in Stanton and I lay down with the purthe troops, were wanting.

and spoke with him.

As soon as Stanton and myself were left be the last one leaving. He was holding alone, he asked me if I was acquainted the door open, and as I passed him, I said, with General Carr, commanding the bat-"Mr. Secretary, would you like to have talion stationed around the building. I company to-night?" He quickly re-replied that I was very well acquainted sponded, "Well, Senator, if you feel dis-with him—that we had commanded divisions in the same corps. He then requested me to talk with General Carr and obtain at eight o'clock." In the interview, it his views on the question which was upwas understood Stanton would not leave permost in the minds of all, and ascertain the War building for any purpose while the whose authority he would recognize. I contest lasted. He was to have his meals called upon General Carr and stated the object of my visit. It was evident at We then proceeded across the street to once that in the contest between Congress the headquarters of the army and inter- and the President his sympathies were with viewed General Grant, though we were not the former. He assured me that he rein doubt as to his position. One of the garded Mr. Stanton as the lawful Secreparty alluded to the subject which had tary of War, and he added that he would brought us to the Secretary's office, and to receive no orders from any source unless the prevailing apprehension of trouble im- they came through the hands of General pending, when Grant remarked that it was Grant. When I reported his declarations his intention to start for New York that to the Secretary, the latter was greatly relieved.

We now settled down for the night, and North Carolina, and had come in by the he found there was an interval of two and availed himself of the interval to pt through the channel prescribed. visit Mr. Stanton. It was interesting to In the evening I repaired to the War observe the cordial, cheery greetings extended to each by the other as they met. The Bishop was overflowing with patriotic earnest words of encouragement to the

There were two lounges in the office, e troops, were wanting.

A battalion of infantry had been sta
Mr. Stanton slept at all. I dropped off tioned on the lawn on each side of the old into a light sleep broken at intervals. War Department building. The main Then I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder, doors were in the centre on each side, giving a gentle shake. Rousing up, I The Secretary's office was on the second found it was the Secretary standing before floor. As I passed in I saw the officer in me. He said, "Senator, I believe the command of the troops seated at the foot troops are coming to put me out." We of the stairs, between the outside doors, distinctly heard the tramp of soldiers approaching from the direction of the



Sie had grove to le-DESCRIPTION OF A PERSON. New Post in silent in breast. She feet half with the southed ! gen his Artis mer store bereing the news Tyung I -atte #21 [/hc/ was the hattles | | SECTION: INC. # sistlered with STEEL STEELSTEELS the state of the state more and the be salignad faguire and le the guide Instancest, coll BEFER WOOD

Tes, some bidden and seather the seather t

Die beyes the

LARGER ENGLAND.

OWLLLS.

make her own home in the heart of every man. At any rate, it seems certain that if achad not taught England that sharp lesson of a hundred years ago in colonial government, there would be no such imperial England as we see to-day, and no such poet of the imperial English race to sing her grandeur as he who holds the first place to-day among English poets.

Upon this hypothesis we may claim Mr. Kipling, whether he likes it or not, as in some sort American. He has, in fact, given us a kind of authority to do so by divining our actual average better than any American I can think of offhand, in this very extraordinary poem, where he supposes apped them the spirit of America to speak at a wellmould we be known moment of civic trouble:

AN AMERICAN.

The American Spirit speaks:

If the Led Striker call it a strike, Or the papers call it a war, They know not much what I am like, Nor what he is, my Avatar.

Through many roads, by me possessed, He shambles forth in cosmic guise; He is the Jester and the Jest, And he the Text himself applies.

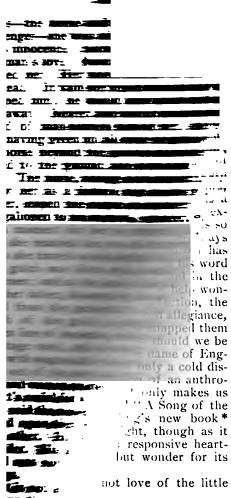
The Celt is in his heart and hand, The Gaul is in his brain and nerve; Where, cosmopolitanly planned, He guards the Redskin's dry reserve.

His easy unswept hearth he lends From Labrador to Guadeloupe; Till, elbowed out by sloven friends, He camps, at sufferance, on the stoop.

Calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown, Or panic-blinded stabs and slays: Blatant he bids the world bow down, Or cringing begs a crumb of praise;

Or, sombre-drunk, at mine and mart, He dubs his dreary brethren Kings. His hands are black with blood: his heart Leaps, as a babe's, at little things.

But, through the shift of mood and mood, Mine ancient humour saves him whole-The cynic devil in his blood That bids him mock his hurrying soul;



! by the inviolate seas,"

ast of Europe; but of the whose far-strewn empire al unity in every latitude and i the globe. It has its suband its reason, though not share it; and it is only in asking why a man of any nation, any resould so glory in its greatness or * is goodness, when he has the great-, the goodness of all humanity to glory hat we are sensible of the limitations tlas outborn Englishman. Possibly n we broke with England we broke e irreparably with tradition than we gined, and liberated ourselves to a iotism not less large than humanity. sibly it has been for much more than tnew that we have made a home here all mankind, and America is yet to

he Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: pleton & Co.

pain caused him to fall in a faint.
"Look after the boy," said the dark man, and the warden's daughter dropped the ugly weapon and lifted her lover's head from the ground.

"Drop that gun," repeated the sheriff. A cowboy shied a rope at the dark man,

but he dodged it.

"One minute," said he, opening his shirt, and showing his death-wound, you'll have no trouble arresting me.'

"Where's the murderer?" shouted an

excited citizen.

" There's the chief," said the dark man, pointing to the wounded sheriff. The senger of the agent. sheriff scowled.

principal speaker, and a fat man with a red face came forward.

liberty to open, explains it all. The sack of gold he left in the tank, you'll find by his side. He was afraid of being robbed, and was trying to reach the Junction when he was assaulted by these idiots, whom he mistook for robbers; and how well he fought, his own wounds and the dead man down in the gulch will show you."

The messenger, having regained consciousness, sat up and looked wildly about. The agent, realizing at a glance what an awful mistake had been made, fell upon fano Bill, the bandit."

stood on his broken ankle, and the quick the bewildered messenger and wept like a woman. Every passing second added to the general confusion and excitement. Cries of "Hang them," "Hang them," came sharp and fast from the rapidly increasing crowd.

The warden, who also understood, lifted his daughter, held her in his arms, and kissed away the tears that were filtering through her smiles.

"I don't believe it," said the sheriff to

his companion.

"Because you're a chump," said the dark man.

"What's it all about?" asked the mes-

"Where is the murderer?" cried a new "Is the express agent here?" asked the comer, a brother of the dead deputy; and then, catching sight of the messenger, he ran straight toward him, holding out a "This messenger is innocent. I mean cocked revolver as though it had been a to kill the first man who offers to lay a sword with which he intended to run him hand on him; after that, you must protect through. When he was within four or five him. This letter, which I have taken the feet of the wounded man, the dark man struck him a fearful blow with a forty-five. The man went down, the dark man where I cached it in the river opposite the coughed, and a great flood of blood gushed engine. The paper, I suppose, is all there from his mouth; he clutched at his throat, and fell forward upon his face.

When they turned him over he was

"My poor dead friend," the messenger almost moaned, dragging himself toward the prostrate form, "and I don't even know his name."

"I do," said Sheriff Shone, who had just arrived upon the scene, and pushed himself through the crowd. "It's Huer-



THE LAUREATE OF THE LARGER ENGLAND.

By W. D. Howells.

F Mr. Rudyard Kipling should remain make her own home in the heart of every his primacy would be the most interesting we had not taught England that sharp lespressed by other English poets. He is so to-day among English poets. intense in the English loyalty which always presence of the fact one cannot help wonsentiment of a merely inherited allegiance, can stretch. If we had not snapped them so summarily a century ago should we be known moment of civic trouble: glowing and thrilling at the name of England, which now awakens only a cold disgust in us, or at the notion of an anthropomorphic majesty, which only makes us smile? One cannot read "A Song of the English" in Mr. Kipling's new book* without thinking we might, though as it is we read it without a responsive heartthrob, or any feeling but wonder for its beauty and sincerity.

Its patriotism is not love of the little England,

"Encompassed by the inviolate seas,"

on the west coast of Europe; but of the great England whose far-strewn empire feels its mystical unity in every latitude and longitude of the globe. It has its sublimity, that emotion, and its reason, though we cannot share it; and it is only in asking ourselves why a man of any nation, any race, should so glory in its greatness or even its goodness, when he has the greatness, the goodness of all humanity to glory in, that we are sensible of the limitations of this outborn Englishman. when we broke with England we broke more irreparably with tradition than we imagined, and liberated ourselves to a patriotism not less large than humanity. Possibly it has been for much more than we knew that we have made a home here for all mankind, and America is yet to

* The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. New York; D. Appleton & Co.

the chief poet of his race in his time, man. At any rate, it seems certain that if witness of the imperial potentialities of son of a hundred years ago in colonial govthat race in literature. He was not born ernment, there would be no such imperial English, if that means born in England, England as we see to-day, and no such poet but the keynote of his latest volume is a of the imperial English race to sing her patriotism intense beyond anything ex- grandeur as he who holds the first place

Upon this hypothesis we may claim Mr. mystifies us poor Americans, that one has Kipling, whether he likes it or not, as in a little difficulty in taking him at his word some sort American. He has, in fact, given in it. But he is most serious, and in the us a kind of authority to do so by divining our actual average better than any Ameridering how far the ties of affection, the can I can think of offhand, in this very extraordinary poem, where he supposes the spirit of America to speak at a well-

AN AMERICAN.

The American Spirit speaks:

If the Led Striker call it a strike, Or the papers call it a war, They know not much what I am like, Nor what he is, my Avatar.

Through many roads, by me possessed, He shambles forth in cosmic guise; He is the Jester and the Jest, And he the Text himself applies.

The Celt is in his heart and hand, The Gaul is in his brain and nerve; Where, cosmopolitanly planned, He guards the Redskin's dry reserve.

His easy unswept hearth he lends From Labrador to Guadeloupe; Till, elbowed out by sloven friends, He camps, at sufferance, on the stoop.

Calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown, Or panic-blinded stabs and slays: Blatant he bids the world bow down. Or cringing begs a crumb of praise;

Or, sombre-drunk, at mine and mart, He dubs his dreary brethren Kings. His hands are black with blood: his heart Leaps, as a babe's, at little things.

But, through the shift of mood and mood. Mine ancient humour saves him whole-The cynic devil in his blood That bids him mock his hurrying soul;

That bids him flout the Law he makes, That bids him make the Law he flouts, Till, dazed by many doubts, he wakes The drumming guns that-have no doubts;

That checks him foolish hot and fond, That chuckles through his deepest ire, That gilds the slough of his despond But dims the goal of his desire;

Inopportune, shrill-accented, The acrid Asiatic mirth That leaves him careless 'mid his dead, The scandal of the elder earth.

How shall he clear himself, how reach Our bar or weighed defence prefer-A brother hedged with alien speech And lacking all interpreter?

Which knowledge vexes him a space; But while reproof around him rings, He turns a keen untroubled face Home, to the instant need of things.

Enslaved, illogical, elate, He greets th' embarrassed Gods, nor fears To shake the iron hand of Fate Or match with Destiny for beers.

Lo! imperturbable he rules, Unkempt, disreputable, vast-And, in the teeth of all the schools, I-I shall save him at the last!

The American Spirit speaks here as if with the blended voices of Emerson and Ironquill; and it is from no one essentially alien to us that knowledge of us so subtle can come. I am tempted to call the piece the most important thing, intellectually, in Mr. Kipling's new volume of "The stand for some one else too. He must not Seven Seas." To me, it gives a sense of move us with his melancholy, his rapture, only from the habit of thinking in tones and colors. advantage.

Of course the last book of Mr. Kipling does not make the impression of novelty which his earlier verse made. A man can be novel but once, and for the artist in every kind all surprises after the first are to be in the way of greater strength and depth. These are what keep him new; and no mere variety without them can and sweetest in the whole book. save his novelty from staling. Certain things this poet gave assurance of in the beginning almost in full measure: dramatic instinct, picturesque emotion, and a mighty music as of drums and trumpets.

playing, and the flags flying; and it marches so still, but not more bravely: that would be difficult. What it could do and does do is to impart the effect of a sort of veteran solidity in its splendors; everything is more perfect; without losing dash or dare, it is steadier and more equal. The years have not passed without enlarging the poet to vaster ranges of feeling, and giving him new light on his own thoughts and experiences. This is all they can do for any of us; when they do it for one of the best of us it is to the common good

In the new Barrack-Room Ballads here, there is, to be sure, nothing with the peculiar thrill of Danny Deever, nothing with the peculiar homesick, heartsick touch of Mandalay, but there are other things as moving and as true, with a plunge of tragedy into depths which were not sounded before, however the surface was troubled. I could allege this or that in proof, but the temper of the whole book is the best proof, and I must let this witness also for something else that I feel strongly in it: the constant individuality, the constant impersonality. No poet has more distinctly made himself felt than this poet who has always merged and hidden himself in his types, his characters. The terms upon which he could do his kind of work at all were purely dramatic. He could never stand for himself alone; he must always his penetration and his grasp that nothing his passion, except as he makes it appear else does, though there are many other that of another. With all his love of the things in the book which I like as well and heroic, he is one of the least romantic of the which have the force and charm possible poets because the least subjective. But when I have said that he is the least sub-These things all bear wit- jective, I am in instant doubt of my posiness to his uncommon quality as a poet, tion, except as it concerns his expression. but if it is something more to be a human- As concerns his impression, he is one of ist, then the piece I have quoted marks the most subjective. He has not so much him as a poet with this distinction to his gone out to that imperial England of his as received it into himself, and given it forth again with the color, the stamp of his mind upon it. For the first time in literature that empire is imagined.

> It is imagined with pride in "The Song of the English," and with a certain pain and futile appeal in this lovely poem, which I like much better, and find the tenderest

THE FLOWERS.

"To our private taste, there is always something a little exotic, almost artificial, in songs which, und mighty music as of drums and trumpets. an English aspect and dress, are yet so manifestly His verse always marched, with the bands the product of other skies. They affect us like translations; the very fauna and flora are alien, remote; the dog's-tooth violet is but an ill substitute for the rathe primrose, nor can we ever believe that the wood-robin sings as sweetly in April as the English thrush."—The Athenæum.

Buy my English posies—
Kent and Surrey may,
Violets of the Undercliff
Wet with Channel spray;
Cowslips from a Devon combe,
Midland furze afire—
Buy my English posies,
And I'll sell your hearts' desire!

Buy my English posies!—
You that scorn the may
Won't you greet a friend from home
Half the world away?
Green against the draggled drift,
Faint and frail and first—
Buy my Northern blood-root
And I'll know where you were nursed!

Robin down the logging-road whistles, "Come to me,"

Spring has found the maple grove, the sap is running free;

All the winds o' Canada call the ploughing-rain.

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
Here's to match your need.
Buy a tuft of royal heath,
Buy a bunch of weed
White as sand of Muysenberg
Spun before the gale—
Buy my heath and lilies

And I'll tell you whence you hail!
Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—
Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless sky:

speckless sky;
Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
You that will not turn,
Buy my hot-wood clematis,
Buy a frond o' fern
Gathered where the Erskine leaps
Down the road to Lorne—
Buy my Christmas creeper
And I'll say where you were born!

West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin—
They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn—
Through the great South Otway gums sings the great
South Main—

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
Here's your choice unsold!
Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,
Buy the kowhai's gold
Flung for gift on Taupo's face
Sign that spring is come—
Buy my clinging myrtle

And I'll give you back your home!
Broom behind the windy town; pollen o' the pine—
Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the ratas twine—
Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
Ye that have your own
Buy them for a brother's sake
Overseas, alone.
Weed ye trample underfoot
Floods his heart abrim—
Bird ye never heeded,

Oh, she calls his dead to him!

Far and far our homes are set round the Seven
Seas.

Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these!
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land—

Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand!

I think the appeal, here, is futile, because it is from the ardor of the younger world to the indifference of the elder, which must grow more and more with age. It is in the nature of exile to turn with unforgetting fondness to home, but the home soon forgets the exile, or if it does not forget, cannot care for him. The inviolate seas that keep the insular England safe cannot keep her alive to the love that glows for her in the far-off lands they sever from her; and it appears to those who are politically of neither the larger nor the lesser England that if ever her mighty empire is to perish, it will die first at the heart. Canada will not grow cold first, nor Africa, nor Australasia, nor India, but England herself. It has happened so with all empires; and it is not material that empires should survive, the English more than the Roman. But it is very material that what is good in English feeling and English thinking should still inherit the earth; that is far better than English fighting or English ruling; and I do not know anything more significant of what may be hereafter than the fact that the English poet who continues the great tradition of English poetry most conspicuously should not be English born, should not have been reared under English skies, or islanded by English seas. I do not forget the beautiful, the exquisite verse of William Watson when I praise that of Rudyard Kipling; but it seems to me I am sensible of a vaster promise, a more assured future in his work; and there is no one else to name with him. He is, by virtue of his great gift, the laureate of that larger England whose wreath it is not for any prime minister to bestow; but wherever the English tongue is written or spoken, those who are native to it may claim a share in his recognition. He stands for the empire of that language which grows more and more the only English empire which has a common history and a common destiny.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY: TO BE INAUGURATED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES MARCH 4, 1897.

From a photograph taken by Leo D. Weil, Chicago, and copyrighted by him, 18.6. William McKinley is now just fifty-four years old, having been born January 20, 1843, at Niles, Ohio. He served in the Civil War, attaining the rank of major, and at the close of the war entered the profession of the law. From 1877 to 1891 he was a Republican representative in Congress from Ohio. He was elected Governor of Ohio by the Republicans in 1891, and reflected in 1893. In November, 1896, he was elected President of the United States.



NANCY ALLISON McKINLEY, MOTHER OF THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WILLIAM McKINLEY.

From a photograph taken by Leo D. Weil, Chicago, and copyrighted by him, 1896. Mrs. McKinley is now about eighty-eight years old.

A NOTE ON SKIPPER IRESON BY CAPTAIN IOHN CODMAN.

made to sing this dialect song:

Oi, Flood Oierson, for tellin' a loi Was torred and feathered above my oi.

Oi, Flood Oierson, for leavin' a wrack Was torred and feathered all over my back.

Oi, Flood Oierson, for my hord hort Was torred and feathered and cor'd in a cort.

Oi, Flood Oierson, in all my glory, Was torred and feathered and cor'd in a dory.

sailing on shares, were in a hurry to get ally set forth. into port and to forestall the market.

IN the January number of this maga- When the shipwrecked crew afterwards zine, Rudyard Kipling gives us the arrived and told the tale of their being true story of "Flood Ireson." It is con-deserted, Ireson's crew laid it to his cisely as I had heard it from an old Marble- charge, and as there was the testimony head mate long before Whittier's poem of a dozen to one, they were believed was published. The poet had probably with the readiness that sailors' evidence is not come to the knowledge of anything but often credited in the courts. A notable the old version which he put into rhyme. instance of this has lately transpired in That story was that Skipper Ireson was the case of the "Herbert Fuller." From returning from the Banks with a full fare the day of his cruel persecution poor when he passed a capsized schooner with Ireson was hated and despised in Marblethe crew clinging to her bottom, and inhu- head, deprived of his position, and forced manly left them to their fate. They were, to eke out a scanty living by fishing in a however, afterwards taken off by another small boat and digging clams till the time vessel, and on their arrival in port reported of his death. It was after that, and when the incident, and then Ireson's indignant it was too late to be of service to him, that fellow-townsmen tarred and feathered him, the conscience-stricken sailors, as their and put him on a rail stretched fore and own end drew nigh, made confessions that aft in a dory that was mounted on wheels. completely exonerated him. The Rev. Mr. The women dragged him through the Brooks (if I remember his name aright) of streets and over to Salem while he was the town made researches similar to mine, and gave them to the public. The Rev. Dr. Chadwick of Brooklyn, a Marblehead man himself, also corroborated him. am not sure whether one or both of them called Mr. Whittier's attention to the matter. I addressed him a letter begging him either to exclude the poem from the future editions of his works, or to append a note of explanation to it. I sincerely hope that he did not get the letter. At any rate, no attention was paid to it. As Kipling says. "''twas the only time Whittier ever slipped up, and 'tweren't fair." I am mindful of Bearing in mind the story of my old the maxim, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum." mate, when the poem appeared I went But Whittier should have been mindful of down to Marblehead and called upon Cap- it, too. It is not too late to make the tain Sam Fabens, who is still living there, correction. His works will be published and got from him and other old inhabi- and republished for generations yet to tants, somewhat more fully, the story as come, and I cannot but think it the duty related by Kipling. They said it was all of the publishers to satisfy themselves of true about the tarring and feathering and the error into which the poet has fallen, the song, but that the women took no part and in justice to his memory, as well as to in the outrage. The truth was, they said, that of Skipper Ireson, in their future edithat Ireson desired to take off the ship- tions to add a few lines of truthful prose wrecked crew, but that his men, who were to the imaginary tale he has so dramatic-

JOHN CODMAN.



CY ALLISON McKINLEY, MOTHER OF THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WILLIAM McKINLEY.

y. a photograph taken by Leo D. Weil, Chicago, and copyrighted by him, 1896. Mrs. McKinley is now about eighty-eight years old.

LIFE ON A GREENLAND WHALER.

A RECORD OF PERSONAL ADVENTURES IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.



T has been my good fortune life which is channel. already ex-

a hundred sail; and it was in the "Hope," call upon my services.

quaintance. studies out of my head.

shillings a tun oil money."

"How do you know I'll get the berth?" was my natural question.

this last moment that I can't go, and I want to get a man to take my place.'

"How about an Arctic kit?

"You can have mine."

In an instant the thing was settled, to have an ex- and within a few minutes the current of perience of a my life had been deflected into a new

In little more than a week I was in Petertinct; for al- head, and busily engaged, with the help though whale- of the steward, in packing away my scanty ships, both belongings in the locker beneath my bunk English and on the good ship "Hope." And this, my American, first appearance aboard the ship, was still go to marked by an absurd incident. In my Davis Strait, the Greenland fishing—that student days boxing was a favorite amuseis, the fishing in the waters between Green- ment of mine, for I had found that when land and Spitzbergen—has been attended reading hard one can compress more exerwith such ill-fortune during the last ten cise into a short time in this way than in years that it has now been abandoned. any other. Among my belongings, there-The "Hope" and the "Eclipse," both of fore, were two pairs of battered and dis-Peterhead, were the last two vessels which colored gloves. Now it chanced that the clung to an industry which was once so steward was a bit of a fighting man; so flourishing that it could support a fleet of when my unpacking was finished he, of his own accord, picked up the gloves and under the command of the well-known proposed that we should then and there whaler, John Gray, that I paid a seven have a bout. I don't know whether Jack months' visit to the Arctic seas in the Lamb still lives-but if he does, I am sure year 1880. I went in the capacity of sur- that he remembers the incident. I can see geon; but as I was only twenty years of him now, blue-eyed, yellow-bearded, short, age when I started, and as my knowledge but deep-chested, with the bandy legs of a of medicine was that of an average third very muscular man. Our contest was an unyear's student, I have often thought that fair one, for he was several inches shorter it was as well that there was no very serious in the reach than I, and knew nothing about sparring, although I have no doubt It came about in this way. One raw he was a formidable person in a street row. afternoon in Edinburgh, whilst I was sit- I kept propping him off as he rushed at me, ting reading hard for one of those exam- and, at last, finding that he was deterinations which blight the life of a medical mined to bore his way in, I had to hit him student, there entered to me a fellow- out with some severity. An hour or so student with whom I had some slight ac- afterwards, as I sat reading in the saloon, The monstrous question there was a murmur in the mate's berth, which he asked drove all thought of my which was next door, and suddenly I heard the steward say, in loud tones of convic-"Would you care," said he, "to start tion: "So help me, Colin, he's the best next week for a whaling cruise? You'll be surrr-geon we've had! He's blackened surgeon, two pound ten a month and three my e'e!" It was the first (and very nearly the last) testimonial that I ever received to my professional abilities.

He was a good fellow, the steward, and Because I have it myself. I find at as I look back at that long voyage, during which, for seven months, we never set our feet upon land, his kindly, open face is one of those of which I like to think.



Capt. D. Gray. Dr. Conan Doyle.
Mr. Leigh Smith. Capt. John Gray.

A GROUP ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF MR. LEIGH SMITH'S YACHT "EIRA," GREENLAND, From a photograph taken by W. J. A. Grant, Esq., and kindly loaned by him for reproduction.

when there was a sea on, when, with his berths when they were at sea. more experienced sea-legs, he could come as it is to me.

He had a very beautiful and sympathetic signed on as first mate was a little, detenor voice, and many an hour have I crepit, broken fellow, absolutely incapalistened to it with its accompaniment of ble of performing the duties. The cook's rattling plates and jingling knives as he assistant, on the other hand, was a giant cleaned up the dishes in his pantry. He of a man, red-bearded, bronzed, with huge knew a great store of pathetic and senti- limbs, and a voice of thunder. But the mental songs, and it is only when you moment that the ship cleared the harbor have not seen a woman's face for six the little, decrepit mate disappeared into months that you realize what sentiment the cook's galley, and acted as scullerymeans. When Jack trilled out "Her boy for the voyage, while the mighty scul-Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," or "Wait lery-boy walked aft and became chief mate. for Me at Heaven's Gate, Sweet Belle The fact was, that the one had the certifi-Mahone," he filled us all with a vague, cate but was past sailoring, while the sweet discontent, which comes back to me other could neither read nor write but now as I think of it. As to his boxing, was as fine a seaman as ever lived; so, by he practised with me every day, and be- an agreement to which everybody concame a formidable opponent-especially cerned was party, they swapped their

Colin McLean, with his six foot of statcharging down with the heel of the ship. ure, his erect, stalwart figure, and his fierce, He was a baker by trade, and I daresay red beard, pouring out from between the Greenland is as much a dream to him now flaps of his sealing-cap, was an officer by natural selection, which is a higher title There was one curious thing about the than that of a Board of Trade certificate. manning of the "Hope." The man who His only fault was that he was a very hot-



"THE SHIP'S COMPANY TOOK TO THE ICE, AND BEGAN TO GATHER IN ITS MURDEROUS HARVEST,"

blooded man and that a little would excite Shetlanders, whom we picked up at Lerseated in a space of about seven by four, were as good as could be wished. it took some hard work to prevent bloodseen.

him to a frenzy. I have a vivid recollec- wick as we passed. The Shetlanders were tion of an evening which I spent in drag- the steadier and more tractable, quiet, ging him off from the steward, who had decent, and soft-spoken; while the Scotch imprudently made some criticism upon his seamen were more likely to give trouble, way of attacking a whale which had es- but also more virile and of stronger charcaped. Both men had had some rum, acter. The officers and harpooners were which had made the one argumentative and all Scotch, but as ordinary seamen, and the other violent, and as we were all three especially as boatmen, the Shetlanders

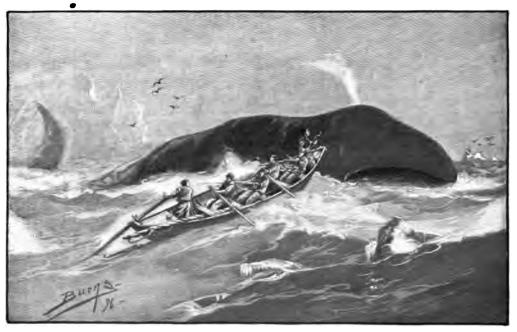
There was only one man on board who shed. Every now and then, just as I belonged neither to Scotland nor to Shetthought all danger was past, the steward land, and he was the mystery of the ship. would begin again with his fatuous "No He was a tall, swarthy, dark-eyed man, offence, Colin, but all I says is that if you with blue-black hair and beard, singularly had been a bit quicker on the fush—" handsome features, and a curious reckless I don't know how often this sentence was sling of his shoulders when he walked. begun, but never once was it ended, for at It was rumored that he came from the the word "fush" Colin always seized South of England, and that he had fled him by the throat, and I Colin round the thence to avoid the law. He made friends waist, and we struggled until we were all with no one, and spoke very seldom, but panting and exhausted. Then, when the he was one of the smartest seamen in the steward had recovered a little breath, ship. I could believe from his appearance he would start that miserable sentence that his temper was Satanic, and that the once more, and the "fush" would be the crime for which he was hiding may have signal for another encounter. I really been a bloody one. Only once he gave us believe that if I had not been there the a glimpse of his hidden fires. The cookmate would have killed him, for he was a very burly, powerful man-the little mate quite the angriest man that I have ever was only assistant—had a private store of rum, and treated himself so liberally to it There were fifty men upon our whaler, that for three successive days the dinner of whom half were Scotchmen and half of the crew was ruined. On the third day

our silent outlaw approached the cook with lent one. So congenial was the work to a brass saucepan in his hand. He said me that Captain Gray was good enough nothing, but he struck the man such a to offer to make me harpooner as well as frightful blow that his head flew through surgeon if I would come with him upon a the bottom, and the sides of the pan were second voyage, with power to draw the left dangling round his neck. The half-double pay. It is as well that I refused, the sympathy of the ship was against him, so he reeled back grumbling to his duties, while the avenger relapsed into his usual complaints about the cooking.

whaler, but it is usual to send out only seven, for it takes six men each to man and returned in September. them, so that, when the seven are out, no "idlers," who have not signed to do seaman's work at all. It happened, however, that on board the "Hope" the "idlers"

drunken and half-stunned cook talked of for the life is such a fascinating one that I fighting, but he was soon made to feel that could imagine that a man would find it more and more difficult to give it up. Most of the crew are never called upon to do so, for they spend their whole lives in moody indifference. We heard no further the same trade. There were men on board the "Hope" who had never seen corn There are eight boats on board a growing, for from their boyhood they had always started for the whaling in March

One of the charms of the work is the one is left on board except the so-called gambling element which is inherent in it. Every man shares in the profit—so much for the captain, so much for the mate, so much for the seaman. If the voyage is were an exceptionally active and energetic successful, every one is rich until another lot, so we volunteered to man the eighth spring comes round. If the ship comes boat, and we made it, in our own estima- home clean, it means a starvation winter tion at least, one of the most efficient both for all hands. The men do not need to be in sealing and in whaling. The steward, told to be keen. The shout from the the second engineer, the donkey-engine crow's-nest which tells of the presence of a man, and I pulled the oars, with a red- whale, and the rattle of the falls as the headed Highlander for harpooner, and the boats are cleared away, blend into one handsome outlaw to steer. Our tally of sound. The watch below rush up from seals stood as high as any; and in whaling their bunks with their clothes over their we were once the harpooning and once the arms and spring into the boats in that lancing boat, so our record was an excel- Arctic air, waiting for a chance later for



44 SIX STROKES, PERHAPS, AND THEN WITH A DULL, GREASY SQUELCH THE BOWS RUN UPON SOMETHING SOFT, AND YOU AND YOUR OARS ARE SENT FLYING IN EVERY DIRECTION."

finishing their toilet. Woe betide the har- ernments, the subjects of both nations are of every meanest hand upon the ship. his fellows.

land when we were among the drift ice. I awoke of a morning to hear the bump, bump of the floating pieces against the side of the ship, and I went on deck to see the whole sea covered with them to the horizon. They were none of them large,

pooner or the boat-steerer who by any forbidden to kill a seal before the 3d of clumsiness has missed a fish! He has April. The reason for this is that the taken a five-pound note out of the pocket breeding season is in March, and if the mothers should be killed before the young Black is his welcome when he returns to are able to take care of themselves the race would soon become extinct. What surprised me most in the Arctic breeding purposes, the seals all come toregions was the rapidity with which you gether at a variable spot, which is evidently reach them. I had never realized that prearranged among them, and as this they lie at our very doors. I think that place may be anywhere within many hunwe were only four days out from Shet- dreds of square miles of floating ice, it is



no easy matter for the fisher to find it. The means by which he sets about it



"THE BOWS OF THE BOAT SILASH DOWN INTO THE WATER AGAIN, BUT THERE IS THE LITTLE RED TACK ILVING FROM THE CENTRE THWART TO SHOW THAT YOU ARE FAST,"



but they lay so thick that a man might travel are simple but ingenious. As the ship makes on the ice the long human-like prints of a found. All this with the snowdrops of cabin.

far by springing from one to the other. its way through the loose ice-streams, a Their dazzling whiteness made the sea school of seals is observed travelling seem bluer by contrast, and with a blue through the water. Their direction is sky above and that glorious Arctic air in carefully taken by compass, and marked one's nostrils, it was a morning to remem- upon the chart. An hour afterwards, perber. Once on one of the swaying, rock- haps, another school is seen. This is also ing pieces we saw a huge seal, sleek, marked. When these bearings have been sleepy, and imperturbable, looking up taken several times the various lines upon with the utmost assurance at the ship as the chart are prolonged until they interif it knew that the close time had still sect. At this point, or near it, it is likely three weeks to run. Farther on we saw that the main pack of the seals will be

When you come upon it, it is a wonder-Scotland still fresh in our glasses in the ful sight. I suppose it is the largest assembly of creatures upon the face of the I have spoken about the close time, and world—and this upon the open ice-fields I may explain that, by an agreement be-hundreds of miles from Greenland coast. tween the Norwegian and the British gov- Somewhere between seventy-one and sevair; and when you are sitting in the cabin upon the other. of a ship which is in the heart of the seal to a monstrous nursery.

The "Hope" was one of the first to find the seal pack that year, but before the the floating ice together the captain day came when hunting was allowed we had a succession of strong gales, followed man to venture upon it. And so, just as by a severe roll, which tilted the floating I was clambering over the bulwarks with ice and launched the young seals prema- the rest, he ordered me back and told me turely into the water. And so, when the to remain on board. My remonstrances law at last allowed us to begin work, na- were useless, and, at last, in the blackest ture had left us with very little work to of tempers, I seated myself upon the top do. However, at dawn upon the third, the ship's company took to the ice, and over the outer side, and there I nursed my began to gather in its murderous harvest. wrath, swinging up and down with the roll It is brutal work, though not more brutal of the ship. It chanced, however, that I than that which goes on to supply every was really seated upon a thin sheet of ice dinner-table in the country. And yet which had formed upon the wood, and so those glaring crimson pools upon the daz- when the swell threw her over to a particuzling white of the ice-fields, under the larly acute angle, I shot off and vanished peaceful silence of a blue Arctic sky, did into the sea between two ice-blocks. As I

enty-five degrees is the rendezvous, and seem a horrible intrusion. But an inexothe longitude is even vaguer; but the seals rable demand creates an inexorable supply, have no difficulty in finding the address. and the seals, by their death, help to give a From the crow's-nest at the top of the living to the long line of seamen, dockers, mainmast, one can see no end of them. tanners, curers, triers, chandlers, leather On the farthest visible ice one can still see merchants, and oil-sellers who stand bethat sprinkling of pepper grains. And the tween this annual butchery, on the one young lie everywhere also, snow-white hand, and the exquisite, with his soft slugs, with a little black nose, and large leather boots, or the savant, using a delidark eyes. Their half-human cries fill the cate oil for his philosophical instruments,

I have cause to remember that first day pack, you would think you were next door of sealing on account of the adventures which befell me. I have said that a strong swell had arisen, and as this was dashing thought it dangerous for an inexperienced of the bulwarks, with my feet dangling



SKINNING A BEAR ON THE ICE.

From a photograph taken by W. J. A. Grant, Esq., and kindly loaned by him for reproduction.

on the ship. I justified his original cau- change them. tion by falling in twice again during the clothes were drying in the engine-room. I was consoled for my misfortunes by findfrom the others, and no one saw my mislast, however, I caught hold of the hind the comparison. flipper of the dead seal, and there was a

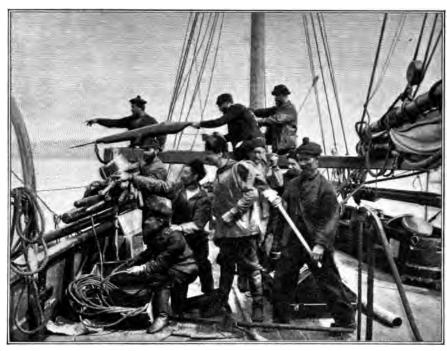
rose, I clawed on to one of these, and pull myself on. At last, however, I got soon scrambled on board again. The ac- my knee over the edge, and rolled on to cident brought about what I wished, how- it. I remember that my clothes were as ever, for the captain remarked that as I hard as a suit of armor by the time I was bound to fall into the ocean in any reached the ship, and that I had to thaw case, I might just as well be on the ice as my crackling garments before I could

This April sealing is directed against day, and I finished it ignominiously by the mothers and young. Then, in May, having to take to my bed while all my the sealer goes farther north; and about latitude seventy-seven or seventy-eight degrees he comes upon the old male seals, ing that they amused the captain to such who are by no means such easy victims. an extent that they drove the ill-success They are wary creatures, and it takes good of our sealing out of his head, and I had long-range shooting to bag them. Then, to answer to the name of "the great in June, the sealing is over, and the ship northern diver" for a long time there- bears away farther north still, until in the after. I had a narrow escape once through seventy-ninth or eightieth degree she is in stepping backwards over the edge of a the best Greenland whaling latitudes. piece of floating ice while I was engaged There she remains for three months or so, in skinning a seal. I had wandered away and if she is fortunate she may bring back 300 or 400 per cent. to her owners, and a fortune. The face of the ice was so even nice little purseful for every man of her that I had no purchase by which to pull ship's company. Or if her profits be more myself up, and my body was rapidly be-modest, she has at least afforded such coming numb in the freezing water. At sport that every other sport is dwarfed by

It is seldom that one meets anyone who kind of nightmare tug-of-war, the question understands the value of a Greenland whale. being whether I should pull the seal off or A well-boned and large one as she floats is

worth to-day something between two and three thousand pounds. This huge price is due to the value of whalebone, which is a very rare commodity, and yet is absolutely essential for some trade purposes. The price tends to rise steadily, for the number of the creatures is diminishing. In 1880, Captain Gray calculated that there were probably not more than 300 of them left alive in the whole expanse of the Greenland seas, an area of thousands of square miles. How few there are is shown by the fact that he recognized individuals amongst those which we chased. There was one with a curious wart about the size of a beehive upon his tail, which he had remembered chasing when he





TAKING A SHOT AT A WHALE FROM THE DECK OF THE VACHT "BIRA,"

From a photograph taken by W. J. A. Grant, Esq., and kindly loaned by him for reproduction.

is well within their powers.

ture as it swims slowly through the water, raising his hand now and again as a signal the bows between your outstretched feet. to stop rowing when he sees that the eye flush in his cheeks, and it's "Give way, fathoms deep.

was a lad on his father's ship. Perhaps boys! Give way, all! Hard!" Click goes other generations of whalers may follow the trigger of the big harpoon gun, and that warty tail, for the whale is a very the foam flies from your oars. Six strokes, long-lived creature. How long they live perhaps, and then with a dull, greasy has never been ascertained; but in the squelch the bows run upon something soft, days when it was customary to stamp har- and you and your oars are sent flying in poons with the names of vessels, old har-poons have been cut out of whales bearing that, for as you touched the whale you names long forgotten in the trade, and all have heard the crash of the gun, and the evidence goes to prove that a century know that the harpoon has been fired point blank into the huge, lead-colored It is exciting work pulling on to a whale, curve of its side. The creature sinks like Your own back is turned to him, and all a stone, the bows of the boat splash down you know about him is what you read upon into the water again, but there is the litthe face of the boat-steerer. He is star- tle red Jack flying from the centre thwart to ing out over your head, watching the crea-show that you are fast, and there is the line whizzing swiftly under the seats and over

And there is the one element of danger is coming round, and then resuming the -for it is rarely indeed that the whale has stealthy approach when the whale is end spirit enough to turn upon its enemies. on. There are so many floating pieces of The line is very carefully coiled by a ice, that as long as the oars are quiet the special man named the line-coiler, and it is boat alone will not cause the creature to warranted not to kink. If it should hapdive. So you creep slowly up, and at last pen to do so, however, and if the loop you are so near that the boat-steerer knows catches the limbs of any one of the boat's that you can get there before the creature crew, that man goes to his death so rapidly has time to dive-for it takes some little that his comrades hardly know that he has time to get that huge body into motion. gone. It is a waste of fish to cut the line, You see a sudden gleam in his eyes, and a for the victim is already hundreds of "Haud your hand, mon," cried the har-

flapper and poised it over the boat. One own mind. flap would have sent us to the bottom of can give?

morning. weary of the eternal light, and you appre- tures who own those unsailed seas. ciate what a soothing thing our darkness familiarity.

Your sense of loneliness also heightens pooner, as a seaman raised his knife on the effect of the Arctic seas. When we such an occasion, "the fush will be a fine were in whaling latitudes it is probable thing for the widdey." It sounds callous, that, with the exception of our consort, but there was philosophy at the base of it. there was no vessel within 800 miles of This is the harpooning, and that boat us. For seven long months no letter and has no more to do. But the lancing, when no news came to us from the southern the weary fish is killed with the cold steel, world. We had left in exciting times. is a more exciting because it is a more pro-longed experience. You may be for half taken, and war seemed imminent with an hour so near to the creature that you Russia. We returned opposite the mouth can lay your hand upon its slimy side, of the Baltic without any means of know-The whale appears to have but little sensi- ing whether some cruiser might not treat bility to pain, for it never winces when the us as we had treated the whales. When long lances are passed through its body, we met a fishing-boat at the north of Shet-But its instinct urges it to get its tail to land our first inquiry was as to peace or work on the boats, and yours urges you to war. Great events had happened during keep poling and boat-hooking along its those seven months: the defeat of Maiside, so as to retain your safe position near wand and the famous march of Roberts its shoulder. Even there, however, we from Cabul to Candahar. But it was all found upon this occasion that we were haze to us; and, to this day, I have never not quite out of danger's way, for the been able to get that particular bit of creature in its flurry raised its huge side military history straightened out in my

The perpetual light, the glare of the the sea, and I can never forget how, as we white ice, the deep blue of the water, pushed our way from under, each of us these are the things which one remembers held one hand up to stave off that great, most clearly, with the dry, crisp, exhilathreatening fin-as if any strength of ours rating air, which makes mere life the keencould have availed if the whale had meant est of pleasures. And then there are the it to descend. But it was spent with loss innumerable seabirds, whose call is forof blood, and instead of coming down the ever ringing in your ears: the gulls, the fin rolled over the other way, and we knew fulmars, the snow-birds, the burgomasters. that it was dead. Who would swap that the looms, and the roties. These fill the moment for any other triumph that sport air, and below, the waters are forever giving you a peep of some strange new crea-The peculiar other-world feeling of the ture. The commercial whale may not Arctic regions—a feeling so singular that often come your way, but his less valuif you have once been there the thought able brethren abound on every side. The of it haunts you all your life—is due largely finner shows his ninety feet of worthless to the perpetual daylight. Night seems tallow, with the absolute conviction that more orange-tinted and subdued than day, no whaler would condescend to lower a but there is no great difference. Some boat for him. The misshapen hunchback captains have been known to turn their whale, the ghostlike white whale, the narhours right round out of caprice, with whal, with his unicorn horn, the queerbreakfast at night and supper at ten in the looking bottle-nose, the huge, sluggish There are your twenty-four Greenland shark, and the terrible killing hours, and you may carve them as you grampus, the most formidable of all the like. After a month or two the eyes grow monsters of the deep, these are the crea-

The winter comes on very suddenly is. I can remember as we came abreast sometimes, and woe betide the whaler of Iceland, on our return, catching our which may be caught lagging. In Sepfirst glimpse of a star, and being unable tember our boats were taken in, our blubto take my eyes from it, it seemed such ber tanks screwed down, and soon I had a dainty little twinkling thing. Half the seen the last which I am ever, save in my beauties of nature are lost through over- dreams, likely to see of the Greenland ocean.

M°CLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR APRIL



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE S. S. McCLURE CO., 141-155 E. 25TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY 10 Norfolk St., Strand, London, Eng. Copyright, 1897, by The S. S. McClure Control at N.Y. Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter





Amous Value Soap White Soap For ARMOUR SOAP

is an absolutely pure, snow/white, floating soap. toilet, bath, nursery and fine laundry work. Cleanses thoroughly and leaves the skin soft as velvet.

Made in two sizes—a 5-cent cake which is most suitable for nursery and toilet, and a larger cake for laundry and bathroom use.



McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1897

I.	"Have I Not Loved Thee?" A Drawing by Henry McCarter . Frontispied
II.	"Son, Thou Must Love Me!" A Poem . Paul Verlaine 47
III.	A Century of Painting. Decorative Art . Will H. Low 47
	The Strange Story of the "Emily Brand" Andrew Hussey Allen 48. With pictures by M. J. Burns.
v.	St. Ives. The Adventures of a French Prisoner not England. A Novel. Chapters IIIIV ? Robert Louis Stevenson 49.
VI.	Grant's Horsemanship. An Incident Capt. Alfred M. Fuller 50
VII.	The Makers of the Union: Hamilton . The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge. 50
VIII.	Life Portraits of Alexander Hamilton Charles Henry Hart 50
IX.	Grant's Life in Missouri
X.	"Captains Courageous." Chapters IXX. Rudyard Kipling 52 With pictures by I. W. Taber.
XI.	The Spellbinder. A Story Octave Thanet 52
XII.	The Men in the Ranks Major Philip Douglas 53
XIII.	True Railroad Stories. Illustrated Cy Warman 53
XIV.	
XV.	The Retiring of Domsie. Illustrated Ian Maclaren 55
XVI.	A Clear Midnight. A Poem Walt Whitman 55

Terms: \$1.00 a Year in Advance; 10 Cents a Number.

A CAUTION.—Subscribers to the Magazine should be very careful to whom they pay money. All remittances, whether through agents or collectors, or by money-order, draft, check, or in currency, are made at the sender's risk. We take every precaution we can to save subscribers from deception and fraud, but we must have their co-operation to the extent of being fairly prudent and cautious for themselves.

Important Announcement

Mr. A. F. Jaccaci, who was in charge of the art department of McClure's Magazine for a year or two from the Magazine's foundation, but has recently been the art manager of Scribner's Magazine, and who is known as one of the most accomplished and capable art directors in the country, has resumed his former position on McClure's; and the intention is to make McClure's in its pictures as well as in its reading-matter easily the equal, if not the superior, of any periodical published.

Mr. F. N. Doubleday, for many years business manager of Scribner's Magazine, and also manager of the Subscription Book Department of the well-known publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons, has become vice-president of The S. S. McClure Co. For the present Mr. Doubleday will devote himself to the interests of the Magazine, and his experience, energy, and ability will be of great value in the conduct of its affairs. A new book publishing company is, however, being formed, and will begin active operations in the fall, to be called The Doubleday & McClure Co., of which Mr. Doubleday will be the manager. The close relations between the two companies will result in many benefits to the readers of the Magazine.

S. S. McCLURE, President F. N. DOUBLEDAY, Vice-President JOHN S. PHILLIPS Treasurer ALBERT B. BRADY, Secretary THE S. S. McCLURE CO.

141-155 East Twenty-fifth Street, New York City



III.

A VISIT TO THE WORKS OF THE POPE MANUFAC-TURING COMPANY.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

in construction, that few people realize of Colonel Albert A. Pope, his cousin E. W. what a wonderful mechanical product it is, Pope, and two boys; they did all the work, or know that the manufacture of a high-filled all the positions, were at once salesclass wheel presents one of the most com- men, bookkeepers, and corresponding plex problems in engineering. Here is a clerks, and their quarters were in a loft machine containing over a thousand pieces crowded with rickety desks. Now the as delicate in their adjustment as the parts office force can be scarcely accommodated of a watch, a machine that outruns the in a large and beautiful building fitted horse and vies with the locomotive, one with every modern convenience, while that will carry a heavy man all day al- three thousand workmen swarm in the though weighing no more than a baby, one great stretch of factories. In 1880 a that ranks in importance with the steam single man ran the whole bookkeeping engine and is all but revolutionizing the department, and did other work besides; world.

story of the evolution of this wonderful dinates, including auditors, cashiers, entry vehicle from those early days in 1878 when clerks, ledger clerks, claims clerks, checkthe Columbia was made of Norway iron ing clerks, stenographers and messengers. and weighed fifty pounds, when the back- In 1884 the company had only about 200 bones were made of welded iron pipe, and agents in the whole country; now they the spokes of iron wire, three times as have upward of 3,000. In 1884 they had heavy as the spokes of to-day! What but one man travelling to represent the progress there has been since then, what company, now thirty men travel constantly wonderful changes! In the first year the from place to place in the various States, Columbia plant occupied one corner of a organizing new agencies, reporting on the sewing-machine factory; now its floorage condition of the old ones, and in general

HE modern bicycle is such a small covers more than seventeen acres. In 1880 affair, so light and apparently simple the company's entire office force consisted now this department requires the undivided How interesting it would be to tell the labors of a manager and thirty-six suborpany. And while seven or eight years whole campaign. ago one man was able to attend to all the correspondence of the sales department, complicated thing is the making of a modto-day twelve clerks, each with his stenog- ern bicycle until be has visited the main rapher, are kept busy at it from morning factory, or, rather, paid many visits there, to night. Ten years ago a hundred letters for this factory is really a stretch of worka day would have been a high average for shops that, to the newcomer, follow one the company's mail; now they receive from another in bewildering and endless con-1,500 to 2,500 letters a day. So great is fusion. Eight acres of flooring there are the contrast between start and finish, if in these shops, all thronged with workmen one may use the word "finish" in an in- and whirling with machinery, a veritable stitution where progress toward still higher forest of wheels. And this without countperfection is in the very air one breathes.

THE GUIDING PRINCIPLE.

the early development of the Pope Com- these processes, to take them in through future of the bicycle shown by its founder, fold. There is the forging, the annealing, Colonel Albert A. Pope, in the face of all the brazing, separate departments each of obstacles and discouragement. In 1877, them; there is the making of the balls, the when most people looked upon wheeling as chains and the spokes; there is the general a silly fad, a boy's amusement, destined to machine shop where special tools are made; before it, he persisted in his belief that the room, the departments for polishing, year he gave up all other business interests room, the hand blacksmith shop, and a energy, proceeded to devote himself exparts, this being subdivided into various clusively to the sale of bicycles and the lesser departments, for the "frame job," development of bicycle interests. This the "crank job," the "automatic screw development of bicycle interests. This the "crank job," the "automatic screw almost clairvoyant foresight must be regarded as one of the chief elements in the job," the "brake and handle-bar garded success since achieved, for great- a complete electric plant and a power ness in business, as in other things, often department containing five large steam consists chiefly in the power of seeing engines. and seizing an opportunity. Already, in future, not for the present, of striving for to undertake the running of this factory; the final result, not for immediate gain. I'd rather fight Indians." Every new step was taken with a view to expansion in coming years, every season's policy was approved, not so much because it would pay in that immediate season, but because it would pay in the long run. In the first factory was the germ of all the passed away and one begins to recognize other factories—the germ of the tube things with a half understanding, and disworks, the rubber works, the motor car- tinguish between the main operations and riage works, the Hartford cycle works, those of lesser importance, one sees that and all the other departments which have the making of a bicycle may be classified followed and are still to follow. One of more simply under four heads: (1) the

looking after the interests of the com- army is not for a single battle, but for the

No one can realize what a tremendously ing the other works just mentioned, which are little worlds by themselves, and very important worlds, as we shall see.

A mere enumeration of the processes that go on constantly in this main factory One of the most remarkable points in fills the mind with wonder, but to observe pany is the unswerving confidence in the eye and ear, is to increase that wonder tendie out as the velocipede craze had died out there is the model room, the designing bicycle had in it splendid business possi- nickeiling, buffing, wheel assembling, and bilities. And late in the summer of that pattern making. Then there is the press and, with small capital, but boundless great department for machining all the

To direct such an industry as this is like those early years, in that difficult pioneer managing a great circus or commanding period, Colonel Pope began to lay the an army; there are few men in the world foundations for the great structure that capable of it. One day, after a tour has since been reared, outlining clearly the through the works, Genc. 1 Miles said to policy that has been consistently adhered Colonel Pope with the great " admiration to by the company, of working for the in look and tone: "No, I shouldn't want

WHERE THE FORGES THUNDER.

After the first dazzle of impression has the Colonel's favorite maxims was, that an forging and pressing of a multitude of



A VIEW OF THE FORGE ROOM, SHOWING ONE OF THE BIG TRIP-HAMMERS, WHICH STRIKE TWO HUNDRED TIMES A MINUTE.

treatment of these in various ways in fur- needed underneath. naces; (3) the "machining" of the parts bling, and inspecting. As the forges and them, and shall find ourselves presently in a region of flame and shadows and unceasing noise.

Now we are before the forge room, a shaped. black place with lines of fire stretching in rows from end to end, with hissing flames that shoot out in white sheets from the line of forges down the shop. These are blast fires, with poss of red in the shadows the hottest fires in the works, hotter than where the still is being hammered on the the furnaces for case-hardening or annealforges. A roar of quick blows comes from ing. They are fed by crude oil brought the six trip-hammers, each one striking 200 in pipes from large tanks under the lawn, times a minute. There is a screaming of belts as grimed workmen, pressing the foot its way mixed with a draught of high prespedals from time to time, pull them taut sure air, which vaporizes the oil so that it on the pulleys; there is a buzz of wheels is projected into the forge fires in a fine and belts that spin ceaselessly overhead.

At frequent intervals there sounds above most instantaneously. all the other din a heavy boom that

parts out of hot or cold steel; (2) the foundation of timber and concrete is

Besides these big fellows there are many to smoothness and exactness of fitting, drop-hammers down the lines, arranged in and (4) the processes of finishing, assem- pairs, one giving the first rough-forming stroke to the hot metal, the other giving furnaces come first, we may begin with the finishing stroke. And between each pair of forges is a press with steam-driven jaws that trim off the rough edges of flash" from the piece that is being

For each pair of forges three fires burn, the line of these running parallel to the the oil being pumped through these and on spray, and the combustion takes place al-

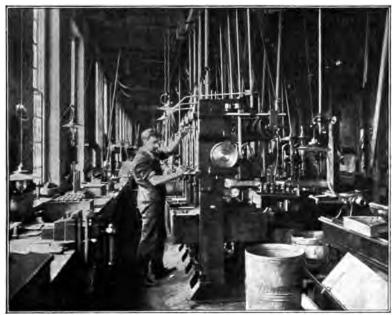
Since the beginning of the industry great shakes the walls. It is one of the big advances have been made in the methods of drop-hammers striking. Down shoots the the forge shop, by the introduction of heavram, carrying on its head a cube of steel ier hammers, by the substitution of oil for weighing as much as a man. This is the coal at the fires, and by the perfecting of the die, and it strikes upon a sister die beneath furnaces. In the old days when the forges it at the bottom of the fall. When the two were served with open-top furnaces, burning come together there is exerted a striking Lehigh coal, the men suffered much from force of 1,100 tons. No wonder a double the heat and the strangling fumes. Now



A VIEW OF THE FORGE ROOM, SHOWING THE FURNACES-"THE HOTTEST IN THE WORKS."

from steel tubing.

only closed furnaces are used, with doors ing is done and the case-hardening and the guarded by sheet-iron screens to protect "pickling." Case-hardening makes steel the men. While the operation of forging harder when it is too soft, annealing makes has been thus perfected, and remains of the it softer when it is too hard, and "pickgreatest importance, it should be said that ling" cleans it of scale that forms on the from year to year the tendency has been to surface. In both case-hardening and anreduce the number of forgings in the con- nealing the parts of the bicycle to be thus struction of a bicycle, and, as far as post reated, numberless pieces, some as large sible, to replace by tubing the solid parts as a handle-bar and others as small as the that previously had to be bored out. One tiniest screw or bolt, are packed into castreason for this change is that improvements iron retorts—queer little boxes that look in tube construction have made it possible like coffins for kittens or pet dogs—and in to give a more elegant finish at the joints these are slid into rows of furnaces and left by the use of tubing. Thus, in the Colum- there for a varying number of hours. Up bia of 1897, the crank hanger, which was to this point the two processes are idenpreviously drilled from forgings, is made tical, except that in case-hardening the bicycle parts are placed in the retorts along Coming now to the next process, we with a quantity of charcoal and crushed enter a big furnace room where the anneal- bone to assist in carbonizing their surfaces,



THE DRILLING-ROOM, "A FOREST OF BELTS AND WHEELS."

while in annealing the retorts are spread every day of his life he has to kick over with charcoal only.

A FOREST OF WHEELS.

parts of the factory, a bewildering place, the great drilling-room, a confusion of belts and wheels which turn so many machines that the untrained mind can scarcely remember their names, much less understand their purposes. There are scores of lathes, drill presses, boring machines, reamers, chucking machines, milling machines, threading machines, and many others whose general purpose is to bore out the various forgings, the hubs, crank sleeves, pedal centres, etc., cutting away every particle of superfluous metal, smoothing the surfaces without and within, putting on threads where they are needed, boring holes for screws, and, in general, adapting each part for use in the finished bicycle. This preliminary drilling and smoothing having been done, the various parts go to their own departments, each a little factory by itself, with its separate force of men, its specially devised machinery, and its numerous problems to solve.

One of the most interesting of these many factory processes is that of making the chains. The ordinary bicycle chain contains fifty-three links, each composed of five pieces: the block, the two side links, The oven wherein the chain links are given the proper and the two rivets. These five pieces are

woven together by an assembling machine, an extraordinary piece of mechanism, which can do everything except talk. The finished chains are then taken to another machine, where they pass between two rotating surfaces which spin heads on the rivets and make the links secure. This machine is driven by a man who is said to be the greatest "kicker" in the factory, since

32,000 times, that being the number of times his right foot comes down upon the spring treadle that works the mechanism, and the strange part of it is that Next we pass into one of the largest although this man's right leg does all



COLOR,

the work, it is his left leg that gets

pieces of felt into 15,000 chain links every day of his life, and on one day he pushed the total up to 17,000.

The last step in the process of chain making is to put the chains through a testing machine which produces the conditions of actual riding. In this machine the chain is kept turning for some minutes strange machines labor; to describe them under great pressure, the effect being the all would fill many chapters of a large volsame as if it was put upon a bicycle and driven up a very steep hill by a man weighing 800 pounds. If it endures this severe strain it is regarded as perfect.

SWAGING THE SPOKES.

spoke department, which suggests the of various brackets and shafts and cases, screaming of a dozen sawmills or the wail- small parts of the bicycle, but of vast ings of a hundred mad women. The most importance for smooth running. interesting process here is performed by are made in the turret machines, which no the swaging machines, which deserve some one but a machinist can understand, each notice, not only because they are the great one with half a dozen arms that turn in noise makers, but because they represent succession against a bar of steel and do an important step forward in the history some act of drilling or cutting or smoothof spoke-making. In the early days bi- ing. And as the bars of steel are fed into cycle spokes were made from steel wire these machines the finished pieces drop having a uniform diameter through its from the end one by one, the workmen whole length. This method of manufacture doing little but manage a wheel or was followed until 1891, when the great lever. demand for lighter machines caused bicycle for some means of lightening the spokes. for attachment to rims and hubs. sandth of an inch.

On leaving the swaging machines the spokes are cut off by a revolving cutter, Near this "kicking" man is another in- and headed, and then they formerly went teresting character in the chain room, a to three little boys who sat on a bench and young lad whose business in life is to cut did nothing from morning till night but up strips of felt into tiny pieces and to put bend the heads of the spokes to a right one of these into the centre of each chain angle with the lengths, for insertion in the block for lubrication. By actual count hubs. It must be said, however, that the this boy puts an average of 15,000 of these company have decided to give up this bending of the spokes in their '97 bicycles, as experiments in the testing departments have demonstrated that far greater strength and power of resistance are assured by using spokes that go into the hubs straight.

Many other departments there are where ume. There is the making of the sprockets or gear wheels with queer teeth-cutting machines, which eat out the metal slowly, working in baths of oil. There is the bending of the handle-bars, done in powerful gear presses by huge steel hands which descend slowly from above upon dies holding the tubes and bend these latter into any The noisiest place in the works is the desired shape. There is the turning out

Some of these turret machines actually makers everywhere to cast about them work automatically, turning out screws and nuts and other little pieces by the After many consultations with experts and hundreds of thousands, working on by after months of experiment, the officers of themselves day after day, week after the Pope Company decided to attempt a week, and only asking the workmen for reduction of weight by lessening the diam- oil now and then and a proper supply eter of the spokes at all points save the of steel to feed upon. These "autotwo ends, where shoulders were to be left matics" have proved themselves particu-To larly valuable for their accuracy in making effect this thinning out of the spoke the screws and nuts, which are used of course swaging machine was devised, a pair of in immense numbers every year. For a whirling jaws that grip the wire at one long time the Pope Company tried to buy end and drag it between two dies, little screws and nuts ready made, but they steel hammers that are kept striking to- could not secure them up to the desired gether with incredible rapidity by a system standard, the threads and sizes were not of swiftly turning rolls. So accurate is sufficiently accurate, and the quality of the adjustment of the dies that the diame- stock was below Columbia requirements, ter of the spokes between the two shoulders so they were forced to start what might is always exact to within one one-thou- be called a screw factory of their own.

AMONG THE BRAZING FIRES.

Now that we have seen how some of the chief parts of the wheel are made, we frames as they start at one end of the double and first we will enter the brazing-room, to the last fire, which leaves them com-where the tubes of the frame are fastened pletely brazed. In every bicycle there are

industry has led to a much better understanding of the art of brazing than had previously existed; indeed, so recently as 1880, American mechanics generally thought it impossible to braze light tubing to solid forgings, and for several years the company were in a constant tension of effort to overcome existing difficulties and bring to perfec-tion the art of brazing as applied to bicycle construction. The best authorities in this counflame come together are nearly as hot as the forge fires. It is interesting to follow a batch of

indeed the points where the two tongues of

may observe how these are put together, stretch of fires, and advance joint by joint to the various "hangers" and connecting thirty joints that require brazing, and each parts. This is one of the most important operation of brazing takes from thirty secprocesses in bicycle manufacture, for un- onds to a minute and a half. The excelless the brazing is done solidly all else lence of the work done here is shown by will be done in vain. And it is of interest the fact that in something like a million to note that the growth of the bicycle and a half brazings done on the machines



THE BRAZING-ROOM, "WHERE THE TUBES OF THE FRAMES ARE FASTENED TO THE VARIOUS 'HANGERS' AND CONNECTING PARTS.'

try and abroad were consulted, libraries of 1896 less than a dozen joints were the were ransacked for treatises on the subject, cause of any complaint. and large sums were spent before the secret was discovered which gave and still gives to the Columbia frames the strength in the joints for which they are famous. Indeed it is no easy matter to braze tubing handle-bars, cranks, pedal centres, and as thin as paper to a piece of solid steel and make the two as if they were one piece.

As one enters the brazing-room the ear is struck by a sound like the roar of a dising on its little iron table, the blue- ceive the nickel be almost like glass. tongued flames striking into adjustable

THE POLISHING AND NICKELING,

On leaving the brazing department, the other parts of the bicycle to be finished in nickel, are carefully brought to a certain smoothness at the joints, and are then sent to the polishing department, where tant surf. This comes from the long lines this smoothness is increased many fold, of brazing fires, each one darting and hiss- it being essential that the surfaces to re-

Here are gloomy, heavy-walled rooms iron ovens of fire-brick that rest on the where wheels spin with rapid buzz, wheels tops. The heated area within the fire-brick along the ceilings for the pulleys, quadruple is very small, not larger than the top of a rows of wheels along the floors for the man's hat, but it is intense in proportion; grinders and polishers, huge gear wheels caps drawn over their eyes to protect them ment, where we will now follow them. from the sparks. The air is full of dust and the odor of glue and walrus hide.

Emery powder and walrus hide are staple necessaries in this department. The walwheels are used, covered with "oak tan" with emery, but where a high degree of wheel at once tough and sufficiently yield-

before the plat-

ing

The articles to be nickeled, the handle-bars, brakes, spoons, seat posts, cranks, etc., are first thinly coated with copper in big tanks holding a cyanide solution; then they are immersed by the hundred in the line of nickeling tanks, three or four hours here being usually sufficient to insure the best plating. When taken out, nickeled parts present a dull color, not brighter than silver which has been

at the far end that drive all the smaller much used, and by no means resembling the wheels and work the big blower. The ordinary nickel plate seen on bicycles. Bewhole floor shakes in heavy, quick vibra- fore the parts will take on that high gloss The workmen wear little black they must go through the buffing depart-

THE BUFFING AND ENAMELING.

The buffing department is a place of rus hide is used to make polishing wheels, fantastic shapes and sounds that set the and the emery powder is sifted over the teeth on edge. Down the center stretches periphery of these wheels and held there a huge blower of galvanized iron, which by glue, so as to offer a grinding surface looks for all the world like a curving seato the steel. For heavy grinding, wooden serpent, with thirty-six necks wriggling out of the sides, and thirty-six heads, each polishing leather, and this covered again with wide-gaping jaws. And at the thirtysix heads are as many workmen, who seem polish is desired nothing has been found to be feeding the serpent with cotton waste to equal walrus hide, which makes a from the swift-turning wheels that do the buffing. It is the peculiar composition of these buffing wheels that makes necessary Having been thus polished, the handle- the great blower, for they are composed of bars, cranks, etc., are taken to the nickel- nothing less than disks of cotton cloth, 120 ing department, the largest plant of the of these being placed side by side to form kind in the country. Here everything is a single wheel. One might imagine that clean, there is little noise, there is no wheels of such flimsy stuff would offer confusion of wheels, only a few pulleys that small resistance to the steel, but the drive two dynamos in the center of the eighteen lathes turn with such great rapidroom. On the other side, stretching from ity-2,600 revolutions to the minute-that end to end, are big nickeling vats filled the centrifugal force drives the flaps of the nearly to the tops with a dark blue liquid. cotton hard together, so that when the On the other side are vats steaming with wheels are turning at full speed they form solutions of potash, lime, muriatic acid, a surface, not as hard as board, to be sure, these to make the parts chemically clean but quite hard enough for the purpose.



THE NICKELING DEPARTMENT.

And the friction of these wheels against the indicate the temperature—anywhere from bicycle parts wears out the wheels so rap- zero to 500 degrees Fahrenheit. idly that much cotton waste and emery dust are thrown into the air that might do harm to the workmen's lungs were they not carried away by the suction of the big blower. When used in buffing, the cotton factory, but before the various parts of wheels are smeared with "white polish," the machine can be "assembled" into the and so effective is this treatment that a few seconds' contact with the rapidly driven wheels is sufficient to bring the finest polish to the nickel, a polish which worth some brief consideration. It is not it retains permanently.

the enameling, which is done in a series of large rooms ranged with huge ovens and vats filled with liquid enamel. In the enameling department are treated the frames, forks, chain guards, and rear shields, which must all be black and shining in the finished machine. The first step is to give these parts a careful cleaning in vats of boiling wa-Then, after ter. thorough drying, they are smoothed down with emery cloth, and washed with benzine, which removes all the dust, and leaves them

ready for the first coat of enamel. After this first coat the frames and other parts are baked for hours in gas or coal ovens, and then other coats are applied, with a baking safety" is lower in the bicycle than in alin the ovens between each, and so they most any other mechanical product, and has advance gradually to the necessary gloss been growing still lower every year as the and smoothness. After the last coat they machines have been made lighter. In high are taken to the finishing-room, the most pressure guns the "factor of safety" is immaculate place in the works, and here often as great as twenty, which means that they get their final baking, in a line of the guns are made twenty times as strong special ovens, a veritable street of little as is theoretically necessary for the strain houses, eight or nine feet square and the they must bear; in ordinary guns the same in depth, the gas ovens made of gal- "factor of safety" is twelve; in boilers it vanized iron, the coal ovens built with is about six; in bridges it is usually five, heavy brick walls. In them all are bars and in almost every construction or maof iron along the ceiling, and swinging chine it is at least four; in the perfected shelves to support the various parts, and bicycle of to-day it is estimated that the heavy doors that close with long iron bars "factor of safety" has been reduced to and bear queer little thermometers on the 1.25. This means that if any joint or

THE INSPECTION DEPARTMENT.

So much for the chief processes of the finished bicycle they must pass through the inspection department, one of the most admirable features of the works, and well until one has visited this department and Of the finishing processes there remains studied its methods that one understands

> what elaborate precautions are taken in the Columbia Factory against any blemish or defect in any one of the numberless parts that make up a bicycle. A small army of men devote their entire time to this work, which means an annual expense of many thousands of dollars, to make sure that every smallest and largest part, every joint, every bearing, is exactly as it should be.

There are special reasons which render imperative this work of bicycle inspection, one of the chief of these growing out of the fact that what scientists call the "factor of

outside, disks of metal, with arrows which screw or bolt or bit of wire in a machine





THE OVENS WHEREIN THE FRAMES ARE BAKED TO SET AND HARDEN THE ENAMEL.

fails in strength or perfection of fitting by times, every chain four times, and so on. only so much as twenty-five per cent. of wheelman to see to it that he is not riding a machine where lightness has been obtained at the expense of strength and rigidity.

From the very start, Colonel Pope has regarded it, not only as a matter of business policy, but as a positive duty to the public, to take such extraordinary pains in the manufacture of Columbia wheels that riders may feel safe against accident due to faults of construction. As a means to this end there has been established not only the inspection department, which we shall now consider, but also the testing department, which is perhaps even more important, and which we shall consider presently. Coming now to the work of inspection: All the forgings in a Columbia bicycle, and there are about a dozen of these, are separately inspected, before going into the shops, for any seams, cracks and "cold shuts," or other defects. Some of these forgings are inspected twice, so that for the forgings alone between 4,000 and 5,000 pieces have to be examined daily by men who devote their whole time to such inspection. About five per cent.

of all the forgings are at once rejected as not up to the standard and are sent to the scrap heap.

This inspecting of the forgings is but a small part in the work of this department, for at every step in the subsequent machining and finishing all parts are again inspected, and it is literally true that every portion of a Columbia bicycle, from the largest piece of tubing down to the tiniest screw, receives separate and individual inspection at least three times, frequently six or eight times, and in some cases twelve times. For instance, every Columbia crank is inspected eight times, every handle-bar six times, every sprocket five

And after all this there is the general inwhat is expected of it the bicycle may be spection of the completed wheel, which is crippled, the rider's pleasure destroyed, very severe; and it is safe to say that when perhaps his safety threatened. In these a Columbia bicycle has passed the ordeal days, when bicycles are being driven at the of the inspection department it will stand speed of railroad trains, it behooves a any criticism. Indeed as one passes through



INSPECTING STEEL BALLS.

the various departments of the factory one of the alternate stress machine in testing years ago.

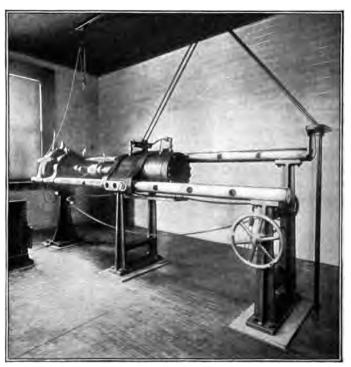
THE TESTING DEPARTMENT.

That such high perfection has been at-

Columbia Works. In all the other parts of these great factories the aim is to build up, to put together; here the aim is to tear apart, to destroy. Elaborate and expensive machines have been devised for no other purpose than to determine how much force is necessarv to wear out a finished bicycle, to bend, break, or drag asunder its various parts. In order to learn how to make the strongest possible bicycle it is necessary to find out what makes a bicycle weak and exactly how much power of resistance should be possessed by each individual part—the frame, spokes, tire, axles, cranks, pedals, forks, etc. To find that out means putting such excessive strain upon these parts that the manner of their breaking may be clearly understood.

this department of destruction is so great for the worse. that no other bicycle makers have felt justified in establishing a similar one. The 100,000-pound tension and compression machine, for instance, is the only one in any bicycle factory in the world. This most conclusively in the early part of 1894, machine, the usefulness of which has been when Colonel Pope began to consider the described in a previous article, consists of two heavy jaws, which can grip and tear of the bicycle, tubing made of the famous apart anything placed between them, from five per cent. nickel steel similar to that a heavy steel bar down to a hair, its move- which has been used with such excellent ment being started by hydraulic power so results in the construction of armor plates perfectly controlled as to give any desired for the government. This nickel steel amount of force, from a few ounces up to was known to be more costly than the high a maximum of fifty tons. And the working carbon grade they were then using, and

sees everywhere how the danger of greater various grades of steel tubing has also been lightness has been offset by greater strength described. These two machines furnish of material and improved methods of con- the physical tests which every new grade struction, so that the shell-like Columbia of steel tubing has to undergo as soon as of to-day is actually stronger in many re- it leaves the tube mills. There, of course, spects than the lumbering model of a few in a single year, hundreds of grades of tubing are drawn, each possessing individual qualities or defects, different blending of those two great requisites-strength and toughness, and it is for the testing department to decide whether one kind of tained is largely due to the scientific test- tubing is superior or inferior to another ing department, a unique feature of the kind, whether a certain change in the



THE 100,000 POUND TENSION AND COMPRESSION MACHINE, USED ESPECIALY FOR TESTING STEEL.

The expense involved in maintaining process has been made for the better or

THE FAMOUS NICKEL STEEL.

The value of these tests was shown advisability of introducing, in certain parts A few tests in the alternate stress machine an average rider. left no possible doubt on this point. Two

strain of over 2,000,000 revolutions and remaining in the machine for nearly two weeks, was taken out still unbroken. The expert promptly declared that this allov of nickel and steel possessed a strength and toughness not to be found in any other metal and rendering it peculiarly well adapted for use in bicycle construction. Accordingly the Columbias for 1897 contain nickel steel tubing, and it has been found that this change results in a saving of weight as well as in a gain of strength,

steel making it safe to reduce the thick- Pope Company. ness of the walls of the tubing in some places to twenty-five one-thousandths of an inch or less.

Another piece of apparatus in constant use in the testing department is the vibra- partment is the chemical laboratory, where tory machine, a large wooden wheel about specimens of steel by the score are submitfour feet in diameter, on the circumference ted to a chemical analysis in determining of which are a number of heavy cogs of their composition. There are all sorts of unequal lengths and shapes, varying in appliances here, including delicate balheight from half an inch to two inches, ances, capable of weighing one-twentysome sharp at the ends, some rounded, thousandth part of a drachm, a powerful their purpose being to produce as rough a microscope and a Le Chatelier pyrometer, surface as could be found on even the by means of which a spot of light moving stoniest road. Against this uneven periph- along a graduated dial allows the men of ery a bicycle wheel with spokes taut and science sitting in their laboratory to know pneumatic tire inflated, a brand new wheel exactly to a degree the temperature of the

far more difficult to work, and the question fresh from the factory, is pressed by means was whether its adoption would give a of an iron bar heavily weighted at the end, sufficient increase in strength and tenacity so that the pressure on the bicycle wheel to justify the added trouble and expense. against the cogs may equal the weight of

Thus arranged, the machinery is set in specimens of tubing were successively motion, the cogged wheel turning 162 times introduced, both of the same gage, and a minute and making the bicycle wheel in every respect identical, save that the turn against it as if it were being driven one was made of high carbon steel, such over some terrible cobblestone road at the as had been previously used, while the rate of thirteen and a half miles an hour, other was made of nickel steel. The first and that under the weight of a heavy man. tube endured a strain of 250,000 revolu- This test puts upon the wheel, upon every tions before breaking, which was consid- spoke, upon the hub and rim and tire, a ered a good record, but the other tube strain many times more severe than could under the same load, after enduring a be experienced under any ordinary condi-

MACHINE FOR TESTING THE STRENGTH OF BICYCLE WHEELS,

tions of riding. Thirteen hours is considered a good length of time for a wheel to last under this tremendous strain, but so great is the strength of the perfected Columbias that some of them have stood this murderous test for thirty, forty, sometimes fifty hours without a spoke bending or any defect showing itself; on the other hand, the wheels of other companies have frequently been put through this test to determine their strength as compared with that of the Columbia, and the result

the great resisting power of the nickel has always been most satisfactory to the

STILL OTHER TESTS.

Still another feature of the testing de-

great annealing furnaces in distant parts of the works, where the parts of the bicycle are being submitted to fire.

One device in the testing department is a novel dynamometer for measuring the effort put forth by a rider in overcoming the friction of a bicycle. In a general way this dynamometer is the familiar Atwood gravity machine with its two tall columns, a bicycle wheel with ordinary gearing being substituted for the usual frictionless pulleys. Then the deviation in the descent of the weight from what would be required in the ordinary Atwood machine is taken as representing the



THE TELEPHONE CLERK.

friction of the bicycle, and comparisons ery cycling paper in the world is read and between various machines are made by studied by these men, every new pattern noting the various amounts of these devia- is pounced upon with critical interest, and demonstrate practically by the evidence of the country, and from hundreds of agents

the impartial pulley wheels that they have succeeded in building a wheel that is second to none in ease of running.

And, as supplementing the work of the testing department, the company employs constantly a corps of expert wheelmen, who are kept riding in all seasons over all sorts of roads, the rougher the better, and on machines of almost every make, whether foreign or American. These riders are instructed to put the wheels to the most severe tests, and are called upon for regular reports. It is of interest to note here that in the fall of 1896 thirty machines of the 1897 pattern were in this way ridden a distance exceeding 100,000 miles in the aggregate before a single 1897 machine was put on the market. Such tests give the company at the outset of the season a better knowledge of the detailed capaci-



THE RECORD ROOM

ties of their new machines than most makers can gain by the close of the season.

The reports of this corps of riders are considered at the regular councils, in which some twenty heads of departments take part, and which form another important feature of the establishment. Great are the arguments and discussions that take place at these councils, hours being devoted to such minute details as the shape of a handle-bar, the curve of a fork, the proper width of a tread, the thickness of a bit of wire, a trifling increase in the diameter of a sprocket wheel, etc. Ev-

Thus the company are able to reports from the army of agents all over

in foreign lands, are read with the importance of state papers. What wonder that with such admirable organization in every department, with such constant vigilance and attention to every detail, with such mechanical facilities in the shops, and such an assemblage of practical scientists and specialists for the work of direction, and, above all, with such a broad and enlightened general policy, and the constant oversight of the guiding mind which has built up this great industry, -what wonder that the Columbia bicycle stands today unrivalled among the wheels of the world!

HOW THE BUSINESS IS MAN-AGED.

And here a few words will be of interest as to the relations existing between this remarkable merchant manufacturer, Colonel Albert

great interests controlled by him from a distance. He is able thus to take a broad view of things and follow clearly the path of advancement with no distraction from irrelevant details.

And yet Colonel Pope is absolutely in touch with everything going on at the works, down to even the smallest detail. Every day he receives an elaborate report from the factories which is nothing less than a perpetual inventory of

the stock on hand, the wheels that have been sold, etc., and as this report runs from noon to noon, he may be compared in reading it to the captain of a vessel taking his daily observations. On the days of his visits

WASHING UP.



CHEF OF THE LUNCH ROOM

A. Pope, and the men in his employ. tour of the works and observing things for Colonel Pope lives in Boston, and usually himself—in a word, in settling questions spends only one or two days of each week that have come up since his last visit and in at the factory in Hartford; indeed, he stimulating every one to his best exertions. finds it a positive advantage to manage the He might be called the president of a great

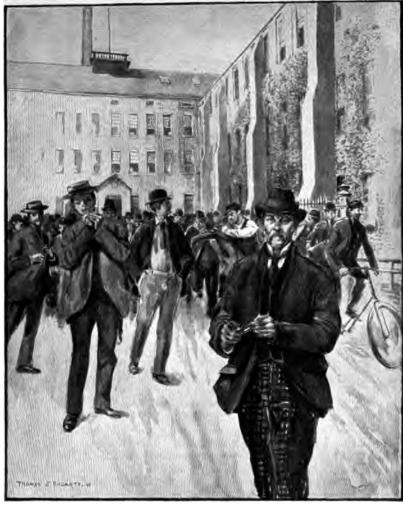
> bicycle university where faculty meetings are held once a week, and it is literally true that his spirit pervades and dominates the entire institution.

COMFORT OF THE WORKMEN.

In the course of frequent journeyings through the factories I have been struck by the care shown for the comfort and well-being of the workmen. Take the noon hour. for instance. three minutes before twelve the automatic signal clock in the timekeeper's office sets electric bells ringing in all

to the factory he is occupied from seven the shops, and forthwith the workmen in the morning until eleven at night in in the tube mill, the rubber mill, the consultations with the heads of the depart- motor carriage department, and the main ments, who come to him in succession with factory leave their lathes and presses, their portfolios ready; in talking with the their forges and furnaces, and with one travelling salesmen and managers of accord troop down to the basements of branch houses, to whom he delivers regular the several buildings, where every man lectures in the lecture-room; in making a has a spacious locker to himself, with best facilities for cleaning up. Up and down the rows of lockers run troughs through which warm water is kept flowing, this to serve for the first rinsing, while, in addition, each locker has its individual faucet with clean water for the final washing. Thus there is no delay, no waiting in turn, no crowding or confusing, and within three minutes some thousands of men are ready for their midday meal.

> Some of the workmen prefer to go home for the luncheon hour, and when the big doors open at the stroke of twelve a double line of them are seen going up and down the road, mounted on bicycles taken from the bicycle stable, where each man who wishes has his own stall for his own wheel. Others remain at the works, either bringing their own lunches or buying them at the lunch coun-



WORKMEN COMING FROM THE FACTORY.

ter provided by the company. This lunch counter is one of the unique features of the factory. Everything here is of the best quality and sold at cost price. Two large mugs of coffee cost five cents, a bowl of crackers and milk costs five cents, a quarter of a real home-made pie costs five cents, and a large bowl of soup or stew costs five The men get oranges at the rate of four for five cents, bananas at fifteen or twenty cents a dozen, and other things at prices which are proportionately reasonable. Everything is done methodically; on Mondays the men get tomato soup, on Tuesdays chicken broth, on Wednesdays oyster stew, on Thursdays beef broth, on variations according to the season.

spend the rest of the hour in recreation, and with pipes lighted, settle down in the big lunch room to the gossip of the factory and their favorite games of cards. There are workmen here who could play whist with college professors and hold their own. For those who do not care to smoke or play cards another large room is furnished opening out of the lunch room, where are shelves filled with books and the latest daily and weekly papers. On long tables are the monthly magazines, and, altogether, those who enjoy reading find here nearly all that they desire.

Looking about the lunch room one finds various evidences of the spirit of content-Fridays clam chowder, and on Saturdays ment and good-fellowship that reigns in veal stew. This is the general order, with these factories. Here is an announcement on the wall of a workmen's dance to take Their hunger satisfied, the workmen place in the new building, with music by

Colonel Pope lives in Boston, and usually himself—in a word, in settling questions spends only one or two days of each week that have come up since his last visit and in at the factory in Hartford; indeed, he stimulating every one to his best exertions.

great interests controlled by him from a distance. He is able thus to take a broad view of things and follow clearly the path of advancement with no distraction from irrelevant details.

And yet Colonel Pope is absolutely in touch with everything going on at the works, down to even the smallest detail. Every day he receives an elaborate report from the factories which is nothing less than a perpetual inventory of

the stock on hand, the wheels that have been sold, etc., and as this report runs from noon to noon, he may be compared in reading it to the captain of a vessel taking his daily observations. On the days of his visits

WASHING UP.



CHEF OF THE LUNCH ROOM

A. Pope, and the men in his employ, tour of the works and observing things for finds it a positive advantage to manage the He might be called the president of a great

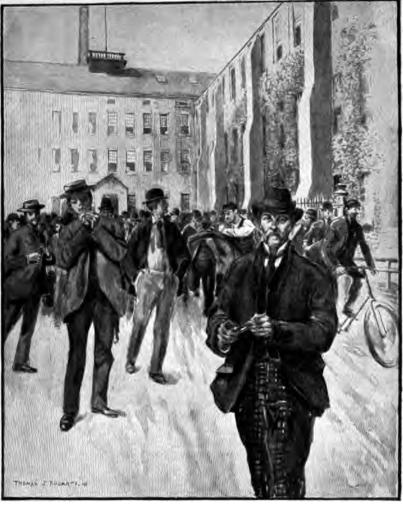
> bicvcle university where faculty meetings are held once a week, and it is literally true that his spirit pervades and dominates the entire institution.

COMFORT OF THE WORKMEN.

In the course of frequent journeyings through the factories I have been struck by the care shown for the comfort and well-being of the workmen. Take the noon hour, for instance. three minutes before twelve the automatic signal clock in the timekeeper's office sets electric bells ringing in all

to the factory he is occupied from seven the shops, and forthwith the workmen in the morning until eleven at night in in the tube mill, the rubber mill, the consultations with the heads of the depart- motor carriage department, and the main ments, who come to him in succession with factory leave their lathes and presses, their portfolios ready; in talking with the their forges and furnaces, and with one travelling salesmen and managers of accord troop down to the basements of branch houses, to whom he delivers regular the several buildings, where every man lectures in the lecture-room; in making a has a spacious locker to himself, with best facilities for cleaning up. Up and down the rows of lockers run troughs through which warm water is kept flowing, this to serve for the first rinsing, while, in addition, each locker has its individual faucet with clean water for the final washing. Thus there is no delay, no waiting in turn, no crowding or confusing, and within three minutes some thousands of men are ready for their midday meal.

> Some of the workmen prefer to go home for the luncheon hour, and when the big doors open at the stroke of twelve a double line of them are seen going up and down the road, mounted on bicycles taken from the bicycle stable, where each man who wishes has his own stall for his own wheel. Others remain at the works, either bringing their own lunches or buying them at the lunch coun-



WORKMEN COMING FROM THE FACTORY.

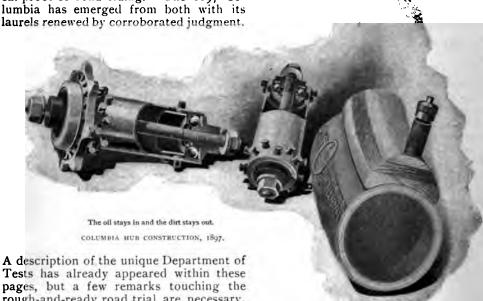
ter provided by the company. This lunch counter is one of the unique features of the factory. Everything here is of the best quality and sold at cost price. Two large mugs of coffee cost five cents, a bowl of crackers and milk costs five cents, a quarter of a real home-made pie costs five cents, and a large bowl of soup or stew costs five The men get oranges at the rate of four for five cents, bananas at fifteen or twenty cents a dozen, and other things at prices which are proportionately reasonable. Everything is done methodically; on Mondays the men get tomato soup, on Tuesdays chicken broth, on Wednesdays oyster stew, on Thursdays beef broth, on variations according to the season.

spend the rest of the hour in recreation, and with pipes lighted, settle down in the big lunch room to the gossip of the factory and their favorite games of cards. There are workmen here who could play whist with college professors and hold their own. For those who do not care to smoke or play cards another large room is furnished opening out of the lunch room, where are shelves filled with books and the latest daily and weekly papers. On long tables are the monthly magazines, and, altogether, those who enjoy reading find here nearly all that they desire.

Looking about the lunch room one finds various evidences of the spirit of content-Fridays clam chowder, and on Saturdays ment and good-fellowship that reigns in veal stew. This is the general order, with these factories. Here is an announcement on the wall of a workmen's dance to take Their hunger satisfied, the workmen place in the new building, with music by ism, the driving-gear, the hubs and ball D-shape is effected intermediately.

Trial by experiment includes the most costly scientific tests and the most practical proof of road riding. The 1897 Columbia has emerged from both with its

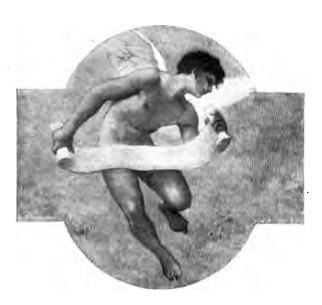
In conclusion it is only necessary to bearings, and the rear forks, all of which remember that every factor, whether of a have now attained the highest degree of material or mental nature, which appears scientific precision and convenient equip- likely to aid effectively the continual ment. The famous Columbia crank shaft approach which the Columbia bicycle is is improved by a reversal of the interlock- making towards its ideal of mechanical ing arrangement; the sprocket wheels are perfection, is welcomed and tested, but made detachable, to allow of a change of adopted only after exhaustive and thorough gear; the ball cases are hardened, and pos- trial; it is only necessary to remember this sess removable retaining caps; all oil holes truth and the great expense incident to its are banished from the running gear; the maintenance, to allow of some obvious detubing in the lower rear forks varies uni-ductions. It is plain that such conditions formly in adequate circumference, and a as bring about the leadership of the Pope



Hartford Single Tube tire.

A description of the unique Department of Tests has already appeared within these pages, but a few remarks touching the rough-and-ready road trial are necessary. Fifteen of the new models were delivered No other tire will wear as long, no other tire repairs as easily, as the on August 3d last to men chosen from among the factory hands who were known to be merely average riders. They were Manufacturing Company and the assured ordered to ride the models over hills and supremacy of the Columbia bicycle cannot dales, rough roads and smooth, rain or result in a reduction of prices. The ratio shine, one hundred miles a day, and to re- is not inverse—that would be absurd. It port every day. This they did with zest is not even corresponding—that would be and enthusiasm. The wheels were ridden fair. For the notably improved Colummore than 100,000 miles during three con- bia bicycle of 1897 the price is just the secutive months, without the breaking of same as before-Models 45 and 46, \$100 a single part. The proof of the bicycle is to all alike; tandem Models 47 and 48, in the riding. No more rigorously prac- \$150. These four models are the bicycle tical test could have been devised, and exemplars in the world of business, none could have proved more satisfactory. health, and recreation.

Note.—While this series of articles is prepared under the direction of the editor of this magazine, and with exactly the same literary and artistic care as articles for the body of the magazine, the cost, it should be stated, is borne by the Pope Manufacturing Company.—Editor.



DECORATIVE PANEL FROM A PAINTING BY ELIE DELACNAY.

Delaunay's work was considered in a paper by Mr. Low in McClure's Magazine for September, 1896. Panels in the Grand Opera and a great painting in the Panthéon, Paris, attest his power as a decorator. (See page 472.)



"HAVE I NOT LOVED THEE EVEN UNTO DEATH?"

(See opposite page.)

McClure's Magazine.

VIII.

APRIL, 1897.

No. 6.

"SON, THOU MUST LOVE ME!"

By PAUL VERLAINE.

Translated from the French by Gertrude Hall.

- "Son, thou must love me! See—" my Saviour said,
 "My heart that glows and bleeds, my wounded side,
 My hurt feet that the Magdalene, wet-eyed,
 Clasps kneeling, and my tortured arms outspread
- "To bear thy sins. Look on the cross, stained red!

 The nails, the sponge, that, all, thy soul shall guide

 To love on earth where flesh thrones in its pride,

 My Body and Blood alone, thy Wine and Bread.
- "Have I not loved thee even unto death, O brother mine, son in the Holy Ghost? Have I not suffered, as was writ I must,
- "And with thine agony sobbed out my breath? Hath not thy nightly sweat bedewed my brow, O lamentable friend that seek'st me now?"

'oems of Paul Verlaine, ted by Gertrude Hall. nission of Stone & Kimball, ers, New York.

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.—THE NEW INTEREST IN DECORATIVE ART .- RECENT EXAMPLES IN THE UNITED STATES .- THREE GREAT MOD ERN DECORATORS.—PAUL BAUDRY, PUVIS DE CHAVANNES, AND PIERRE VICTOR GALLAND.

BY WILL H. LOW.



INITIAL ADAPTED FROM A DRAWING BY LOUIS LELOIR.

century of

a reassertion of the principle established while the attention of their compeers has when art was young, that the chief function been virtually monopolized in the effort to of a work of art is to beautify, to decorate, attain a standard of truth to nature. Bethe space within which it is produced, and, fore considering the works of Baudry, by extension, the space surrounding it. Puvis de Chavannes, and Galland, it may Among the various art "movements" which be well briefly to explain the purposes of have arisen within the United States since decorative painting in contradistinction to we have thought upon the subject of art, the detached easel picture. none has had a wider significance or has held more promise of lasting achievement than every picture was decorative, inasmuch as the present interest in the decoration of it was either painted in or for a special our buildings, public and private. In the place. latter, for twenty years, occasional efforts sents an unrelated effort on the part of the have been made. In public buildings the painter to depict a scene or a subject inmovement is so new that the decorations dependently of such special emplacement, at the World's Columbian Exposition at is of comparatively modern growth. The Chicago may be said to have marked its little pictures which were the characterisinitial step. fraught with significance for our people, as the painters were all native to our soil. them, no doubt, the custom of holding exThe Public Library at Boston and the hibitions and of forming collections of Congressional Library at Washington were paintings grew. Of so recent a date is next in turn, the latter especially offering this custom, however, that though painting

HE ebb and flow of some of whom had, by work at Chicago the tide of art dis- and elsewhere, proved their fitness for the close in each century, task, while others made therein their first if not in each decade, effort at decorative work. The panels in certain tendencies— the Court of Over and Terminer in New land-marks upon the York, due to the initiative of the Municisands of time— pal Art League, and a number of decoraand as regularly tions in our newer hotels, enlarge the list. blot them out. At present public interest is aroused, and The surface it is not optimistic to foresee a time near over which the at hand when no building of architectural waves of tem- pretensions will be erected without calling porary forget- on the decorative artist to add to and comfulness roll re- plete the work by painting or sculpture mains the same, which will not only beautify the edifice, however; and but serve to accentuate the purpose for after nearly a which it is designed.

The time is propitious, therefore, to strenuous real- consider, with too much brevity unfortuism and the nately, the work of three men who typiproduction of cally represent the best of modern decoramultitudinous canvases from which the tive art, and by whose efforts largely the decorative element was banished, there is spirit of decoration has been kept alive,

In the practice of the earliest painters The easel picture, which repre-This work was above all tic productions of the Holland painters opportunities to a number of our best men, was practised in Egypt, and the houses of



THE ABDUCTION OF PSYCHE. FROM A CEILING PAINTING BY PAUL BAUDRY, IN THE PALACE OF CHANTILLY.

This is one of the latest and best of Baudry's works, but from its size and subtlety of color difficult to reproduce adequately in black and white. It and the three pictures immediately following are reproduced by the special permission of Braun, Clement & Co., New York.

tion of paintings dates from the middle of the lines or the masses designed by the the last century. The desire to beautify architect to give grace, solidity, or imone's surroundings, which led the cave- pressiveness to his construction. dweller to decorate his bone implements, which was true of the greater was equally gave painting its first and its most legiti- applicable to the lesser; for the early mate impulse. With the practice of the painters were not always occupied with art, principles were established. It was cathedral vaults or palace ceilings. Their seen that a painting on a wall surface work was constantly demanded for the must have a relation to its environment, a decoration of all manner of articles of certain architectural fitness. It was obvi- daily use; everything which offered a surous that the representation of great dis- face for the artist's handicraft was decotances between intervening objects in the rated, as we are happily commencing anew picture would make, as it were, a hole in to decorate to-day. The character of the wall which the architect desired to work as regarded its tone or color was have retain its character as a partial sup- again subject to the degree of light in port to the ceiling. The lines and the which it was to be viewed. masses of a decorative composition must

Pompeii were decorated, the first exhibi- also be so studied as not to conflict with

These are all limitations, it is true, but



THE MUSIC OF GERMANY. FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL BAUDRY IN THE FOVER OF THE GRAND OPERA, PARIS, One of a series of oval panels wherein Baudry has symbolized the music of different nations.

grown in meaning, and within them the easel picture, which, poor slave in the painter has before him the whole vast field market, awaits the chance purchaser. In of natural beauty and human emotion, decorative work the qualities of mind and When opportunity comes to him, it is with character find full scope, and from a great a generous hand. The spaces to be filled wall space an artist can well hope to send are ample, his creations can move with ease a message to his fellow-men of coming within their limits, the suggestion of his ages that will entitle him to a place among theme is half indicated by the purpose of the workers who have made the world. the building; the disposition of his groups, the lines of his composition, are dictated by the architectural surroundings; and the work which he does will remain in the light for which it was designed. Moreover—and this to the modern artist is of the cal examples of decorative work, as we gravest import—he enters into the great have done already in other fields of art family of artists who have been men of endeavor. Other European countries have mark in the past, his work takes on a more given signs of sporadic interest in deco-

they are the limitations by which art has general character than is possible for the

" Not from a vain or shallow thought His awful Jove young Phidias brought."

We must turn to France to find our typi-



A PANEL PAINTED BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES FOR THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIEND AND CONFRERE, LEON BONNAT, PARIS.

This idyllic work is entitled "Doux Pays," a phrase which in its literal rendering (Sweet Land) scarcely conveys the pression conveyed by the painting itself, of a land where the day is always young, and life always simple and

ation, and in a more extended survey of worn by the peasants. Paul Jacques Aimée audry.

ne subject would call for consideration; Baudry was born November 7, 1828, at ut no country save France has produced Roche-sur-Yon, in the province of La decorative painter of the rank of Paul Vendée. From earliest childhood he was his father's companion in the woods where Like so many of her greatest men, the he plied his trade, and in deference to his ainter was of peasant stock: his father parent's love for music was at first destined as a maker of wooden shoes, the sabots to become a violinist. A born painter,



WINTER. DECORATIVE PANEL BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES IN THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS,

The painting is especially interesting for the use made in it of the landscape as a decorative feature.







THE INPANCY OF SAINT GENEVIÈVE. FROM A PAINTING BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES ON THE WALLS OF THE PANTHÉON, PARIS.

The subject represents a bishop of the early church, who, on his way to England and Ireland to convert the savage inhabitants of those countries, is struck by the plety and innocence of the little girl who in later life was known as Saint Generière and became the patron saint of Paris. The landscape represents the environs of Paris, with Mont-Valérien in the distance. The plous Gauls, profiting by the presence of the missionary, seek his blessing, bring their sick to be cured, and gather around the bishop and the child. In the foreground mariners prepare a bark to carry the missionary to England. Something of the contrast between this and the Laurens opposite is lost here, inasmuch as the reproduction fails to convey a sense of the extreme lightness of the Puvis de Chavannes.







This noble and dignified picture gives the closing scene in the life of the patron saint of Paris, whose childhood furnishes the subject for Puvis de Chavannes's equally impressive and more strictly decorative composition shown on the opposite page. THE DRATH OF SAINT GENEVIRVE. FROM A PAINTING BY JRAN PAUL LAURENS ON THE WALLS OF THE FANTHÉON, FARIS.

became the ough of Drolling, and though of the Opera. his the allowance was later somewhat He had the determination to occupy one they are this, undoubtedly, town, he stopped before a statue crected courage sustained him through two successof the Opera. sive failures to obtain the Prix de Rome, of his letters, and nothing speaks more phael. studies.

mission of modern times, comprising thirtyhundred square metres. This commission, given in 1865, was for the fover of the Paris Grand Opera, and before that time, and since his return from Rome in 1857, Bandry had become celebrated as a painter executed a number of minor decorations.

part of Michael Angelo's trescos in the panels portraying the life of Joan of Arc.

nomever, he was but thirteen years old histine Chare. The year 1968 found him when he was placed with the only artist of in Exhibit, copying the cartoons of Rathe the toy's one hartons, who, a mason phase at Hampton Court, still bent on by trade, had revertheless, from his love preparation for his great work. In 1870 of art, succeeded in studying for a couple, he was again in Italy, but the war with of years in Paris. After two years the Germany called him home, and it was not p.d. and to far outstripped the master that contil its close, and after serving in the army on hartory's recommendation the munici- during the conflict, that he began the final palled include, of his native town gave Baudry, work for the Opera, which occupied him an allowance of one hundred and twenty until 1874. The entire series was then exdo, are a year in order that he might pursue hibited in the École des Beaux Arts behis studies in Paris. Here, in 1844, he fore being placed in position in the foyer

If I only consulted my recollection of a igniented by the departmental author- this series at that time I would be tempted then, he inved a life of hardship, supported to consider them the crowning achieveby the fervor of h. ambition and industry, ment of Baudry's life. And to a degree Frequent of the place, of honor which are freely study of the complete decoration in place, accorded to great painters in France, and however, and the after development of the later in life in one of his letters he recalls painter would incline me to give this work that, on the night when he left his native my warmest admiration without the added grace of the respect, coupled with admirain honor of one of his townsmen and tion, due to a painter who has added a new made a childrsh yow that he in his turn and more personal quality to that of the would reflect honor on his birthplace. His complete mastery shown in the decoration

Baudry had been, up to this time, a most which was won at the third trial in 1850, admirable student, had accepted the tenets In the life of Baudry written by Charles of the Academy, and, with the classic influ-Ephrussi and published (in French) by Lu- ence of Rome, had so profited by them as dovic Baschet, Paris, 1887, are given many to have become a nineteenth century Ra-The characterization is only clearly of the distinguished intelligence of chronologically correct, however, for of Bandry than the charm of his writing and the nineteenth century but little had apthe extent of his culture, which is sur- peared in his work. I am here only conprising considering the fact that from the sidering him as a decorative painter, and age of thirteen he had no other education must perforce leave out of consideration than that acquired in the leisure of his art his portraits and pictures, which would not however (save that his portraits To follow Bandry through his career were admirably characteristic and consestep by step is denied me here, but from quently contemporaneous in all except the first, in Rome, he was gradually form- method of painting) change the limitation. ing the basis of a style which availed him. From the time, however, when he left when, long after his return to Paris, he was the lofts in the Opera House, where he given the most important decorative com- had lived in the company of his great canvases for over four years, he was changed. three separate panels, including three large. He had served his apprenticeship, and from ceiling panels, a painted surface of five that time dared be himself. Surely no man had ever done so brilliant, so noble a 'prentice task, but from its inception he had been under the yoke of the ancients, and now he took his place beside them.

Unfortunately, no work of like magniof portraits, of figure pictures, and had tude came his way during the rest of his life, and the evidence in support of my view Before commencing the Opera decora- can only be found in detached fragments. tions, Bandry returned to Rome, in 1864, though even these fragmentary works are and there made a series of full-sized cop- of considerable scope. He was given a ies of the prophets, colossal figures forming commission for the Panthéon, a series of



ABELARD TEACHING. A DECORATIVE PANEL BY FRANÇOIS FLAMENG IN THE NEW SORBONNE, PARIS.

An example of the current decorative work of modern France, where, thanks to the solid training of the schools, a painter well known from his charming genre subjects, but not especially gifted as a decorator, approaches his task with intelligence and capacity. The reconstitution of ancient Paris, with Notre Dame in course of construction in the background, and the depiction of the mediæval type of scholar, add interest to the composition.

bankrupt in health and in pocket, and the illness, on the 17th of January, 1886. man who had passed eight years in the York, being produced in 1881 and 1882.

exhibition held after his death in 1886, at was the signal for a hot discussion. Many painted in 1857 and the last shortly before Charles Martel I had "broken lances" charming picture, full of grace and senti- and said: "Many lances were broken betion of the truth of out-of-door effect, could of being the chief target for the critics' only have been painted in this century- arrows. and by Baudry. One of his later works, in 1884, was "The Abduction of Psyche, greatest quality and which in no manner complete.

which from the slight sketches which he rare in art, and though the painter's inhad made before his death would have domitable energy and superb technical been a larger page of the same character equipment enabled him to acquire these as "The Abduction of Psyche," here reproduced, and the "Vision of St. Hubert," were acquisitions, and he was at his best and would have formed a worthy pendant —as lesser men may be—when he was for the noble St. Geneviève of Puvis de himself. With many years of work appar-Chavannes in the same building. But the ently before him, which in his case meant close of the Opera work had found him further development, he died, after a short

Pierre-Cécile Puvis de Chavannes, standpreparation and production of this colossal ing in as high a place as Baudry, forms a work had been so poorly paid (\$28,000) complete contrast and gives new proof of that we find him borrowing five hundred the manifold manifestations of the art infrancs from his friend, Charles Garnier, stinct. The contrast of his work is carried the architect of the Opera, in order to fol- out by the circumstances of his life. Born low his physician's orders and go to at Lyons on December 14, 1824, of a fam-Egypt. He had many charges. He had ily in easy circumstances, he was thirtycared for the education of his brothers and five years of age before he exhibited his sisters (of whom he had eleven!), and for first picture at the Salon in 1859. This years Paris had besieged his doors with does not appear to have been decorative commissions for portraits and easel pic- in character, but in 1861 he commenced a tures. A number of these occupied the series of decorations for the museum at next few years, though not to the exclu- Amiens which were finished five years later. sion of decorative work; the "Glorification A large picture of a semi-decorative style of the Law," for the ceiling of the Court of was the first of his works of which I had Cassation, and ceilings for Mr. W. K. and personal knowledge. It was exhibited in Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's houses in New the Salon of 1873, and it was not strongly marked with the characteristics which we Through all this work, the portraits not have come to regard as the distinctive excepted, the new Baudry appears. His marks of the master. The following year, color takes on a crystalline clearness; the 1874, he exhibited the "Victory of Charles sense of light and air, those essentially Martel over the Saracens," now in the nineteenth century conquests, predomi- City Hall of Poitiers, a panel marked by nates. A charming composition represent- all the simplicity of drawing and delicacy ing Diana driving away a too inquisitive of tone of his later work, but withal so cupid, appears to have been used by the little understood by the critics and public painter as a test of his progress. In the that to avow an appreciation of its merits the Ecole des Beaux Arts, there were, if years later, in 1892, I was so fortunate as my memory serves me, no less than five to know the great painter slightly, and on replicas of this subject, repeating sub- my explaining that my admiration for his stantially the same composition, the first work dated back to the time when with The earliest in date was a for victory with the unbelievers, he laughed ment, which might, however, have been fore my works received the slightest compainted by an Italian of the Renaissance mendation, and for many years with each period. But the last, in its frank recogni- successive Salon I enjoyed the distinction

In 1876-77, however, Paris saw, for the first time, one of his works in place, the executed for the palace of the Duc d'Au- series representing the infancy of St. Gemale at Chantilly, and it is one of his best. neviève in the Panthéon, and then, to the It has the charm which was Baudry's credit of Paris be it said, the triumph was The reproduction in these takes away from his power. Charm to the pages will, to a degree, enable the reader degree here typified stands on the plane of to appreciate the distinctly mural character qualities dignified by graver names, but no of the work. The panels are placed on the more difficult of achievement and no less wall of the nave of the Panthéon, in a vast



THE MAKERS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. FROM THE ORIGINAL CARTOON BY PIERRE VICTOR GALLAND. One of the panels in the corridor of the Hôtel de Ville (City Hall) of Paris, depicting the industries of the city.

unrelieved by ornament of any description. ciliating academic standards, his drawing They are separated from the wall only by is that of the careful student, correct but a painted border of conventionalized laurel more interesting from the glimmer of perleaves, and are intersected by huge half sonality which transpires: a correctness columns projecting from the walls. In the devoid of freedom. In his later work the midst of the vast gray structure the panels whole impression is to him of so much more fit admirably.

wealth of acquired knowledge of light and tion. heritance from these masters, and the curbe called the voids and the solids.

interior of light yellowish-gray stone almost where he was apparently solicitous of conimportance than any part that we find While Baudry's decorations were configures of great nobility of aspect, of essenceived in the spirit of the later Italian tially characteristic silhouette, deficient Renaissance, which, anxious to display a in details of form or of faulty construc-It can only be said that we must shade and perspective, frequently over- take his work as a whole to much the same stepped the limits of mural treatment, Pu- degree as we do that of Millet, with whom vis de Chavannes's work traces its descent he has certain resemblances. For the rest, from the primitive masters of Tuscany, he is wholly admirable. No decorator of who, happily inspired, never violated these any time has had a more instinctive sense in laws. Much has been written of Puvis's in- composition of what in architecture would rent in the sea of art which bears his bark disposition in his case of masses of figures undoubtedly flows from that direction. or of objects relieved by spaces void of But the current has borne the later artist accent is uniformly happy and of great to fair and strange lands which he has variety. He succeeds as no other decorator made his own. This is no timid navigator has done in giving an impression of vast of the fourteenth century, but a hardy space and distance by a scheme of attenumariner of our own day, fully equipped ated light and shade, never approaching with the knowledge of our time. His use the brightest light or the deepest shadow, of landscape alone proclaims him a fol- but conveying the sense of the diffused light lower of Corot rather than of Benozzo of day in a manner which the most rabid Gozzoli. Great draughtsman of the human plein-airist might envy, without disturbing figure in the complete sense that Baudry the surface of the wall on which his tranwas he is not, and in the earlier works, quil vision bathed in delicate color rests.

We are fortunate in possessing in the scheme of decoration of purely orna-Boston Public Library one of Puvis de mental character as of covering success-Chavannes's works, in a position accessible fully great wall spaces in which the human to the general public, and if my reader figure played the chief part. will approach this work with a realizing French parents at Geneva, in Switzerland, sense of the purpose of a wail painting, July 15, 1822, he died in Paris on the untrammeled by a prejudice in favor of morning of December 1, 1892, having painting which seeks to impress by a wax- passed away in his sleep. Within the time work fidelity to reality, he will appreciate comprised within these two dates he had the merits of a work nobly conceived, sim- accomplished a vast amount of work, too

the work of Pavis de Chavannes, is a are all indebted to him for decorative similar decoration by another great painter, work. With a sincere love for decoration Jean Paul Laurens. It is perhaps his cap- in all its branches, he gave the same attenital work, and, like that of Puvis, is con- tion to ornament as to the figure, and by a ceived and carried out in a masterly fash- course of study under Labrouste in the ion. The contrast is forcible, and to the school of architecture in the École des detriment of Laurens, who has remained Beaux Arts he had mastered the princithe painter of realistic tendencies which ples of the "mother of arts" to such a a long line of pictures has proclaimed him degree that he was constantly called upon to be. Here the gamut of color and light to do work of a purely ornamental characand shade is carried from the top to the ter in conjunction with architects. bottom of the scale, with the result that we series of beautiful borders which surround look from the pale walls of the building the pictured decorations of the Panthéon into a cave where a scene of real life is were designed by him, and the corridors of being enacted, which we follow in the obscurity and find interesting as a picture but not as a decoration. In intensity of significance it loses even in comparison with the decoration of Puvis, which is clear as to its meaning at the first glance, while the very success of Laurens in giving the impression of a crowded room leads sustaining the Museum of Decorative Art the eye by an infinity of details away from the dominant actor in the scene.

Curiously enough, the same impression tive painters. training as a scene painter and as an archilins. as capable of conceiving and executing a rator to come.

ply executed, and absolutely decorative in great to even enregister here. Paris, character. London, St. Petersburg, and New York In the Panthéon, in close proximity to (in the house of the late W. H. Vanderbilt) the new Hôtel de Ville of Paris have, from his hand, a most beautiful series of interlacing ornaments, in the midst of which are designs representing the trades of the city, while circular medallions of admirably designed nude figures represent the sciences.

Galland was influential in founding and in Paris, and conducted in the École des Beaux Arts a school for training decora-He made also numerous is given by the work of a trained decorator designs for tapestry which were carried out within the same walls. Galland, who, by at the governmental works of the Gobe-In all he was, perhaps, the best tect and as a most thorough student and trained decorator that the world has designer of ornament, had fitted himself as seen, for no man of ancient or modern an all-round decorator, failed when called times has possessed so complete an educaupon to rival Puvis de Chavannes on the tion in all the branches of the art, as walls of the Panthéon. His decoration, a among the ancients the means for its acscene from the life of St. Denis, is crowded quirement were not so thoroughly estaband unintelligible, filled with charming lished as in modern times, and among the figures, taken singly, but so confused that moderns none other has possessed the the quality of a decoration, which should courage or the capacity to be equally verarrest and instantly satisfy the beholder, is satile. That this very quality may not be lost. Fortunately, this is a single instance answerable for the lack of the personal of failure on the part of a man who counted note which prevented him from leaving a many successes. His place is a minor one, masterpiece comparable to the foyer of for with all the store of decorative knowl- the Opera by Baudry or the greatest work edge which he possessed, his personality as by Puvis de Chavannes, is a question. His an artist was less than that of Baudry or qualities, however, are those which it beof Puvis de Chavannes. He was, however, hooves the student to acquire, and his exmore thoroughly trained for the work of a ample is to be commended at a time when decorator than either of these, and was our walls are being prepared for the deco-



"I MADE HER OUT TO BE A SMART-LOOKING AND BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED CRAFT."

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE "EMILY BRAND" BRIGANTINE.

By Andrew Hussey Allen.

HARDLY suppose that any one will beboth of which sources of verification are, at five o'clock, and by eight the following I have no doubt, accessible to the reader.

I have myself seen the despatches of our The "Nomad" was a schooner of 230 consul at Gibraltar and can vouch for tons, staunchly built for ocean cruising, their substantial correctness.

month earlier a tardy and restless con- cook, and Jack Drayton's servant, she valescent, when, on the morning of Novem- carried a crew of seventeen men. Her ber 20th, I found among my letters at owner was himself an able seaman, and his breakfast one from my old friend Jack yacht was his home. He and I were such Drayton, dated two days earlier "On board old friends and had lived together for so the 'Nomad,' Marseilles Harbor," and many years that we not only did not fear begging me to go for a cruise to the Azores tiring of each other, but were reasonably with him. His fellow-voyagers, he wrote, sure of very good company. On this occahad deserted him at Malta to go crusading sion, however, we had a companion in to Jerusalem with some friends they had Roy, a thoroughbred English mastiff that met there, and he urged me to go on this Drayton, who was very fond of animals, cruise with him as well on account of my had taken to sea with him for the two prehealth as on his account.

I called on my doctor, who agreed with lieve this story. Indeed I would hesi- Drayton that the voyage would set me tate to tell it were it not that its principal squarely on my feet again, and as I knew events are to be found recorded in the cor- of nothing that I would like better, I derespondence of the Department of State, cided to go. I packed my trunks, took at Washington, and in the official reports the early train for Marseilles, and boarded of the Vice-Admiralty Court at Gibraltar, the yacht on the afternoon of the next day

and luxuriously equipped and furnished. I was at Nice, where I had been sent a Besides the captain, two mates, steward, ceding years. I never had appreciated tail.

pect, and soon after nine o'clock we sighted that time in need of any repairs. a sail about three points off the port bow and beautifully modelled craft, and after a casks. few minutes I read the name in gilt letters on her quarter as "Emily Brand." impressed me with a sense of deathlike high, and well lighted, with four statestillness, desolation, and mystery, and I rooms opening from it—two forward and could see that her wheel was loose, and two aft. On either side, along the bunks, that there was no one on her deck. The were broad, thick hair cushions of crimslight breeze that still prevailed was from son stuff. In the center the table with the north, and the brigantine was on the leaves was stationary, while in the space starboard tack, while the yacht, as she had between the staterooms forward was a harbeen for several days, was on the port monium, open; and aft, in the correspondtack.

after a short survey, told Captain Parker monium lay several music books and loose to hail. The captain, as we neared her, sheets of music, and on the sewing-machine called repeatedly in stentorian tones, but we found a pattern in muslin, evidently a no answer came, and no sign of life ap- child's garment in process of making, bepeared on board the strange vessel. Fi- sides a small phial of machine oil, a spool nally, when within three hundred yards of cotton, and a thimble, all three in a her, we shortened sail, had a boat lowered perpendicular position: a fact which away, and Drayton and I, with the first afforded additional proof that the vessel mate of the "Nomad" and two seamen, could not have encountered any stress of rowed alongside. Slowly drifting to lee- weather-not even enough, indeed, to upward, she was barely moving, and Jamie- set these lightly balanced articles. son, the mate, clambered aboard by the

before this cruise how much of a compan- forward, while Drayton and I, crossing ion a dog could be. Roy quite won my the deck to the companionway, which we heart. Unprejudiced by my affection for found open, entered the cabin. It was him, I think he was the noblest animal I empty. The men forward likewise findhave ever known. Stately, high-bred, in- ing no one, we all five searched the vessel telligent, and lovable, he was "a gentle-man and a scholar" from the jet of his was not a living being besides ourselves handsome muzzle to the tip of his tawny on board. She had evidently been deserted. But why? She was seemingly We ran down the Mediterranean to the perfectly sound, and we failed to discover Straits with a fair, fast wind, feeling, as we the least apparent cause for her abandonpassed the fortress, that we were well ment. Her hold was exceptionally dry. started on our voyage. But outside, on there not being as much bilge in it as the ocean, Æolus became capricious, as is would fill a hogshead. Her cargo consisted his wont, and bestowed his favors else- of casks marked as containing alcohol, all where. From that time on, until the lifth of which were stowed in good order and of December, we loitered sadly and un-condition except one, which had been eventfully, with light northerly winds. On started. The exterior of the hull above the morning of that day, however, the the water line did not exhibit the slightest breeze freshened somewhat, the smooth trace of damage, nor was there the least surface of the sea began to glitter with evidence on the interior that the vessel little ripples, our spirits rose with the pros- had been repaired in any way or was at

Among the seamen's effects were found —the only thing in sight on the broad ex- a number of articles of not inconsiderable panse of blue, shining ocean. By noon value going to show that the men were we had approached the stranger near comparatively well-to-do and apparently in enough to see that she was a brigantine a great measure free from the too common under short sail, and in a little while we prodigality of their class. We also found were within hailing distance. Taking the that the vessel was amply provisioned and glass, I made her out to be a smart-looking that she had plenty of good water in her

Of her cabin I must say that I had no idea there was a merchantman afloat so Except her jib and a staysail, she had not comfortably and attractively equipped in a stitch of canvas set. As I looked she this respect. The apartment was large, ing space, stood a sewing-machine, also I handed the glass to Drayton, who, uncovered. On a chair beside the har-

In the forward port stateroom, under gear of the bowsprit. He threw us a line, the berth, we found an open box containand, making the boat fast, we quickly ing panes of glass packed in hay and followed him. He and the two men went unbroken. Hanging on the partition

opposite the berth, in the starboard statebe stained with what seemed to me to along we discovered marks on the main remaining articles of furniture in the cabin were two large easy-chairs upholstered in leather, and several smaller, lighter chairs. The carpet was a heavy Brussels, and the pervaded no less by an air of quiet order than of mystery. It was clear that it had been occupied in part by a woman and be the wife and child of the captain.

Our charts showed that we had boarded room forward, we found a cutlass of some- the derelict in latitude 38° 20' north, longiwhat ancient pattern, which, on extract- tude 17° 15' west. In its proper place we ing it from its scabbard, I discovered to found her log-book, but her chronometer; manifest, and bills of lading were missing. be blood. I called Drayton's attention to The log showed that the last day's work of this, and, after examining it, he agreed the vessel had been on the twenty-fourth of with me and concluded that we had per- November, sea time, when the weather had haps found a clue to the mystery. Later allowed an observation to be taken that placed her in latitude 36° 56' north, longirail, apparently of blood, but by that time tude 27° 20' west. The entries on her slate we had been forced to give up the idea log were, however, carried down to eight that there had been any violence on board o'clock of the morning of the twenty-fifth, the vessel, by the perfect order in which at which hour she had passed from west to we had found everything on board. The east to the north of the island of St. Mary's (Azores), the eastern point of which then bore south-southwest, six miles distant. The distance in longitude from the island of St. Mary's to the point at which we fell wood work was painted a pale, soft gray, in with the "Emily Brand" is 7° 54'; the with bluish trimmings. All the brass corrected distance of the latitude from the mountings and the lamps were bright and position last indicated in the log is 1° 18' shining, and, in fact, the apartment was north; and the brigantine had apparently held on her course for ten days after the twenty-fifth of November, the wheel being loose all the time. But during the period child, and these we naturally supposed to from the twenty-fifth of November to the fifth of December the wind had been more



"I DISTINCTLY SAW A MAN STEP FROM THE RAIL AT THE PORT QUARTER."

or less from the north continuously, and it entry made in the log.

when occasion required, at once set about making his arrangements to work our prize to have Parker select five men from the crew, one to be in authority as sailing master, and send them aboard the brigan- are you out of your mind? How could tine prepared to take up their quarters. Meanwhile he returned to the cabin to look over the log-book again, and some papers we had found in the captain's room, and I went forward to poke about in the seamen's quarters, which were to be occupied by the "Nomad's" men.

Fifteen minutes later, standing by the foremast facing aft, I struck a match to doing so, I distinctly saw a man step from them." across the deck, and disappear in the companionway. At the moment I caught but the briefest glimpse of his face and figure: but they were not to be forgotten. He sea, for he was dripping wet and hatless, and his light hair was matted or glued about his head and face by the water, while his clothes clung to his body and limbs, and man who has been drowned, and the fered an optical illusion. former, without a vestige of color, was aft and entered the cabin. There alone, with his feet on a chair before him and the log-book on his knees, was Drayton, quite calm, and half-facing the companionway. I looked around, saw no one else (all the stateroom doors were wide open), and exclaimed in amazement, "Where is he?"

"Where is who?" drawled Drayton.

"The fellow," I replied, "who just appeared to us impossible that the derelict came in here. Wake up, Jack! I saw the could have covered within that time a dis- man come in here this moment. He is tance of 7° 54' east, at any rate on the here somewhere," I added, searching from starboard tack. The obvious inference room to room in vain, and trying to open was, therefore, that she had not been a door in the forward starboard stateroom, abandoned until several days after the last leading, as I supposed, into the betweendecks space. The door was fast, and Drayton, who was nothing if not practical bolted on my side of it.* No one had gone through there.

I turned back to the cabin, where my to Gibraltar. He despatched the mate and companion stood gazing at me curiously. the two men back to the yacht with orders He stepped towards me, looked at me very

closely, and then said sharply:

"What's the matter with you, old man; any one have come in here without my seeing him?"

I described the man, and added that I could swear I had seen him enter the cabin

three seconds before me.

Finally, somewhat impressed by my positiveness, Drayton, in spite of himself, went on deck, I following, and hailing the yacht, he called out: "Let the men, when light my cigar. As I raised my eyes from the boat comes over, bring the dog with And then, to me, "If there is the rail at the port quarter, move quickly any one on board here Roy will find him though we can't.'

As we turned back to the cabin I noticed that that part of the deck over which I had seen the stranger pass, dripping with seemed to have clambered aboard from the water, five minutes before, was perfectly dry, as were also the brass plates on the companion-ladder down which I had seen him disappear. This discovery bothered me not a little, as may be readily imagined. glistened and dripped in the sunlight. His Still I remained firm in my conviction that figure was gigantic. His face and trunk I had actually seen the man, and had not, were bloated or distended, like those of a as Drayton evidently believed, simply suf-

I paced the deck until the yacht's boat ghastly horrible and expressionless, even arrived with the men and Roy. When to the eyes, beyond the possibility of de- they had boarded the brigantine Drayton scription. I was naturally startled and came on deck again, and we made another shocked by the suddenness of his appear- thorough search of her with the dog runance and his extraordinary condition; but ning on ahead and with the aid of two not so much so that I failed to shout bull's-eye lanterns that the men had "Hallo there!" as I got sight of him, brought over. This second search was as He neither answered nor hesitated; he did fruitless of result as the first. By the not even look towards me, but, almost as time we had finished it was after five I uttered the words, disappeared, as I have o'clock, and we were at the point of resaid, down the companionway. I hurried turning to the yacht, to prepare for dinner, when we decided that it would be best to

*We afterwards opened this door and discovered that it led into the between-decks space, where we found amidships, adjoining the cabin, the ship's store-room, which we had entered and examined during our original search of the vessel. On either side of this store-room were arranged a number of casks of alcohol, which composed the cargo. There was nothing else to be found, and no possible corner where any one could have been concealed. Our original entrance to this part of the brigantine had been through the main hatch, from the deck above.

lock the cabin. We entered it for that this was the case. I had not, of course, purpose, and after having secured the had time to reason with myself as to the doors of the staterooms, and closed the logic of the conclusion, but it was the only ports, we turned to leave it, Drayton pre- natural one, and certainly no other exceding me towards the deck. Half-way planation of what I had seen occurred to up the companionway it suddenly occurred me. Consideration of possible supernato me that I had left my cigar-case on tural causes or solutions was out of the the table, and I returned to get it. As question with both of us. Jack Drayton I again stepped into the apartment I saw, was as free from all superstitious fancies clearly defined, at the upper end of the as he was incapable of fear, and I may bunk on the starboard side upon the parti- claim to have been his counterpart in the tion, close by the stateroom door, the former respect. shadow in profile of the face and figure of a man. The shadow appeared to be cast by strange shadow faded out. After a vain some very tall person sitting on the bunk search of half an hour, and fruitless exto my right, forward; but there was no periments with the lights and shadows of one there, as a matter of course. I began the cabin, we locked the companionway to doubt the evidence of my senses, and and returned to the yacht to dine. stood for a moment looking about me in bewilderment. however, I approached the corner, con- tine to pass the night in her cabin. Roy vinced that the dark gray shadow was a received us on deck, and we tried again, stain upon the paint. Apparently it was but in vain, to induce him to enter the not. From the chair near the harmonium apartment with us. His refusal annoyed I took a loose sheet of music, and, holding us both. It was incomprehensible. We, it between the shadow and the light, I however, prepared ourselves for the night. looked behind it and perceived that that Drayton established himself in the forward portion of the shadow—a part of the head starboard corner on the bunk, looking aft and face-between which and the light I -the shadow's corner. I made myself had interposed the obstacle had been ob- comfortable in the port corner aft, diagoliterated. On looking at the surface of nally opposite and facing him. We thus the paper in my hand, I beheld the missing between us commanded a full view of the portion of the shadow clearly silhouetted cabin and the four staterooms, the doors Having thus satisfied myself of which we had reopened. that it was a shadow, and one cast by some roamed restlessly about the decks until a (to me) invisible and impalpable thing or little before midnight, when I heard him substance, I hardly need add that I became lie down across the entrance to the comsomewhat excited. I shouted to Dray- panionway. ton, who immediately ran back into the cabin, followed by the dog. His examina- my watch at the moment-without any tion of the phenomenon resulted exactly premonition, the three cabin lamps—one as mine had. On turning, at its conclu- over Drayton's head, one over mine, and sion, to speak to Roy, we found to our sur- one in the centre, over the table—suddenly prise that he had left us. Although we became dim. This was surprising, as we tried our best, neither by persuasion nor had carefully filled and trimmed them all command could we move him to enter the before lighting them. I got up to examine cabin again. We looked at each other that nearest me, turning my back to Draynonplussed, Drayton and I, and I am ton. As I did so I heard the peculiar willing to confess that mingled with my double click of the hammer of a pistol. feeling of triumph at having thus con- Turning again, I saw my companion, with vinced him that there were others at work his cocked revolver in hand, step to the besides ourselves aboard the mysterious floor. His face was pale and rigid, and derelict, was an uncomfortable conscious- his eyes fierce and fixed. He moved to ness that the weird annoyance was begin- the table and raised the weapon. With ning to tell on my nerves and to excite my an indescribable sensation of dread I imagination disagreeably as to what was looked in the direction of his aim, and to come next. Still I entertained not the there, not five feet from where I stood, on least doubt that we were the victims of the inside edge of one of the ports, I saw some vulgar jugglery practised upon us a large, coarse, bloated hand clinging, and for some unexplained reason by hidden behind it, outside, at the shoulder, the human agents. I was morally positive that ghastly, brutal face of the man I had seen

Slowly, as we looked upon it, the

By eight o'clock, having completed our Recovering myself, arrangements, we went back to the brigan-

At a quarter to one o'clock—I looked at

cross the deck in the afternoon. dull, lead-colored eyes seemed peering into pearance), I was somewhat relieved by the deck. cold, clear tones of Drayton's voice, as I heard him say:

"Now, my man, I have you in range. I'm a passable shot, and if you move, I shall fire. Who are you? and what deviltry are you engaged in here?"

There was no reply. After a pause,

Drayton spoke again:

"I intend to have an answer. If you don't speak up before I say three, I shall fire, anyway. We are not to be trifled with."

pause of about ten seconds, Drayton preciation of the horror of my position I counted very slowly, "one-two-three," and then followed the flash and report of to the imagination of the reader. a pistol.

Drayton, with wonderful nerve, raised the deck and call Drayton. I was startled, but weapon again; but even as he did so the I do not think that I was afraid at first. face and hand disappeared. Not instantly; Some new trick was about to be played but, as if drawn slowly back, they seemed upon us, and I wanted him to see what it to be swallowed up in the darkness with- was with me. It did not occur to me that out. As they faded away, the light in the the companion-hatch could have been

The cabin waned again; and crying to me, "Stay where you are, and keep the dog the cabin. Almost overcome by mingled with you" (the dog had bounded into the horror and disgust (I can convey no idea cabin, half involuntarily, I suppose, at the of the loathesomeness of this man's ap-report of the pistol), Drayton hurried on

> I seized Roy's collar, and, at the moment, the doors of all four staterooms, although there was not the slightest lurch of the vessel, slowly but steadily swung and silently closed, as did also the skylights, the ports, and the sliding hatch and doors of the companionway, shutting me in alone with the dog.

My recollection of what followed is perfectly clear-nay, vivid-but it is not in my power to write an adequate description of it. All I can do is to relate what oc-Still there was no reply; and after a curred as I actually saw and felt it. Apmust leave, with but an intimation of it,

On finding myself thus closed in, my first The man at the porthole did not move. undefined idea, naturally, was to reach the



"IF YOU DON'T SPEAK UP BEFORE I SAY THREE, I SHALL FIRE,"

through a wall of solid rock, and still, in after a moment, every faculty seemed to extending my hands and looking before be concentrated upon attention to what me, I felt nothing but a soft though for- was going on before me. bidding pressure, and saw nothing but the open stairway. I cannot say whether my thick-set man seated on a camp-stool besensation was one of terror or bewilder- side the berth, under a hanging lamp which ment—perhaps it was a mingling of the shed a brilliant light. With his face in his two. I called aloud with the full strength hands and his head leaning against the of my lungs, but the sound of my voice partition before him, he seemed asleep; but seemed strangely muffled, even while I I could not see that he breathed. Behind was perfectly conscious that I had full him and half turned from me, I saw one time the dog had been pressing close inal of the shadow, and who, as I looked, fearless, noble mastiff utterly abject, and cowering like any little cur.

moldy odor pervaded the apartment. In Almost at once, however, he returned, and the deepened darkness I turned to look as he came towards me into the cabin, I my horror may be said not to have reached giant I had seen cross the deck above in its acme already. Beneath the door of the afternoon-the face of the man at the starboard stateroom, forward, I saw a whose hand I believed that Drayton with brilliant line of light, and in the same unerring aim had fired in the open portplace as before, the weird shadow of the hole a little while before. He entered the afternoon, now bent over as though he apartment, and, following with my eyes who cast it there were listening at the the direction of his movements, I saw him door. With my hand still on the mastiff's extend his hand and take up from the head, and impelled by some power not my bunk, where he might have been sitting a own and stronger than my will, I moved few moments earlier, what appeared to me towards the shade. My third step placed to be a carpenter's chisel or screw-driver. me directly in front of one of the large With this he again vanished into the darkleather lounging chairs, which was so situ- ness between decks. As he did so the forated as to squarely face the dreadful ward door of the stateroom closed behind corner. Into this chair I sank not only him, and simultaneously the light within involuntarily, but seemingly by physical went out, and the lamps in the cabin were compulsion, the dog standing against it relighted, while the doors and portholes, beside me. As again I laid my hand upon skylight, and companion-hatch were, I felt, him I felt that he was rigid and strained in reopened. My hand being still upon the every muscle. As I gazed at the shadow dog, I perceived a tremor or shudder pass it slowly became upright and huge, and through his entire frame, as with a deep cast itself clearly upon the door, which sigh he instantly thereafter dashed from immediately swung open without sound. the cabin to the deck. I heard Drayton's

made fast, so I turned to the steps, the With this phenomenon an indefinable sendog accompanying me closely—too close- sation of almost intolerable pressure came ly, in fact. As I raised my foot I felt upon me. I felt as though bound with that I was unable to place it on the first iron or encased in lead. The chair seemed stair. It was as though the exit from the to hold me in a vice-like embrace. All cabin had been walled up. A second at- power of motion left me. I tried to speak. tempt was equally in vain. I endeavored I was dumb. The silence was awful. My to precipitate myself into the companion- sense of loneliness appalling. My mind, way. I might as well have tried to walk however, was most active and acute, and

Within the stateroom I saw a short, possession of my senses. During all this standing who seemed to me to be the origagainst me, trembling like a leaf, shud-raised his right arm in the air, and dealt dering. I laid my hand on his head. It the sleeping man a terrible blow at the was hot to the touch. I looked down at back of the head with a heavy marlinehim. With his ears laid back, his eyes spike, crushing the skull and killing the protruding, and his tongue hanging out, victim instantly. No blood followed the he was the picture of terror—such a pict- stroke, and, although, as I have said, the ure as I hope never to see again. A great, room was brilliantly illuminated, I saw no shadows. The murderer seized the dead man's body before it fell to the floor, and And now the cabin lamps were suddenly opening the forward door of the stateextinguished, and only a small lantern left room, which led into the between-decks burning on the table. The atmosphere space, passed out, dragging the corpse with became oppressively hot, and a musty, him, and disappeared in the darkness. behind me with an added foreboding—if again recognized the horrible face of the a splash in the silent sea.

Freed from the terrible pressure, I now arose blindly to make my own way to the that she was haunted. deck from the stifling atmosphere of the -and I remembered no more.

When I recovered consciousness I was we turned her over to the authorities. again seated in the heavy chair, the cabin dog but ten minutes at the uttermost.

leaving me he had called the forward chemical analysis by which it was proved watch and one of the men from the deck- that they were not blood stains, and this house, and searched fruitlessly for a trace fact was made an item of the report. of the man at the port-hole. As he had apeffort was made to save him, but we never aboard the mysterious vessel. saw the poor fellow again.

itself on board the brigantine—whether the entire cargo was removed. human or superhuman, natural or supernatural—it was one that we certainly could not account for, theorize as we might. Drayton, however, held to his purpose of of pointing out the movements of the phantaking the vessel to Gibraltar, there to tom murderer. This official developed a turn her over, with as much of her story rather remarkable detective ingenuity. He as we could tell, to the Vice-Admiralty subjected me, in the course of our conver-Court for investigation.

of the room in which I had seen the phan- the assassin had returned after the murder. tom murder committed (if I may describe On my remaining firm in my conviction as as "phantom" those who seemed no less to what the tool appeared to be, he conreal flesh and blood than myself) and of the fided to me his theory of the terrible mock between-decks space forward of it, but we murder I had witnessed. He believed, discovered nothing. At the edge of the he told me, that the crime which had port-hole, however, at the spot where the caused the vessel's abandonment had been hand had been, we found the bullet from revealed to me "by the spirits," as he exthe revolver buried in the wood.

inkling of the character of the ship's mys- mitting me to accompany him) made a tery; but as none of them had actually careful examination of the fatal stateroom seen anything (nor, strangely enough, had and of the now empty between-decks space heard the shot) Drayton's good sense and forward, his object being to discover some firmness triumphed over their superstition, evidence of the use of such a tool, to the and we were enabled to work the derelict to appearance of which he attached the greatport without difficulty and without further est importance. At a point about fifteen incident. A second night passed in her feet distant from the stateroom he found cabin by both of us was quiet and unevent- a narrow strip of oak about an inch in

voice call loudly, "Roy! Roy!" and then ful in every way, but we were satisfied that we had discovered the cause of her abandonment. The sailors would have said

We made Gibraltar on the morning of cabin; but the walls and furniture seemed the thirteenth of December, and immedito whirl and spin around and around me ately reporting the circumstances under which we had found the "Emily Brand,"

The Queen's Proctor in Admiralty at was cool, and there was the odor of brandy once ordered a special survey of the vessel about. Drayton was standing over me with by the surveyor of shipping, assisted by his hand on my forehead, and I heard the the marshal of the court and an expert tramp of feet on the deck above. I looked diver. The result of this survey was a reat my watch, which I had laid open on the port substantially embodying the facts as table several hours earlier, and it told me to the finding of the vessel and her condithat I had been in the cabin alone with the tion here related by me. In addition to this, however, the stains on the old cutlass From my companion I learned that after and on the vessel's rail were subjected to a

Upon this unsatisfactory conclusion proached the companionway, the dog had Drayton and I determined to communicate dashed from it, foaming at the mouth, and to the authorities an account of the almost in his madness leaped into the sea. Every incredible events of our first day and night were enabled to do without making our-The remaining hours of the night passed selves ridiculous, through the good offices without incident. I related to Drayton of the governor of the fortress, to whom what I had seen in the cabin, and we agreed Drayton was well known. Thereupon a that whatever the power that was exhibiting second survey was ordered, during which

At the request of one of the officials engaged in this second survey, I accompanied him aboard the brigantine for the purpose sation, to a close cross-examination con-In the morning we made an examination cerning the chisel or screw-driver, for which pressed it, "of the principal actors." Pro-By this time the seamen had gotten an ceeding on this theory, he personally (perthickness and five feet in length, projecting, by its thickness, beyond the smooth surface of the vessel's inner shell. On scrutinizing it closely we perceived that it had been fixed in its place by means of five screws, apparently of brass, as the heads were incrusted with bright green rust or mould. We immediately summoned assistance, procured a screwdriver, and removed the strip. Having accomplished this, we discovered that the strip had been affixed over a perpendicular succession of the joints



 44 I SAW ONE . . . WHO, AS I LOOKED, RAISED HIS RIGHT ARM IN THE AIR, AND DEALT THE SLEEPING MAN A TERRIBLE BLOW,"

of the narrow planks of the vessel's ping, to whom her missing captain had interior hull, which sprang outward as been well and favorably known. In his they were released, far enough for my letter to these gentlemen Drayton had companion to insert his fingers behind asked for such a history of the "Emily dered positive identification, perhaps, imfractured, apparently by a blow from a Brand.' club.

a week before the finding of the skeleton, cluding her present voyage she has made Drayton had written to the owners of the four in all. The first two were prosperous, who they were from the surveyor of ship- the ordinary run occur. A year ago last

Wrenching them off, we found to Brand" as her owners were willing and our horror, wedged in the inner space, the prepared to give. He particularly regrinning skeleton of a man, upon which quired a full account of her missing comhung shreds of clothing. As this skeleton pany, and the details of any mutiny or was lifted out, something dropped to the other crime that might have occurred on deck with a metallic sound, and rolled to board within their knowledge, with a demy feet. I stooped and picked it up. It scription of the participants. At the end was a plain band of gold—a ring. On the of about three weeks from the date on inside was engraved: "From H. M. to J. which the skeleton was found (we in the B." The clothing of the unfortunate man meanwhile having had a run up the Mediappeared to have been partially eaten by terranean and back) a new captain and new rats. At the time it seemed to me a for- crew arrived from New York, sent out by tunate thing that it had not been entirely Messrs. Barnes and Spaulding, to take the destroyed, as otherwise the ring, which had brigantine on to Genoa, for which port she been retained in one of the folds, would had been originally bound. The captain, long before have slipped from the bony Mr. Church, presented himself on board finger to the bottom of the hold, and ren- the "Nomad" the day of his arrival, as the bearer of a long letter to Drayton from possible. The skeleton was clean, dry, and Mr. Barnes, the senior member of the white, and on further examination we owning firm. From that letter I tranfound that the back of the skull had been scribed the ensuing account of the "Emily

"The brigantine was built for us about Since our arrival at Gibraltar, and about two years ago at Portland, Maine. Inbrigantine at New York, having learned and on neither of them did anything out of bon, taken out by Captain James Blaisdel, his bunk, apparently sleeping.

her two preceding voyages.

"On the eleventh of December we received news by cable from Mr. Riggs, the of performing his light duties about one age his wife and child accompanied him. half the time. He was accordingly not for him, treating him with the utmost kindwork. This he did for several days, but will ever be heard of again.' apparently without beneficial effect.

o'clock). The weather was clear, the wind over the port quarter, and the moon lighted up the deck. The vessel was then about latitude 38° north, longitude 17° west, near the point at which you picked her up. Just before two bells (one o'clock) the man at ways was for a time entertained, as it was the wheel saw Peterson, whom he recognized by his great size, cross the deck amidship to the starboard rail and throw something into the sea. On being hailed light, and incapable of sinking. Moreover, by this man, Peterson went aft, and said it was known that they could not have enthat he had thrown a pair of old shoes overboard. He was in his stocking feet.

wheel at midnight, told the mate of Peter- its occupants was ever discovered.

November, however, she sailed from this son's appearance and his conversation with port, with a miscellaneous cargo, for Lis- him. Peterson was sent for, and found in who had been in our employ for many aroused, and brought on deck in a very exyears, and who had commanded her on cited condition, and on being interrogated by Mr. Riggs he became incoherent and Among her crew was a Swede or Nor- violent. The mate thereupon ordered two wegian of the name of Peterson, a gigan- of the men to seize him; but as they aptic, ill-favored fellow, who had been in- proached to do so, he eluded them, and jured in our service some time before by a darting to the vessel's side, went over-fall from the rigging, in which he sustained board. They put her about and lowered a a severe contusion of the brain. For sev- boat immediately, but he was never seen eral months he lay in the hospital here, in again. It seems clear that in a fit of inwhat was believed to be a hopeless condi-sanity he murdered the captain and threw tion of imbecility; but finally, having re- his body into the sea during the night. covered, or apparently recovered, he How this was accomplished no one knows, applied for a berth on the 'Emily Brand.' for no noise was heard, nor were any traces of violence found about the vessel.

"On her present voyage Mr. Riggs, mate, of the death of Captain Blaisdel and the former mate, went as master of the vesthe man Peterson. On the twenty-sixth a sel. He was, I believe, thirty-six years letter came, giving the particulars, which of age, married, and had one child—a little were briefly as follows: About the eighth girl of five or six years. It is our custom day out from New York Peterson devel- to allow our masters to purchase an interoped symptoms of a relapse of his disease est in the vessels they command, and Mr. (caused by the fall), which seemed, how- Riggs and his wife owned two-sixteenths ever, to affect his mind only with a sort of the 'Emily Brand.' He was a man of of intermittent stupor. He exhibited no the highest character and thoroughly comsigns of mania or violence, and was capable petent to go as master. On this last voy-

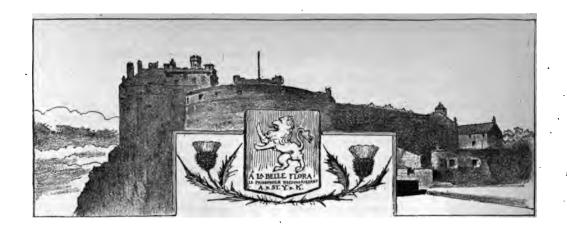
"I cannot form the slightest conjecture confined, and the master did what he could concerning the strange disappearance of poor Riggs and his family, with all on ness, and advising him to lay off from his board, and I have but little belief that they

From this letter it became evident that "On the night of December 5, Mr. the skeleton found up in the between-Blaisdel turned in at eight bells (twelve decks space was that of Captain James Blaisdel, with whose name the initials engraved in the ring corresponded.

The remains thus identified were interred

at Gibraltar.

Some hope of the rescue of the castalearned that the boat (the brigantine had but one) in which they were presumed to have left the vessel was a life-boat, new, countered any bad weather for many days after parting from the "Emily Brand." "In the morning the master failed to Accordingly the widest publicity was appear, and after waiting a reasonable given to the fact of their having disaptime the steward knocked at his door. Re- peared, and for more than a year the civilceiving no response, he called Mr. Riggs, ized world was searched throughout with the mate, who entered the stateroom and all the facilities at the disposal of our own found it empty. The berth had not been government and that of England, upon occupied. When after a search it became the chance that they had made some land evident that the captain could not be or been picked up by some passing vessel. found, Miller, the man who had taken the But no trace of the life-boat or of any of



ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

By Robert Louis Stevenson,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

[BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER.]

CHAPTER III.

AND GOGUELAT GOES OUT.

perhaps blowing about in the castle gutters; some bits of broken stick may have sors!

Finding the wounded man so firm, you may be sure the authorities did not leave MAJOR CHEVENIX COMES INTO THE STORY, the rest of us in peace. No stone was left unturned. We were had in again and again to be examined, now singly, now in HERE was never any talk of a recov- twos and threes. We were threatened ery, and no time was lost in getting with all sorts of impossible severities and the man's deposition. He gave but the one tempted with all manner of improbable account of it: that he had committed sui- rewards. I suppose I was five times incide because he was sick of seeing so many terrogated, and came off from each with Englishmen. The doctor vowed it was im-flying colors. I am like old Souvaroff—I possible, the nature and direction of the cannot understand a soldier being taken wound forbidding it. Goguelat replied aback by any question; he should answer he was more ingenious than the other as he marches on the fire, with an instant thought for, and had propped up the briskness and gaiety. I may have been weapon in the ground and fallen on the short of bread, gold or grace; I was never point—"just like Nebuchadnezzar," he yet found wanting in an answer. My added, winking to the assistants. The comrades, if they were not all so ready, doctor, who was a little, spruce, ruddy were none of them less staunch; and I may man of an impatient temper, pished and say here, at once, that the inquiry came to pshawed and swore over his patient. nothing at the time, and the death of "Nothing to be made of him!" he cried. Goguelat remained a mystery of the prison. "A perfect heathen. If we could only Such were the veterans of France! And find the weapon!" But the weapon had yet I should be disingenuous if I did not ceased to exist. A little resined twine was own this was a case apart; in ordinary circular transfer. cumstances, some one might have stumbled or been intimidated into an admission; trailed in corners; and behold! in the and what bound us together with a closepleasant air of the morning, a dandy pris- ness beyond that of mere comrades was a oner trimming his nails with a pair of scis- secret to which we were all committed and a design in which all were equally engaged.

No need to inquire as to its nature: there tally unable to learn French. Some fire, design, that blooms in prisons. And the his fire in soapsuds. fact that our tunnel was near done supported and inspired us.

I came off in public, as I have said, with clear, severe eyes. flying colors; the sittings of the court of inquiry died away like a tune that no one said he. listens to; and yet I was unmasked-I, whom my very adversary defended, as good as confessed, as good as told the nature of the quarrel, and by so doing prepared for myself in the future a most anxious, disagreeable adventure. It was the third morning after the duel, and Goguelat was still in life, when the time came around for me to give Major Chevenix a lesson. paid me much—no more, indeed, than eighteen pence a month, the customary figure, being a miser in the grain; but because I liked his breakfasts and (to some extent) himself. At least, he was a man of education; and of the others with whom I had any opportunity of speech, those that would not have held a book upside down would have torn the pages out for pipelights. For I must repeat again that our body of prisoners was exceptional; there was in Edinburgh Castle none of that educational busyness that distinguished some of the other prisons, so that men entered them unable to read and left them fit for high employments. Chevenix was handsome, and surprisingly young to be a major: six feet in his stockings, well set up, with regular features and very clear gray eyes. yet the sum-total was displeasing. Perhaps he was too clean; he seemed to bear about with him the smell of soap. Cleanliness is good, but I cannot bear a man's nails to seem japanned. And certainly he was too self-possessed and cold. There was none of the fire of youth, none of the swiftness of the soldier, in this young officer. I put it by, and the court put it by." His kindness was cold, and cruel cold; his deliberation exasperating. And perto me, I approached him with suspicion and reserve.

I looked over his exercise in the usual form, and marked six faults.

"H'm. Six," says he, looking at the paper. "Very annoying! I can never get it right."

is only one desire, and only one kind of I think, is needful, and he had quenched

He put the exercise down, leaned his chin upon his hand, and looked at me with

"I think we must have a little talk,"

"I am entirely at you disposition," I replied; but I quaked, for I knew what subject to expect.

"You have been some time giving me these lessons," he went on, "and I am tempted to think rather well of you. I believe vou are a gentleman."

"I have that honor, sir," said I.
"You have seen me for the same period. I was fond of this occupation; not that he I do not know how I strike you; but perhaps you will be prepared to believe that I also am a man of honor," says he.

"I require no assurances; the thing is

manifest," and I bowed.

"Very well, then," said he. "What about this Goguelat?"

"You heard me yesterday before the urt," I began. "I was awakened court," I began.

"Oh yes; I heard you yesterday before the court, no doubt," he interrupted, "and I remember perfectly that you were 'awakened only.' I could repeat the most of it by rote, indeed. But do you suppose that I believed you for a moment?'

"Neither would you believe me if I were to repeat it here," said I.

"I may be wrong-we shall soon see," It was impossible to pick a fault in him, and says he; "but my impression is that you will not repeat it here. My impression is that you have come into this room, and that you will tell me something before you go out.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Let me explain," he continued. "Your evidence, of course, is nonsense.

'My compliments and thanks!" said I. "You must know—that's the short and haps it was from this character, which is the long," he proceeded. "All of you in very much the opposite of my own, that Shed B are bound to know. And I want even in these days, when he was of service to ask you where is the common sense of keeping up this farce, and maintaining this cock-and-bull story between friends? Come, come, my good fellow, own yourself beaten, and laugh at it yourself.

"Well, I hear you go ahead," said I.

"You put your heart in it."

He crossed his legs slowly. "I can "Oh, but you make excellent prog-very well understand," he began, "that ress!" I said. I would not discourage precautions have had to be taken. I dare him, you understand, but he was congeni- say an oath was administered. Lean comprehend that perfectly." (He was watching me all the time with his cold, bright mopped my streaming face upon my about an affair of honor, you would be I had no handkerchief. very particular to keep it.

peated, like a man quite puzzled.

"It was not an affair of honor, then?" he asked.

"What was not? I do not follow,"

sat awhile silent, and began again in the very irregular in form, and, under the same placid and good-natured voice: peculiar circumstances of the case, loyal "The court and I were at one in setting enough in effect. Do you take me? Now, aside your evidence. It could not de- as a gentleman and a soldier. ceive a child. But there was a difference between myself and the other officers, be- hovered over me. I could bear no more, cause I knew my man, and they did not. They saw in you a common soldier, and cried, "not that. Do not put your hand I knew you for a gentleman. To them upon my shoulder. I cannot bear it. It your evidence was a leash of lies, which is rheumatism," I made haste to add. they yawned to hear you telling. Now, I was asking myself, how far will a gentle- ful." He returned to his chair and delibman go? Not surely so far as to help erately lighted a cigar. hush a murder up? So that—when I heard "I am sorry about your shoulder," he you tell how you knew nothing of the said at last. "Let me send for the docmatter, and were only awakened by the tor. corporal, and all the rest of it-I translated your statements into something else. Now, Champdivers," he cries, springing up lively and coming towards me with animation, "I am going to tell you what that was, and you are going to help me to see justice done—how I don't know, for of course you are under oath—but somehow. Mark what I'm going to say."

At that moment he laid a heavy, hard grip upon my shoulder; and whether he said anything more or came to a full stop at once, I am sure I could not tell you to this day. For, as the devil would have ceive," said I. it, the shoulder he laid hold of was the one Goguelat had pinked. The wound was but a scratch; it was healing with the first intention; but in the clutch of Major Chevenix it gave me agony. My head seem to be a good deal of a theorist. swam; the sweat poured off my face; I must have grown deadly pale.

had laid it there.

"What is wrong with you?" said he.

"It is nothing," said I. "A qualm. It has gone by.'

"Are you sure?" said he. "You are as white as a sheet."

"Oh no, I assure you! Nothing whatever. I am my own man again," I said,

though I could scarce command my tongue. "Well, shall I go on again?" says he. "Can you follow me?"

"And I can comprehend that, sleeve, for you may be sure in those days

"If you are sure you can follow me. "About an affair of honor?" I re- That was a very sudden and sharp seizure," he said doubtfully. "But if you are sure, all right, and here goes. An affair of honor among you fellows would naturally be a little difficult to carry out; perhaps it would be impossible to have it . He gave no sign of impatience; simply wholly regular. And yet a duel might be

> His hand rose again at the words and and winced away from him. "No," I "My shoulder is inflamed and very pain-

"Not in the least," said I. "It is a trifle. I am quite used to it. It does not trouble me in the smallest. At any rate, I don't believe in doctors.

"All right," said he, and sat and smoked a good while in a silence which I would have given anything to break. "Well," he began presently, "I believe there is nothing left for me to learn. I presume I may say that I know all."

'About what?" said I boldly.

"About Goguelat," said he.

"I beg your pardon. I cannot con-

"Oh," says the major, "the man fell in a duel, and by your hand! I am not an infant.

"By no means," said I. "But you

"Shall we test it?" he asked. "The doctor is close by. If there is not an open He removed his hand as suddenly as he wound on your shoulder, I am wrong. If d laid it there. 'He waved his hand. 'But I advise you to think twice. There is a deuce of a nasty drawback to the experiment—that what might have remained private between us two becomes public prop-

> "Oh, well!" said I, with a laugh; "anything rather than a doctor! I can-

not bear the breed.'

His last words had a good deal relieved me, but I was still far from comfortable.

ST. IVES. 496

Major Chevenix smoked awhile, look- wall, faced about, read out the name ing now at his cigar-ash, now at me. "I'm "Champdivers," and answered myself with a soldier myself," he says presently, the word "Present." "and I've been out in my time and hit my called in."

of words will suffice you, here is what I honorable as the day."

I wanted. divers.'

And as I was going out he added, with a laugh: "By the by, I ought to apologize: I had no idea I was applying the torture!"

The same afternoon the doctor came into the courtyard with a piece of paper in his hand. He seemed hot and angry, and had certainly no mind to be polite.

"Here!" he cried. "Which of you fellows knows any English? Oh!"—spying me-"there you are, what's your name? You'll do. other fellow's dying. He's booked; no use talking; I expect he'll go by evening. And tell them I don't envy the feelings of that first."

I did so.

"Then you can tell 'em," he resumed, "that the fellow Goggle-what's his name?—wants to see some of them before he gets his marching orders. If I you, or some sickening stuff. Got that? Then here's a list he's had written, and make head or tail of your beastly names against that wall.'

It was with a singular movement of inname on the list. I had no wish to look again on my own handiwork; my flesh re-

There were some half-dozen on the list, man. I don't want to run any one into a all told; and as soon as we were mustered, corner for an affair that was at all neces- the doctor led the way to the hospital, sary or correct. At the same time I want and we followed after, like a fatigue to know that much, and I'll take your party, in single file. At the door he word of honor for it. Otherwise I shall paused, told us "the fellow" would see be very sorry, but the doctor must be each of us alone, and, as soon as I had explained that, sent me by myself into the "I neither admit anything nor deny ward. It was a small room, whitewashed; anything," I returned. "But if this form a south window stood open on a vast depth of air and a spacious and distant prospect; say: I give you my parole, as a gentleman and from deep below, in the Grassmarket, and a soldier, there has nothing taken the voices of hawkers came up clear and place amongst us prisoners that was not far away. Hard by, on a little bed, lay Goguelat. The sunburn had not yet "All right," says he. "That was all faded from his face, and the stamp of wanted. You can go now, Champ- death was already there. There was something wild and unmannish in his smile, that took me by the throat; only death and love know or have ever seen it. And when he spoke, it seemed to shame his coarse talk.

> He held out his arms as if to embrace me. I drew near with incredible shrinkings, and surrendered myself to his arms with overwhelming disgust. But he only drew my ear down to his lips.

you are, what's your name? "Trust me," he whispered. "Je suis Tell these fellows that the bon bougre, moi. I'll take it to hell with me, and tell the devil.'

Why should I go on to reproduce his grossness and trivialities? All that he the fellow who spiked him. Tell them thought, at that hour, was even noble, though he could not clothe it otherwise than in the language of a brutal farce. Presently he bade me call the doctor; and when that officer had come in, raised a little up in his bed, pointed first to himself and then to me, who stood weeping by his got it right, he wants to kiss or embrace side, and several times repeated the expression, "Frinds-frinds-dam frinds."

To my great surprise, the doctor apyou'd better read it out to them-I can't peared very much affected. He nodded his little bob-wigged head at us, and said and they can answer present, and fall in repeatedly, "All right, Johnny-me comprong.'

Then Goguelat shook hands with me, congruous feelings that I read the first embraced me again, and I went out of the room sobbing like an infant.

How often have I not seen it, that the coiled from the idea; and how could I be most unpardonable fellows make the hapsure what reception he designed to give piest exits! It is a fate that we may me? The cure was in my own hand; I well envy them. Goguelat was detested could pass that first name over-the doctor in life; in the last three days, by his adwould not know—and I might stay away, mirable stanchness and consideration, he But to the subsequent great gladness of my won every heart; and when word went heart, I did not dwell for an instant on the about the prison the same evening that he thought, walked over to the designated was no more, the voice of conversation became hushed as in a house of mourn-

For myself, I was like a man distracted; scarce have thought it of him." I cannot think what ailed me. When I awoke the following day, nothing remained of it; but that night I was filled with a gloomy fury of the nerves. I had killed him; he had done his utmost to protect have given him sixpence; if she did, it me; I had seen him with that awful smile. may take him to heaven yet!" And so illogical and useless is this sentiment of remorse, that I was ready, at a upon me with a considering look, and word or a look, to quarrel with somebody brought up sharply. else. I presume the disposition of my mind was imprinted on my face; and to you, Champdivers. Come to me at when, a little after, I overtook, saluted, breakfast-time, to-morrow, and we'll talk and addressed the doctor, he looked on me of other subjects.' with commiseration and surprise.

I had asked him if it was true.

"Yes," he said," the fellow's gone."

"Did he suffer much?" I asked.

"Not a bit; passed away like a lamb," said he. He looked on me a little, and I saw his hand go to his fob. "Here, take that! no sense in fretting," he said, and, putting a silver twopenny bit in my

hand, he left me.

to hang upon the wall, for it was the consideration by a civilian and a stranger. man's one act of charity in all my knowl- This was a man of the middle age; he edge of him. Instead of that, I stood had a face of a mulberry color, round looking at it in my hand and laughed out black eyes, comical tufted eyebrows, and bitterly, as I realized his mistake; then a protuberant forehead; and was dressed the air like blood money. The night was of his plainness, he had that inscrutable falling; through an embrasure and across air of a man well-to-do in his affairs. I the gardened valley I saw the lamplighters conceived he had been some while observhasting along Princes Street with ladder ing me from a distance, for a sparrow and lamp, and looked on moodily. As I sat betwixt quite unalarmed on the breech was so standing a hand was laid upon my of a piece of cannon. So soon as our shoulder, and I turned about. It was eyes met, he drew near and addressed me Major Chevenix, dressed for the evening, in the French language, which he spoke and his neckcloth really admirably folded. I never denied the man could dress.

Ah!" said he, "I thought it was you, Champdivers. So he's gone?"

I nodded.

"Come, come," said he, "you must cheer up. Of course it's very distressing, very painful, and all that. But do you know, it ain't such a bad thing either for you or me? What with his death and your visit to him I am entirely reassured."

So I was to owe my life to Goguelat at

every point.

"I had rather not discuss it," said I.

"Well," said he, "one word more, and I'll agree to bury the subject. What did you fight about?"

"Oh, what do men ever fight about'?"

I cried.

'A lady?'' said he.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I should Deuce you did!" said he.

And at this my ill-humor broke fairly out into words. "He!" I cried. "He never dared to address her-only to look at her and vomit his vile insults! She may

At this I became aware of his eyes set

"Well, well," said he. "Good night

I fully admit the man's conduct was not bad; in writing it down so long after the events I can even see that it was good.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. IVES GETS A BUNDLE OF BANK NOTES.

I was surprised one morning, shortly I should have had that twopenny framed after, to find myself the object of marked went to the ramparts, and flung it far into in clothes of a Quakerish cut. In spite with a good fluency but an abominable accent.

"I have the pleasure of addressing M. le Vicomte Anne Këroual St.-Yves?

"Well," said I, "I do not call myself all that; but I have a right to, if I chose. In the meanwhile I call myself plain Champdivers, at your disposal. It was my mother's name, and good to go soldiering with."
"I think not quite," said he; "for if I

remember rightly, your mother also had the particle. Her name was Florimonde

de Champdivers."

"Right again!" said I, "and I am extremely pleased to meet a gentleman so well informed in my quarterings. Is monsieur born himself?" This I said with a great air of assumption, partly to conceal the degree of curiosity with which my visitor had inspired me, and in part be- ceive," said he. cause it struck me as highly incongruous and comical in my prison garb and on the lips of a private soldier.

laughed.

"No, sir," he returned, speaking this it is now become a problem what he means." time in English; "I am not 'born,' as you "And that brings me back to what you call it, and must content myself with dying, Daniel Romaine—a solicitor of London And how did you know I was here?" City, at your service; and, what will interyour great-uncle, the Count."

"What!" I cried, "does M. de Këroual count kinship with a soldier of Napo-

leon?

"You speak English well," observed my

"I had a good opportunity to learn it," "I hasten to reassure you," was the said I. "I had an English nurse; my reply; "you do. To my eyes, M. Alain father spoke English with me; and I was de St.-Yves has scarce a pleasing exterior. dear friend of mine, a Mr. Vicary."

the lawyer's face.

Vicary?''

shared his hiding-place for many months."

end, sir?"

"I am sorry," said I, "I do.

myself."

with a certain shrinking. "Beastly people!" I heard him mutter to himself.

grace," I observed politely.

Such speeches were the coin in which I paid my way among this credulous race. Ninety per cent. of our visitors would have accepted the remark as natural in itself and creditable to my powers of judgment, but it appeared my lawyer was more acute.

"You are not entirely a fool, I per-

"No," said I; "not wholly."

"And yet it is well to beware of the ironical mood," he continued. "It is a He seemed to think so too, for he dangerous instrument. Your great-uncle has, I believe, practised it very much, until

"And that brings me back to what you will admit is a most natural inquiry," said of which I am equally susceptible with the I. "To what do I owe the pleasure of best of you. My name is Mr. Romaine— this visit? How did you recognize me?

Carefully separating his coat skirts, the est you more, I am here at the request of lawyer took a seat beside me on the edge

of the flags.

"It is rather an odd story," says he, St.-Yves remember the existence of such a "and with your leave, I'll answer the person as myself, and will he deign to second question first. It was from a certain resemblance you bear to your cousin, M. le Vicomte.

"I trust, sir, that I resemble him advan-

tageously?" said I.

finished by a countryman of yours and a And yet, when I knew you were here, and was actually looking for you-why, the A strong expression of interest came into likeness helped. As for how I came to know your whereabouts: by an odd enough "What!" he cried, "you knew poor chance, it is again M. Alain we have to thank. I should tell you, he has for some "For more than a year," said I; "and time made it his business to keep M. de Këroual informed of your career; with "And I was his clerk, and have succeeded him in business," said he. "Exhapped he first brought the news of your—that cellent man! It was on the affairs of M. de you were serving Bonaparte, it seemed Këroual that he went to that accursed it might be the death of the old gentlecountry, from which he was never destined man, so hot was his resentment. But from to return. Do you chance to know his one thing to another, matters have a little changed. Or I should rather say, not a He little. We learned you were under orders perished miserably at the hands of a gang for the Peninsula, to fight the English; of banditti, such as we call chauffeurs. then that you had been commissioned for In a word, he was tortured, and died of it. a piece of bravery, and were again reduced See," I added, kicking off one shoe, for I to the ranks. And from one thing to anhad no stocking; "I was no more than a other (as I say), M. de Këroual became child, and see how they had begun to treat used to the idea that you were his kinsman and yet served with Bonaparte, and filled He looked at the mark of my old burn instead with wonder that he should have another kinsman who was so remarkably well informed of events in France. And "The English may say so with a good it now became a very disagreeable question, whether the young gentleman was not a spy? In short, sir, in seeking to disserve you, he had accumulated against himself a load of suspicions."

> My visitor now paused, took snuff, and looked at me with an air of benevolence.

> "Indeed, sir!" says I, "this is a curious story."

"You will say so before I have done," "I see," said I, "you give a very unsaid he. "For there have two events fol- favorable impression of my uncle, the lowed. The first of these was an encounter Count." of M. de Këroual and M. de Mauséant.''

"it was through him I lost my commission."

"Do you tell me so?" he cried. "Why,

here is news!'

'Oh, I cannot complain!" said I. "I was in the wrong. I did it with my eyes open. If a man gets a prisoner to guard much as I have done, I travel quite beand lets him go, the least he can expect is to be degraded.''

your king.''

"If I had thought I was injuring my nephew." emperor," said I, "I would have let M. de Mauséant burn in hell ere I had helped the battlements by which we sat surhim, and be sure of that! I saw in him rounded, "this is a case in which Mahomet only a private person in a difficulty; I let must certainly come to the mountain." him go in private charity; not even to understood.

matter now. This is a foolish warmth—a The point of the story is that M. de Mauséant spoke of you with gratitude, and direct proof of what we had been so long truculent patriotism, to say the least." suspecting. There was no dubiety permitted. M. Alain's expensive way of life, his clothes and mistresses, his dicing and race horses, were all explained; he was in the pay of Bonaparte, a hired spy, and a man that held the strings of what I can only call a convolution of extremely fishy enterprises. To do M. de Këroual justice, he took it the best way imaginable, destroyed the evidences of the one greatnephew's disgrace—and transferred his interest wholly to the other."

"What am I to understand by that?"

"I will tell you," says he. "There is ture which gentlemen of my cloth have a role," said I. great deal of occasion to observe. Selfish "I understand so much," he replied, persons can live without chick or child, they can live without all mankind except their word sit lightly on them. perhaps the barber and the apothecary; but when it comes to dying, they seem physically unable to die without an heir. You can apply this principle for yourself. Viscount Alain, though he scarce guesses count Anne.

"I had not meant to," said he. "He "I know the man to my cost," said I; has led a loose life—sadly loose—but he is a man it is impossible to know and not to admire; his courtesy is exquisite."

"And so you think there is actually a

chance for me?" I asked.
"Understand," said he, "in saying as yond my brief. I have been clothed with no capacity to talk of wills, or heritages, "You will be paid for it," said he. or your cousin. I was sent here to make "You did well for yourself and better for but the one communication: that M. de Këroual desires to meet his great-

"Well," said I, looking about me on

"Pardon me," said Mr. Romaine, "you profit myself will I suffer it to be mis- know already your uncle is an aged man; but I have not yet told you that he is quite "Well, well," said the lawyer, "no broken up and his death shortly looked for. No, no, there is no doubt about itvery misplaced enthusiasm, believe me! it is the mountain that must come to Mahomet."

"From an Englishman, the remark is drew your character in such a manner as certainly significant," said I; "but you greatly to affect your uncle's views, are of course, and by trade, a keeper of Hard upon the back of which, in came your men's secrets, and I see you keep that of humble servant, and laid before him the cousin Alain, which is not the mark of a

"I am first of all the lawyer of your

family!" says he.

"That being so," said I, "I can, perhaps, stretch a point myself. This rock is very high, and it is very steep; a man might come by much of a fall from almost any part of it, and yet I believe I have a pair of wings that might carry me just so far as to the bottom. Once at the bottom I am helpless."-

"And perhaps it is just then that I could step in," returned the lawyer. "Suppose by some contingency, at which I make no guess, and on which I offer no opinion-"

But here I interrupted him. "One word a remarkable inconsistency in human na- ere you go farther. I am under no pa--

"although some of you French gentry find

'Sir, I am not one of those," said I. "To do you plain justice, I do not think you one," said he. "Suppose yourself, then, set free and at the bottom of the rock," he continued, "although I may not it, is no longer in the field. Remains, Vis- be able to do much, I believe I can do something to help you on your road. In

the first place I would carry this, whether ported to England through my firm. There in an inside pocket or my shoe." And he are considerable estates in England; passed me a bundle of bank notes.

cealing them.

is a great way from here to where your worth living for-his family, his country; uncle lives—Amersham Place, not far from he has seen his king and queen murdered; Dunstable; you have a great part of he has seen all these miseries and infa-Britain to get through; and for the first mies," pursued the lawyer, with a rising instages, I must leave you to your own luck flection and a heightening color; and then and ingenuity. I have no acquaintance broke suddenly off—"in short, sir, he has here in Scotland, or at least" (with a seen all the advantages of that governgrimace) "no dishonest ones. But farther ment for which his nephew carries arms, to the south, about Wakefield, I am told and he has the misfortune not to like there is a gentleman called Burchell Fenn, them." who is not so particular as some others, Yves, is your cousin, M. Alain."

clear of him?'

"It was through some papers of your cousin's that we came across this trail,' nasty business, you may apply to the man Fenn. You might even, I think, use the his brother?'

"It might be done," said I. "But look everything generous in you must rise here a moment! You propose to me a against that—domination. very difficult game: I have apparently a to hold good cards. For what stakes, see the Corsican Shepherd.

then, am I playing?"

"They are very large," said he. "Your may be. There are things that do not great-uncle is immensely rich—immensely bear discussion." rich. He was wise in time; he smelt the

Amersham Place itself is very fine; and he "No harm in that," said I, at once con- has much money, wisely invested. He lives, indeed, like a prince. And of what "In the second place," he resumed, "it use is it to him? He has lost all that was

"You speak with a bitterness that I supand might be willing to give you a cast pose I must excuse," said I; "yet which forward. In fact, sir, I believe it's the of us has the more reason to be bitter? man's trade: a piece of knowledge that This man, my uncle, M. de Këroual, fled. burns my mouth. But that is what you My parents, who were less wise, perhaps, get by meddling with rogues; and perhaps remained. In the beginning, they were the biggest rogue now extant, M. de St.- even republicans; to the end, they could not be persuaded to despair of the people. "If this be a man of my cousin's," I It was a glorious folly, for which, as a son, observed, "I am perhaps better to keep I reverence them. First one and then the other perished. If I have any mark of a gentleman, all who taught me died upon the scaffold, and my last school of manreplied the lawyer. "But I am inclined to ners was the prison of the Abbaye. Do think, so far as anything is safe in such a you think you can teach bitterness to a man with a history like mine?"

"I have no wish to try," said he. "And Viscount's name; and the little trick of yet there is one point I cannot understand: family resemblance might come in. How, I cannot understand that one of your blood for instance, if you were to call yourself and experience should serve the Corsican. I cannot understand it: it seems as though

"And perhaps," I retorted, "had your cunning opponent in my cousin; and being childhood passed among wolves, you a prisoner of war, I can scarce be said would have been overjoyed yourself to

"Well, well," replied Mr. Romaine, "it

And with a wave of his hands he disaprevolution long before; sold all that he peared abruptly down a flight of steps and could, and had all that was movable trans- under the shadow of a ponderous arch.

(To be continued.)



GRANT'S HORSEMANSHIP.

troduced.

General Grant's horsemanship was wide- stalwart grooms. ly known. I recall an incident that came under my own view and brought this I have seldom seen. I was in mortal fear knowledge very forcibly to some young that our general would be speedily thrown Italian officers. In the spring of 1878 I happened to be in the city of Milan. Re- From the sly winks and nudges that passed turning to the hotel one afternoon, I saw between these dandyish young officers it an immense crowd gathered and a group looked to me very much as if they had asof Italian officers mounted, their horses signed to the general of set purpose a grandly caparisoned, themselves decorated young, untamable horse that had neverwith the most brilliant of uniforms. In been ridden. My fears for him were front of the doorway, held by three uni- somewhat removed when I saw General formed grooms, was a beautiful blood-bay horse, equipped with a new English pig- as he gazed upon the horse. Whether it skin saddle. It kept the three busy to restrain his plunges; every moment it seemed merely assuming a sort of helplessness, I as if he would leap on top of the holders and break away.

famous general appear.

standing in the hallway to receive and were as one being. The Bersaglieri are escort him to the restless steed without, the brag foot-troops of Italy, and perform remarked loud enough for me to over- all their manœuvres at a run. For two hear, "Why does not General Grant hours, most of the time with his horse at come?" I said, "There he goes now," figure. They looked at me with a doubt- return to the hotel I could hear murmurs ing laugh, saying, "No, that cannot be of wonder and admiration from his escort. he.

and know him well."

Meanwhile General Grant had come to ing-chair. a halt, having undoubtedly heard the remarks, as a good-natured smile lurked on his face. Finally, one of the officers,

HAVE just read with great pleasure in being sufficiently convinced, approached your January number the vivid pic- and asked if he was General Grant. Reture of General Grant's life at West Point. ceiving an affirmative reply, a look of utter It will undoubtedly recall his own experi- astonishment overspread their faces; they ence to every graduate, especially those hastened to make amends for their apparwho were there previous to the last few ent rudeness, accompanying him to the years, before the coddling system was in- waiting horse, who was making frantic efforts to shake himself free from the three

A more restless, wicked-appearing horse and crushed to death by the cruel hoofs. Grant's eyes lighten up with admiration was that the general was not well or was have never been able fully to determine; but in mounting he accepted the assist-Going into the hotel, I asked what was ance of two officers (the horse fully occuthe matter, and was told that General pied the attention of the three grooms), Grant was going to review the flower of and from an apparent stiffness had some Italy's army, the pride of all, the flying difficulty in getting his right leg over the Bersaglieri. Taking my stand in the cor- saddle. So soon as he touched the seat, ridor in full view, I waited to see our however, he grasped the reins, his form straightened, and the change in his ap-In a few minutes I saw the general compearance immediately so impressed those ing down the stairs dressed in a plain black around with his thorough horsemanship frock coat and trousers and high silk hat. that spontaneously a shout of applause He walked by unnoticed, unannounced, in went up from the crowd. The horse, after his plain, unpretentious manner, towards a few futile plunges, discovered that he the door. At this time one of the group had his master, and started off in a gentle of officers who had dismounted and were trot. From that time on horse and rider a gallop, General Grant kept both mounted pointing proudly to the simply dressed and foot troops on the move. On his They themselves looked much fatigued, I replied, "I am a United States officer but the general appeared as calm and unruffled as if he had been seated in a rock-

> Alfred M. Fuller, Captain Second United States Cavalry.

IE MAKERS

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

BY THE HON, HENRY CABOT LODGE,

Author of Lives of Alexander Hamilton and Daniel Webster, "Historical and Political Essays," etc.

still those of Alexander Hamilton. It was of McKinley. ues have been raised to the memory of show. many men who have done less than this. steps of the Treasury still waits for the statue of the great Secretary to stand guard many times. His work was great, his over the department he organized.

ton's achievements. His brilliant intel- the story, after all, is the man himself, with lect left its mark on every part of our his life full of romantic incidents and government, and men to-day carry out his startling contrasts. sometimes, it is to be feared, know little try which he helped to free and lived to more about him than his name. Hamil- govern, and upon whose history he left so ton's historical fame has been of slow deep an imprint, he came an unknown and growth, and only gradually has he come almost penniless boy in search of an eduto the place which belongs to him. His untimely death, the triumph of his political rival, and the unpopularity and in the State and allied himself by marriage downfall, in name at least, of the party with the oldest and most famous names of he had founded and led, all tended at New York. He fell, in the prime of life, the moment to obscure his work and dim before Burr's pistol, and yet his great his fame. It is only as the years have work was all behind him at an age when gone by that we have come to see plainly most statesmen are only beginning to that the party of Hamilton, while they reap the results of years of toil and trainchanged their name, still lived on and ing.

THE vast machinery by which the rev- kept his principles as their creed and enues of our government are collec- watchword. At last it is clear that the ted and disbursed is still that which was policies he formulated and the doctrines devised and set in motion by the first he supported have been the prevailing Secretary of the Treasury. Time and the American policies. Now it is known to enormous growth of the nation have all that his methods of administration brought, of course, additions and exten- have been employed by friend and foe sions, but the system and the methods are alike from the days of Washington to those A hundred years ago a great work, the work of a fertile and in- Hamilton left the Treasury, and at last ventive mind, to organize a machinery so all those who know our history are ready effective and yet so elastic that it would to admit, whether they are his followers or run for more than a century and work for his opponents, that he was the greatest seventy million people as it had done constructive statesman alike in conception in the beginning for less than five. Stat- and in execution that this country has to

The policies Hamilton formulated and Yet the broad pedestal beside the southern defended, his work as a statesman, and his career as a soldier, have all been told career was brilliant. They cannot be And yet, the organization of the Treas-studied too much or be described too ury Department was the least of Hamil- often. Yet, the most remarkable part of He rose, unaided, policies and administer his system who from obscurity to greatness. To the councation. Without family or friends to back him, he rose rapidly to the highest places and even the accepted version is full of con- and marvellous maturity. tradictions. Yet by that accepted version we must abide, and there was much in the ance in the counting-house, the mists close ardent temper and strong passions, com- down again, and we only know that Hamilbined with the cool head and exact ton wrote an account of a hurricane which thought, which suggests the French mother attracted wide attention in the island, and and the Scotch father, with the consequent that soon after some vague friends or relmingling of the qualities of the two races. atives gave him money to go to the United Hamilton seems to have had no parental States for an education, armed only with

for futurity." The extraordinary tone of Hudson. this letter for a boy of twelve, and the business, have led some historians to to King's College, pressing his way question the correctness of January 11, through his studies with little regard to 1757, as the date of his birth. For this classes, but with a devouring eagerness to doubt there seems no good reason. Little have done with preparation and get upon as Hamilton knew of his parents or fam- the field of action. He had not long to ily, he stated his own age explicitly, and wait. The world was out of joint, and there is no ground to disbelieve him. He Hamilton, unlike Hamlet, a man of action, was unquestionably very precocious. But was quite prepared to do his share in sethe was precocious in a period of precoc- ting it right. Some one noticed him at ity. It was the age of revolution. The this time and set down his remembrance mind of the Western world was in a fer- afterward, giving us a pleasant glimpse of ment. The old systems and the old men the little West Indian student; small of who loved them were being torn up and stature, slight, with dark eyes, pacing up cast into the fire, and triumphant youth and down the Battery of an afternoon for came forth to carry on the new work of exercise, and talking to himself. Meanthe new era. had scarcely passed the "mezzo cammin" growing stronger, and the roll of the drums, of Dante when the evolution devoured beating the march which was to shake the had scarcely passed the "mezzo cammin" them. They already had ruled France and world, was drawing nearer, for it was here shaken Europe. St. Just was twenty-six in the remote English Colonies that the when he went to the scaffold, whither he beginning was to be made and the old had sent so many others. Napoleon was order changed. twenty-seven when he took command of

His birth gave the little island of liant pamphleteer at eighteen, the author of Nevis, in the West Indies, a place in the "The Federalist" at thirty, and Secretary world and its one title to fame. Over of the Treasury at thirty-two. In the revohis parentage hang a mystery and uncer- lutionary hotbed of that wonderful time tainty which will now never be cleared up, genius and talents were forced to an early

After the boyish letter and the appear-Who brought him up we do not a letter from Dr. Knox, the Presbyterian know, and his education appears to have clergyman who stands out as the one real been of the rudest and most desultory kind. figure in these early Nevis days, and who When he was twelve years old we get was the loving friend and helper of the for a moment to firmer ground. At that clever boy. In October, 1772, Hamilton age he was placed in a counting-house, landed in Boston. There he emerges fiand we have a letter from him to a boyish nally from the darkness which surrounds friend in which he says: "I am confident, his early years, and from the Boston wharf Ned, that my youth excludes me from any he can be followed step by step through hope of immediate preferment, nor do I his great career to the pitiful end that desire it; but I mean to prepare the way lovely July morning by the banks of the

From Boston he went to New York, fact that the next year, when only thir- thence to a school at Elizabethtown in teen, he was put in charge of his master's New Jersey; thence to New York again Danton and Robespierre time the throb of the great movement was

There was a meeting in the fields of New the army of Italy, and among the young York in 1774 to advocate the patriot men who followed his eagles were the fu- cause. The expected orators spoke, and ture marshals of France. Fox entered when they had finished a boy of seventeen the House of Commons at nineteen and pressed up from the crowd and took the was a member of the Ministry at twenty-platform, hesitated for a moment and then one. Pitt was Prime Minister and ruled poured forth an eager speech, saying England at twenty-five. If we remember those things which he thought were still these things, it is less surprising to find unspoken. What he said has vanished Hamilton an orator at seventeen, a bril- like the people to whom he spoke. We

tice carried him to the other side, where he from him for the main army. rightly belonged.

in the country—and they were some of the we have of it. ablest men then writing on politics in the reading, not merely for their historical with life which we can quote to-day. one by much reading, a good style he

ton secured the command. his capacity by making his company the the other had been assigned. best in drill and discipline in the army, and was so successful that he attracted the brilliant action. Whether he had a real attention of Greene, who introduced him genius for war there is no means of deterto Washington. He fought at Long Is-mining. His service during the Revolution land, and showed coolness and courage proved that he was a gallant and efficient in the way in which he brought up the rear officer, but he always felt himself that he after that defeat. He continued with the had in him the capacity for high command army on the retreat up the Hudson, and and for the largest military operations. took part with his battery in the battle. His opportunity in this direction never of White Plains.

and publish.

only know that his speech was a success, the great campaign of Trenton and Prince-that the crowd cheered "the collegian" ton. His company had been severely and that a great speaker then and there treated in the hard fighting and marching, made his first speech. The boyish figure and now numbered only twenty-five men, with the dark eyes and the eager speech but Hamilton had made such a reputation stands out very clearly to us on that au-that in 1777 Washington appointed him aid tumn day when he made his entrance on on his staff, with the rank of lieutenantthe stage of American history, a much colonel, although he was only twenty years more memorable event than any of his old. There he served for four years, not hearers guessed. The step was not taken only performing all his military duties, lightly. Hamilton's instinctive prejudices but taking charge of most of the corredrew him to the ministerial side, the side spondence, and being entrusted also with of power and order. His youth, his heart, the delicate and important mission to his reason, his ambition, his sense of jus- Gates, when it was necessary to get troops

His position brought him also into con-The next year he came out as a writer in nection with Arnold's treason, and he did two very able and admirably written pam- all that a generous and sympathetic heart phlets on the patriot side, and in reply to dictated to lighten the lot of the unfortuthe Tories. It was an age of pamphlets nate André. The letters he wrote describand not of newspapers, and the ablest men ing this incident are still the best account

He left the staff in 1781, owing to a English language—sought their public in quarrel with the Commander-in-Chief, who that way. In this contested field the boy had reproved him for keeping him waiting of eighteen took at once a first place, and when he sent for him. Hamilton said, in so distinctly that his opponents made a lofty manner, that he was not conscious tempting but vain offers to draw him to of being disrespectful, but since Washingtheir side. Those two essays are still good ton thought he had been, they must part. The outbreak was characteristic of Hamvalue, but because they are good litera- ilton's hot temper, and also, it may be sup-They had argument and thought, posed, of the feeling which he had that he and the expression was clear and often had not been advanced with sufficient ra-There are sentences instinct pidity. It was equally characteristic of Washington that he did not bear the least Whether Hamilton was born with a good ill will toward his impulsive aide-de-camp, style or whether he had taught himself but on the contrary continued to treat him with all his former kindness. Washington certainly had when he first began to write was too great a man to take offense on trivial grounds, and as he was also one of Events, however, soon moved beyond the best judges of men that ever lived, the stage of speeches and pamphlets. The he appreciated Hamilton's great talents day of argument passed and that of war and capacity. He gave him an opportubegan. Hamilton was essentially, at all nity to serve in the line, and entrusted him times, a man of action, and a military with the command of one of the storming career appealed to him strongly. In 1776, parties at Yorktown. Hamilton carried the New York convention ordered a com- the redoubt which had been assigned to pany of artillery to be raised, and Hamil- him with one fiery charge, much more He showed quickly than our French allies, to whom

Thus his military career closed with a Thence he followed came, but a far larger opportunity was Washington to the Jerseys, and shared in before him in the field of statesmanship,

although he perhaps did not realize when had an enormous effect on public opinion the war closed how great it was.

He became a lawyer and rose rapidly at the bar, but the instinct of the statesman was too strong within him to permit him to become entirely absorbed in his profession. He watched from day to day the growing marvellous performance. Nor did Hamilweakness of the confederation. He maintained a correspondence with leading men throughout the country, looking con- and energy, to his indomitable courage, stantly toward a better form of govern- and to his power in debate that a hostile ment. It was to him that we owe the majority in the New York convention was prompt action which converted the very overcome and the ratification of the Conimperfect Annapolis convention into the stitution finally carried by a narrow marstepping-stone for the convention which gin. met at Philadelphia and there framed the Constitution of the United States. In that April, 1789, Washington was inaugurated, famous body Hamilton, although fettered and in September the act creating the by two hostile colleagues, who always cast the vote of his State against him, played Hamilton was made Secretary of the a leading part, and on the frame of government which finally issued from the con- From Trumbull's portraits and the Ceracvention he left a deep impression. He chi bust made from a life mask we can himself desired, as the great speech in see how he looked. which he set forth his views showed, a the keen strong face and dark eyes full much stronger system of government than of force, and also full of passionate energy. that which was adopted. The explanation In the bust we get the shape of the head, of his general attitude is not far to seek. which is almost classic in its symmetry Hamilton, we must remember, had no local and outline. The brow is high and broad, attachments. Coming from a West Indian and the head behind full and ample in island he was an American, and not identified with the individual prejudices of handsome in feature, very impressive in the Colonies. entirely national, and he was without any with the excitement of debate. He was of the strong local feeling which was very short but well made; slight but active; naturally characteristic of all other states- very quick in his movements, and the genmen of that period, with the single exceperal impression he gave was one of great tion of Washington. This was undoubt- power and restless, untiring energy. edly a source of strength, but it also led him to advocate measures which went too To tell in detail the way he met it is imfar to be practicable and made him impa- possible here, for it would involve a history tient of what he considered very narrow of those memorable early years when the and provincial politics. But although the government was organized and set in moconvention did not adopt his extreme ideas, tion. The rock on which the old confedone of which was to have the governors of eration split was the financial question, the States appointed by the President, and therefore the heaviest part in estabthere is no doubt that his plan and the lishing the new government fell to Hamilmanner in which he advocated it had a ton. The nation was without credit or very powerful effect on the convention, in- revenue. He gave them both. vigorated their action, and strengthened was no system of banking. He established the final result. been obtained, although it fell far short of credit, one of the greatest of our state his own wishes, he threw himself into the papers, he laid down a policy which contest which ensued for the ratification brought us both credit and revenue. By of the Constitution. It was he who planned the assumption of the State debts he raised and chiefly wrote the famous papers now our credit to a still higher point and bound known as "The Federalist," one of the the States to the general government. In most remarkable contributions to the phil- his report on the national bank he called osophy and practice of government and into life the implied powers of the Constito the theory and construction of a federal tution and founded a system of constitu-

at the time, and has attained a permanent place among the great authorities which we have upon this subject. For a man less than thirty years old, who had never been out of an American colony, it was a ton's work for the Constitution stop with "The Federalist." It was owing to his zeal

Thus the government was formed. In Treasury Department was passed, and Treasury. He was thirty-two years old. The portrait shows space. He must have been, if not regularly His views, therefore, were look, especially when his face lighted up

With the Treasury came his opportunity. After that result had one. In the first report on the public system which has ever been written. It tional construction upon which parties the power and authority of the national years' service the task was done. could have shown. Within the past year fessional work. that famous report has been studied and personal quarrel upon him. which the country ever since has moved. first fire. He was only forty-seven. He mastered them as he mastered every him that "Hamilton had divined Europe."

foundation of sound government. With this of the central government. went necessarily the doctrine of a liberal resort.

greatest constructive work that any man carnestness, his high spirits, made him be-

have divided ever since, and which has was doing at that time anywhere, and done more than anything else to develop when he left the cabinet after nearly six government. In his report on manufac- never held civil office again. He sustained tures, he set forth in an argument which Washington with voice and pen to the end has been often contradicted but never of his administration, and when the alarm answered the policy which was to secure of war with France came he was placed our industrial independence. The Ameri- next to Washington and in active comcan people have clung to that policy ever mand of the provisional army. Then since, and, although there have been oc- came the miserable quarrels and dissencasional relapses, and parties have fought sions with John Adams, which divided and over the issue, Hamilton's tariff principles defeated the Federalists, and after this have prevailed and have always risen all opportunity for future service in public stronger after each assault upon them. In office was at an end, He contributed his report on coinage he discussed that powerfully to defeat the intrigue which difficult subject in all its bearings with a sought to put Jefferson aside and make knowledge worthy of a specialist and a Burr President, but the few remaining years breadth and grasp which no specialist were given almost entirely to brilliant pro-At last Burr forced a Hamilton, discussed by thousands of men, and Ham-haunted by the delusion that a struggle ilton's name has been heard familiarly in re- was impending between the forces of order gions where, in his day, no white man's foot and those of disorder, and that his power had ever trod. Foreign affairs were not and leadership would be lost if he flinched within his province, yet his influence was from a duel, accepted the challenge. They undoubted in this direction when Washing- met by the banks of the Hudson, and ton was laying down the great lines along Hamilton fell mortally wounded at the

The end was tragic, and his death presubject, and it was Talleyrand who said of mature, but his work was done and his fame was safe. He was, first of all, a Out of these great policies came not great constructive statesman; but he was only material and practical results, but a distinguished in many other ways. He school of political thought, and hence a was a man of accurate and penetrating great political division and a party which thought, and a writer of high rank. He believed in Hamilton's principles as the had a clear, nervous, and effective style, The and it is this which preserves the savor of leading idea for which Hamilton stood and books, if not the substance, and enables stands is nationality; that is, the subordi- men to quote them and to feel that the nation of the States and the development thought still lives. His speeches have perished, but we know from contemporary evidence that he was a great orator, full as opposed to a strict construction of the of fire and passion, able to turn a great Constitution, the establishment of strongly assembly, as in the New York convention, organized departments, effective, affirma- or to expose a criminal, as when in the tive legislation, and the vigorous exercise darkening court he set the witness between of all the powers of the United States, two candles so that all the light was on the Hence it was that as Hamilton developed man's face, and then, by his cross-examhis policies, and as his scheme of govern- ination, broke him down. His errors were ment came out strong, compact, and clear, those of passion. Passion of one sort led the leader of the opposition to these ideas him into the wretched intrigue which he rose up by his side in the person of Jeffer- confessed to clear his public honor, and son, Secretary of State in the same cabi- passion of another sort caused the proposinet. Hence came the fundamental divi- tion to Jay to defeat the will of the people sion of our parties, and when at last civil of New York. The brilliant, cold, penewar broke upon our country, it was Ham- trating intellect was one side of the man, ilton's creed of nationality and union the passionate, fervid temperament the which triumphed in the court of last other. Such a man made devoted friends and bitter enemies. His frankness, hon-It was a great work for one man; the esty, and quick sympathy, his humor, his

loved at home and abroad. His impa- is his great services to the cause of natience with stupidity or slowness and his tionality and the masterly policies which commanding temper made for him foes in have done so much to make the nation and public life. But that which history pre- guide her along the pathway of her mighty serves and the American people cherish, destiny.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Born at Nevis, W. I., January 11, 1757? Died in New York, July 12, 1804.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

A LEXANDER HAMILTON did not who practised the art of miniature paintin 1792, by Joseph Ceracchi in 1794, by cabinet picture on marble, showing the James Sharples in 1796, and one by an unfigure at three-quarter length. This last probably the latest of those here reproduced.

There are three other portraits of Hamthe most diligent inquiry having failed to locate the original paintings. One of these 1835, and twenty years later for Irving's was a miniature painted by Walter Rob- "Washington." The third lost portrait of George Graham and published the follow- Albany, and has been at least twice ening year, in New York, by the Tory printer, graved, by Leney and by Hoogland. It James Rivington. Soon afterward Rol- certainly seems remarkable that these three place in the art of miniature painting in discovering any of them. His style was essentially his own. His portraits were beautifully exe- portant portrait that is not reproducedcolor, being artificial throughout. He life, many claim that it was, and it is well wrote to John Jay April 15, 1796, asking known from having been often engraved. him to sit for his portrait, "for the purpose It is in the Governor's room of the City of being engraved as a companion to two Hall, New York. It was painted by John prints of the President and Colonel Ham- Trumbull, but has in some unaccountilton." Soon after this Robertson went able way had the name of "Weimar" to India, where he is said to have died. frequently attached to it as the painter, Another lost portrait of Hamilton was albeit no painter is known bearing this painted by Archibald Robertson, who was name. Trumbull painted a whole length not related to the preceding or "Irish" portrait of Hamilton, in 1792, for the mer-Robertson, as he was called. Archibald chants of New York, which was presented Robertson was born near Aberdeen, Scot- by them to the Chamber of Commerce.

live long enough to make many sac- ing. He came to New York in 1791, and rifices on the painter's throne; yet he has was soon followed by his brother Alexanleft enough portraits to make his iconogra- der, while the youngest brother, Andrew, phy interesting, covering, as it does, nearly remained at home and became the most a quarter century of his short life. Six eminent artist of the three. There is no original portraits are here reproduced, record of the year when Archibald Robertand the only ones that can be authenti- son painted Hamilton, of whom he is said cated. They are by Charles Willson Peale to have made two pictures, one, miniature in 1778 and in 1791, by John Trumbull on ivory, of the head, and another, a small known hand and of an unknown date, but was engraved by William Rollinson imfrom its character and interesting history, mediately after the duel and published, by painter and engraver jointly, September t, 1804. This portrait of Hamilton is one of the most commonly known from its having ilton, known only, however, by engravings; been engraved for the "National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans!' in ertson, in 1795. It was engraved by Hamilton was painted by Ezra Ames of linson and Tanner each engraved it. Rob- portraits should have disappeared so comertson practised in Dublin before he came pletely, and it would be highly gratifying to this country, and there held the first if this publication should be the means of

Special mention must be made of one imcuted, but unnatural in their tone and important, because, while not painted from land, and was the eldest of three brothers Early in 1794, Trumbull sailed with John

of Jay previously ordered. In Trumbull's assumed an attractive smile.' autograph "Mem. of work done at New It was the intention to present portraits York, 1804-5," now before me, he writes, of the wives of the eminent men depicted

until after Hamilton's death, it shows that among the wives of "great Americans" not one of the bust portraits of Hamilton should lead. by Trumbull of this same type was painted the portrait for Hon. George Cabot, which ished when she died in Washington, Dis-Mr. Cabot Lodge now [1881] has." Per- trict of Columbia, on November 9, 1854, kins's letter to Trumbull ordering the pic-past half a century of widowhood and the ture is dated "Boston, April 11, 1806," patriarchal age of ninety-seven years. me by first conveyance carefully cased." that Mr. Davis got (March 3, 1806) two of our national history would be misuncopies of this portrait, which Trumbull derstood if not wholly unwritten. enters "Copied from large picture." Opportrait.

erect and dignified in his carriage. "His light.

Jay for England as Secretary of Lega- complexion was exceedingly fair, and varytion, where he remained ten years, only ing from this only by the almost feminine returning to New York a fortnight before rosiness of his cheeks." His hair was Hamilton's fatal duel. A few months light, his eyes dark and exceedingly later the corporation of New York re- bright, and his face when at rest "had quested him to paint a whole length por- rather a severe and thoughtful expression, trait of Hamilton, as a companion to one but when engaged in conversation it easily

under date of December 22: "Whole length in this series, but the only known one of portrait of General Hamilton for city. Deborah Franklin, while full of character, Dress black. Background gray architec- was in such condition as not to lend itself ture, deep orange curtain, mahogany table to satisfactory reproduction, and of Martha with books and papers. Done from Cerac- Washington there were so many portraits chi's bust. Successful in point of likeness that they will be given a distinct monoand a happy composition, \$500." He graph. Therefore it is Mrs. Alexander makes a like record in his "Autobiography." Hamilton whose portraits will first appear Seeing therefore that this portrait was and perhaps it is not inappropriate that painted from Ceracchi's marble, and not the woman most distinguished personally

Alexander Hamilton, then an aide to from life, although the owners of them cling Washington, married, December 14, 1780, with tenacity to fallacious traditions that at the famed Schuyler homestead, Albany, they were. One of these is in the Museum New York, Elizabeth, daughter of Genof Fine Arts, Boston, bequeathed by the eral Philip Schuyler and Katharine Van Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who inherited Reusselaer, his wife. Miss Schuyler was it from Colonel Perkins of Boston, for then in her twenty-fourth year and noted whom Trumbul' painted it in 1806, "about for her beauty of mind and person, which the same time," Mr. Winthrop says, "with grew with her strength and was undiminpatriarchal age of ninety-seven years. and in it he says: "We have seen here a Brissot de Warville, who knew Mrs. Hampainting of Gen. Hamilton which you ex- ilton in the heyday of her career, describes ecuted for Mr. I. P. Davis. I understand her as "a charming woman, who joined you have another equally correct as re- to the graces all the candor and simplicity spects resemblance to the original. If of the American wife." She rendered her this be true and you will dispose of it to husband valuable assistance in his labors, me for the same price, which Mr. Davis kept his books and papers in order for him. gave you for his, namely one hundred dol- and preserved the large collection of manulars, I will thank you to send it round to scripts which she sold to the United States Government a few years before her death, From Trumbull's MSS, list it would seem and without which many important pages

Fortunately, Mrs. Hamilton's portraiture posite the Perkins entry is "Hamilton exhibits her in three distinct periods of again. Copy." From November, 1805, her long life: in 1787, by Ralph Earl; in to March, 1806, he sold four copies of this 1825, by Henry Inman, and in 1846 and 1851, by Eastman Johnson and Charles Trumbull made the great mistake, in Martin, respectively. As Mrs. Hamilton both of his whole length portraits of Ham- lived well into the early days of the ilton, of representing him as a large man, daguerreotype, there were doubtless one instead of which Hamilton was quite small, or more of these mechanical pictures under middle size and spare in person, but taken of her, but none has come to

LIFE PORTRAITS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.



THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON. AGE ABOUT 21. C. W. PEALE.

Painted by Charles Willson Peale in the winter of 1777-78. Enlarged from the original miniature on ivory, 1 to by 1 to inches, now first identified and published. Owned by Miss Mary Burt, of Philadelphia. This portrait, although the first in the series of Hamilton's iconography, is the last discovered, having only come to light since this article was sent to the printer. It is absolutely new. Not only has it never been reproduced, but hitherto it has been unidentified as Alexander Hamilton. It was painted by Pealc, doubtless in the winter of 1777-78, when he was with the army, and the officers had little better to do than to sit for their portraits. It remained in his possession and in that of his last surviving child, Titian R. Peale, for a century, when it was purchased by the present owner as a miniature of Washington, and as such the writer's attention was invited to it. That it bore no possible resemblance to Washington, as we know him delineated in more than two-score life portraits, was apparent at first sight, and Peale was too good a draughtsman to get so far away from his subject. Beyond this, the picture bears its own undeniable proof that it was not intended for Washington. That proof is found in the color of the ribband across the breast, which is green. By an order issued from headquarters, at Cambridge, July 14, 1775, Washington prescribed that he should be distinguished by "a light blue ribband, wore across his breast between his coat and waistcoat; "Majors and Brigadiers-General" by a pink ribband wore in like manner," and "The Aids de Camp by a Green ribband." The color of the ribband in this miniature, therefore, settled that it was the portrait of an aide-de-camp, and left only the identity to be established. With Hamilton's marked physiognomy fresh in one's mind, the identification was not difficult, as the succeeding reproductions will exemplify. Thus we are enabled, by this unexpected discovery at the eleventh hour, to make a most important contribution to the Life Portraits of Great Americans, by presenting a much earlier likeness of Alexander Hamilton than hitherto has been known to exist. It is beautifully executed, as fresh in color as though it were just painted, and most interesting for its typical characteristics. Owing to its minute size it has been deemed advisable to reproduce it here very much enlarged, so that its strong features can be the more readily observed.



HAMILTON IN 1791. AGE ABOUT 34. C. W. PEALE.

HAMILTON IN 1791. AGE ABOUT 34. PAINTED BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE.

From the original portrait painted by Charles Willson Peale in 1791, now in Ind pendence Hall, and owned by the city of Philadelphia. Canvas, oval, 19 by 23 inches. Until the very recent discovery of the early portrait shown on page 509, there were supposed to be but two portraits of Hamilton by C. W. Peale in existence-the original here reproduced, and a repetition of it, in miltary uniform, owned by the New York Historical Society. This one was of particular interest, therefore, as being the earliest portrait of Hamilton known, having been taken when he was thirty-four, assuming the correctness of the date usually assigned for his birth. But Hamilton's mature appearance in this portrait, as well as his achievements. make the year assigned for his birth doubtful. This portrait appears in the first catalogue of the Peale Museum collection, primed in 1795, and thereafter regularly until 1854, when it was purchased by the city of Philadelphia.

HAMILTON IN 1792. AGE ABOUT 35. JOHN TRUMBULL,

From the original portrait painted by John Trumbull in 1792. Owned by Colonel William Jay, Bedford, New York. Canvas, 25 by 30 inches. This portrait was painted by Trumbull for John Jay, with whom he was on terms of familiar intercourse. From it he painted the whole-length picture (58 by 86 inches) for the merchants of New York, now belonging to the Chamber of Commerce of that city. A committee of the merchants writing to Hamilton requesting that he would sit for the latter portrait added, "You will also be pleased to permit the representation to exhibit such part of your political life as may be most agreeable to yourself." To this Hamilton replied: "I shall cheerfully obey their wish as far as respects the taking of my portrait, but I ask that they will permit it to appear not connected with any incident of my political life. The simple representation of their fellow citizen and friend will best accord with my feeling." A comparative study of these two pictures presents a good object lesson in distinguishing between original portraits from life and replicas and copies. The life portrait is full of character and animation, and is drawn with directness and freedom, qualities distinctly lacking in the whole-length picture. Trumbull made several repetitions of this bust portrait, one of them being in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and another in the gallery of the Essex Institute, at Salem, Massachusetts.

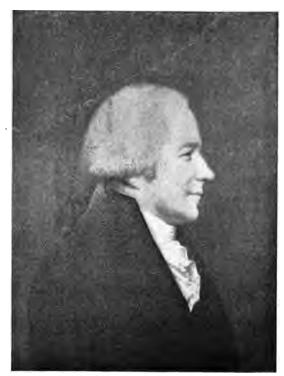


HAMILION IN 1792. AGE ABOUT 35. JOHN TRUMBULL.



HAMILTON IN 1794. AGE ABOUT 37. MODELLED BY CERACCHI,

Hamilton, who died in 1889, having bequeathed it on the death of his widow to the Astor Library. Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, the second, died in the spring of last year, when the bequest became operative, and this fine marble became the property of the public. Cut in the back of the bust is this inscription: "De Facie Philadelphiæ ex ectipo Florenciæ Faciebat. Jos. Ceracchi. CIDDCCLXXXXIV." An unknown writer more than half a century ago said: "It has been Hamilton's good fortune that his lineaments have gone down ennobled by the genius of Ceracchi, and that solemn and majestic face, which would not have been particularly striking under any ordinary hand, is literally a part of his fame." been accorded the first place as a correct resemblance of the great financial statesman. No more convincing recognition of its value as a likeness could be given than by Trumbull's Modelled by Joseph Ceracchi in 1794. From the original marble in the Lenox Gallery; owned by the Public Library of New York. Ceracchi's bust of Alexander Hamilton has always selecting it, instead of his own portrait from life of two years earlier, from which to paint the head in the whole-length picture ordered by the city of New York, after Hamilton's death. This bust remained in the possession of Mrs. Hamilton until her death, when it became the property of her son, Mr. James A. Hamilton, from whom it was inherited by his son, Alexander



HAMILTON IN 1796. AGE ABOUT 39. SHARPLES.

HAMILTON IN 1796. AGE ABOUT 39. JAMES SHARPLES.

From the original pastel by James Sharples, 1796; owned by Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton, New York. Size, 6 by 8 inches. There are two original portraits of Hamilton by Sharples; the one here reproduced, profile to right, and another, owned by the Misses Hamilton, profile to the left. Otherwise than as showing different sides of the face there is no material difference in the two pictures. A crude copy by Felix T. Sharples is in the New York Historical Society. When Talleyrand came to this country in 1794, he soon became intimate with Hamilton, and before returning to France, two years later, had repeatedly asked Mrs. Hamilton for this recently drawn Sharples crayon of her husband, which the declined to let him have. When Tallevrand called to take farewell, Mrs. Hamilton was not at home. He took the picture from the wall, and telling Hamilton that he must make his peace with Mrs. Hamilton, carried off the prize. After the duel, Mrs. Hamilton sent word to Talleyrand that she wished him to restore the picture. This he did, first having two miniature copies made on porcelain by Chatres, one of which he sent out to the general's son, William Hamilton, with the original, and it has become known as "The Talleyrand miniature of Hamilton." The story is told that Aaron Burr, calling upon Talleyrand in France, was confronted with this miniature hanging over the mantel-piece, and was so disconcerted by it that he retired in confusion, without making known the object of his visit, The miniature copy that came to this country is owned by Mr. Philip Schuyler, of Irvington, New

HAMILTON ABOUT 1797. AGE ABOUT 40.

From the original picture, by an unknown. artist, in the possession of General Schuyler Hamilton, New York. This portrait is of especial interest from having been given by Hamilton to his classmate and putative brother, Dr. Edward Stevens (the resemblance between the two is said to have been very striking), as the latter was leaving for his home in the West Indies, with the remark, "It is said to be the best likeness of me yet taken." Subsequently Dr. Stevens's son gave it to Mr. John C. Hamilton, who thought so highly of it as a likeness that he early invoked the aid of photography to copy it, and freely presented the prints to admirers of his distinguished father. The uniform would indicate that it was painted prior to Hamilton's appointment as Inspector-General of the provisional army in 1798.



HAMILTON ABOUT 1797. AGE ABOUT 40.



1825. AGE 68.







1851. AGE 94.

FOUR LIFE PORTRAITS OF MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

The first of these four portraits is from an original owned by Mr. Philip Schuyler, Irvington, New York, and painted by Ralph Earle in 1787, when Mrs. Hamilton was thirty years old. The artist at the time was in prison for debt, and Mrs. Hamilton sat to him in order to aid in his release.—The second portrait is from an original miniature on ivory painted by Henry Inman in 1825, when Mrs. Hamilton was sixty-eight, and now owned by the Misses Hamilton, New York.—The third portrait is from an original pencil drawing made by Eastman Johnson in 1846, when Mrs. Hamilton was eighty-nine. It has never been reproduced before, and is reproduced now by the special permission of the artist, who himself owns it. In March, 1846, Mr. Johnson had a studio in the Capitol at Washington, and one day Mrs. Hamilton wandered into it. Mr. Johnson got her permission to make this sketch, of which he writes, "It was a perfectly good likeness of a pretty, frowzy old lady."—The fourth portrait is from an original crayon made by Charles Martin in 1851, when Mrs. Hamilton was ninety-four, and now owned by Mr. Philip Schuyler, Irvington, New York.



"WHITEHAVEN," THE DENT HOMESTEAD NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, Redrawn from an old drawing owned by Mrs. U. S. Grant.

GRANT'S LIFE IN MISSOURI.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

GRANT AS A PIONEER FARMER IN MISSOURI AND REAL ESTATE BROKER IN ST. LOUIS.—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF HIM BY THE WIFE OF HIS OLD PARTNER IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS.—REMOVAL TO GALENA.

X/HEN Ulysses Grant, having resigned the Pacific slope, returned to St. Louis in money, no tools, no horses. of 1855.

Grant began at the bottom, as a laborer, from the army and left his post on for he had nothing to start with-no He and the autumn of 1854, he found the city and young Jefferson Sappington bound wheat country much the same as when he had last side by side, in the good old fashion, beseen them. Colonel Dent, his father-in-hind stalwart, shining negro cradlers. law, still lived at "Whitehaven," and The people were more markedly Southern through the autumn and the following in character than those of Grant's native winter Grant had his residence there too, country, and many were slaveholders. taking a hand in everything which needed Their houses were modifications of the to be done about the place. Probably it backwoodsman's cabin, like those in the was during this winter that Colonel Dent Ohio valley, with the wide galleries of the set aside some sixty or eighty acres of South added. Some of them are standing land for Mrs. Grant and the captain; and to-day, picturesque and hospitable in aptogether they began to plan the campaign pearance, consistent and dignified as types of native architecture. Around many of



MRS. U. S. GRANT AND HER TWO ELDEST CHILDREN, FREDERICK D. AND ULYSSES S. JR., ABOUT 1854. From a daguerrectype taken at St. Louis, now owned by Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr., and reproduced here with his permission.

slaveholders to the last.

GRANT CLEARS A FARM AND BUILDS A CABIN FOR HIS FAMILY,

Grant lived one year under his father-inlaw's roof, and then, in the early fall of 1855, he set forth to build a home of his own upon the land which Colonel Dent had set aside for his use, and to that end he felled trees and hewed logs. At last the logs were ready to put into place, and invitations were sent out for "the raising."

them stood little shanties of hewn logs in The calls were cheerily answered, for Capwhich the slaves lived in careless squalor. tain Grant had already made a favorable The abolition movement was at its height impression upon the neighbors by his hard, at this time, and had affected some of the work and by his unassuming manners. The advanced thinkers to the point of liberat- helpers swarmed in like bees. The Saping their black men; but Colonel Dent and pingtons, the Longs, and the Wrights sent most of his immediate neighbors remained in hands, both white and black. Fenton Long took a corner position, Captain Grant another, and at a third intersection was stationed one of Colonel Dent's negroes, a powerful axman, for the notching and fitting where the logs intersected required men who were quick on their feet and strong and true with the ax. "I remember it all very well," says Henry Clay Wright.* "The building was a big, tworoom cabin of hewn logs, with a hall in

*Captain Henry Clay Wright, provost marshal during the war. Grant afterwards made him Appraiser of the Port at St. Louis.



"HARDSCRABELE," THE FARM-HOUSE BUILT BY CAPTAIN U. S. GRANT IN 1855, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

the middle. It had also an upper story props to the coal mines near by, and was with two large rooms. It was a very com- able also to do teaming for his father-infortable place to live in." It is still stand- law. The tradition is that he was the first ing, but has been removed to a nearby vil- man to carry into St. Louis a full cord of lage as a relic.

under which the house was built, and fore- money, they were a pleasure to him. He seeing the conditions under which he must never forgot Ford's kindness. continue to live, immediately called his residence "Hardscrabble." It was, as a matter of fact, more ambitious than the first homes of many young married people of the neighborhood, and though the furniture was scanty and plain, a rude sort of mill not far from the Dent farm, and recalls comfort was possible within its walls, Grant is said to have put in the windows and doors himself. Frederick Dent, Grant's West Point comrade and brotherin-law, helped him to other necessaries in The first time I ever saw him was at a the way of tools and furniture.

very fine span of express horses which be- buy some hogs.' came at once the wonder of the neighborhorses set him up in business, and he at in the spring Grant began to clear the land once began hauling wood to St. Louis and for a crop. There was little money to be

wood at one load with two horses. His Grant having in mind the conditions horses not merely helped him to earn

> GRANT'S RELATIONS WITH HIS NEIGHBORS, AND THEIR RECOLLECTIONS OF HIM.

Henry Wright at this time owned a grist a few scenes connected with Grant's life in Gravois. "Captain Grant used to come almost every week to my mill," says Mr. Wright, "to get corn and wheat ground. sale. He was a small, thin man then, with Charles Ford, the manager of the United a close-cropped, brown beard. He had no States Express at St. Louis, was an old- overcoat, I remember, and he wore tall time acquaintance of Grant's from Sack- boots, quite unlike any others in the neighett's Harbor, and through his aid, accord- borhood. He was living with Colonel ing to Walter Camp and Captain Wright, Dent at that time, and his cabin had not Captain Grant acquired on easy terms a been built. I think he was at the sale to

A second winter was spent in teaming to The acquirement of a span of St. Louis, the barracks, and the mines, and all by Captain Grant, except by means of haven and assumed control of the slaves, prop-hauling and wood-selling. "We'all tools, and teams, such as they were. spent a good deal of time clearing land," bor. He loved horses and cattle, and every ani- that time."* mal about his farm was a pet. He hadn't an enemy that I ever knew of, and I never on the street during this period, "a man knew him to have any trouble.'

Wright. "We knew him to be a man of with his trousers tucked into his old milieducation and a veteran of the Mexican tary boots. General Longstreet recalls a War, and nobody ever presumed to be day in St. Louis when Grant was invited familiar with him. He had a quiet way of to be a party once more to an old-time familiar with him. He had a quiet way of to be a party once more to an old-time keeping people at arm's length." He took part in many of the neighborhood enter- other army comrades. "He seemed quite tainments, at least to the point of accom- the same as when I saw him last, just after panying Mrs. Grant to the quiltings or the Mexican War," says Longstreet; "a socials and looking on. He sometimes little older, and a little graver perhaps. took a hand at cards with mild interest. "I remember his coming to my house talked very little about himself, merely once," continues Captain Wright, "and answered questions, but seemed to enjoy bringing Mrs. Grant to a quilting. They the references to old times in the Mexican came on horseback, each with a child on War.' I used to see them often at behind. dances, but of course Grant took no part in that." Oswald Sturdy recollects seeing him at the shooting matches in the early fall when they met to compete for the quarters of a bullock. "He was a fairly good shot at a mark, and sometimes sense dependent, it would be interesting to carried off a quarter of beef," says Mr. Sturdy.

all, its peculiar pleasures. Once, long intimate circle of friends. This much is after, in walking over the old farm, Grant certain, he voted for Buchanan in 1858; pointed out some stumps, and said: "I and George W. Fishback, the editor of the moistened the ground around those stumps old "Missouri Democrat," intimates that with many a drop of sweat." He paused Grant expressed to him a foreboding of a little, and then added, "But they were trouble, and that he voted for Buchanan happy days.

When they had lived perhaps a year in the new cabin, Mrs. Grant's brother Lewis off. moved away to the farther West, and the Grants took his house, a Gothic cottage, named "Wish-ton-Wish," which stood on the edge of a beautiful forest, across the creek from Whitehaven, about a mile distant, and overlooking the Gravois road, which was the main thoroughfare to St. Louis. In 1856 Mrs. Dent died, and Colonel Dent returned to St. Louis to live, and Cologressman Blow's yard, and Mrs. Blow came out and gave me a valuable rating."

had by the wealthiest farmers, and none at and Captain Grant took charge of White-

As to what Grant thought of slavery at says Jefferson Sappington, an old neigh- that time there is no available record, ex-"We burned a great deal of timber, cept that his neighbors all considered him but Grant burned none. He made every- a Northern man and not a slavery man. thing count. There was a lot of young Doubtless he felt slavery to be wrong, but timber on his land, and that he made into acquiesced in it to the extent of making props. He worked very hard, and raised use of the negroes left in his charge. His wheat, corn, and garden stuff. There teaming to St. Louis and the barracks, wasn't a lazy bone in his body. His tools where he sold firewood, still continued, were always in order. He was always a and "he unloaded many a cord of wood in gentleman, and a kind, indulgent father. the back yards of St. Louis aristocrats of

Fellow-officers remember meeting him with an all-pervading air of hard luck and 'We all liked him," says Captain vain regrets," dressed in farmer fashion, He was dressed plainly but neatly. He

GRANT'S POLITICAL OPINIONS AT THIS TIME.

A Northern man, married into a slaveowning family, and surrounded by slaveowning neighbors upon whom he was in a know what were Grant's political sentiments and opinions at this time. But he It was a laborious life, but had, after rarely talked politics outside of his most in the hope that Buchanan's election "would put the struggle four years farther

> Captain H. C. Wright, who was running for the legislature on the Whig ticket that year, and met Grant at the polling place, says: "He came up to me and said, 'Mr. Wright, I have voted for you to-day, not on the ground of politics, for I am a

us.'' *

for the West was passing through a money in 1858, he determined to leave the farm, sale.

ers to lay off a road," Captain Wright re- of a business man. lates, "and we met over near Grant's all the money he had; but that's the kind of a man he was."

REMOVAL TO ST. LOUIS.—MRS. BOGGS'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Of the next phase of Grant's life, we derive an intimate and very interesting view from the reminiscences of Mrs. Louisa Boggs, now living, a widow, in St. Louis. With her husband, Harry Boggs, Grant formed a partnership in a sad man. He was always a gentleman, the real estate business on giving up his and everybody loved him, for he was so farm and removing into the town of St.

"The proposition [for the partnership]

Democrat, but because I think you are the to Mr. Boggs," says Mrs. Boggs. "Mrs. best man for the place.' He never talked Grant was always ambitious for her huspolitics with me afterward. We were all band, and it seemed a rise in affairs to slaveholding farmers in that day, and come into town. Captain Grant had not Grant's wife had a couple of slaves, and done very well on the farm, partly because yet we felt that he was not exactly one of he was no hand to manage negroes. He couldn't drive them to work, and so took Grant toiled hard, but gained little. the brunt of it himself. I know he worked This can hardly be counted against him, hard and faithfully; but he gave it up at last, and tried to get something to do in panic, and the impending struggle between town. He walked the streets for some North and South was affecting everything time, trying to get work, and at last Colonel bought and sold. The whole nation was Dent asked Mr. Boggs if he could not emin an uneasy condition. In spite of all ploy him. It never was in Ulysses Grant drawbacks, however, up to a time when to push himself forward. Mr. Boggs was he fell ill of fever and ague, Grant steadily doing a good business then, and really though slowly pulled ahead, so that when, needed somebody; so Captain Grant came into the firm, practically as a clerk, for he he had some little property to sell at public had no money to invest. He was to pay a bonus for the privilege, and afterwards. In the midst of his own trouble and pov-did pay it, I believe. He did clerical erty he still never forgot others. "I was work, and wrote a good clear hand, but appointed one of three road commission- wasn't of much use. He hadn't the push

"He couldn't bring his family into town farm, at a blacksmith shop kept by a man that winter, so he lived with us. We gave named Wise. When I got there Wise was him an unfurnished, back room, and told telling Fent Long about the burning down him to fit it up as he pleased. It conof a widow's house the night before. He tained very little during the winter he lived said he was going to get up a subscription there. He had a bed, and a bowl and a for her. Some of us offered to contribute pitcher on a chair; and, as he had no what we could spare, and while we were stove, he used to sit at our fire almost talking about it, Grant came up and every evening. On Saturdays he went wanted to know what it was all about. home. He lived in this way all winter, Wise told him. 'Well,' said Grant, 'it for it was spring before he got his Lynch certainly is a sad story; here are five dol- Street house and moved his little family lars for her.' We all knew it was the pay into it. I can see him now as he used to for a load of props, and probably it was sit so humbly at our fireside. He had no exalted opinion of himself at any time. but in those days he seemed almost in despair. He was not fitted for civilian life. We thought him a man of ability, but in the wrong place. His mind was not on business matters. His intentions were good, but he hadn't the faculty to solicit, or to keep small affairs in order.

"I don't recall that he was ill when he lived with us, but he seemed to me much depressed. He would smile at times, but I never heard him laugh aloud. He was gentle and considerate; but we didn't see what he could do in the world. He had resigned from the army, and had failed at came through the Dents, who were related farming, and so, after trying him in busi-

^{*}In an interview held expressly for McClure's Magazine.
Mrs. Boggs was for many years a teacher in the public schools of St. Louis. The author of the present paper, in his conversations with her, found her a thoughtful and cultivated woman, with a very clear memory of those antebellum days to which her reminiscences relate.



^{*}A curious incident of this time was the appointment of U. S. Grant as an appraiser of the negroes of the estate of Richard Wells. The report to the Honorable Probate Court is signed by U. S. Grant, Thaddeus Lovejoy, and James L. Kennerly. "It was simply a neighborly act," says Captain Wright, "such as any man would do for a friend."

ness, what could we think but that he was sell negotiable paper. This business dedren and take care of his family.

"His mind was always somewhere else. He said very little unless some war topic came up. If you mentioned Napoleon's battles or the Mexican War or the question used to talk politics with us very well, but at that time it was not generally known where he stood, though we never doubted his position. He was Northern, while Mr. Boggs and I were both Southern in sentiment.

"He was always a very domestic man, and extremely homelike in his ways. 'His wife had very great influence over him, and he had the highest regard for her. Mrs. Dent was always friendly. She believed in him. She was a very imaginative woman, and used to have wonderful dreams. She had a dream once of Ulysses wherein she saw everybody bowing down to him, and she persisted in thinking her dream a prophecy of future greatness for Ulysses, though the rest of us gave it little thought.

"The partnership with Mr. Boggs continued nearly a year, but at last hard times came on, and all business grew panicky,' and there was not enough in the venture for two families to live on. So Grant drew out, and tried, without success, to get into something else.'

J. G. McClelland, of the firm of McClelland, Hilyer, and Moody, St. Louis, supplies some additional information with regard to the partnership of Boggs and Grant. "Our firm," says he, "had the parlors of an old French mansion on Pine Street between Second and Third. Moody had the back room, and Hilyer and I the front. We allowed Harry Boggs to have a desk there, and Grant and Boggs had some kind of a partnership in the real estate business. Grant didn't seem to be just calculated for business, but a more honest, more generous man never lived. I don't believe he knew what dishonor was."

AN APPLICANT FOR THE OFFICE OF COUNTY ENGINEER.

a man without a vocation? He did not mands a persuasive and tireless talker, and blame us for thinking poorly of his powers; again Ulysses Grant found himself at a he thought poorly of himself. I don't disadvantage. "He had no power to banthink he saw any light ahead at that time, ter or beguile or persuade," says his old not a particle. I don't believe he had any friend George W. Fishback. In August, ambition other than to educate his chil- 1859, the discouraged but still struggling man tried for a new position. The office of county engineer was about to be vacant, and immediately upon hearing of this, Grant wrote the following letter to the Board of County Commissioners, which of secession, he was fluent enough. He had the power of appointing to this office:

ST. LOUIS, August 15, 1850.

HON. COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, St. Louis Co., Mo.

Gentlemen: I beg leave to submit myself as an applicant for County Engineer should the office be rendered vacant, and at the same time to submit the names of a few citizens who have been kind enough to recommend me for the office. I have made no effort to get a large number of names, nor the names of persons with whom I am not personally acquainted.

I enclose herewith, also, a statement from Professor Reynolds, who was a classmate of mine at West

Point, as to qualifications.

Should your honorable body see proper to give me the appointment, I pledge myself to give the office my entire attention, and shall hope to give general satisfaction.

Very respectfully Your Ob't Sv't, U. S. GRANT.

Appended to the application was the following endorsement from J. J. Reynolds, then Professor of Mechanics and Engineering in Washington University, St. Louis, and afterwards a Union general in the Civil War:

"Captain U. S. Grant was a member of the class at the Military Academy at West Point which gradu-He always maintained a high standated in 1843. ing, and graduated with great credit, especially in mathematics and engineering. From my personal knowledge of his capacity and acquirement, as well as of his strict integrity and unremitting industry, I consider him in an eminent degree qualified for the office of County Engineer."

To this a hearty endorsement was added by D. M. Frost, afterwards the well-known Confederate general, who begins his endorsement by saying: "I was for three years in the corps of cadets at West Point with Captain Grant, and afterwards served with him for some eight or nine years in the army.

In addition to these testimonials, the names of nearly forty very well-known The firm announced itself by a card as citizens were appended to the letter; so prepared to buy and sell real estate, col- that Grant must have been at this time a lect loans and rents, and also to buy and man of fair standing and influence in the

city. He did not get the appointment, for five commissioners were Republicans.

though the first seemed hamble enough, a deplorable state.

The most vivid account of Grant's conknown citizen of St. Louis, and at that time editor of the "Missouri Democrat," The direction of the log he had better take is a decidenwise might have done. Now he changes and golds with people of the take therewise might have done. Now he changes and golds with people of the take the must leave St. Louis, and, Northern States. In the winter of 1850 with a brave resolution to share his formula 1850 of resolutional space freely of the times to the end. Mrs. Grant consented. The analysis of the disappointed father's heart; same to be declared his most in to the disappointed father's heart; same to be declared his most in to the disappointed father's heart; and party.

When the disappointed father's heart; some time also and tendences in the Kepies and party.

When the disappointed father's heart; and party.

"After his decision to remove to Galena two reasons: the rival applicant was well I met him on Main Street one day, in the known in his capacity as an engineer; and spring of 1860. He greeted me kindly, Grant was a Democrat, while three of the but seemed to be in a very distressed and disconsolate frame of mind. I had never A little later Grant secured a position in before seen him so depressed. He was the custom house, but within a month the shabbily dressed, his beard was unshorn, collector died, and Grant was again out of his face anxious, the whole exterior of the a place. It seemed as if there was noth- man denoting a profound discouragement ing in the world for him to do. He again at the result of his experiment to maintain walked the streets in search of employ- himself in St. Louis. He said: 'I know ment, but nothing offered. He had now something of the leather business, and I been a year or more in St. Louis without think I can do better up in Galena with earning anything considerable, and his my brothers.' He then asked me if I small store of savings was gone. He had would buy or hire one of his house serbeen forced to leave the house in Lynch vants. She was an excellent woman, he Street where he had first established his said, and had been in the family some family on bringing them into town, and time, but as she was a slave he could not take a humb'er one in Barton Street, take her North. 'I must leave,' he said; 'I can't make a go of it here.' I declined He was obliged also to borrow money, and to buy the slave woman, and I did not see by the following spring his affairs were in him again until he entered the State as colonel of an Illinois regiment.

It will thus be seen that life in St. Louis dition in these trying, hopeless days is had become very difficult for Captain given by Mr. George W. Fishback, a well- Grant. He had made a brave fight, but it was against too great odds. As the heat of political discussion waxed, it became Mr. Fishback had known Grant and his more difficult to maintain friendly relations family previously in Ohio. He himself with his neighbors, for he was at heart a removed to St. Louis the same year in lover of liberty. He was in a false posiwhich Grant resigned from the army and tion, an intelerable position. He had in rejoined his family at the Dent farm, his household at this time two servants "All of Captain Grant's associations and given to his wife by Colonel Dent, and (apparent) sympathies at that time," says, what to do with them became a problem. Mr. Fishback, 5 twere pre-slavery in char- He at last turned them over to John F. acter. He said he was a Demicrat, and Long in security for a small indebtedness, had voted for Bue analy for President, but and the slaves finally fell back into the his father-in-law was as ave-owner, and his pissession of Colonel Dent. It was a wife and her whole family were intersely time of being despised of men and of lesser in term. It is quite probable that in the His father-in-law was a grievance the mist of all his discouragements he with his invectives against the "Yankees." came to a clear a marchenskin of the long. Even his friends Mr. and Mrs. Boggs dit not that go all the lorder states, stared in the growing bitterness of secand he dithe dery and sectional sent ments it small hate, and his surroundings grew static Southern accordent their proper each day more intolerable. Undoubtedly, valuation. He was doubt foresaw the regard for the wishes of his wife had led to reactive division from their that as about from the remain near her parents longer than

Il s. the Western branch of his business, the manufacture with the west of the western branch of his business, who is was then in charge of his two sons, the agency are Orvine and Simpson.

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—Concluded.

FTER violent emotion most people and all boys demand food. They feasted the returned prodigal behind drawn curtains, cut off in their great happiness, while the trains roared in and out around them. Harvey ate, drank, and enlarged on his adventures all in one breath, and when he had voice was thickened with living in the open, salt air; his palms were rough and hard; his wrists dotted with the marks of gurry-sores; and a fine full flavor of cod-fish hung round rubber boots and blue jersey.

The father, well used to judging men, looked at him keenly. He did not know what enduring harm the boy might have taken. Indeed, he caught himself thinking that he knew very little whatever of his son; but he distinctly remembered an unsatisfied, dough-faced youth who took delight in "calling down the old man" and reducing wealthy play with or revile the bell-boys. clear, and unflinching, and spoke in a tone was that in his voice which seemed to prom-

Cheyne. have allowed that. Don't see as Europe month!"

could have done it any better."

"But why didn't you tell this man, Troop, who you were?" the mother repeated, when Harvey had expanded his story at least twice.

"Disko Troop, dear. The best man that ever walked a deck. I don't care who the

next is."

ashore? You know father would have made it up to him ten times over."

"I know it; but he thought I was crazy. I'm afraid I called him a thief because I couldn't find the bills in my pocket."

"A quartermaster found them by the flagstaff that—that night," sobbed Mrs.

"That explains it, then. I don't blame a hand free his mother fondled it. His Troop any. I just said I wouldn't workon a Banker, too—and of course he hit me on the nose, and oh! I bled like a stuck hog.

"My poor darling! They must have

abused you horribly.

"Dunno quite. Well, after that, I saw a

light.'

Cheyne slapped his leg and chuckled. This was going to be a boy after his own hungry heart. He had never seen precisely that twinkle in Harvey's eye before.

"And the old man gave me ten and a half a month; he's paid me half now; and his mother to tears—such a person as adds I took hold with Dan and pitched right in. to the gaiety of public rooms and hotel I can't do a man's work yet. But I can piazzas, where the ingenious young of the handle a dory 'most as well as Dan, and I don't get rattled in a fog, much; and I can But this well set-up fisher youth did not take my trick in light winds—that's steering, wriggle, looked at him with eyes steady, dear—and I can most bait up a trawl, and I know my ropes, of course; and I can distinctly, even startlingly, respectful. There pitch fish till the cows come home, and I'm great on old Josephus, and I'll show you ise that the change might be permanent, how I can clear coffee with a piece of fishand that the new Harvey had come to stay. skin, and-I think I'll have another cup, "Some one's been coercing him," thought please. Say, you've no notion what a heap "Now Constance would never of work there is in ten and a half a

> "I began with eight and a half, my son," said Cheyne.

"That so? You never told me, sir."

"You never asked, Harve. I'll tell you about it some day, if you care to listen. Try a stuffed olive.

"Troop says the most interesting thing in the world is to find out how the next man "Why didn't you tell him to put you gets his vittles. It's great to have a trimmed-



MRS. CHEYNE INTRODUCES THE CREW OF THE "WE'RE HERE" TO THE "CONSTANCE."

Best mug on the Banks. Disko fed us first- made his father choke. "There isn't but class. He's a great man. And Dan-that's three-no-two ninety-four or five quintal his son—Dan's my partner. And there's more by my reckoning."
Uncle Salters and his manures, an' he reads "Hire a substitute," suggested Cheyne, Josephus. He's sure I'm crazy yet. And to see what Harvey would say. there's poor little Penn, and he is crazy. Platt and Long Jack and Manuel. Manuel just man.' saved my life. I'm sorry he's a Portugee. He can't talk much, but he's an everlasting stance 'to-night, how'll you fix it?" musician. He found me struck adrift and drifting, and hauled me in.'

"I wonder your nervous system isn't completely wrecked," said Mrs. Cheyne.

horse and I ate like a hog and I slept like a dead man."

began to think of her visions of a corpse now." rocking on the salty seas. She went to her father, explaining his indebtedness.

thing I can for the crowd, Harve. They seem to be good men on your showing.'

"Best in the fleet, sir. Ask at Gloucester," said Harvey. "But Disko believes still he's cured me of being crazy. Dan's the only one I've let on to about you, and our private cars and all the rest of it, and I'm not quite sure Dan believes. I want to paralyze 'em to-morrow. Say, can't they run the 'Constance' over to Gloucester? Mama don't look fit to be moved, anyway, and we're bound to finish cleaning out by to-morrow. Wouverman takes our fish. You see we're first off the Banks this season, and it's four twenty-five a quintal. We held out till he paid it. They want it quick."

"You mean you'll have to work to-morrow, then?"

"I told Troop I would. I'm on the scales. I've got the tallies with me.' He looked at the greasy

up meal again. We were well fed, though, notebook with an air of importance that

"Can't, sir. I'm tally-man for the You mustn't talk to him about Johnstown, schooner. Troop says I've a better head because— And, oh, you must know Tom for figures than Dan. Troop's a mighty

"Well, suppose I don't move the 'Con-

Harvey looked at the clock, which marked twenty past eleven.

"Then I'll sleep here till three and catch the four o'clock freight. They let us men "What for, mamma? I worked like a from the Fleet ride free as a rule."

"That's a notion. But I think we can get the 'Constance' around about as soon That was too much for Mrs. Cheyne, who as your men's freight. Better go to bed

Harvey spread himself on the sofa, kicked stateroom, and Harvey curled up beside his off his boots, and was asleep before his father could shade the electrics. Chevne "You can depend upon me to do every- sat watching the young face under the

shadow of the arm thrown over the forehead, and among many things that occurred to him was the notion that he might per- hundred and seventy-six dollars and a

have been worse than drowning; but I don't think it has—I don't think it has. If it hasn't, I haven't enough to pay Troop, that's all; and I don't think it has."

When morning brought the fresh sea those idle imbeciles called summer boarders. breeze through the windows, the "Conhis business.

"Then he'll fall overboard again and be by way o' bein' a fisherman now." drowned," the mother said,

bitterly.

"We'll go and look, ready to throw him a rope in case. You've never seen him working for his bread," said the father.

"What nonsense! As if any one expected-"

"Well, the man that hired him did. I think he's about

right, too."

They went down between the stores full of fishermen's oilskins to Wouverman's wharf, where the "We're Here" rode high, her Bank flag still flying, all hands busy as beavers in the glorious morning light. Disko stood by the main hatch superintending Manuel, Penn, and Uncle Salters at the tackle. Dan was swinging the loaded baskets inboard as Long Jack and Tom Platt filled them, and Harvey, with a notebook, represented the skipper's interests before the clerk of the scales on the salt-sprinkled wharf edge.

"Ready!" cried the voices below. "Haul!" cried Disko. "Hi!" said Manuel. "Here!" said Dan, swinging the basket. Then they heard Harvey's voice, clear and fresh, check-

ing the weights.

The last of the fish had been whipped out, and Harvey leaped from the wharf edge six feet to a ratline, as the shortest way to hand Disko the tally, shouting, "Two ninetyseven, and an empty hold!"

"What's total, Harve?" said Disko.

"Eight sixty-five. Three thousand six

haps have been neglectful as a father.

"One never knows when one's taking one's biggest risks," he said. "It might hevn't deserved it, Harve. Don't you want to slip up to Wouverman's office and take him our tallies?"

"Who's that boy?" said Cheyne to Dan. well used to all manner of questions from

"Well, he's a kind of super-cargo," was stance" was side-tracked among freight the answer. "We picked him up struck cars at Gloucester, and Harvey had gone to adrift on the Banks. Fell overboard from a liner, he sez. He wuz a passenger. He's.



HIS FATHER TURNED WHERE HE SAT AND THRUST OUT A LONG HAND. "YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT I CAN'T MAKE ANYTHING OF YOU IF YOU DON'T ACT STRAIGHT BY ME."

" Is he worth his keep?"

"Ye-ep, an' a little over. Dad, this man days ago, and we came over." wants to know ef Harvey Cheyne's worth "In a private car?" said his keep. Say, would you like to go aboard? We'll fix a ladder for her."

"I should very much, indeed. "Twon't hurt you, mother, and you'll be able to see cane of irreverent winks.

for yourself."

a week ago scrambled down the ladder, and stood aghast amid the mess and tangle aft.

" Be you anyways interested in Harve?" said Disko.

"Well, ye-es."

"He's a good boy, an' ketches right hold jest as he's bid. You've heard haow we he, and that was all. found him? He was suffering from nervous prostration, I guess, or else his head had hit somethin', when we hauled him aboard. He's all over that naow. Yes, this is the cabin. 'Tain't anyways in order, but you're quite welcome to look around. Those are his figures on the stove-pipe, where we keep the reckonin' mostly. He's a head to

sitting on a yellow locker and surveying the

disorderly bunks.

"No. He berthed forward, madam, an' it probably did him more good than anyonly fer him an' my boy hookin' fried pies an' muggin' up when they ought to ha' been asleep, I dunno as I've any special fault to find with him.'

"There weren't nothin' wrong with Harve," said Uncle Salters, descending the steps. "He hung my boots on the main faces—Disko's ivory-yellow, hairless, iron truck, an' he hain't over an' above respectful to such as knows more'n he do, 'specially agricultural hair; Penn's bewildered simabout farmin', but he was mostly misled by plicity; Manuel's quiet smile; Long Jack's Dan."

Tom," he whispered down the hatch, on yet, an' they're pow-wowin' in the cabin. you—all of you.' She's a daisy, an' he's all Harve claimed he was by the looks of him.

"Howly smoke!" said Long Jack, climbing out covered with salt and fish-skin. "D'ye belave his tale av the kid an' the

little four-horse rig was thrue?"

an' see Dad mistook in his judgments."

They came delightedly, just in time to hear Cheyne say: "I'm glad he has a good character, because—he's my son."

that he heard the click of it—and he he come to be your son." stared alternately at the man and the woman.

"I got his telegram in San Diego four

"In a private car?" said Dan. "He said ye might."

"In a private car, of course."

Dan looked at his father with a hurri-

"There was a tale he tould us av drivin' The woman who could not lift her head four little ponies in a rig av his own," said Long Jack. "Was that thrue now?"

"Very likely," said Cheyne. "Was it,

mother?"

"He had a little drag when we were in Toledo, I think," said the mother.

Long Jack whistled. "Oh, Disko!" said

"I wuz-I am mistook in my jedgments —worse'n the men o' Marblehead," said Disko, as though the words were being windlassed out of him. "I don't mind admittin' to you, Mister Cheyne, as I mistrusted the boy to be crazy. He talked kinder odd about money."

"So he told me."

"Did he tell ye anything else? 'Cause "Did he sleep here?" said Mrs. Cheyne, I pounded him once." This with a somewhat anxious glance at Mrs. Cheyne.

"Oh, yes," said Cheyne. "I should say

thing else in the world."

" I jedged 'twuz necessary er I wouldn't ha' done it. I don't want you to think we abuse our boys any on this packet.'

"I don't think you do, Mr. Troop."

countenance; Uncle Salters's, with its rim of grin of delight, and Tom Platt's scar. Dan in the meantime, profiting by dark Rough, by her standards, they certainly hints from Harvey early that morning, was were; but she had a mother's wits in her executing a war-dance on deck. "Tom, eyes, and she rose with outstretched hands. "Oh, tell me, which is who?" said she, half "his folks has come, an' Dad hain't caught sobbing. "I want to thank you and bless

"Faith, that pays me a hunder time,"

said Long Jack.

Disko introduced them all in due form, The captain of an old-time Chinaman could have done no better, and Mrs. Cheyne babbled incoherently. She nearly threw her-"I knew it all along," said Dan. "Come self into Manuel's arms when she understood that he had first found Harvey.

"But how shall I leave him dreeft?" said poor Manuel. "What do you yourself if you find him so? Eh, wha at? We are Disko's jaw fell—Long Jack always vowed in one good boy, and I am ever so pleased

"And he told me Dan was his partner!" she cried. Dan was already sufficiently to see Harvey's identical bunk, and there inlaid. she found the cook cleaning up the stove, and he nodded as though she were some one This was his crowning revenge, and a most he had expected to meet for years. They ample one. tried, two at a time, to explain the daily ringed hands on the greasy table, laughing with trembling lips and crying with dancing eyes.

"And who's ever to use the 'We're Here' after this?" said Long Jack to Tom Platt. "I feel it as if she'd made a cathedral av us all."

"Cathedral!" sneered Tom Platt. "Oh, decency an' order an' side-boys as she goes over. She'll have to climb that ladder like yards.

"Then Harvey was not mad," said Penn slowly to Cheyne.

"No, indeed—thank God," the big millionaire replied, stooping down tenderly.

to lose your child, I do not know anything back. Let us thank God for that."

"Hello!" said Harvey, looking down

upon them from the wharf.

took," said Disko, swiftly, holding up a said Disko. "He has twice my boy's head hand. "I wuz mistook in my jedgments. for figgers." Ye needn't rub it in any more.

"Guess I'll take care o' that," said Dan,

under his breath.

"You'll be goin' off naow, won't ye?" wages, 'less you want to have the 'We're Here 'attached."

"Thet's so; I'd clean forgot;" and he counted out the remaining dollars. "You done all you contracted to do, Harve; and ye done it baout's well as ef you'd been brought up-" Here Disko brought himsentence was going to end.

"Outside of a private car," said Dan, wickedly.

"Come on, and I'll show her to you," said likely to need—till he's a skipper." Harvey.

others made a procession to the depot, with Mrs. Cheyne at the head. The and Harvey laid the glories of the "Con- of tea-clippers-San Francisco to Yoko-

pink, but he turned a rich crimson when stance "before them without a word. They Mrs. Cheyne kissed him on both cheeks took them in in equal silence—stamped before the assembly. Then they led her leather, silver door handles and rails, cut forward to show her the foc'sle, at which velvet, plate glass, nickel, bronze, hammered she wept again, and must needs go down iron, and the rare woods of the continent

"I told you," said Harvey; "I told you."

Mrs. Cheyne decreed a meal; and that life to her, and she sat by the pawl-post, her nothing might be lacking to the tale Long Jack told afterwards in his boarding-house, she waited on them herself. Men who are accustomed to eat at tiny tables in howling gales have curiously neat and finished tablemanners; but Mrs. Cheyne, who did not know, was surprised. She longed to have Manuel for a butler; so silently and easily did he comport himself among the frail ef it had bin even the Fish Commission boat glassware and dainty silver. Tom Platt reinstid o' this dirt. Ef we only had some membered great days on the "Ohio" and the manners of foreign potentates who dined with the officers; and Long Jack, being a hen, an' we-we ought to be mannin' the Irish, supplied the small talk till all were at their ease.

In the "We're Here's" cabin the two fathers took stock of each other behind their cigars. Cheyne knew well enough when he dealt with a man to whom he could not "It must be terrible to be mad. Except offer money; equally well he knew that no money could pay for what Disko had done. more terrible. But your child has come He kept his own counsel and waited for an opening.

"I hevn't done anything to your boy or fer your boy excep' make him work a piece "I wuz mistook, Harve. I was mis- an' learn him how to handle the hog-yoke,"

> "By the way," Cheyne answered casually, "what d'you calculate to make of your

bov?"

Disko removed his cigar and waved it "Well, not without the balance of my comprehensively round the cabin. "Dan's jest plain boy, an' he don't allow me to do any of his thinkin'. He'll hev this able little packet when I'm laid by. He ain't noways anxious to quit the business. I know that."

"Mmm! Ever been West, Mr. Troop?"

"Bin's fer ez Noo York once in a boat. I've no use for railroads. No more hez self up. He did not quite see where the Dan. Salt water's good enough fer the Troops. I've bin most everywhere—in the nat'ral way, o' course."

"I can give him all the salt water he's

"Haow's that? I thought you wuz a Cheyne stayed to talk to Disko, but the kinder railroad king. Harve told me so when--I was mistook in my jedgments."

"We're all apt to be mistaken. I fan-French maid shrieked at the invasion; cied perhaps you might know I own a line hama--- to frem-- more lift alout severe the transportation. Twin't cost yet a

militate from 200 ke trube opeu bik alinu obek

- 1-2- L - 1-1-Black () - freigntere tris kummen

The property of the property o

Creyne model

Hif I doknown that I done perked the
Weire Here back to partial standards the word.

on Perhaps that wo libit have liket s

groud for Harvey

The fidency known the head of a security the cussed line of its a confersion in the customer standing two jetsments are moved. They see well-founding askets the Airheam, he says so

"I'm glad to have a recommend from a Wiley're square-riggers, mother client that quarter. Airlieart's skinger of the loot on well from Remember what than Jose' now. What I was getting at is little sister reads you when she gits his to know whether you'd lerd me Dac for a letters." year or two, and we'll see if we can't make the 'm' we year or two, and well see if we can thinke in Tive never known as Philotilians, but a mate of think World you thist him to he situly entures, me (like most of emithat Arrheart?)

with a resk taking a pay boy \pm .

my own flesh an blood. I know Bank ways but I could wish he warn too cassed weak those?" on navigation.

I know the Pacific's a long ways off-"

"Pshaw! We Troops, livin' an' dead, are all around the earth an' the seas unaccountable Manuel in the matter of thereof."

harma— to it em — first which is a consequence of the first state of t

und product of the control of the co

 o le remand le criter nomana to amor crite. the conceen cokets or yours, they go stranget out on of the ent, and stranget nome again moss straight as the winds let lem, and I

Live a linus for record passages. Tea Dieks timms, ve by ceing at seal

where the war little ne used to play at seal when the war little ne used to play at seep a store, and I had hopes he might follow that up. I but soon a helpful to be denied to the

he can go fer all 6' me."

"I know a man will dei more for nie. — "She jest despises the ocean," Diski ex"That's dim right. Look at here mow, I glained, man I—I dunno haow to act point, am't recommendin. Dan special because he's I guess, or I'd thank you better."

" My father--my own eldest brother--two ain't clipper ways, but he hain't much to nephews -an' my second sister's man," she learn. Steer he can- no boy better, of I said, dropping her head on her hand. say it and the rest's in our blood and get : "Would you care fer any one that took all

Chevne was relieved when Dan turned "Airheart will attend to that. He'll ship up and accepted with more delight than he as a boy for a voyage or two, and then we was able to put into words. Indeed, the can put him in the way of doing better, offer meant a plain and sure road to all suppose you take him in hand this winter, desirable things; but Dan thought most of and I'll send for him early in the spring, commanding watch on deck and looking into far-away harbors.

Mrs. Cheyne had spoken privately to the Harvey's rescue. He seemed to have no "But I want you to understand- and I desire for money. Pressed hard, he said mean this any time you think you'd like that he would take five dellars, because he to see him, tell me, and I'll attend to wanted to buy something for a girl. Otherwise—"How shall I take money when I he gave himself up to an energetic idlethink." He introduced her to a snuffy world whence he hailed.

Manuel, faithful son of the church, approfor her charity, "That letta me out," said he. "I have now ver' good absolutions for handkerchief for the girl of the hour and to break the hearts of all the others.

address behind. He had a dread that these guese. Then he conferred with Disko, one millionary people, with wasteful private cars, of the few who owned their craft, and commight take undue interest in his companion. It was better to visit inland relatives till the coast was clear. "Never you be adopted by rich folk, Penn," he said in the cars, "or I'll take 'n' break this checker-board over your head. Ef ever you forgit your name agin—which is Pratt—you remember you belong with Salters Troop, an' set down right where you are till I come fer you. Don't go taggin' around after them whose by day; and that brought down upon him eyes bung out with fatness, accordin' to secretaries of every Fisherman's Widow and Scripcher.'

CHAPTER X.

But it was otherwise with the "We're Here's " silent cook, for he came up, his "Constance." Pay was no particular object, and he did not in the least care where he slept. His business, as revealed to him in is a difference between one Cape Breton and two Alabama negroes, and the matter was referred to Cheyne by the cook and porter. The millionaire only laughed. He presome day or other, and was sure one volun-simple, too, though they are all Boston, teer was worth five hirelings. Let the man nearly." stay, therefore; even though he called himhim West.

With the "Constance," which in his heart "There can't be, of hearts he loathed, departed the last quietly. "Why we remnant of Cheyne's millionairedom, and

make so easy my eats and smokes? You ness. This Gloucester was a new town in will give some if I like or no? Eh, wha-at? a new land, and he purposed to "take it Then you shall give me money, but not in," as of old he had taken in all the cities that way. You shall giva all you can from Snohomish to San Diego of that They made Portuguese priest, with a list of semi-desti- money along the crooked street which was tute widows as long as his cassock. As a half wharf and half ship's store: as a leadstrict Unitarian, Mrs. Cheyne could not ing professional he wished to learn how sympathize with the creed, but she ended the noble game was played. Men said that by respecting the brown, voluble little four out of every five fish-balls served man. at New England's Sunday breakfast came from Gloucester, and overwhelmed him priated all the blessings showered on her with figures in proof-statistics of boats, gear, wharf-frontage, capital invested, salting, packing, factories, insurance, wages, six months," and he strolled forth to get a repairs, and profits. He talked with the owners of the large fleets whose skippers were little more than hired men, and whose Salters went away with Penn, and left no crews were almost all Swedes or Portupared notes in his vast head. He coiled himself away on chain-cables in marine junk-shops, asking questions with cheerful, unslaked Western curiosity, till all the waterfront wanted to know "what in thunder that man was after, anyhow." He took a chair at the Mutual Insurance rooms, and demanded explanations of the mysterious remarks chalked up on the blackboard day Orphan Aid Society within the city limits. They begged shamelessly, each man anxious to beat the other institution's record, and Cheyne tugged at his beard and handed them all over to Mrs. Cheyne.

She was resting in a boarding-house near Eastern Point — a strange establishment, kit in a handkerchief, and boarded the managed, apparently, by the boarders themselves, where the tablecloths were red and white checkered, and the population, who seemed to have known one another intidreams, was to follow Harvey. They tried mately for years, rose up at midnight to argument and, at last, persuasion; but there make Welsh rarebits if it felt hungry. On the second morning of her stay Mrs. Cheyne put away her big diamond earrings before she came down to breakfast.

"They're most delightful people," she sumed Harvey might need a body-servant confided to her husband; "so friendly and

"That isn't simpleness, mother," he said, self MacDonald and swore in Gaelic. The looking across the boulders behind the apple car could go back to Boston, where, if he trees where the hammocks were slung. were still of the same mind, they would take "It's the other thing, that we—that I haven't got."

"There can't be," said Mrs. Cheyne, "I know it dear. We have-of course, wear East. Are you having a good time?"

"I don't see very much of Harvey; he's you?" always with you; but I ain't near as nervous as I was."

"I haven't had such a good time since Willie died. I never rightly understood that I had a son before this. Harve's got to be a great boy. Anything I can fetch you, dear? Cushion under your head? Well, we'll go down to the wharf again and look around.

Harvey was his father's shadow in those days, and the two strolled along side by side, Cheyne using the grades as an excuse for laying his hand on the boy's square shoulder. It was then that Harvey noticed and admired what had never struck him before-his father's curious power of getfrom men in the street.

"How d'you make 'em tell you everything without opening your head?" demanded the son, as they came out of a

rigger's loft.

time, Harve, and one sizes 'em up somehow, I guess. I know something about myself, too." Then, after a pause, as they sat down on a wharf-edge: "Men can most always tell when a man has handled things for himself, and then they treat him as one of themselves."

"Same as they treat me down at Wouverman's wharf. I'm one of the crowd now. Disko has told every one I've earned my pay." Harvey spread out his hands and rubbed the palms together. "They're all soft again," he said, dolefully.

years, while you're getting your education. done about it."

You can harden 'em up after.'

no delighted voice.

"It rests with you, Harve. You can take cover behind your mama, of course, and put her on to fussing about your nerves and poppycock."

"Have I ever done that?" said Harvey, in the story-books.

uneasily.

out a long hand. "You know as well as and eight thousand a year till you're a I do that I can't make anything of you voter. Well, we'll call you a man then. if you don't act straight by me. I can You can go right on from that, living on handle you alone if you'll stay alone, but I don't pretend to manage both you and your mama. Life's too short, anyway."

"Don't make me out much of a fellow,

does it?'

"I guess it's been my fault a good deal;

we have. I guess it's only the style they but if you want the truth, you haven't been much of anything up to date. Now, have

> "Umm! Disko thinks. . what d'you reckon it's cost you to raise me from the start-first and last and all over?"

> Chevne smiled. "I've never kept track. but I should estimate, in dollars and cents, nearer fifty than forty thousand. young generation comes high. It has to have things, and it tires of 'em, and-the old man foots the bill."

> Harvey whistled, but at heart he was rather pleased to think that his upbringing had cost so much. "And all that's sunk capital, isn't it?"

"Invested, Harve. Invested, I hope."

" Making it only thirty thousand, the ting at the heart of new matters as learned thirty I've earned is about ten cents on the hundred. That's a mighty poor catch." Harvey wagged his head solemnly.

Cheyne laughed till he nearly fell off the

pile into the water.

"Disko has got a heap more than that "I've dealt with quite a few men in my out of Dan, since he was ten; and Dan's at school half the year, too.'

"Oh, that's what you're after, is it?"

"No. I'm not after anything. I'm not stuck on myself any just now — that's . . . I ought to be kicked."

"I can't do it, old man; or I would, I presume, if I'd been made that way."

"Then I'd have remembered it to the last day I lived -- and never forgiven you," said Harvey, his chin on his doubled fists.

" Exactly. That's about what I'd do. You see?

"I see. The fault's with me and no one "Keep 'em that way for the next few else. All the samey, something's got to be

Cheyne drew a cigar from his vest-pocket, "Ye-es, I suppose so," was the reply, in bit off the end, and fell to smoking. Father and son were very much alike; for the beard hid Chevne's mouth, and Harvey had his father's slightly aquiline nose, close-set black eyes, and narrow, high cheek-bones. your high-strungness and all that kind of With a touch of brown paint he would have made up very picturesquely as a Red Indian

"Now you can go on from here," said His father turned where he sat and thrust Cheyne, slowly, "costing me between six me to the tune of forty or fifty thousand, besides what your mother will give you, with a valet and a yacht or a fancy ranch where you can pretend to raise trottingstock and play cards with your own crowd.'

"Like Lorry Tuck?" Harvey put in.

"Yep; or the two De Vitré boys or old than that I'd stay ashore. man McQuade's son. California's full of I don't?" 'em, and here's an Eastern sample while

we're talking."

any deck-house, nickel-plated binnacles, and pink-and-white striped awnings, puffed up the harbor, flying the burgee of some New York club. Two young men in what with me, my son." they conceived to be sea costumes were playing cards by the saloon skylight; and a looked on and laughed noisily.

"Shouldn't care to be caught out in her in any sort of a breeze. No beam," said fice—isn't that how the big bugs start?-Harvey, critically, as the yacht slowed to and touch something now than—

pick up her mooring-buoy.

as much as that, Harve. How'd you like in too soon." it ? "

"Cæsar! That's no way to get a dinghy wasn't it? I'd risk it for that." overside," said Harvey, still intent on the yacht. "If I couldn't slip a tackle better tell you."

"Stay ashore—or what?"

"Yacht and ranch and live on 'the old A shiny black steam yacht, with mahog- man'; and get behind mama when there is trouble?" said Harvey, with a twinkle in his

"Why, in that case, you come right in

"Ten dollars a month?" Another twinkle. "Not a cent more until you're worth it, couple of women with red and blue parasols and you won't begin to touch that for a few years."

"I'd sooner begin sweeping out the of-

"I know it; we all feel that way. But I "They're having what stands them for a guess we can hire any sweeping we need. good time. I can give you that and twice I made the same mistake myself of starting

"Thirty million dollars' worth o' mistake,

"I lost some; and I gained some. I'll

(To be concluded next month.)

THE SPELLBINDER.

BY OCTAVE THANET,

Author of "Stories of a Western Town," "The Ladder of Grief," etc.

rattled on their own account. A Decem- under his frayed sleeves. He was a young ber wind was keen enough to make the man, shorter of stature than the driver. driver wrap his patched quilt closer and He had a round, genial, tanned face, and pull his battered straw hat lower over his a bad cold on him. His hands were bare ears. He was a man of thirty, with high, because he had lent his mittens to the tanned features, and eyes that would have driver; but he wore a warm if shabby been handsome but for their sullen frown.

"I should call it getting a good ready for a blizzard," observed the other man careless tone, "that you fellows mean to on the board (seat the wagon had none); do more than scare the lad well." "maybe he won't come."

in for weather!'

ous young scoundrel. Bixby says he had a letter from him—very particular about a

was the driver's single comment or reply. lered the whole batch, hide and hoofs

HE frozen Nebraska soil rattled under shoulder, out of the tail of his eye, rubthe horses' hoofs; the wagon wheels bing his hands up and down his wrists greatcoat and worn fur cap.

"I don't suppose," he went on in a

"We scared the last man. Doc Russell "He'll come fast enough," returned the got him fairly paralyzed; told him 'bout driver; "you don't catch buzzards staying the Shylock that turned out the Kinneys, and Miss Kinney's dying in the wagon, "I don't know. He's a pretty luxuri- she was so weak; and Kin—somebody ('course he didn't mention names) shooting that man; and their arresting Kinney, and fire in his room, and plenty of hot water the jury acquitting him without leaving and towels. Bixby is worried lest the box. Oh, he told a lot of stories. boys make a fuss with him in his hotel." Some of 'em, I guess, he made up out of "Bixby is a coward from Wayback," his own head; but that Iowa lawyer swal-The other man eyed the dark profile at his and all. And he couldn't git out of town quick enough! But what's the good? Look at them fields, gone to desolation of the stock in the trust?'

'No?'

the money, which they ain't—'

and a cultivator.'

' Did you pay any more?''

about the land? Nobody would buy?"

try up, and goes to the land company and lives by dispossessing us. That's how we buys the foreclosed land for a song. It sized it up, ain't it?" goes all the cheaper because it's known far and wide that we elected the sheriff not Wesley." to enforce writs, but to resist 'em; and same with all the officers; and we're ready But along comes this company, thisto shoot down any man that tries to push trust, that's clean against the laws and us off the earth. That scared folks, and don't give a curse for that, and it buys up the investment company sold cheap as the whole outfit. I tell you, Mr. Robbins, dirt. They knew they couldn't git any- there ain't five men in this community that a' there!'' He jerked the point of the out on the prairies to-morrow. They've switch that served for whip in the direc- all been foreclosed, and the year of grace lines of a ruined chimney toppled over the misshapen roof. The door and window openings gaped forlornly; doors and windows were gone long since, wrenched off for other needs. Bit by bit the house had been nibbled at—here a porch platform They're on to a new scheme—going to turn taken, there a patch of weatherboarding, all these farms into big pastures and fatten shingles pulled from the roof, the corn cattle with alfalfa, raise it and ship it; then crib a wreck, the outbuildings carried the lower part of the county, down below away piecemeal-until, a sadder ruin than town, they intend to run a ditch through fire leaves, it faced the sunset and the from the river and irrigate it. They will prairie.

ing, smart a feller as ever handled a plow.

Here's this young dude come again. Say, like everything else, but the furrows used did you know it's his pa that owns most to be as straight's a line with a ruler. He fought the hard times and the drought till his wife died, and then he said to me, 'I'm "Yes, sir. He's got the upper hand of beat; I'm going to take the baby back to 'em all. They've bought up every last bit Winnie's folks. If I'd only gone last year of foreclosed land 'round here. Yes, we I could have took Winnie, too. The comwas so mighty smart, we fixed it that no- pany kin have my farm, and I hope to God body 'd dare to buy; and nobody round it'll be the curse to them it's been to me!' here would dare, even s'posing they got There the farm is. And look further down"-shifting the switch to another "There certainly ain't much loose direction—"there's another dropping to money round here, Wesley. At least, pieces. Lord, when I think of the stories when I ran the paper I didn't find it; I they told me about the crops when I fust. was glad to rent an abandoned farm and came and I put in four hunderd dollars that trade my subscription list for enough corn I'd worked hard for in a saw-mill, and I to pay the first instalment on some stock think how we used to set round the fire evenings, my wife and I, talking about how the town was a-growing and what it "No; times got worse instead of better, would be when the trees was growed and I'd have lost the stock and the cultivator our children was going to school, and how and every blamed thing in the way of im- we'd have a cabinet organ and we'd have a plement I've got if it hadn't been for you top buggy, and we'd send for her mother, fellows running the implement man out of who didn't jest like it with Bill's wife-we the country; he'd a chattel mortgage that was jest like children, making believe! was a terror. But what were you saying But that ain't what I was driving at, Here it is. We calculated that we'd be "Of course nobody would buy, and we let alone, because the poor, miserable remhugged ourselves we was so durned slick. nants of stock and machines and farms we Oh, my! Now, here comes along one of got simply wasn't worth outside folks' takthem bloody trusts that's eating this coun- ing, and inside folks wouldn't risk their

"I don't see yet what you're after,

"You will. We reasoned that way. body to take up a farm 'round here. Look that trust ain't got the legal right to turn tion of a dark bulk looming against the is up. Most of us here ain't got no show glowing belt of red in the west. The out- at all—legally. And so they send a man down here to see about gitting out writs and finishing us up."

"But who'll they get to buy, Wesley

Orr?"

"They're not needing much buying. fetch in a colony who'll pay them about "That farm belonged to as hard-work- ten times what they paid, I expect, and-

"But we won't let them-

ony's got and how much fight there's in slough! I've worked five years here, and

think it's death for a man to tackle us.'

they burned few to the house.

he came from another town."

town?'

"Oh, none, I guess. But that town, it's in Iowa, and it sent the best things dog for a gift; I showed off all his tricks, we've ever had. One woman put in a lot feeling like I was dirty mean deceiving of jams and jellies and tea-such tea! him, for I done it so somebody would be My wife was sick then, and I didn't know but I'd lose her. I gave her some of take care of him, for it's God's truth I that tea and some jam, and she began to pick up from that day. It was a quince too. jam, and made her think of home, she said. Her father was a Connetticut man, and they had an orchard with quince trees heard a bummer that was trying to sell in it—I remember—" He did not finish goods say, 'I saw that feller at the Relief, the sentence, but he sighed as he absently but I notice he's able to keep a dog. ran his eye over the gaps in the harness Let's the children go hungry ruther'n the mended with rope.

with that box," said Orr; "most like, the to Sport, and I looked at him and saw people sent us that were poor folks them- how his ribs showed and his eyes was selves, and had to pinch to make up for kinder sunk. He wagged his tail and yelped the things they sent us. 'Tain't the rich like he used to, seeing me look at him; people are sorriest for poor folks. This and then I went straight to that drug-store young Wallace—his father's the owner of Billy used to keep—Billy Harvey. He a big paper and rich besides, and he's got moved away last year; he was a good this boy in training for editor; and when friend of mine. I said to him, 'Billy, you that first duck couldn't do nothing out got something that would kill a dog in a here, the old man said he'd buy in, and the flash, so he'd never suffer or know what young one thought it a mighty smart thing hurt him?' And Billy-he understood, and to do to come over here and turn a lot he said he had. 'You jest put it on his tongue of half-starved women and children out in and he'd never know what killed him.'

of these rich folks care?"

'I don't think you're fair, Wesley,'' said Robbins. "All the rich folks aren't mean.

which deepened a little.

didn't have no notion how it cuts to work oh, Lord!"
every muscle in you and to lay awake "It was awful hard on you, Wesley," thinking yourself half crazy to puzzle out said Robbins, gently. better ways to make money and yet to feel

"Depends on how many guns the col- every year you're a-sinking deeper in the it. They'll try it, anyhow, unless—'' 'cepting the first year, every single year 'Unless—'' repeated Robbins uneasily. has piled interest on mortgage. Every "Unless they are scared off, unless they year we've had less clothes to wear and poorer stuff to eat, and it's been mend in-Robbins rubbed his hands harder; he stead of buy, and we've had more debts bit his lip. A little space of silence fell and more worries every year. I tell you, between them. Off to the south, where Mr. Robbins, I thought it would kill me, the little town was set like an island in once, to come on the county. I'd 'a' said the darkening prairie, the lights began to I'd starve first; but you can't see your wife twinkle; they were yellow and scattered. and children starve. I went in last winter, Even at that distance one could tell that and asked for relief. I'd that old hound dog of mine with me; you knowed him. 'I kinder wish," said Robbins, "that He'd been a good dog. He come with us when we come here, running under the "What's the difference about the wagon. All the children had played with him. I took him into town, and I asked every one I knowed would he have that willing to take him home and feed him and hadn't enough for him and the children But nobody wanted him; he was pretty old, and he wasn't never handsome. And one store I was in, as I went out I dog, I guess.' I kinder turned on him, "I bet he didn't have nothing to do then I turned back again, and I whistled winter. What's he care? What do any Billy was sorry for me. He gave it to me for nothing, and he gave me some bones and corn-bread and milk; so Sport had a good dinner. And he come right up to I know more about them than you." He me and looked me in the eyes, wagging his spoke with a dawning of pride in his tone, tail. His eyes was kinder dim, but they was just as loving as ever. And he was "Yes, I know you used to belong to wagging his tail when he dropped. Then them," said Orr, "and I guess you were I went home, and the children asked me decent to the poor. But you'll admit you where was Sport, and little Peggy cried—

"I suppose it wasn't nothing to what

some men have suffered. There was poor and children? You can call it stealing, or went off tramping to Kansas City, and turn me out." after he'd tramped a week there, looking for a job, give it up and jumped into the Killing's a nasty word. river. And you know how old man Oscover, too; he couldn't stand it. They lock, and not mind it near so much as I minded killing poor Sport.'

place."

children; I was foreclosed a year ago-so's once!' But I didn't feel it now. And, you, so's a lot of the boys; we're at the all of a sudden, it come to me 'twas beend of our string now-legally. So what cause I was gitting past feeling-like you did we say? We said we didn't care, was do when you're froze, jest before you die. skin the poor man; and we elected a sheriff shaver, that kept me awake nights many a we could depend on not to enforce the time. It was about a Russian nobleman laws, and we druy off the bloodsuckers out sleigh-riding with his children, three was killed. I don't know. Guess that's wolves chased them. The father had a poor man, and the Eastern bloodsuckers has ruined us, and the Shylocks are devouring us, and they holler the roof off. I listen to 'em, but I don't believe 'em any more than you do.'

stock, what's going to become of my wife raving crazy. Well, I thought of him,

Tommy Walker, give up his farm when it resisting the law, or anything you please, was foreclosed—thought he had to—and but I'll kill that feller before I'll let him

"Don't you think we can scare him off?

"My father was with John Brown; he good killed himself, honest a old man as helped kill a man. He never lost no sleep ever lived; always kept his machines under about it; I sha'n't neither. Look here, Mr. Robbins, I got lots of time to think found it harder-and lots more, too; but winters-lots. Remorse and all them fine I've found it hard enough. And I know I'd feelings you read of, they don't belong to shoot that sneaking, sneering young Shy- folks that are way down in the dirt. You got to have something to eat and to wear. and not have your stomach sassing you. "I don't know but we'd all better and you half froze most of the time; when quit," said the younger man, with a sigh. your body is in sech a fix it's keeping your "This isn't a living country. Three years mind so full there ain't any show for any of drought would break any country up. other feelings. And look a' here, there's It's not meant to live in. We had a fair worse "—his voice sank. "Why, you git crop this year, but it's so low; and to that pass you ain't able to feel for your freights, though they're lower, are pretty own wife and babies. When this morning high. I don't see any way out of it. And Peggy kept hushing the baby, and she was I declare I think if we run this young fel- fretting and moaning, and Peggy says to low off we'll only get a bad name for the me, couldn't I git a little crackers in town; maybe the baby could eat them? "I don't care for bad names," said the I didn't feel nothing 'cept a numb achother sullenly. "I got a wife and three ing. I kept saying, 'I'd 'a' felt that, it legal or illegal; that laws was made to I read a story once, when I was a little they sent out here. They say one feller of 'em, on one of them steppies; and the one of Doc Russell's stories. The boys pistol, and he would shoot one of the talk a lot about the cause of all this here wolves, and then the cowardly cusses trouble, and how we're going to have a would stop to tear the wounded critter to revolution, and how refferendum and in- pieces and eat him, giving the folks in the itiendum will help, and how free silver will sleigh a little more time; but every time help-I guess, myself, a little more rain the distance between the wolves and them three years ago when corn was up would when they stopped was a little smaller; but have helped more'n anything—and they they were getting closer to the town, and talk how they're fighting the battles of the they could see the lights. So the father, he kept on shooting, until the wolves were jumping up and grabbing at the sleigh, and the last time he shot a wolf he used up his last cartridge; then, when they come after him again and the lights were nearer, "But," interrupted the other man eag-erly, "I voted with the people's party—" he could escape, he—he throwed out one "Of course you did. We was going to of the children; because it was this way: be unanimous, and you dass'n't stand out; if he jumped out himself the children were but you didn't believe in it. Me neither, so little they couldn't drive, and they'd be I ain't making any pretense, but I'll tell tipped up, and all three of them lost, so you it's jest here—I'm down to bedrock. he throwed out the child he loved the best, If I let my farm be took away and my and they got to town safely; but he went more chance for the others-"

asylum; and mighty little use your family of the office blinds. will have of you there!"

Orr gave him no answer. watched his impassive face and frowned.

"He's not bad-hearted, but he's desperman," he thought, "and the other boys are the sheds, and tied them among the sorry the same way. There'll be wild work company already housed. Robbins noted there to-night, unless that young fool has that after Orr had laid the blanket which the papers with him and will give them up. had served them for robe on one thin You're a fool, George Robbins, to mix back, he flung his own quilt over the other. yourself up in it on the chance of getting a few dollars from a Kansas City paper with cold) through the yard to the hotel. for a telegram!"

ing lights, while the wagon creaked and The innkeeper sat behind his counter, swayed and rattled over the road.

by," Orr remarked at last, "else I'd light man, but he had lost flesh of late years. up; they ain't got any more lights on the He was wrinkled and flabby, and the furtive streets. But I guess we can see.'

shops, the gaps in the sidewalk, the haggard gardens, where savage winds had but it was broken in a few places by three uttered in low tones. and four storied brick buildings of the loves to lavish its money. vanished ambition. Robbins, who was a man of parts and education, with a fanciful turn, felt the air of defeat and desolation hanging over the town choke him little shops that still flickered their chalto be no customers at these dismal marts; in some cases not even the shopkeeper was visible, and only the stove in the rear said the sheriff. of the room kept a lonesome red eye on the shelves. The sole sparks of life in the it, either," a gray-haired man added. place were at the hotel. It had been built "That's right, Kinney," two or three place were at the hotel. It had been built of wood with a cheap and gaudy piazza, fell on them. Robbins, who felt himself all painted four shades of green, which an outsider, could see that the others drew the climate had burned and blistered and closer together. Once or twice he caught bleached into one sickly, mottled brown. sinister murmurs. He began to wish that Long ago the stables of the hostelry had he had not come.

and I said, if baby died there'd be the been abandoned, but this night the stable yard was full of wagons.

"Look here, Wesley," his companion interrupted, "quit it! You're getting light-headed. Get rid of such fool thoughts as but the kitchen was bright, and yellow those or you'll be going off to the insane light leaked through every chink and crack

> "Boys have turned out well, I guess," Robbins said Robbins.

> > "They better turn out!" said Orr.

No word was spoken by either while You can't appeal to a desperate they unhitched the horses, led them within Then they stumbled (for they were unwieldy

The office was full of men, gathered Silently the two men looked at the near- about the stove, talking to each other. affecting to busy himself with a blotted "We got to save the lantern to go home ledger. Originally he had been a stout eyeshots that he cast towards the stove There were enough lights in the windows were anxious beyond his concealing. Any to reveal the wide untidiness of the street, one, however, could perceive that matthe black, boarded windows of the empty ters of heavy import were discussed. The miserably clad men about the stove all looked sullen. There was none of the blown the heart out of deserted rose-trees easy-going badinage so habitual with Westand geraniums. In general the sky-line erners. They exchanged glances rather was low and the roofs the simplest peaks; than words; what words were spoken were

"Where is he?" said Orr, in the same florid pomp on which a raw Western town undertone, to a large man in a buffalo coat. Now they The large man was the sheriff of the loomed, dark and silent, landmarks of county. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the dining-room.

"What's he like?"

"Little feller with a game leg."

Orr frowned. Robbins felt uncomforlike miasma. To him the dreariness was table. A gaunt man on the outskirts of the the more poignant for the half a dozen circleadded: "He's powerful slick, though; you can bet your life. That girl Susy is lenge to fate in the guise of a dim coal- all won over already; and she's suspecting oil lamp in the window. There appeared something, sure's shooting. I guess she's warned him there's something in the air."

"Well, if there is, I don't know it,"

"You never will know anything about

'during the boom''—a large rectangle spoke at once. But immediately a silence

misery and the fool stuff campaign orators dull eyes at the stranger; and they laughed. have crammed down their throats."

"Here, Johnny," said the young man, Just then the dining-room door opened, taking no notice, "run up to twenty-five

young, slight of figure, and he limped a about it." little. Nevertheless, there was nothing of as they moved from one object to another. one or two glances back over his shoulder. The eyes were keen, alert, and determined; light brows, they gave the face a candid, almost artless, look, and when he smiled merry as a child's.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said he sneaking into his consciousness.

cheerfully.

proaching the fire at Robbins's elbow.

"Cold weather," said he. three of the company lifted their heads stuff was, how dainty was his linen. He as if you had been having hard times,

unless they're wanted bad! "said the gray- try and see the burned fence-posts that haired man on the edge of the company. caught fire from the cinders, just lying There was a thrill of some strong feeling where they fell, and the smoke not coming in his deep voice.

young man with undiminished vivacity. simply given up the fight."
"I am glad to get to a shelter. By the "You've hit it," said "I am glad to get to a shelter. By the "You've hit it," said the mild-eyed way, I hear this is a dry town. Will some man; "they have. Some of them have flashing his brilliant smile at Robbins.

ished our business with you," the gray man struck in. He was old Captain Sparks, who had been very bitter since his eldest son went crazy with overwork and sun- pose."

"It would be no earthly use for me stroke and killed himself. The other men to chip in and try to soften them," he laughed. They looked at each other: thought. "They're crazy with defeat and they looked with goading hate in their

and Robbins was the only one of the group and fetch me the bag there, the black one. to turn his head. The other men gazed at If we are to drink to our business, I want the fire, and the heavy silence grew heavier. you all to join. You are all interested, I The man who came out of the room was take it. Get some glasses while you are

The boy whom he addressed, the landdejection in his bearing or his face. He lord's son, a lad of twelve, had been busy was freckled to a degree, smooth-shaven, staring at the stranger ever since he entered and his teeth were beautiful. He had fine the room. He ran away, but as he ran eyes also, a deep blue, flashing like steel could not restrain himself from flinging

"Don't you smoke, either?" said the but being set rather wide apart under his stranger to Robbins, his hand at his breast

pocket.

"Only a pipe," answered Robbins. He the deep dimple in his cheek made it as wished that he didn't feel an absurd, morbid sympathy for the poor fool's pluck

"What are we waiting for?" The cap-No one responded. Robbins made a tain whispered it to a mild-eyed, shortgurgle in his throat, which the newcomer bearded man next him; but the captain's accepted for salutation, promptly ap- whisper carried far. "Aw, give him rope!" suggested the mild-eyed man; "maybe he Two or ain't so sandy's he seems."

Not seeming to recognize any chill in his and eyed the speaker. Robbins wondered reception, the young stranger approached were they as keenly conscious as he of the the stove. No one moved to admit him to young fellow's trimly fitted clothes, what the inner circle; this, also, he did not seem good quality that rough plaided brown to observe. "This whole country looks looked at the home people's ragged coats, he continued. His voice had full, rich, he thought of the poverty that he knew, magnetic notes, but its unfamiliar intonaand the reflection of their sneer was on tions jarred on his hearers; they knew his own lips, and, somehow, a lump in his them to belong to the East, and they throat.

the reflection of the East, and they hated the East. "It's pretty sad to ride" "Too cold weather for folks to travel through miles and miles of farming counout of one farm-house chimney in six. It "It does seem that way," agreed the looks as if the farmers out this way had

of you gentlemen have something with moved away, and some of them have killed me?" He had pulled out a flask and was themselves, after they've lost their stock on chattel mortgages and lost their land "No, thank you, I don't drink," said to the improvement company. There Robbins; but he felt his throat itching at ought to be lots of ghosts on those abandoned farms and in those houses where the "We'll drink your liker after we've fin- fences are down. This country is full of ghosts. We ain't much better than ghosts

ourselves."

"It was the three dry years, I sup-



"That and the mortgage sharks and the cutthroats and thieves in the penitentiary

clining the combat again. "There's one there's Doc Russell-" man I want to meet here; his name is

Russell-Dr. Russell."

The mild-eyed man explained that his versity of Iowa." name was Russell; the other men looked tle game?" whispered the captain. "It before I went to Harvard. But—you won't go, whatever it is," said the man aren't Teddy Russell, Teddy Russell of next him. Robbins heard question and the Glee Club and the football eleven?" answer distinctly; but the young fellow near him did not wince. "Are you the one that wrote to Fairport, Dr. Russell? I guess? You were there two years before I guess you must be."

'Yes, I wrote to Fairport," said Rus-

sent and the boxes. They were going to send them to another place, but your letter decided us. That's my church, you know, which sent them. And, for that Well, I'm glad to meet you, Doctor. Let matter, it was your letter first turned my father's attention to investing in your part of the country. Oh, tell me, where did that tea go? My mother would send her which was not round his soiled and frayed best London mixture-"

"Was it your mother?" Robbins spoke. With a red face and a flash of his eyes at the sullen group about him, he withdrew his chair, making a clear passage to the stove. "I'd like to thank her, then, and her son for her; that tea and the quince jam-whose was the quince something too low for Robbins's ear; but

jam?"

"I rather think my mother put that in,

"Well, it almost cured my wife; it was better than medicine, that and the tea, for, not to mention that we couldn't get any medicine, it put heart into her as medicine couldn't. I wonder was it your mother, or who was it put in that volume to remember whether I ever had a coilege

gripped it hard. "Harvard? So am I-

Martin Wallace, '92."

need going into my hard-luck story; it's matter?" like a lot of our stories here. You see where we are—hardly shoes to our feet; Russell, the Western burr on his tongue as not because we have been shiftless or soft and leisurely as ever, and no hint of

Shylocks from the East," old Captain have had better fare and suffered less Sparks interrupted in a venomous tone; with cold and hunger than we have. And what pickings the drought left they it's not that we are fools, either; we're not uneducated. There are at least three "Pretty rough!" said the stranger, de- other college men in our community;

"I am," drawled Russell; "much good it's done me; but I won honors at the Uni-

"I didn't win any honors, but I went to puzzled and suspicious. "What's his lit- the State University—was graduated there

"Yes, I am Teddy Russell."

"E. D. Russell, of course; why didn't me, but I daresay they are talking of you still; and the way you won a touchdown with a broken rib on you, and the time all "Well, I hope you liked the barrel we the rest of the Glee Club missed the train at Fairport, going to Lone Tree, and you went on with the banjoes and were the whole thing for three-quarters of an hour! us have a good song or two together after business.

> Russell unconsciously felt for the cravat collar; he buttoned his wreck of a frock coat. "Yes, we will," he began, but his voice stuck in his throat as the captain's rough grasp gripped his arm.

"I guess not," said the captain; "busi-

ness first, young feller!"

Russell shook off the hand, muttering Robbins sidled nearer to him, so near that he was able to exchange a single glance and to see Russell's lips form the words, "Watch Orr!" They understood each other.

"Weren't you from Ann Arbor yourself, Captain?" said Robbins, grabbing at any

straw of peace.

"I've been too poor ever since the war of college songs? I got that. You education or not," retorted the captain wouldn't think it, but I'm a university with a sneer. "I belong to the people man—Harvard—" where do The young fellow caught his hand and you belong? We've tended your folks when you were sick, and helped you lay by your crops, and driven the mortgage "My name is George Robbins, and I'm sharks off your stuff. Say, what are you a good deal farther back; and, as you can doing now? Are you monkeying round see, I'm down on my luck. But there's no to turn traitor or coward, or what's the

"We're all right, Captain," answered idle, or have wronged anybody; yet the excitement in his manner; "but I see no

Wallace's side. the three, menacing and eager.

"All I ask is to answer questions and to be satisfactory. Isn't it?" make my proposition to you," said Wallace, his fearless young eyes running round

arrangements."

"No, we ain't going to send you home," you have to examine it!"

They had not expected such an answer. A little vibration ran like a wave over the breast of his ragged waistcoat.

"You people have certainly had the

quitters!"

eyes narrowed a little. Wallace continued, say; does it go?" not taking his own eyes off the farmer's:

"This country is all right when there's repeated the question, and the captain a good year, but the good years come so himself led the chorus, "It goes. We'll seldom! What you fellows need down all stand by you!' here is not free silver, but free water. With ning dry; we can get-

expect to furnish the money."

are digged?'

these abandoned fields."

Orr. "I can see where you folks can git a holt and come out even; but what's going to become of us? Are we to move off the messed that job, getting round to that earth and let you stay here?"

Every one listened for Wallace's answer. Even the boy in the doorway, returning with Wallace's bag, stood half scared at

harm in letting Mr. Wallace answer our us?" said Wallace, coolly. "We bought questions before we fly off the handle." the mortgages cheap, and we'll sell them So saying, before the captain realized his cheap. We'll sell water rights cheap also. purpose he edged through the crowd to And you will make better colonists than Robbins followed him; any we could import—cheaper, too. It's and the eyes of all the others turned to for our interests as well as yours to make a deal with you, and to make one that will

Orr's hand dropped to his side, he shuffled his feet, his eyes turned from the circle. "If you don't like it you can Wallace to seek the captain. "I hadn't refuse and send me home—to make other figured it out you was going to make any such proposition," said the captain.

"Perhaps you thought we intended to said Orr. It was the first time that he had chuck you all out in the cold and hog spoken. Wallace flashed a keen glance at everything. We are neither such pigs nor him and spoke his next words directly to such fools. You fellows can help us more him. "But I'm sure you won't want to than anybody else. Here is Johnny. do it. You see, I'm your last chance, and Now, let's come to business; but first, Johnny, get some glasses. We'll all drink to the new deal."

And afterwards they told with chuckles gaunt, ferociously attentive faces. Wal- how even the captain, who was an original lace's eyes were fixed on Orr's face, which Prohibitionist before he became a Populist, did not change. Orr's hand was in the touched his lips to the glass that was passed over the big map.

"All you folks here need is hope," said devil's own time, and through no fault of the cheerful young Iowan; "you have yours, unless it's a fault that you aren't plenty of pluck and plenty of sense, and oodles of experience; and we stand ready "That's right," said Robbins. Orr's to put in the capital. Now, what do you

After an hour of talk over the maps, he

The blizzard had not come, and the plenty of water you can raise big crops; moon was shining when George Robbins and down in this valley there is not the and Wesley Orr drove home from town. danger, if we dig ditches, of the river run- A basket was carefully held on Orr's knees. Robbins was caroling the chorus to And who'll pay for irrigation?" a "Johnny Harvard" and wishing a health voice demanded. Wallace did not shift his to him and his true love at the top of a gaze to the speaker; he talked to Orr as if hoarse and husky voice. Orr looked sol-Orr were the only man in the room: "We emnly ahead into the little wavering disk of radiance that their lantern cast. Once he 'And what will happen till the ditches shivered violently, but he was not cold. Suddenly he spoke. There was a quiver There's alfalfa to be raised on all in his face and his voice, but all he said was: "Say, he was dead right. We was "And what's to become of us?" said so desperate we was crazy. Hope, that was what we needed, and he give it to us; but how some fellers would have same proposal we all wanted to hug him for! And—I'm glad he didn't. I'm almighty glad we didn't git a chance to do what we set out to do. He was slick. the foot of the stairs, not daring to go Say, what is it they call them newspaper boys? Spellbinders? That's him—a first-"Why not stay and take pot luck with class, A-number-one spellbinder!"

THE MEN IN THE RANKS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN OLD SOLDIER

By Major Philip Douglas.

There a very large part were farmers' try stores were in the same time developed sons, boys of from twenty to twenty-five into active, skilful quartermasters and years of age; sound, healthy, docile, used commissaries, while young family physito outdoor life and plain fare, and lacking cians became surgeons of marked capaonly a quick understanding of distinctions city. They were very patriotic; but hatred of rank, and, in their earlier service, the of the foe seemed to come in only later. power of dispensing with regular sleep.

The city-bred boy, used to theatres and other one crippled, or, harder still, capother sleep-robbing amusements, could tured. keep awake on guard or on picket duty been "Jim" or "Bill" to him, did not at steel. first discover itself. The officers were at Lik much as did the soldiers they commanded.

of a young regular officer riding with the had. new colonel of a new infantry regiment, on gan, to teach them the value and the necessity of organization.

In this I claim the volunteer from our Western States as peerless: his wonderful adaptability, his straightforward, practical sense. These made him a trustworthy and efficient soldier while a foreigner would be learning his facings. Young fellows who mind. We felt that we needed them as had never seen even a militia company generals, and we had the deepest respect became, with a few months of field ser- for their fighting qualities; but we secretly

HAT sort of chaps enlisted? Well, to do the proper thing even under the most I can speak only of the West. adverse circumstances. Clerks from counafter this comrade had been killed and the

Many lads enlisted younger than the without trouble. The country boy had to ages prescribed. General Rosecrans had acquire this power painfully. As to rank, a boy of thirteen made a sergeant on the the farmer's son put on no airs and allowed battlefield of Chickamauga for conspicunone. So at first his officers, his own play- ous bravery, and the first Kentucky mates perhaps, elected by the recruits (Union) had a scarred veteran of a capthemselves, appeared to his view as differ- tain promoted at seventeen for good soling from himself chiefly in the matter of diership. But as a general thing the imshoulder-straps and chevrons, and in get- mature recruit broke down and went home ting more pay. Why he should salute and invalided. When he escaped this, he becall by a title a friend who had hitherto came a thing of whipcord and tempered

Likewise men came into the ranks who first quite as awkward in these matters as were past the age of useful service. A the men, disliking "to put on airs" with man of fifty, or even of forty, however their boyhood friends, and hating caste as strong and healthy, was very apt to find lacking a certain resiliency, without which I remember the startled, disgusted look full value as a private soldier is not to be

The Mexican War veterans were at first hearing a voice from the ranks call out to in great demand; but apart from their the colonel, "Say, John, what's the news methods being largely obsolete, they were from home?" These things were not generally past the military prime. The intentional disrespect; they were natural, Mexican War had ended fourteen years and hardly blamable. Of course cam- before the Civil War broke out, and its paigning soon corrected the more glaring veterans were nearly middle-aged men at of such faults, for the men required no least. These Mexican veterans were great course of lectures, after actual work be- terrors to us youngsters. Aggravating airs of experience were added to an unconcealed contempt for men who had never seen Taylor and Scott, and who didn't even know such names as "Paller Alter" and "Bewner Vister," to say nothing of "Cherrybusker" and "Chipulterpeck."

The West Pointers we did not so much

vice, efficient company commanders, sure sneered at them for being so finikin over

what we saw as trifles, and we were right first battle. The command was lying Confederates was another contract.

much of a figure. My own observation, to get his leg "fixed by the doctor." when serving with a small, semi-indepenconfidence.

vate soldier in the trenches at Vicksburg, close quarters was a matter of past history. ragged and dirty, and in no sense looking them all to atoms.

a man through a sense of duty. He was tion instead of political preferment, all this a lieutenant in an Ohio regiment in its was changed for the better.

in believing early in the struggle that they down, sheltered by a depression in front had a good deal to learn as well as our- of which was an open field with a Confedselves. Most of them had been fighting erate earthwork a couple of hundred Indians, and instinct told us that fighting yards ahead. Over this open place rifleballs were singing and fine stuff from the The ideal soldier was perhaps a twenty- field-pieces was whistling. The colonel of two or twenty-three year old Ohio or the regiment, returning from his brigadier Indiana boy, fresh from the farm, and with in the rear, was on the point of going out a good cross-roads school education, to view the ground over which the regi-Some latitude may be given as to years ment was to charge presently. In answer and States—say two or three preferably to a lieutenant's question, he said he had added, and to the Northwest. Such boys to know whether a ravine on the left exhad no vices, and very rarely had bad tended up into the ground in front. The habits. They loved their mothers, and lieutenant pulled him down gently to were a little afraid of the "old man." As where all were crouching, and said calmly, for physical courage, no class of men, in "Let me go. There's only one colonel to our country, at least, can be labelled one the regiment, but there's a lot of us lieuway or the other. Most men fight if in- tenants." Five minutes later, as he bancited by their passions or ordered by daged a badly shattered leg he had dragged proper authority. A few, very few, love back, he described the ground accurately it, and a good many hate it; but if it has to the colonel. This done, without a word to be done, a man's preferences don't cut of comment he started back to the rear

Occasionally a regiment got an excepdent command, made me select for exceptionally good name, but rarely did one get tionally dangerous work those men who a bad reputation for want of steadiness paled a little at first and then steadied under fire. At one of the earlier engagethemselves. Such men had sense enough ments of the war, in western Virginia, a to measure the danger and to avoid adding green Indiana regiment was taunted by the unnecessary risks, and yet had force Confederates from their breastworks with enough to do their duty. The reckless the cry of "Buena Vista!" There was a dare-devil compelled admiration, but the story current that a regiment from Indiana steady fellow, who kept duty before him had flinched at the battle of Buena Vista in spite of realizing the danger, commanded in Mexico. The taunt cost the Confederates dearly, for within a few minutes the An example of the former, one of many Indianians proved beyond doubt that any every old volunteer can cite, was the pri-question as to their willingness to fight at

In the long run the higher principled like a hero, who, rising up from a pitiful men made the higher mark. One thing little fire on which his blackened tin cup which raised the tone of the whole army of coffee was heating, found himself face was the chance for promotion. Death, to face with a party of officers of high resignations, and promotions out of the rank, who had just come around an angle regiment made plenty of vacancies, and of the works, as a hissing grenade fell every ambitious young fellow knew that at their and his feet. Among these offi- his promotion depended more on himself cers were men whose names are synonyms than on any one else. One gallant young for bravery, but they stood transfixed when fellow of twenty-six years fell in North that ragged hero picked up the shell, and Georgia in 1863 as colonel of his regiment, blowing on the fuse to make sure of its having filled every grade from private solbeing in working order, threw it back over dier upwards, not omitting those of serthe breastworks, yelling to the Confeder- geant-major and adjutant. He had been ates, "Keep it yerselves; we don't want a minor clerk in a provision store in his it," and turned to his coffee as the thing native town when the war broke out. exploded, just out of reach, with a force Until after the first year of the war brigathat a moment sooner would have blown dier-generals were the least qualified for their posts of all who wore buttons. But Another case will illustrate the valor of later on, when they were made by promo-





"OFF THE TRACK AND NEARLY OFF THE RIGHT OF WAY."

TRUE RAILROAD STORIES.

BY CY WARMAN,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer."

THE GENERAL MANAGER AND THE GHOST TRAIN.

WHEN the Rio Grande Western was a tives were a mile and a half nearer each narrow-gauge road, it was very other. crooked. Even in the Utah desert there were many curves among the sand hills manager is an honor earnestly striven for that have been piled up during the past by engineers, and when once obtained it is few thousand years. A locomotive—one carefully guarded. Whatever record a of a type known as "sewing-machines," man makes at the head of such a train is because all their machinery was in sight— sure to count for or against him, since he was trying to make a spur for the general is then directly under the eye of the manmanager's special, against which she had agement. The chances are always in favor a time order. The time was growing of a good run, for the train despatcher, alarmingly short, and the driver of the with his own reputation at stake, can be light engine knew that the man on the depended upon to keep the track clear. special, with the G. M. behind him, would He will hold a passenger train ten minutes be crowding the limit. As the little ma- rather than hold the special five. Another chine rocked round the corners, screaming point in favor of the special engineer is at every curve, the engineer and fireman the fact that he is due at no particular kept a sharp lookout ahead, at the same point at any specified time, and having no time counting the minutes and reckoning time-card to hold him down he may reguthe miles that still lay between them and late the speed of the train to suit himself. the spur.

gines on the road was trembling away and high centre, every curve and sag, on toward the "sewing-machine," and at his division-consequently the officers put

To be allowed to "pull" the general He is always an experienced runner who Down the desert one of the swiftest en- knows the road-knows every low joint the end of each minute the two locomo- no limit upon the speed of the train, but early autumn, the very best time of year self, and awaited the shock. for a fast run, and "Old Sam" had been the record for fast running on the Alkali division.

By the rules of the road five minutes are allowed for the variation of watches, failed to respect the five-minute rule she world was I elected for?" might, at that moment, be passing the with his left hand on the whistle rope, clung to the side of the cab to keep from being thrown out on the right of way.

The wheels under the "sewing-machine" and the meeting-point. But at that moment sane himself. the flying wheels of the special engine crashed over the switch and shut her out. The little "sewing-machine," hid among the sand hills, was straining every nerve to reach the passing-point, at which she forward motion; and the speed of the train, was already overdue. The man on the which had been but little checked, carried special was just beginning to feel sure of them away down among the sand hills. his position when he rounded a curve and The driver looked over at the fireman and saw the light engine emerging from a shallow cut. Of course he shut off, and tried stop was out of the question.

special and warned his companion, for they were curving to the left and the driver nothing short of a miracle could prevent a dreadful collision and that in a few seconds' time they would all be piled up in a heap. Both drivers had called to their firemen to jump, and the firemen had turned to their windows. The special en-

leave it all to the good judgment of the ager with him. The other engineer only engineer. It was a clear, dry day in the shoved the throttle lever in, braced him-

A man who has never lived up his last gaging his speed for fifty miles back so as moment on earth and survived to tell to hit Coyote spur on the dot and break about it afterwards, can never know how much business one can transact, in his mind, during that moment in which he waits and listens for the swish of the scythe. But one does not always review but the rule is not always wholly respected; his past life at such a moment; often he and as the man on the special was known wastes time thinking upon a mere trifle. to be a daring driver, the "sewing-ma- Ex-Representative in Congress Lafe Pence chine" crew saw that they were in a close was in a wreck the next day after his elecplace long before the smoke of the ap- tion, and, although he had been a Demoproaching locomotive was seen. Now they crat and had become a Populist, he gave had barely five minutes left, and nothing no thought to the past nor the future, but for the variation, and the coveted siding said to himself, as the sleeper plunged four miles away. If the opposing train down an embankment, "Now what in the

The driver of the special engine had a spur. At last there remained but a single boy, and this boy had climbed up on a mile, and only a minute to do it in. The picket fence to kiss his father good-by throttle was wide open, and the little engine that morning at their home in Salt Lake, was rolling so that the bell rang continu- but he slipped, fell, and hung there, with ally. The fireman had put in his last fire, a fence picket through the seat of his first and was now straining his eyes to catch pair of trousers; and it was all so funny the smoke of the special. The engineer, that now, as the engineer recalled the circumstance, he threw back his head and laughed as heartily as he had ever laughed in his life. The fireman, casting a farewell glance at his companion, saw him were so small that the best she could do laughing and concluded that the driver, in was forty-five miles, and now when she his last moment, had suddenly become incame down to the very last second there sane; but as he glanced ahead where death was still a quarter of a mile between her was waiting he was not sure that he was

> The driver, having finished his laugh and still feeling no shock, looked ahead. The track was clear! He unlatched the reverse lever and threw the engine in the asked: "Did you see anything?"

"No," said the fireman. "Did you?" to lessen the force of the collision; but to And the driver said no, tried his water and opened the throttle, and the engine whirled The fireman on the light engine saw the away, while the fireman returned to his place at the furnace door.

The two men scarcely glanced at each could not see. Thus the four men knew that other again until they stopped for water at Green River, but each in his own mind was recalling all the wild tales of "ghost" trains he had ever heard. Each was firm in the belief that he had seen a "ghost, but he would never tell it—not for his job.

The officers in the special train felt the gineer was in the act of reversing, that he resistance of the engine when the engineer might take the good opinion of the man- shut off and reversed, and the general manager, turning to the superintendent, to risk a case of champagne that he had asked, with a show of surprise: "When seen no "ghost" train, and the superdid you put in that siding?"

spur, and it has been there for six months,"

for fifteen minutes for No. 8 going down habit, the colonel sat at the same table the other day; but we just passed a siding with the train and engine crew. on the north.

funny; but the colonel, stroking his long colonel, looking the engineer in the eye, gray Peffers, remarked that he had seen a locomotive standing at the point mentioned, and "as trains are not in the habit of meeting and passing between stations, I take it that there must be a siding There was just a twinkle of mirth in the colonel's eyes, which, despite the finger marks left about them by the touch of time, are still bright with the sparkle of youth; but the superintendent was utterly unable to understand the general manager.

There was silence for a little while, but the general manager was by no means satisfied. He pressed the button, and when the black porter came in he asked: "Did you see an engine on a siding back a ways, George?"

"No, sah, I haven't saw no engine; d'ain't no sidin' 'cept Ci-ote spur, an' dat

wus clear."

at the running orders.

"Run special to Grand Junction, avoiding all regular trains. Extra engine 57 has until five fiftyfive (5.55) to make Coyote spur against you.'

"What time did you pass the spur?" demanded the colonel.

"Precisely at 5.55," said the conductor, now somewhat alarmed at the manager's

Coyote?" asked the colonel, and the superintendent, being at a loss to make out what the manager was driving at, started to leave the car, but his superior officer called him back.

"There is not," was the conductor's

reply.

"Perhaps," said the colonel, "there was not when we went down; but there is ing courage from the colonel's confession, now, for I saw a locomotive standing there.'

intendent took the bet as the easiest way "What? Back there? That's Coyote of settling an argument which was about to become embarrassing.

When the special reached Green River "I know very well," said the manager, the party went into the eating-house, where "where Coyote spur is, for we waited there supper had been ordered, and, as was his

the north."

"What did you shut off for just this
The superintendent was inclined to be side of Coyote spur, Sam?" asked the and instantly the eyes of the whole party were upon the driver's dusky face. He was speechless. Not that the circumstance had escaped his mind, for, as a matter of fact, he had thought of little else; but he knew not how to answer.

> "Did you think that engine was on the main line?" asked the general manager, noticing the embarrassment of the engine

"What engine?" asked the engineer,

trying to look and speak natural.

"There was only one engine there besides your own," was the colonel's response. "Will you be good enough to answer my question?

"Well," thought the driver, "if I've got 'em the G. M.'s got 'em,' and he answered: "I did think she was on the

main stem."

"What did you think, Harry?" asked "Send the conductor to me," said the the superintendent of the fireman, who officer, and when the conductor came in was staring at the engineer. The fireman the manager asked to be allowed to look only closed his eyes and shook his head slowly as though he considered them all crazy, and his long lashes, dark with coal dust, lay upon his newly washed face like the lashes of a chorus girl.

"Did you see anything on your side?" asked the colonel, who was determined to

unlock the lips of the fireman.
"Not a thing," said Harry.
believe in ghosts."

"It will not be necessary for you to make "Is there a siding between here and out a 63 [an accident report], but I wish you would tell me what you saw and how it affected you," said the general manager, addressing the engineer.

"May I ask you first if you saw anything, Colonel?" said the driver.

"I saw a locomotive standing on a spur

or siding just east of Coyote."

"When I see her first," said Sam, tak-"she was bang in front of us coming out of a cut like a ball out of a cannon. I The conductor laughed as the superin- saw it was all up with us, but I naturally tendent had done, but the colonel offered shut off-mechanically, so to speak. I

think I hooked her over, but I didn't just then I thought of little Sammie as I saw him last, hangin' on the fence by the I never see anything quite so funny, and I laughed that hard that the tears came in my eyes and blinded me. Then the thought came to me that we were a long of way 1,000 yards east of Coyote spur, but still on time coming together: so I looks ahead. her feet." time coming together; so I looks ahead, an' there wa'n't a thing in sight. I asked Harry if he see anything, an' he lied an' I know about it.'

Now the agent came in with a number whistle, open the sand valve, nor set the of messages for the superintendent, and air—they wa'n't no use—no time—but as the officer read the first of the lot he began to smile.

"Read it out," said the colonel. "Perseat uv his pants, an' it seemed to me that haps it will tell us something about the 'ghost.'" The superintendent read:

" Engine 57 is off the track and nearly off the right

That explained the "ghost" engine. At asked if I see anything, an' I lied too, an' the instant her engineer shut off steam, opened up the throttle again. That's all the "sewing-machine," just then rounding a sharp curve, jumped the track, lit square There was a noticeable increase in the on her wheels, and went plowing out over attention of the company, and Tim Flar- the hard adobe of the desert. She rolled rity, the flagman, leaning low toward the and rocked for a few seconds, and then table, crossed himself, and ventured the came to a stop, with the engine-men still prediction that they would have a head- standing in the cab. The engine had been end collision before they reached the junc- working hard, and if the throttle had retion. "I never see a ghost train show up mained open she might have made the yet that didn't mean something," he curve all right, but the sudden relaxation added, but the burst of laughter that fol- of all her tension caused a jar that threw lowed closed his circuit, and he said no her off her feet. But it was a lucky jar for her crew.

A RAILROAD DOG.

bird-dog blood of some sort in their veins, and Napoleon would remain motionless, best girl.

office, Napoleon would go galloping down Get out o' town!' the hill, over the bridge, and leap into the of the many employees about the sta-steam.

came to the cab and gave a copy of

OGS know a great many things, and might be three or four trains preparing to appear to know a great many things pull out, but when he had once seen the which they do not know. The most intel- special conductor the watchful dog never ligent dogs I have seen have been railroad lost sight of him. Any number of men dogs, and the best railroad dogs are water might come from the telegraph office and spaniels, or shepherd dogs with a dash of throw up their hands with a signal to go, Engineer Yates used to have a big, bony The men used to put up jobs on him. If bird dog called "Napoleon," who came, it was Jack Brown's run, Gurin or Patterin time, to know the whistle or the bell of son would rush out, cry "All right," and the "86" better than did the engineer's give a signal. Then Dufur would put on Jack Brown's coat and cap, and try to This locomotive was used only to haul "rush" the dog; but it never did go. By Superintendent Ridgeway's private car, and by the "old man," as the superintenand when the bell sounded as the little en- dent is always called, would come forth gine drew her toy-train up to the telegraph and shout: "What you fellows doing?

Then the real conductor would give a cab. Taking his place on the fireman's signal, and Napoleon would pull in his side, he would lean, or rather hang, out of head, shoot a quick glance at the engineer, the window, watching for the conductor take his place close up in the left-hand to come forward with the running orders. corner of the cab, and begin to thump the The special, although it had its regular top of the waste box, upon which he was engine and engineer, might not have the seated, with his front feet. Here he would same conductor twice in six months; so dance and whine impatiently until the bell Napoleon could only watch and wait until sounded and the engineer gave the engine

One evening Yates went out to help a **tain** order to the engineer. There passenger train to the top of the hill and return at midnight. He took another locomotive; so Napoleon didn't miss him until he was far away up the mountain. They used to meet at the Monte Cristo every evening for supper-Yates, the dog, and Yates's room-mate; but for some unaccountable reason Napoleon was late upon this occasion, and when he finally came and failed to find his master he cut some of the wildest capers of his life. The room-mate, who, to tell the truth, had no love for dogs nor patience with them, turned Napoleon out. Down to the round-house went the dog as though he had been shot at. He soon found the "86"; but that failed to quiet him. Everywhere through the house and shops he went charging in search of his lost master. About the time the engineer at the room fell asleep Napoleon fell against the door with the force of a head-end collision. The man got up and let him in, swore, and went to sleep again. After beating about the room for a while, the troubled dog crawled under the bed, and fell asleep "AS YATES PULLED INTO THE YARDS, NAPOLEON WAS BOUND-

But he was troubled even in his sleep. nose round the bed to see if Yates had returned. About midnight a locomotive lamp. whistle broke the stillness of the valley so blow against the bed railing. Of course "you'll have to choose between me an' it was not the whistle of the "86," nor that fool dog." one at all like it. But Yates had a touch, now he stood up and beat the door until kept the dog.



ING ALONG IN THE LIGHT OF THE HEAD-LAMP."

At times he would cry out and waken him- the man got up and let him out; and as self, and then he would come forth and Yates pulled into the yards, Napoleon was bounding along in the light of his head-

When Yates reached his room he was suddenly that it awakened both the man enthusiastic in his praise of the wonderful and the dog. At the conclusion of the sagacity of Napoleon; but his room-mate long blast there came two short "too-refused to "enthuse." "It may be very toots," and Napoleon made a rush for the funny for you, but I don't care to be kept door, striking the top of his head a cruel awake all night. To-morrow," he added,

Yates was silent now, for it was a serious an accent, that the dog knew, and which a matter. He was fond of his room-mate; man or woman could scarcely detect; and but on the following day he chose—he

A WILD NIGHT AT WOODRIVER.

"I'm doing the best I can," said his wife, trying to hush the little one who was here unless you are ready to give up your sobbing and moaning in her lap. In the chignon," said Bankers, without taking baby's milk-wagon a bitter fight was going his eyes from the crack through which he on between paregoric and pain, and the was peeping. Emma took the bottle, and latter was dying hard. The wind drove at each flash of lightning dropped a drop the rain against the side of the car, and of hush medicine into the spoon, and when made it rock to and fro. "Emma," said she had put in ten drops they gave it to Mrs. Bankers to her friend, "take that the baby. That made twenty drops: it bottle and hold it between you and a crack was dangerous—but it was sure death to in the car, and when it lightens, drop ten all of them if the baby cried aloud.

KEEP that kid quiet," said Bankers drops into the spoon—I suppose we must not strike a light."

"You bet you don't strike any light

those within. three winters at Woodriver, but her friend, a young woman who had come out to wesence of this wild night had almost driven her mad.

"There they are," whispered Bankers. The women put their eyes to a crack, and when a flash came they could see a reef of feathered heads that formed a halfabout a woman's neck. Half the band dismounted, and made a rush for the cotnewspaper and lighted it at the open fireroom to room, in search of the occupants. of it started to loot the railroad station, which stood less than a hundred yards

the others had been, by a Pawnee scout, but had bravely refused to leave his post. tomahawks, clubs, and guns.

The rain came in great sheets and with ing, but the agent, crouching behind the such force that it seemed that the car could little iron safe, was still unhurt. An Indian hardly hold the rail. It was not a Pull- brought a torch from the burning cottage man car; just a common red stock car, and attempted to fire the station, but the standing on a siding, with a few armfuls rain and wind put out the fire. Two or of straw upon the floor. Occasionally three Sioux, noticing a string of cars upon Bankers turned to glance at the two wo- the siding, began to search for stock or men, who were crouching in one end of eatable freight. From car to car they ran, the car, and when the lightning lit up their thrusting their rifles into the straw. "Uh," faces they were fearful to behold. Now said an old buck, as his rifle found somethe rain, cold as sleet, came through the thing soft in one of the cars, and Bankers cracks in the car, and stung the faces of felt a pain in his short ribs. Laying hold Mrs. Bankers had seen of the side of the car, the Indian began to pull and strain. By the merest chance he had taken hold of the car door, and now, tern Nebraska to teach school, was in as it opened, he thrust his hideous head every sense a "tenderfoot," and the experiinside. Bankers could have blown the top of the head off, but he knew that to fire would be to attract a dozen redskins, against whom he could not hope to hold out long. The women scarcely breathed. The baby, full of paregoric, slept as though it had already entered upon its final rest. The circle around a house, like a feather boa other two Indians had given up the search among the empty cars and gone back to the station, where the agent, having retage. The door was broken, and the red loaded all his weapons, kept the gang hopdevils swarmed in. One of them took a ping and dancing about the station platform. The old Sioux at the car door place to make a torch, and by the light of cocked his head and listened. He must it the little party in the stock car could see have fancied he heard something breathe, the Sioux running, half crouching, from for now he put his hands upon the sill and leaped into the car. He had scarcely Finding the place deserted, and smarting straightened up when Bankers's rifle barunder their disappointment, the Indians rel fell across his feathered head, and he now set fire to the house, and by the light dropped like a beef. The young woman uttered a faint scream, and that was the last sound that came from her corner for some time. 'The Sioux never moved a fin-The station agent had been warned, as ger, and Bankers, having removed the warrior's gun and ammunition, gave the gun over to his wife, and then covered the He had made no light, but sat in one end dead Sioux with straw. Already the little of the dark little room which served as frame cottage had burned to the ground, ticket office, telegraph office, and sleeping- and the rain had nearly quenched the fire. room, and, as the Indians approached, Every attempt made by the band to fire opened fire. At the very first shot the the station had ended in failure, and the leader of the murderous band leaped high Sioux were now preparing to storm the into the air, came down on his feet, leaped fort. It was hard for Bankers to keep up again, and again, and finally fell in a quiet in the car while the agent sold his heap to rise no more. With a deafening life so bravely and so dearly to the Sioux; yell the angry band made a rush for the but there were his wife and baby and the door, and began to beat against it with helpless schoolmistress, who had been persuaded by the Bankers to come to this wild Having emptied his rifle, the agent now region, and he felt it his duty to protect took up a pair of forty-five caliber revolvers, them as best he could. Presently he felt and the lead fairly rattled against the door, the car vibrate perceptibly, as though it and no less than a half-dozen hair-lifters were being rolled slowly along the rail. sank to the platform, causing the besie- His first thought was that the Indians were gers to fall back a space. From a distance pushing the empty cars down near the stathey began to pour the lead into the build- tion, and that they would set fire to the



"IT WAS A LOCOMOTIVE DRAWING A DOZEN BOX CARS AND RUNNING WITHOUT A HEADLIGHT,"

a dozen box cars and running without a they?" asked the conductor. headlight. The shouts of the besiegers, the rattle of rifles, and the wild cry of the alive," was the reply which came in a faint night prevented the Sioux from feeling the whisper. "I saw them leaving the house

wounded, now crawled to the key and called stock cars. Ogallala. At the first attack he had wired government scouts, all Pawnees except the officers, leaped to the platform just as the band of Sioux were making their last desperate charge upon the station. The battle was short and decisive, and when the Sioux fled they left more than half their number upon the field.

The conductor of the train had ridden all the way on the locomotive, and the moment the train stopped he leaped to the ground and ran through a shower of bullets to where the cottage which had been the so it proved. home of the Bankers had stood. The sight

straw, and then there would be no pos- have taken refuge in the station. And sible escape. Now there was a roar as of facing about, he fought his way to and an approaching train, and an instant later through the shot-riddled door. The agent a great dark object hove in sight and rolled lay upon the floor in a pool of his own past the car. It was a locomotive drawing blood, but he was still alive. "Where are

"Among the stock cars, if they are still vibration, or hearing the sound, of the apart at dusk—go to them—I'm—I'm all right;" proaching train.

and the conductor, having placed the The agent, who had been severely wounded man upon his bed, made for the

"Bankers, where are you?" he called; for help, and now he told the operator and Bankers answered, only two cars there that he could only hold the place away. Now the conductor lighted his for a little while longer. He was still at white light and climbed into the car. The the key when the engine, rolling up to the brave Mrs. Bankers greeted him with a station, shook the building, and he knew smile that soon changed to tears, for in the moment he felt the quiver of it that the light of the hand-lamp she saw her help was at hand. Instantly the doors of baby's face, and it looked like the face of the box cars came open, and a company of a dead child. "Emma," she called excitedly, but there was no answer.

"Is she dead?" cried the conductor, falling upon his knees and holding the light close to his sweetheart's face.

"No," said Bankers, "she only fainted when I killed this Sioux;" and he gave the dead Indian a kick and rolled him out of the car.

"But the baby," pleaded Mrs. Bankers. She's all right," said the husband. "Only a little too much paregoric." And

And all this is not a dream. It is only of the house in ashes made him sick at a scrap of the history of the early days of heart; but there was still hope—they might the Union Pacific. The brave station

agent is an old man now, and one of his general superintendent of a well-known legs is shorter than the other—the one railway. The snows of forty winters have that was shot that night. The baby, hav- fallen upon his wife's hair; it is almost ing recovered from her severe tussle with white; but her face is still young and colic and paregoric, is now one of the handsome, and I remember that she most charming women in one of our blushed, when telling this story to me and charming Western cities. The conductor recalling the fact that she had fainted in of the soldier train is at this writing a a stock car on that wild night at Woodriver.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A TRUE SHORT STORY TOLD MAINLY IN A SERIES OF UNPUB-LISHED LETTERS BY GENERAL SHERMAN.

BY ELLA FRASER WELLER.

tude of affairs, it is well known, the regular army whom she had never seen. was ever more approachable than General It was merely a friendly correspondence, Sherman. He had a sympathetic ear for not a lover's correspondence; but still it almost any appeal that might be made to was sufficiently intimate and interesting to him. Especially ready was his attention make the end which was soon put to it by and kindness if the applicant chanced to the young girl's father something of a be a young person, for of young people, grief to both parties. The officer wrote young men as well as young women, he to the father, soliciting that approval of was especially fond. He was endowed the correspondence which he had better himself with an ever-youthful heart. "He have asked earlier; but the father was imhad to the last," says one of his closest movable, and all communication between friends, "a buoyancy of spirits that usu- the young people ceased. A year passed ally belongs only to youth. I never saw without either having any further word him speak to a young person without smil- or knowledge of the other. Then, in ing; and as to his ways toward women, 1876, occurred the battle with the Sioux he was a Bayard of the Bayards." Be- Indians on the Little Big Horn River, in sides sympathy and kindliness, there was Montana, wherein General Custer lost his in his relations with young people not a life; and the officer's gentle-hearted correlittle imagination. He entered romanti- spondent was filled with anxiety lest he cally into their affairs, and strove to pro- might have been one of the victims of that mote for them their own kind of pleasure. fatal engagement. Finally her anxiety It pleased him above all things to have became so great that, in order if possible them happy, and in order to forward what to learn the officer's fate, she addressed he divined to be their happiness he would a letter of inquiry to the Commander of give himself no end of pains. In return, the Army, General Sherman. She signed they instinctively recognized him for their her letter only with her initials, thinking friend. To a very unusual degree they General Sherman might mistake her for a confided their troubles to him and sought man, and, in consequence, accord her a his counsel and aid. Those, even, who did prompter answer. He was not deceived; not personally know him appealed to him but his answer came promptly enough, and as to a benevolent and sympathetic rela- was as follows: tive.

charming side of Sherman's character must be very numerous; but they are, naturally, not easy to come at. We have a most interesting and attractive one, however, in the following series of letters, written to a Captain —— of the Sixth Infantry, stayoung lady who, while yet a school-girl, tioned at -, on the upper Missouri scarcely sixteen, through circumstances River, was on the sixteenth of April

NO man of high position and a multi-tude of affairs it is well because

The instances in illustration of this most Headquarters Army of the United States. WASHINGTON, D. C., May 2, 1879. Miss -

that need not be recited here, had been ordered before the Retiring Board at Fort



Hendquarters Jemy of the Juited States,

Washington, D. C., Seel 12 1879 hran hun I am just back. If In letter of 26, Wet

FACSIMILE OF ONR OF GENERAL SHERMAN'S LETTERS.

Leavenworth, from which I infer he is in wished for, but never hoped to attain. The poor health, or made infirm from service. Lieutenant of the —— Infantry is he whom This Captain — was born in New York, I desired information concerning. Your and served in a New York regiment from reply was all I could desire, and I do not 1861 to '65, when he was appointed in the know how to thank you. You have been so regular army.

fornia. This Lieutenant — was born in school-girl? I flattered myself you would Ohio, also served in an Ohio regiment durthink me a man, or at least an old aunt; but ing the Civil War, and was appointed to I am a girl, an unsophisticated little counthe regular army in 1866.

probably tell from the above where the fare of the whole United States army, officer enquired after is to be found. I whether at peace or in war. No, General have no personal acquaintance with either; Sherman, Lieutenant —— is not my lover; but if you tell me honestly why you want my interest in him is purely friendly; but

to know, what is your interest in the officer, I can always find out all about him. From the style of your letter, I infer you to be a young miss, and my mind grasps, probably erroneously, that Captain ---- is your sweetheart.

Truly yours, W. T. SHERMAN.

Availing herself of this cordial invitation. and in order to set the general right a little in his inference regarding her relations with her early correspondent, the young lady wrote him again, sending the following letter;

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

Dear Sir: Your kindness in replying was really unexpected, but I assure you appreciated; the contents of your letter was what I long

kind I will tell you" honestly" (did you Second, J. W. —, First Lieutenant infer I would fabricate?) my motive in writ-- Infantry, stationed at Fort ——, Cali- ing to you. How did you know I was a try girl, if you will; but an American girl, If you have a special interest, you can with a warm and true interest in the welcommonly are.

brother would give a little sister he gave relation of Father to the whole Army. me. His letters were always filled with very hard, but I knew he was doing it for pose you to be. He must be about ety. Much as I would like to hear from friend. Lieutenant —, I must be content to know that he is well; that is the best I could know, and I have you to thank for

And now, General Sherman, I will trouble you no further. I fear I have already taken too much of your time. But you asked me to tell you honestly, and I have done so. You have done me a kindness I can never forget, and may you ever be as happy as your kind letter rendered me. I only hope, improbable as it may seem, that I shall one day be enabled to do something for you, that I may show you how truly I appreciate your generosity.

Yours,

In a few days General Sherman answered as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES. WASHINGTON, D. C., May 17, 1879 Miss -

My dear young lady: Your letter of the 11th convinces me that you are a good girl, most precious beings on earth—and that memory of his former kindness, if not

that friendship is deeper than friendships you should nurse a tender passion, unseen, unknown to its object, is not right. You I corresponded with him about a year may confide in me, because I am not only ago, and the care and interest an elder a father and grandfather, but stand in the

Lieutenant — - is unmarried, of a good interest in my school life and studies. He military record, excellent habits, and readvised, nay even urged, me to give close spected by his army associates. I do not attention to my lessons, curbed my desire recall him personally to memory, but one for fun and admiration, until looking of his brother officers was here this mornthrough the glass he held up for me, I saw ing, of whom I inquired, without his the folly and danger of it. But I was dreaming of my reason. He is at Fort only a child, and my father thought I had -, California, a lonely place, where he better give up the correspondence. It was must dream of just such a girl as I supmy good. Still we tried together to over- years old—a little too old for you—but come his objections; but in vain. Then still with a good long life yet before him; Lieutenant - wrote, "Gipsy, we are and if in your dreams you think of him, both wrong; your father is right; keep on and are willing to renew your old acquaintat school, and never let anything in the ance, tell me so in the purest confidence of future tempt you to do contrary to your a child, and I can let him know, without parents' wishes." I followed his advice, in the least compromising your maiden his influence has always been for good, delicacy, that he ought—now that you are and now, General Sherman, do you won- no longer a girl, but a woman, capable der at my interest in his welfare? You and qualified to judge of her own heart see I cannot write to him, for my father and interests, and that he is at liberty—to has never mentioned his name, and I fear seek of your father the right to renew a to ask him if I may write, for he may correspondence which was broken off most think as you did, that my interest is deeper properly by him. In my judgment this than friendship; and if my whole future may be done, and it may release two worthy happiness depended upon it, I would not souls from a thraldom which neither can cause my dear father one moment's anxi- break without the mediation of a prudent

To me you can write with absolute confidence.

> Truly yours, W. T. SHERMAN.

To this the young lady replied five days later, namely, on May 22d, in a letter which is no longer preserved; and thereupon General Sherman wrote her again, as fol-

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES. WASHINGTON, D. C., May 26, 1879. Miss -

My dear young lady: Yours of the 22d is received, and I will write to ----, without in the remotest degree compromising your dignity or maiden modesty. Your feelings are pure and natural, and you need have no uneasiness at all. Let me know all the facts, and I will be the friend of all. Tell me your age, and if possible send me photograph; so that on hearing from — I may advise you.

It is not fair that he should be alone away out in the mountains of California, with a pure heart and soul—one of the when a pure young girl is treasuring the

a loving heart. It is not right—there so you will please pardon me, at least since should be some conclusion. "That sweet it gave you cause for merriment. hope that lies buried to human eyes" must I did not intend, when our correspond-With you it may be the love of a vision, ing at the shrine of a photograph when to learn his feelings; and will then write right, however, that Lieutenant me officially.

Truly, etc., W. T. SHERMAN.

To this General Sherman's correspondent returned the following:

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 26th received. I scarcely know how to answer. I cannot conceive how you can write to Lieutenant without his knowledge of my inquir- follows: ies in regard to him. Another thing: I can tell you what he will answer—"Yes, somewhere in my mind I have a faint recollection of her, but that memory is, she DEAR MISSwas a silly little thing." A man like him may have dozens of such correspondents and now am able to put your soul at rest to-day, and to-morrow forget them. And do you believe I could be so devoid of practical common sense as to cherish and idolize the memory of a man who never asked my interest and whom I have never met? No, sir, my heart is my own. I beg of you not to call Lieutenant — my lover; and

sighing for some response to the appeal of me is one of the strongest bonds of life;

have some realization, or be suppressed. ence began, that it should at all verge on the confidential; nor did I think that I and who knows but he too is sighing for should be classed as one of the common the object of his youthful dream? I can-herd of confidential enthusiasts. I am not bear the thought of such a girl ador- not passionately in love with Lieutenant -. I am not holding my heart out for the living man is within easy reach. him to accept or refuse as he may see fit. Should his answer to my letter be what I All the respect and reverence I have exexpect, I shall insist on his applying by pressed I feel; but did I give you cause letter to your father for the privilege of for believing that I was wasting my life coming to you, when you must do the dreaming of impossibilities? And not on rest. Of course you are passionately in any account must Lieutenant ---- write love with him now. I think your father to my father. Our city has passed no law knows as much, only he cannot reveal the prohibiting strangers from entering her secret to the object. I can-and will: gates; therefore Lieutenant - is privinot as strong as I state it here, but enough leged to visit M. at any time. It is not you again. Remember this is all I promise, should meet or correspond now, without all that would be wise for you to know and a proper and formal introduction. You realize. If he loves you, you should meet, are kind, so kind, to trouble yourself in and each be the judge of the other. If this way. You may see things more clearly indifferent or offish, banish the thought as than I in regard to this, but should he ever a school-girl's dream, and choose your visit M. it must be through no effort of partner out of the many clever fellows mine. You now know all the facts, all that must be within the reach of your that I have to tell you. You must not let acquaintance. I sometimes laugh at the Lieutenant — write to my father. I many confidences of this sort which reach would have nothing done that might annoy him, nor will I do anything without his sanction. I am but a child to him. I should like to see Lieutenant ---, but it will come right some time. Your letter frightened me. I will send the photograph asked for as soon as possible; but perhaps you had better never mind us any more.

Truly yours,

General Sherman's next letter was as

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES. Washington, D. C., June 17, 1879.

I received in due time the photograph, -somewhat rudely but effectually.

Lieutenant — will soon marry a lady of long acquaintance and more suitable in years to his somewhat advanced age. Therefore think of him as an old friend who watched with interest the most captivating object possible, a young school-girl do not imagine I was worshipping at the just budding into womanhood, probably shrine of a photograph, for I assure you I not dreaming that that girl had her own was only looking at it. I am sorry that my secret thoughts. I am glad that your last last letter should have savored so strongly confirms this same fact, and that Lieutenof the schoolroom; but friendship with ant --- never by word or look gave you

to believe that he might become a lover. a "whole heart." same, and then laugh at me, the old fool close the photographs asked for. who thought he might bring together two happy souls. I don't regret the effort, however, as it gives you a positive knowledge which you could not have obtained otherwise. Wishing you a long and happy life, I am,

Truly, etc., W. T. SHERMAN.

Again the young lady's answering letter has disappeared; but she wrote one, and it drew from General Sherman the following reply:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES. WASHINGTON, D. C., July 12, 1879. DEAR MISS -

I am just back. I find your letter of philosophically, and that you possess still life.'

There are as many fish He will soon marry, and you will do the in the sea as were ever caught, etc. I en-

Truly yours, W. T. SHERMAN.

This closed the correspondence until the marriage of the young lady, when General Sherman sent a letter full of good wishes and bright hopes for her, but through which there whispered a minor note, a pathos felt rather than expressed, due to a change then impending in his own life. "I am retiring from active life just as you are entering it," the letter ran. "It is morning with you, evening with me; my footsteps are nearing the last slope, where the sun of life goes down, yours are buoyantly bounding up towards the first hilltops, with the dawn of a glorious morning for your background. May the sun shine on the 26th ult. Glad you take things so your young head through a long, bright

THE RETIRING OF DOMSIE.

By Ian Maclaren.

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

Dr. Davidson in the manse after the dis- and Drumsheugh became insistent. tribution of prizes at the school, and his brought out their favorites, with Drumprovement was noted in a spirit of appre- faction. May he also be forgiven! ciative criticism.

ever better than the present, when the end on Drumtochty. smacked his first glass of port, having examined it against the light, and the others had prepared their toddy in a careful siine conversation might begin.

way of intimating that they, being now in in order.

TT was an ancient custom that Domsie an open and genial mind, were ready to and Drumsheugh should dine with welcome one of the doctor's best stories.

"A'm no wantin' tae tribble ye, Docter, companions both agreed afterwards that but a've never got ower that sermon on the the dominie was never more cheerful than turtle, Docter. Ye micht let's hear it on those days. There was always a re- again. A'm no sure gin the dominie ever view of stories when the doctor and Domsie herd it." May Drumsheugh be forgiven!

Whereupon Domsie went on the back. sheugh for an impartial and appreciative trail, and affected to search his memory audience, and every little addition or im- for the traces of the turtle, with no satis-

"Toots, Drumsheugh, you are trying to During the active operations of dinner, talk was disjointed and educational, hinging on the prospects of the calf crop in the school, and the golden glories of the past, you; but mind you, this is the last time.

"It was the beginning of a sermon that of each university session showered medals old MacFee, of Glenogie, used to preach When the doctor had on the Monday after the sacrament, from the text, 'The voice of the turtle is heard in the land,' and this was the introduction:

"' There will be many wonders in the lence, broken only by wise suggestions latter day, but this is the greatest of them from the host, it was understood that genu- all—the voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land. This marvel falls into two "Aye, aye," Domsie would remark, by parts, which we shall consider briefly and





GOING BACK ON YOU?"

"'I. A new posture evidently implied, when an animal that has gone upon its belly for ages shall arise on its hind legs and walk majestically through the land; of escape from it."

when a creature that has kept silence neath. "For the summer sacrament," he from generation to generation will at last would add after a pause, "we had a dis-

the people.'

after the exposition had been fully rel- he aye snuffed, and said with great cheerished. "Ye'll no hear the like o' that fulness, 'Now let us proceed to actual noo-a-days in a coonty. It's weel telt transgressions." also, for the best story is no worth hearin' frae a puir hand. The corn needs to be them the body of the doctor's, yet he told

the doctor's modesty was all the more cry for mercy, being often reduced to the

winter sacrament in Bourtrie-Lister: "I. Let us remember that there is a moral law in the universe.

"II. Let us be thankful there is a way

And then Domsie would chuckle with a "II. A new voice distinctly promised, keen sense of irony at the theology underopen its mouth and sing melodiously among course on sin wi' twa heads, 'Original Sin' and 'Actual Transgressions'; and 'It's michty,'' summed up Drumsheugh, after Maister Deuchar finished wi' the first,

Although Domsie's tales had never in cleaned afore ye tak it tae mearket." them with such a pawkie humor, that "The story is not without merit," and Drumsheugh was fain between the two to those within. a young woman who had come out to wesence of this wild night had almost driven her mad.

"There they are," whispered Bankers. The women put their eyes to a crack, dismounted, and made a rush for the cotdevils swarmed in. One of them took a newspaper and lighted it at the open fireroom to room, in search of the occupants. now set fire to the house, and by the light dropped like a beef. of it started to loot the railroad station, which stood less than a hundred yards

yell the angry band made a rush for the tomahawks, clubs, and guns.

The rain came in great sheets and with ing, but the agent, crouching behind the such force that it seemed that the car could little iron safe, was still unhurt. An Indian hardly hold the rail. It was not a Pull- brought a torch from the burning cottage man car; just a common red stock car, and attempted to fire the station, but the standing on a siding, with a few armfuls rain and wind put out the fire. Two or of straw upon the floor. Occasionally three Sioux, noticing a string of cars upon Bankers turned to glance at the two wo- the siding, began to search for stock or men, who were crouching in one end of eatable freight. From car to car they ran, the car, and when the lightning lit up their thrusting their rifles into the straw. "Uh," faces they were fearful to behold. Now said an old buck, as his rifle found somethe rain, cold as sleet, came through the thing soft in one of the cars, and Bankers cracks in the car, and stung the faces of felt a pain in his short ribs. Laying hold Mrs. Bankers had seen of the side of the car, the Indian began to three winters at Woodriver, but her friend, pull and strain. By the merest chance he had taken hold of the car door, and now, tern Nebraska to teach school, was in as it opened, he thrust his hideous head every sense a "tenderfoot," and the experiinside. Bankers could have blown the top of the head off, but he knew that to fire would be to attract a dozen redskins, against whom he could not hope to hold out long. The women scarcely breathed. The baby, and when a flash came they could see a full of paregoric, slept as though it had reef of feathered heads that formed a half- already entered upon its final rest. The circle around a house, like a feather boa other two Indians had given up the search about a woman's neck. Half the band among the empty cars and gone back to the station, where the agent, having retage. The door was broken, and the red loaded all his weapons, kept the gang hopping and dancing about the station plat-The old Sioux at the car door form. place to make a torch, and by the light of cocked his head and listened. He must it the little party in the stock car could see have fancied he heard something breathe, the Sioux running, half crouching, from for now he put his hands upon the sill and leaped into the car. He had scarcely Finding the place deserted, and smarting straightened up when Bankers's rifle barunder their disappointment, the Indians rel fell across his feathered head, and he The young woman uttered a faint scream, and that was the last sound that came from her corner for some time. 'The Sioux never moved a fin-The station agent had been warned, as ger, and Bankers, having removed the the others had been, by a Pawnee scout, warrior's gun and ammunition, gave the but had bravely refused to leave his post. gun over to his wife, and then covered the He had made no light, but sat in one end dead Sioux with straw. Already the little of the dark little room which served as frame cottage had burned to the ground, ticket office, telegraph office, and sleeping- and the rain had nearly quenched the fire. room, and, as the Indians approached, Every attempt made by the band to fire opened fire. At the very first shot the the station had ended in failure, and the leader of the murderous band leaped high Sioux were now preparing to storm the into the air, came down on his feet, leaped fort. It was hard for Bankers to keep up again, and again, and finally fell in a quiet in the car while the agent sold his heap to rise no more. With a deafening life so bravely and so dearly to the Sioux; but there were his wife and baby and the door, and began to beat against it with helpless schoolmistress, who had been persuaded by the Bankers to come to this wild Having emptied his rifle, the agent now region, and he felt it his duty to protect took up a pair of forty-five caliber revolvers, them as best he could. Presently he felt and the lead fairly rattled against the door, the car vibrate perceptibly, as though it and no less than a half-dozen hair-lifters were being rolled slowly along the rail. sank to the platform, causing the besie- His first thought was that the Indians were gers to fall back a space. From a distance pushing the empty cars down near the stathey began to pour the lead into the build- tion, and that they would set fire to the

some bit testimonial? It wudna be wise- it wud be usefu' for ae thing, it wud be oot a word frae the Glen."

Hillocks paused, but the fathers were so much astonished at Hillocks taking the Jamie, "or what are ye aifter?" initiative in expenditure that they waited

for further speech.

the 'Advertiser,' but that was juist a genteel name for't.

"A'm no sayin'," continued Hillocks, "that it wud be safe tae trust Domsie wi" as mickle siller at a time; he wud be off tae Edinburgh an' spend it on auld bukes, or maybe divide it up amang his students. He's careless, is Domsie; but we micht gie

him somethin' tae keep.

''What wud ye say,'' suggested Whinnie, ter, "if we got him a coo at wud gie him milk and be a bit troke tae occupy his time? What he didna need cud be made into butter and sent tae Muirtown; it wud be a help."

"Ye have an oreeginal mind," said Jamie, who always on these occasions pitied the woman that was married to Whinnie, "an' a'm sure yir perposal 'ill be remembered. road-side, wi' a Latin buke in his hand, wud be interestin'.''

"It's most aggravatin'," broke in Hillocks, who was much annoyed at the turn things had taken, "that ye winna gie me time tae feenish, an' 'ill set Domsie stravaging the roads at the tail o' a coo for

his last days.'

"It was Jamie," remonstrated Whinnie. "Haud yir tongue." Hillocks felt the time was short, and he had an idea that must be ventilated. "A was considerin' that Domsie's snuff-box is gey far thro' wi't. A'm judjin' it has seen thirty years, at ony rate, and it was naethin' tae hinges pit on it twice masel.

boxie an' pit an inscription on't wi'

PRESENTED TO

MR. PATRICK JAMIESON, Late Schoolmaster of Drumtochty, BY A FEW FRIENDS.

like tae let him slip oot o' the schule with- bonnie for anither, aye, an' something mair," and Hillocks grew mysterious.

"A legacy, div ye mean," inquired

"Weel, ye see," explained Hillocks with much cunning, "there's a man in Kil-"Noo, Pitscoarie is no a pairish tae pit drummie got a box frae his customers, an beside Drumtochty for ae meenut, but it's never oot o' his hand. When he taps when their dominie gied up his post, if the lid ye can see him reading the inscripthe bodies didna gather fifty pund for tion, and he's a way o' passin' it tae ye on him; they ca'd it a purse o' sovereigns in the slant that's downricht clever. Ye canna help seein' the words."

Gin we were thinkin' aboot a present tae a coal agent or a potato dealer," said Jamie, "I wud hae the box wi' the words, but Domsie's a queer body, an' a'm jalousin' that he wud never use yir grand silver box frae the day he got it, an' a'm dootin' it micht be sold fer some laddie to get him

better keep at the college.

'Besides," continued Jamie, thoughtwhen the kirkyard was revolving the mat-fully, "a'm no sure that ony man can tak up wi' a new box after fifty. He's got accustomed tae the grip o' the auld box, and he kens whar tae pit in his thumb and finger. A' coont that it taks about fifteen year tae grow into a snuff-box.

"There's juist ae thing Domsie cares aboot, an' it's naither meat nor drink, nor siller snuff-boxes; it's his college laddies, Domsie feedin' his coo on the gettin' them forrit and payin' their fees, an' haudin' them in life till they're dune.'

> By this time the kirkyard was listening as one man and with both ears, for it was plain Jamie had an idea.

> "Ca' on, Jamie," encouraged Drumsheugh, who had as yet given no sign.

> "He's had his ain time, hes Domsie, gaein' roond Muirtown market collectin' the notes an' seein' the scholars hed their bukes. A'm no denyin' that Domsie was greedy in his ain way, and gin the Glen cud gither eneuch money tae foond a bit bursary for puir scholars o' Drumtochty, a wudna say but that he micht be pleased.

The matter was left in Drumsheugh's boast o' at the beginnin'. A've seen fresh hands, with Dr. Davidson as consulting counsel, and he would tell nothing for a 'Now, gin we bocht a snod bit silver fortnight. Then they saw in the Dunleith train that he was charged with tidings, and a meeting was held at the junction, Peter being forbidden to mention time and commanded to take the outcasts of Kildrummie up by themselves if they couldn't wait.

> "The first man a mentioned it tae was oor Saunders, an' he said naethin' at the time, but he cam up in the forenicht, and slippit a note in ma hand. 'He didna pit mickle intae me,' says he, 'but he's daein'

fine wi' the bairns.' Neebur' a thocht that conveyances, and Hillocks checked the meenut that the Glen wud dae something number at the bridge with satisfaction. handsome.

at the gate he waved his hat in the air, delight. and cries 'The Jamieson Bursary.'

frae his neebur, an' twa shilling frae the over it the day, Hillocks, to sae naithin' cottars. Abody has dune his pairt, one o' a wecht o' knowledge. hundred an' ninety-two pounds frae the

fouk in the Sooth, and they've sent fifty-eight pounds, wi' mony good wishes, an' whatna think ye have the auld scholars sent? A hundred an' forty pounds! An' pounds."

a richt snuff-box.'

"Ye hev mair tae tell, Drumsheugh,"

said Jamie; "feenish the list."

"Ye're a wratch, Jamie," responded the treasurer of the Jamieson Bursary Fund. and the professor on his left, and a great "Hoo did ye ken aboot the doctor? Says effort was made at easy conversation, he tae me laist nicht, 'Here's a letter to Lord Domsie asking the professor three times Kilspindie. Give it to him at Muirtown, whether he had completely recovered from and I would not say but he might make the fever which had frightened them all so the sum up to four hundred.' So a' saw much in the Glen, and the professor conhis lordship in his room, and he wrote a gratulating the doctor at intervals on the check and pit it in a letter, an' says he, decorations of the dinner hall. Domsie 'Open that in the bank, Drumsheugh, an' a' did. It was for ten pounds, wi' never made so hearty a dinner in his life, a hundred on tae't, making up five hun- but his hands could hardly hold the knife dred pounds. Twenty pund a year tae and fork, and he was plainly going over a Drumtochty scholar forever. Jamie," said Drumsheugh, "ye've gotten yer bur- the place rang with reminiscences of the sary."

It was arranged that the meeting should was used for nothing except divine wor-

no exception to his rule.

Kirk and school have been one in Scotland since John Knox's day, and one Davidson, "For he's a jolly good fellow, they shall be while I live in Drumtochty; the dominie has done for the bairns and in these days no man's reputation is safe. pure learning."

Ross had come home from Australia, with pected. He called them his laddies for the his F.R.S. and all his other honors, for he last time, and thanked them for the kindwas marked out to make the presentation; ness they were doing their old master. and every Drumtochty scholar within reach There was not an honor any one of them was enjoined to attend. They came from had won, from a prize in the junior hu-

"Atween yesterday and the day," he "Next morning a gied a cry at the Free reported to Jamie, in the afternoon, Manse, and telt Maister Carmichael. If "aucht and twenty scholars hae passed, no he was na oot o' the room like a man pos- including the professor, and there's fower sessed, and he gied me every penny he hed expected by the next train; they'll be just in the hoose-ten pund five shilling. And in time," which they were to everybody's

"It's a gude thing that bridge was "It was ae note from one man an' three mended; there's been fifty degrees gane

The doctor had them all, thirty-three university men, with Domsie and Car-"We sent a bit letter tae the Drumtochty michael and Weelum MacLure, as good a graduate as any man, to dinner, and for that end had his barn wonderfully prepared. Some of the guests have written famous books since then, some are great last nicht we had three hundred an' ninety preachers now, some are chief authorities to science, some have never been heard of "Ma word!" was all Hillocks found beyond a little sphere, some are living, himself able to comment, "that wad get and some are dead; but all have done their part, and each man that night showed, by the grip of his hand and the look on his face, that he knew where his debt was due.

Domsie sat on the doctor's right hand, pretended to eat, and declared he had the story of each man at the table, while old school among the pines.

Before they left the barn, Dr. Davidson be in the parish kirk, which in those days proposed Domsie's health, and the laddies -all laddies that day-drank it, some in ship; but the doctor declared this to be wine, some in water, every man from the heart, and then one of them—they say it was a quiet divine-started, in face of Dr. and there are those who dare to say that we 'ill honor him in the kirk, for the good the doctor joined in with much gusto; but

Domsie was not able to say much, but The meeting was delayed till Professor he said more than could have been ex-Kildrummie at various hours and in many manity to the last degree, he could not





"IT WAS A LOCOMOTIVE DRAWING A DOZEN BOX CARS AND RUNNING WITHOUT A HEADLIGHT."

a dozen box cars and running without a they?" asked the conductor. headlight. The shouts of the besiegers, vibration, or hearing the sound, of the approaching train.

The agent, who had been severely wounded, now crawled to the key and called Ogallala. At the first attack he had wired for a little while longer. He was still at station, shook the building, and he knew the box cars came open, and a company of government scouts, all Pawnees except edly, but there was no answer. the officers, leaped to the platform just as "Is she dead?" cried the conductor, the officers, leaped to the platform just as desperate charge upon the station. The battle was short and decisive, and when the Sioux fled they left more than half their number upon the field.

The conductor of the train had ridden all the way on the locomotive, and the moment the train stopped he leaped to the ground and ran through a shower of bullets to where the cottage which had been the so it proved. home of the Bankers had stood. The sight heart; but there was still hope—they might the Union Pacific. The brave wation

straw, and then there would be no pos- have taken refuge in the station. And sible escape. Now there was a roar as of facing about, he fought his way to and an approaching train, and an instant later through the shot-riddled door. The agent a great dark object hove in sight and rolled lay upon the floor in a pool of his own past the car. It was a locomotive drawing blood, but he was still alive. "Where are

'Among the stock cars, if they are still the rattle of rifles, and the wild cry of the alive," was the reply which came in a faint night prevented the Sioux from feeling the whisper. "I saw them leaving the house at dusk—go to them—I'm—I'm all right; and the conductor, having placed the wounded man upon his bed, made for the stock cars.

"Bankers, where are you?" he called; for help, and now he told the operator and Bankers answered, only two cars there that he could only hold the place away. Now the conductor lighted his white light and climbed into the car. The the key when the engine, rolling up to the brave Mrs. Bankers greeted him with a smile that soon changed to tears, for in the moment he felt the quiver of it that the light of the hand-lamp she saw her help was at hand. Instantly the doors of baby's face, and it looked like the face of a dead child. "Emma," she called excit-

the band of Sioux were making their last falling upon his knees and holding the light close to his sweetheart's face.

"No," said Bankers, "she only fainted when I killed this Sioux;" and he gave the dead Indian a kick and rolled him out of

"But the baby," pleaded Mrs. Bankers. She's all right," said the husband. "Only a little too much paregoric." And

And all this is not a dream. It is only of the house in ashes made him sick at a scrap of the history of the early days of man car; just a common red stock car, and attempted to fire the station, but the standing on a siding, with a few armfuls rain and wind put out the fire. Two or those within. tern Nebraska to teach school, was in as it opened, he thrust his hideous head every sense a "tenderfoot," and the experiinside. Bankers could have blown the top her mad.

"There they are," whispered Bankers. The women put their eyes to a crack, room to room, in search of the occupants.

tomahawks, clubs, and guns.

took up a pair of forty-five caliber revolvers, them as best he could. Presently he felt and the lead fairly rattled against the door, the car vibrate perceptibly, as though it and no less than a half-dozen hair-lifters were being rolled slowly along the rail. sank to the platform, causing the besie- His first thought was that the Indians were gers to fall back a space. From a distance pushing the empty cars down near the sta-

The rain came in great sheets and with ing, but the agent, crouching behind the such force that it seemed that the car could little iron safe, was still unhurt. An Indian hardly hold the rail. It was not a Pull- brought a torch from the burning cottage of straw upon the floor. Occasionally three Sioux, noticing a string of cars upon Bankers turned to glance at the two wo- the siding, began to search for stock or men, who were crouching in one end of eatable freight. From car to car they ran, the car, and when the lightning lit up their thrusting their rifles into the straw. "Uh," faces they were fearful to behold. Now said an old buck, as his rifle found somethe rain, cold as sleet, came through the thing soft in one of the cars, and Bankers cracks in the car, and stung the faces of felt a pain in his short ribs. Laying hold Mrs. Bankers had seen of the side of the car, the Indian began to three winters at Woodriver, but her friend, pull and strain. By the merest chance he a young woman who had come out to wes- had taken hold of the car door, and now, ence of this wild night had almost driven of the head off, but he knew that to fire would be to attract a dozen redskins, against whom he could not hope to hold out long. The women scarcely breathed. The baby. and when a flash came they could see a full of paregoric, slept as though it had reef of feathered heads that formed a half- already entered upon its final rest. The circle around a house, like a feather boa other two Indians had given up the search about a woman's neck. Half the band among the empty cars and gone back to dismounted, and made a rush for the cot- the station, where the agent, having retage. The door was broken, and the red loaded all his weapons, kept the gang hopdevils swarmed in. One of them took a ping and dancing about the station platnewspaper and lighted it at the open fire- form. The old Sioux at the car door place to make a torch, and by the light of cocked his head and listened. He must it the little party in the stock car could see have fancied he heard something breathe, the Sioux running, half crouching, from for now he put his hands upon the sill and leaped into the car. He had scarcely Finding the place deserted, and smarting straightened up when Bankers's rifle barunder their disappointment, the Indians rel fell across his feathered head, and he now set fire to the house, and by the light dropped like a beef. The young woman of it started to loot the railroad station, uttered a faint scream, and that was the which stood less than a hundred yards last sound that came from her corner for some time. 'The Sioux never moved a fin-The station agent had been warned, as ger, and Bankers, having removed the the others had been, by a Pawnee scout, warrior's gun and ammunition, gave the but had bravely refused to leave his post. gun over to his wife, and then covered the He had made no light, but sat in one end dead Sioux with straw. Already the little of the dark little room which served as frame cottage had burned to the ground, ticket office, telegraph office, and sleeping- and the rain had nearly quenched the fire. room, and, as the Indians approached, Every attempt made by the band to fire opened fire. At the very first shot the the station had ended in failure, and the leader of the murderous band leaped high Sioux were now preparing to storm the into the air, came down on his feet, leaped fort. It was hard for Bankers to keep up again, and again, and finally fell in a quiet in the car while the agent sold his heap to rise no more. With a deafening life so bravely and so dearly to the Sioux; yell the angry band made a rush for the but there were his wife and baby and the door, and began to beat against it with helpless schoolmistress, who had been persuaded by the Bankers to come to this wild Having emptied his rifle, the agent now region, and he felt it his duty to protect they began to pour the lead into the build- tion, and that they would set fire to the





"IT WAS A LOCOMOTIVE DRAWING A DOZEN BOX CARS AND RUNNING WITHOUT A HEADLIGHT."

a dozen box cars and running without a they?" asked the conductor. headlight. The shouts of the besiegers, vibration, or hearing the sound, of the approaching train.

The agent, who had been severely wounded, now crawled to the key and called stock cars. Ogallala. At the first attack he had wired the box cars came open, and a company of government scouts, all Pawnees except the officers, leaped to the platform just as the band of Sioux were making their last desperate charge upon the station. The battle was short and decisive, and when the Sioux fled they left more than half their number upon the field.

The conductor of the train had ridden all the way on the locomotive, and the moment the train stopped he leaped to the ground and ran through a shower of bullets to where the cottage which had been the so it proved. home of the Bankers had stood. The sight

straw, and then there would be no pos- have taken refuge in the station. And sible escape. Now there was a roar as of facing about, he fought his way to and an approaching train, and an instant later through the shot-riddled door. The agent a great dark object hove in sight and rolled lay upon the floor in a pool of his own past the car. It was a locomotive drawing blood, but he was still alive. "Where are

"Among the stock cars, if they are still the rattle of rifles, and the wild cry of the alive," was the reply which came in a faint night prevented the Sioux from feeling the whisper. "I saw them leaving the house at dusk—go to them—I'm—I'm all right;" and the conductor, having placed the wounded man upon his bed, made for the

"Bankers, where are you?" he called; for help, and now he told the operator and Bankers answered, only two cars there that he could only hold the place away. Now the conductor lighted his for a little while longer. He was still at white light and climbed into the car. The the key when the engine, rolling up to the brave Mrs. Bankers greeted him with a station, shook the building, and he knew smile that soon changed to tears, for in the moment he felt the quiver of it that the light of the hand-lamp she saw her help was at hand. Instantly the doors of baby's face, and it looked like the face of a dead child. "Emma," she called excit-

edly, but there was no answer.
"Is she dead?" cried the conductor, falling upon his knees and holding the

light close to his sweetheart's face.
"No," said Bankers, "she only fainted when I killed this Sioux;" and he gave the dead Indian a kick and rolled him out of the car.

"But the baby," pleaded Mrs. Bankers. "She's all right," said the husband. "Only a little too much paregoric." And

And all this is not a dream. It is only of the house in ashes made him sick at a scrap of the history of the early days of heart; but there was still hope—they might the Union Pacific. The brave station What happens in

The Social Life of the President

Is described by Ex-President Benjamin Harrison
In the April issue of
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

On All News-stands
Ten Cents a Copy One Dollar a Year
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia



THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE PRESIDENT

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.





WHEN LAFAYETTE RODE INTO PHILADELPHIA

When Lafayette Rode Into Philadelphia

Is told about by

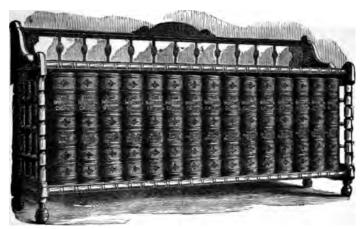
Frederick Fraley, Esq., an eyewitness of the event

In the April number of

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

On All News-stands
Ten Cents a Copy One Dollar a Year
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia

THE INTERNATIONAL CYCLOPÆDIA



Will answer your boy's questions.

Assist your daughter in her studies and prove

H Practical Educator in your home - -

You are welcome to our illustrated sample pages, maps and circulars explaining our little-at-a-time payment plan, if you write

DODD, MEAD & CO. (Dept. M), 151 Fifth Ave., New York

Most emphatically endorsed by leading Educators, Divines, Editors, Literary, Professional, and Business Mcn and Specialists.



Officially adopted for the Public Schools of New York, Boston, and many of our principal cities.

HISTORY FOR READY REFERENCE AND TOPICAL READING.

J. N. LARNED, Ex-President American Library Association. FIVE IMPERIAL VOLUMES.

In this work the great writers of history speak for themselves. Their choicest excerpts upon all subjects and countries, arranged by a marvelous plan of Cross- and Ready-Reference, forming

A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF HISTORY.

It is the only work representing the Literature of History.

It is a Library in itself, and a great saver of time and labor.

The result of many years' laborious and discriminating research.

It enters upon a field hitherto wholly unoccupied, which it fully covers.

Not history by one man, at one time, in one style, and from one point of view,

But by hundreds of writers of different periods, styles, and points of view.

It contains complete text of the great Historical Documents and Constitutions of the World.

Sent, carriage free, to responsible subscribers, on easy payments. Write for sample pages and circular containing full information. Solicitors employed. THE C. A. NICHOLS CO.,

PUBLISHERS,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

Do not confound this work with books offered at seemingly gran discounts. We have but one prior for all, the same for introduction as afterwards.



SPRING PUBLICATIONS

OUR GENERAL CATALOGUE MAILED GRATIS ON APPLICATION

A new series of Character Sketches by the Author of "Lancashire Idylls," "John Ruskin," etc.

THE SIGN OF THE WOODEN SHOON

By MARSHALL MATHER. Printed on antique laid paper, gilt top. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

W. ROBERTSON NICHOLL, in a long article on this book and its author, in the British Weekly, says: "I read the book at a sitting, and closed it with the firm conviction that in Mr. Marshall Mather England has found, or rather Lancashire has found, a great interpreter of its life. . . Indeed, I do not hesitate to say that 'The Sign of the Wooden Shoon' is in some respects a great book."

A New Novel of Mystery. THE LAWYER'S SECRET

By JOHN K. LEYS, Author of "The Lindsays," etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

A Book for Everybody.

THE DOG: Its Varieties and Management in Health and Disease

y STONEHENGE. Revised and brought up to the present date by GEORGE ARMATAGE. Illustrated By Stonehenge. with numerous engravings in the text and sixteen full-page plates of well-known and recent prizewinners. 256 pages. In 12mo, cloth, gilt, \$1.00. Treats of the points, varieties, breeding, training, and diseases.

A Good Story for Family Reading. THE DUCHESS LASS

By CAROLINE MASTERS, Author of "The Shuttle of Fate.' With four page illustrations. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

"Her new novel is delightful . . . exhilarating in its freshness and vigor, healthy and homely in its theme, and singularly impressive in its pictures of life and scenes."—The Scotsman.

A New Detective Story by the Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab,"

TRACKED BY A TATTOO

By FERGUS HUME. 12mo, art linen, boards, \$1.25.

*** In this volume Mr. Hume reintroduces his well-known hero.
Octavius Fanks, detective, and unfolds a most interesting and enthralling plot.

Also, by the above clever writer,

MONSIEUR JUDAS: A Paradox

A Detective Story. 12mo, paper cover, 35 cents.

The Best Work on Practical Dietetics.

FOOD AND FEEDING

By Sir HENRY THOMPSON, F.R.C.S. Eighth Edition, rewritten and enlarged. A most readable book. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

"It is of prime import what we eat, how it is prepared, how and when eaten. . . . Both to housewife and to husband this work will be of interest and use."—The Christian Union, N. Y.

May be obtained from any bookseller, or will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the publishers,

FREDERICK WARNE & CO. 103 Fifth Avenue, New York

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s New Books

THE CAMBRIDGE LOWELL

Complete Poetical Works of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Cambridge Edition. Uniform with the Cambridge Editions of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Browning. From new plates, large type, and attractively bound. With a very fine new portrait, and an engraved title-page with a vignette of Lowell's home, Elmwood. Large crown 8vo, gilt top, \$2.00; half calf, gilt top, \$3.50; tree calf or full levant, \$5.50.

For the first time Lowell's Complete Poetical Works now appear in a single volume. The text is preceded by a biographical sketch, and the book is equipped with short notes and an index of first lines.

A Transatlantic Chatelaine

A Novel. By HELEN CHOATE PRINCE, author of "The Story of Christine Rochefort." 16mo, \$1.25.

The "Chatelaine" is born in Europe, lives for some years in America, her husband and father taking part in the War for the Union; later she lives in France, and her intimate friend is in the France-German War. The story is very interesting, well written, and promises to be as popular as "Christine Rochefort."

The Spirit of an Illinois Town, and The Little Renault

By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD, author of "The Lady of Fort St. John," "The Chase of St. Castin," "Old Kaskaskia," etc. 16mo, \$1.25.

The first story relates to the Illinois of about two generations ago. The interesting narrative is lighted up with the charming heroine, the Spirit of the Illinois town. "The Little Renault" is a touching episode of Tonty's life in Illinois in 1680.

The Spoils of Poynton

A Novel. By HENRY JAMES, author of "The Portrait of a Lady," etc. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

This is a novel of English characters and scenes, told with the high perfection of manner and the fascination of style which mark the best work of Mr. James. It is one of the most interesting of that series of novels with which he has charmed all appreciative readers and enriched English literature.

The Liquor Problem

In its Legislative Aspect. Embodying the results of investigations made by FREDERIC H. WINES and JOHN KOREN, Esq., under the direction of Pres. Charles W. Eliot, Pres. Seth Low, and James C. Carter, Esq., a sub-committee of the Committee of Fifty to investigate the Drink Problem. With maps. 12mo, \$1.25.

A work of great importance, giving the results of a very careful investigation of the working of prohibitory and license laws of various kinds in Maine, Iowa, South Carolina, Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Missouri.

SOLD BY BOOKSELLERS. SENT, POST-PAID, BY

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston; 11 East 17th St., New York

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

Phroso

By ANTHONY HOPE, author of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The most exciting romance of the end of the century

> The Bookman pronounced "Phroso" the most successful serial published in 1896

The following are a few extracts from the many enthusiastic notices of the book:

"It seems to us that ' Phroso' is likely to rank among

become, we defy him to lay 'Phroso' down if he once takes it up; he will finish it at a sitting and count a night's rest well lost."—The Sun.

" 'Phroso' is the best story I have read in a long time. A story that interests a reader may not be good, but a story that grips you, as it were, and compels you to read it from first page to last, is surely uncommon, and is as a rule worth telling and reading."

—New York Herald.

"There is a climax on nearly every page-a genuine and altogether unavoidable climax, not the manufactured kind that is laboriously dragged in. fault to be found with the author's short stories, but we find most entertainment in his novels of greater length. The Turkish governor who appears in 'Phroso' is excellently drawn, and as for 'Phroso,' she is most charming after the manner of Hope heroines. It is a delightfully entertaining romance—purely romantic—of the kind that is all too rare,"—Public Opinion, "Anthony Hope has excelled 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' His new novel, 'Phroso,' is the best work that has yet come from his pen. It is indisputably a triumph of romantic writing."—Philadelphia Press.

" Phroso' will firmly establish Mr. Anthony Hope's position as the foremost writer of romance in the world. "'The Prisoner of Zenda' is surpassed by his newest book in the very qualities that made the former what it is."-Literary Review, Boston.

"In the way of romantic literature perhaps no book of the year is at all comparable with 'Phroso.' There is no danger that people will tire of romantic fiction as long as such craftsmen as Hope are employed in its making.

"Phroso' bubbles over with humor, and a very bright love story runs like a thread of gold through it. Mr. Hope has in the most admirable and delightful manner carried out his intention, and the result is a story which is full of enchantment, spirit and humor, and which races from beginning to end. It is beautifully gotten up by the Stokes Company, the letter-press being a model in every respect,"—Commercial Appeal, Memphis, Tenn.

With 50 illustrations, 16 of them full page, by Henry B. Wechsler 12mo, cloth, \$1.75

The Heart of Princess Osra

By ANTHONY HOPE, author of "Phroso"

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS

"Anthony Hope never wearies one, It would be hard to find a dull paragraph in either of his two best known books-'The Prisoner of Zenda' and 'The Dolly Dialogues'-and it would be equally hard to find one in his latest work, 'The Heart of Princess Osra.'

-New York Herald.

"No character in recent fiction has excited greater interest than the beautiful, wilful, cruel, tender-hearted, proud, witty, and wholly delightful Princess Osra. Anthony Hope is at his best in the stories of which she is the heroine."-New York Evening World.

" Is Alexandre Dumas the elder come to life again? Can the supposably stolid Englishman be light and mercurial, and fly around, and put action into the place of the long twaddle of description? 'The Heart of Princess Osra' is full of throbs and incidents, and though there are not less than nine of the lady's passages d'amour, and 'le pays du tendre' is criss-crossed in all directions, you still want a baker's dozen of these stories,"—New York Times.

"Spirit, grace, delicacy, humor—these qualities give it an indescribable beauty."—Brooklyn Life.

"... A group of bewildering, fascinating, entrancing chapters."—Cleveland Critic.

With 16 beautiful full-page illustrations by H. C. Edwards 12mo, cloth, \$1.50

For sale by all booksellers, or sent post-paid by

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, Publishers

27 and 29, West 23d Street, New York

THE CENTURY CO. announces an educational competition. It is on a most interesting and original plan. Thirty-five prizes, amounting to \$1,000 (first prize \$500) will be given for the best answers to 150 questions. The topics selected deal with matters of general information: they are not scholastic, but are educational. Your training at school was only mental drill; you have forgotten all you learned there but "reading, writing and arithmetic." You will never forget the information derived from answering these questions, because every one deals with a living and useful and a good chance of making \$500 (perhaps \$1,000) (see below). If you make an honest attempt to win, you will learn to concentrate your mind, sharpen your wits, secure most valuable information, and stand a good chance of making \$500 (perhaps \$1,000) (see below). If you gain first prize, the knowledge you have acquired will be worth more to you than the \$500 you receive.

To find the answers to these questions you must use the encyclopedic material in The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia, because these like thousands of others work. If you do not already possess a set, you can best be answered by reference to this great work. If you do not already possess a set, you can best be answered by reference to this great work. If you do not already possess a set, you can go the encyclopedic material in The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia, because these like thousands of others and has the further privilege of paying for it in set the lowest wholesale price. Each person joining a club (and those who apply at once can join) secures his set at a reduction of 40 per cent. and has the further privilege of paying for it in san has the further privilege of paying for it in san has the further privilege of paying for it in san has the further privilege of paying for it in san has the further privilege of paying for it in san has the further privilege of paying for it in san has the further privilege of paying for it in san has the further privilege of paying f

FARTHEST NORTH

BY

DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN

Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the ship "Fram" (1893-1896), and of a Fifteen Months' Sleigh Journey by Dr. Nansen and Lieut. Johansen. With an Appendix by Otto Sverdrup, Captain of the "Fram."

The story of
the "Fram's"
Winter Night
will come as a
revelation
almost passing
belief.—
THE
SPECTATOR,
London.



These two
volumes contain
a most
entrancing
story of
real life.—
Daily News,
London.

With over 100 Full-page and Numerous Text Illustrations, Sixteen Colored Plates in Fac-simile from Dr. Nansen's own Water-Color, Pastel, and Pencil Sketches, an Etched Portrait, Two Photogravures, and Four Maps. About 1300 Pages. Two Volumes, Large Octavo, Gilt Tops, and Uncut Edges, \$10.00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

THE ART INTERCHAN

The Oldest, Best, and Most Progressive Art and Household Monthly Magazine

Indispensable to Art Workers and an invaluable guide in all Bra of Home Decoration.

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT IT

Each number lavishly and beautifully illustrate full-size design supplements and exquisite for



VIOLETS—Water Color. By Mary E. Hart. Size, 8½ x 35 in. Price, 50 cents if sold singly.

Special Offer Every one remitting now \$4.00 for one year's subscription, will receive free, as a premium, 6 attractive 1896 Nos. of The Art Interchange, all beautifully ... unstrated and full of most valuable information on art matters and practical suggestions in all branches of Home Decoration, together with 12 superboolored pictures and 12 design supplements. This generous offer includes the beautiful companion pictures—Pansies and Violets—each 8xy 6in. in size. Or, you may remit \$1.00 now for this Special Offer, with privilege of sending \$8.00 later for a full year's subscription.

Or, for \$2.00 you will receive The Art Interchange for six months (Apl. to Sept., 1897), and will get in addition free the Jan., Feb., and Mch., '97 numbers, thus getting nine months for \$2.00. These offers are so liberal that you must subscribe at once or you will be too late.

FOR A LIMITED TIME we will send for only 25 cents to any one attoning Apl. 'or MCCLURE's a copy of The Art Interchange taining two design supplements and the two superb color plates shown his adv't. Illustrated catalogue and 1897 prospectus free.



The Art Interchange, 152 West 23d St., New York

HANDBOOK

of the New

Library of Congress IN WASHINGTON.

Illustrated with more than one hundred half-tone engravings.

Compiled by Herbert Small, with essays on the Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, by Charles Caffin, and on the function of a National Library, by Ainsworth R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress. Sent postpaid upon receipt of price: in paper covers, 30 cents; in cloth, 50 cents.

The publishers are also including reproductions of the paintings in the Library in their series of

COPLEY PRINTS

of notable paintings in this country. Catalogue sent upon receipt of 4 cents in stamps.

CURTIS & CAMERON, Publishers, 121 Pierce Building, Opposite Public Library, BOSTON.



AW AT HOM

For years we have been talking to the public through McCLURE'S MAGAZINE As a result, hundreds have successfully studied law at home under our direction. Thousands have seen the opportunity but have not seized it. You may be one among the thousands. Your reasons are many and various. You have said to yourself, I am too young, too old, too busy, too poor, too far away, too little accustomed to study, etc. In most cases none of these reasons are good. Our fees are moderate, we ask only your

spare time—your otherwise wasted time. You may live in Michigan or in Australia, you may remain at home or travel, you may be young or old; in any event our system of instruction will adapt itself to your circumstances.

We have had over six thousand students representing nearly every class and condition, and in nearly every English-speaking country on the globe, and there is not one of our students who has not been more than satisfied with what we have done for him. We offer absolutely the

best method of studying law outside of the better sort of "regular" law schools; we offer a better method than do the poorer sort of "regular" law schools. The student in the lawyer's office finds our system exactly what he needs to supplement mere text book reading and the desultory instruction and examinations he there receives. The student trying to master the law alone finds our system calculated to do him exactly what he requires.

Hundreds who have scarcely realized that by using their spare moments and while engaged in other occupations, they can become educated in the law, have sent for our catalogue and have become convinced of the feasibility of the plan, have taken up the work, and are now graduated our institution, many of them practising and highly successful. An intelligent study of the law will make you a better man and a better citizen and may open up to you an avenue of employment both honorable and lucrative. It will at least broaden your mind and better fit you for any business employment.

tive. It will at least broaden your mind and better ht you for any business employment.

We furnish free on request a handsome catalogue giving full particulars as to terms and methods, together with a unique book of testimonials from students in all parts of the world. These will convince you that the instruction is direct, thorough and complete. Address

The SPRAGUE Correspondence School of Law. No. 137, Telephone Building, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

The One Great Standard Authority,

So writes Hon, D. J. Brewer, Justice U. S. Supreme Court.

Dictionary

The purpose of which has been not display nor the provision of material for boastful and showy advertisement, but the due, judicious, scholarly, thorough perfecting of a work which in all the stages of its growth has obtained in an equal degree the favor and confidence of scholars and of the general public.

IT IS THE BEST FOR PRACTICAL PURPOSES, BECAUSE

Words are easily found * * * Pronunciation is easily ascertained,

Meanings are easily learned * * * The growth of words easily traced, and because excellence of quality rather than superfluity of quantity characterizes its every department. * * GET THE BEST.

G. & C. Merriam Co., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A. Pamphlet free. 000000



SPECIAL OFFER. Regular Price \$5.00.

In order that our method may be within the reach of every one we make the following SPECIAL OFFER good for the next 30 days only. For \$3.50, we will send you one complete set of books (either French, German or Spanish) of the "Rosenthal Method" for Language Study at Home, including membership in Correspondence College, which entitles you to free correction of all exercises by the eminent linguist, Dr. R. S. Rosenthal, formerly Professor of Languages, University of Berlin, and author of the Meisterschaft System (now obsolete), etc.

Speak French, German, Spanish in Three Months.

The "Rosenthal Method" is the most simple, natural and practical system of language study ever published. In use in every country of Europe, and enthusiastically endorsed by the leading educators of the world. Thirty minutes a day for three months will enable you to speak a foreign language fluently. Send \$3.50 (money order, bank draft or cash in registered letter) for each set of books desired, and if upon receipt you are not satisfied, return books and we will promptly refund the money. State language desired.

THE DR. R. S. ROSENTHAL LANGUAGE COLLEGE, 141 West 34th St., NEW YORK

Connecticut, New London. INSTRUCTION FOR EPILEPTICS.

A delightful home; careful and judicious instruction, combined with the most approved system of treatment, under a physician of long experience in this disease. Send for circulars and references.

DR. WILLIAMSON.

APPLICANTS FOR GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

should apply at once, if they wish to prepare for the Spring examinations. Illustrated catalogue sent free, containing testimonials and names of hundreds who have been successful.

The National Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

New England Conservatory of Music

(The Leading Conservatory of America.)
Founded by Dr. E. Tourjée. Carl Faelten, Director,
Send for Prospectus, giving full information.
FRANK W. HALE, General Mgr., Boston, Mass.

Massachusetts, Creenfield. Prospect Hill School for Girls.

A thorough education with good home influence.
Established 1869. Miss IDA F. FOSTER,
Illustrated circular. Miss CAROLINE R. CLARK,
Principals.

New York, Aurora.

Cayuga Lake Military Academy

On beautiful Cayuga Lake. New management under an ex-officer of the U. S. Army. New faculty of specialists. Strict military discipline. Prepares for all colleges and for both U. S. military cademies. Location unsurpassed for healthfulness. Building lately fitted with modern steam-heating plant, sanitary plumbing and other improvements. 99th academic year opens September 15, 1897. Terms, \$400 per year. For catalogue, etc., address Col. Vasa E. Stolbrand, Supt.



GOLDEN HILL SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

Kingston-on-Hudson,

NEW YORK.

Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. New York Business College, 81 E. 125th St., N.Y. (Shorthand and Typewriting.

Instruction by Mail or Personally.

Bookkeeping, Banking, etc.
English and Modern Languages. Penmanship and Drawing.

New York, Sing-Sing-on-the-Hudson. Ossining School for Girls.

Prepares for college. Advanced courses in Art and Music. Albert Ross Parsons, Musical Director. One hour from New York. 30th year begins Sept. 22d. Miss C. C. Fuller, Principal.

Mt. Pleasant Military Academy

82d year. Refers to Hon, Joseph H. Choate, Hamilton W. Mabie, L.H.D. THE PRINCIPALS, Sing-Sing-on-Hudson, N. Y.



THE SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM, No.16Telephone Building, Detroit, Mich.

Reporting, Editing, all branches of newspaper and literary work taught. Students everywhere. Takes only your spare time. Practical work from the start. Improved methods. Best results. Catalogue FREE.



MECHANICAL
DRAWING
Machine Design
Electricity
Steam Engineering
(Stat., Leco. & Mar.)
Architectural Drawing
Plumbing & Heating
Civil Engineering
Mining & Prospecting
Engilah Branches
Book Keeping



TO WORKINGMEN PROFESSIONAL MEN YOUNG MEN

IUUNE MEM
and others who cannot
afford to lose time from
work. Send for Free Oircular and References,
Stating the Subject you
wish to Study, to
The International
Box 814, Scranton, Pa-

FRENCH FOR CHILDREN GERMAN FOR CHILDREN

Illustrated Methods. BERLITZ & CO., Madison Square, N.Y. Free catalogue of publications and circular of Summer School free.

Pennsylvania, Ogontz.

Cheltenham Military Academy, on the sum-chelten Hills; 70 pupils, 6 forms, 10 resident instructors; best opportunity for individual attention; 30 graduates in six leading colleges and scientific schools. \$600; no extras. John C. Rick, Ph.D.

Virginia, Charlottesville. Summer Law Lectures.

University of Virginia. 28th Summer. Beginning July 1, 1897. Lectures by Mr. Justice Harlan, of U. S. Supreme Court. Address Dean Summer Law School, Charlottesville, Va.

An Agency is valuable in proportion to its incancies and tells that is something, but if its asked to you about them that recommend a teacher and recommends you, that is more. Ours Recommends C. W. BARDSEN, Syracuse, N.Y. Recommends

A descriptive list of 40 Standard Books.
We sell the lot for 50 cents, delivered.
D. T. Mallett, 271 Broadway, New York.

OLD BOOKS SEND STAMP FOR A. J. Crawford, \$12 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

1.78

BUSINESS ENTI

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN SHOE.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

Massachusetts, about 1786, by Zerubbabel done-shoes for women and children, and Porter, who waxed prosperous by making slippers. This was the case in the "North heavy brogans for slaves in the South. Shore" towns like Lynn, Haverhill, and These were put together by hand in the Marblehead; and these to-day, keeping to cheapest way, and it is only by courtesy the old traditions, are the great centres that the establishment can be called a for the finer grades of shoemaking, whereas shoe factory. industry started by Moses Putnam, a jour- Whitman, Abington, Rockland, and the

neyman shoemaker, who in 1779, as the record says, "bought a side of leather and set up for himself." Indeed, these early shoe factories, which began to spring up in New England about the beginning of the century, were merely cutting-rooms and places for storing the lasts and stocks. Here the

uppers, soles, and linings were cut by hand land and began to supersede the stitching and then given out to people in the vicin- of the uppers by hand. With them came an ity, mostly farmers and fishermen, to be extension of the shoe factories, which now stitched together and then paid for at so added a stitching-room to the cutting demuch a dozen.

dustry in New England. Hundreds of were still sent out to the farmers' or fisherfamilies added to their resources in this men's homes, where they were pegged fast way, the women doing the lighter work, to the finished uppers. And this continued the men the heavier. Before the machine until a young genius named Lyman R. for pegging shoes was invented by Samuel Blake, of Abington, invented a machine, Preston in 1833, the men drove the pegs, named after him in England but known while the women stitched the uppers. And here as the McKay machine, which did away in fishing communities, where the men were with the nailing or pegging of the soles to most of the time away in their boats, their the uppers, and allowed the two to be

HE first shoe factory in the United undertook the lighter grades of shoemak-States was established at Danvers, ing, where there was no pegging to be The same applies to the the "South Shore" towns like Brockton,

> Weymouths, with the men at home all the year, came to make a specialty of shoes for men, and absorbed the heavier part of the growing industry.

> A development in the shoe industry came in the years just preceding the war, when the Singer and other sewing machines were introduced in New Eng-



THE FIRST SHOE FACTORY IN THE UNITED STATES.

partment and employed hands to do this Such was the beginning of the shoe in- sewing on the premises. But the bottoms wives and daughters, who stayed at home, stitched together by means of a straight

EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN SHOE.



needle running through the entire thick- troublesome ness of upper, sole, and insole. And with nails in the this improvement the factories extended shoe, sewing their scope still farther so as to include a the insoles to the uppers, and at the same of steadily growing factories.

Not only had it no pretensions to style or to fineness of material, but it was sadly bicycles. lacking in fit. The lasts used in the facas was the process then.

the custom shoemaker. From this time form tension. dates the revolution in the shoemaking Goodyear machines did away with the had already done to a great extent for the

THE UPPER OF A SHOR.

cutting department, a stitching-room, and time sewing fast to the insoles a strip of a bottoming-room. This took the making leather known as the welt, which projects of shoes entirely away from the farmhouses around the sole, and affords a sure and and cottages and centred it within the walls easy means of sewing on the outer sole. The introduction of the welt in But the modern factory-made shoe was the manufacture of shoes was not less only in the first steps of its evolution, important than the introduction of the pneumatic tire in the manufacture of

It is easy to understand why the McKav tories were clumsily constructed with flat machines could not be used to sew a welt iron-shod bottoms that represented but upon the insole, since they made use of a poorly the human foot. And the shoes straight needle, while the position of the were turned out in a limited number of welt required the use of a curved needle. sizes with only one width for each, so that Indeed, it might be said that two curved a man with a narrow foot had to buy a needles were necessary, and a Goodyear shoe too short for him in order to get the machine in operation suggests a big iron proper width, or too wide for him if he parrot whose sharp, curving beaks open would have the proper length. And be- and shut with a great clatter as they go sides that, these early factory shoes had through and through the leather. One of soles that were rough and painful to the the curved needles is an awl which makes feet, for the McKay machine sewed its the hole through which the other needle. hard waxed threads right through the in- fashioned with barbed end, draws the sole, and these made ridges which were thread. And so the work is done, the welt far from pleasant to a tender skin. Fur- is sewed fast securely, and all nails through thermore, the soles were full of nails used the insole are dispensed with. And other in making fast the insole to the uppers, Goodyear machines, not less ingenious in construction, sew fast the outer sole to The next step forward in the factory this welt or projecting edge of leather; processes, and this was a great step, was and they all imitate the operations of the taken with the introduction in 1873 of the shoemaker at his bench, only that what he Goodyear machines, which replaced those does slowly they do with speed, and they of the McKay pattern and made it possible draw the threads tighter than any shoeto follow in the factory the methods of maker can draw them and with more uni-

It now began to be plain to those who industry, which has been progressing looked ahead that machinery was destined steadily up to the present day. The to do for shoes in the near future what it

A VISIT TO THE REGAL SHOE FACTORY.

take them from the individual or cus- think, is composed of about a hundred tom maker and produce them better and separate pieces, which must be made sepamore cheaply in factories. Pioneers in rately, and put together one by one, the shoemaking saw that the day of the cobbler at his bench was drawing to a close, and the time coming when men would get the factory each separate shoe makes a their shoes where they got their shirts, hats, and clothes: that is, in great factories. many rooms and through scores of hands.

And now to understand how well that

point of fulfilment, and to understand the great developments which have come about in the shoe industry since the introduction of the Goodyear machines, let us go to Whitman, Massachusetts, and visit one of the greatest shoe factories in the country; let us observe in detail the making of the modern shoe. Here is a great building employing hundreds of hands and equipped with everything science can offer for the perfection of its mechanical processes and the comfort of its workmen, an elaborate lighting plant, private telephone system,

One may better realize the great output of this factory when told that a strip of leather five hundred miles long would be

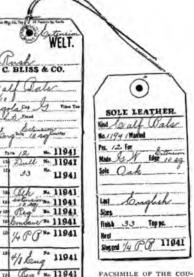
shoes turned out here in a single year; that ten days. the thread used in this factory—cotton thread, linen and silk thread—in the see what happens to the sole leather down shoes of a year's output, if knotted to- on the ground floor. First, these heavy gether, bit by bit, would make a line that hides of steers, tanned in a special way to would stretch around the earth's entire make them hard for wear, are piled up in circumference; that the leather used in the the stock-room. Then they are sorted same time—the hides of calves and steers, out according to their best adaptability, of goats and kangaroos—if laid on the for each hide gives several qualities or ground side by side, would cover a surface grades of soles, and there are certain of six million square feet.

organization or more orderly arrangement backs and hindquarters of the steer furnish than in this great establishment; and, in- the best outer soles, the shoulders and

other articles of man's apparel—that is, though a small enough thing, one might process of uniting and finishing them being so complicated that from start to finish in journey of half a mile, passing through

A branch of the railroad brings carloads prophecy has been fulfilled, or is on the of leather to the very door of the factory.

> Here the hides are hoisted through the elevator tower to the top of the building (all save the hides of sole leather, which go to the ground floor), and are received in the cutting-room, which is high up in the bright light of heaven, with windows lining the walls, so that the cutters may see well to guide their knives. Starting here, the parts of the shoe work along from bench to bench, from room to room, down the length of one floor and then back along the other side, then down by the elevator to the next floor and around its



te 8. 11041

bock s. 11941

Na 11941

N. 11941

€ ×o 11941

wie Sitt

TAR P.

PACSIMILE OF THE COU-PON TAG USED IN THE REGAL FACTORY.

full circumference in the same way, then down to another floor; and so on, advancing in regular order through endless machines for cutting and stitching, for grinding and polishing, until at last the finished shoes stand ready for shipment, With the ordinary running of the factory the journey of a shoe, from the cutting-

necessary to make the welts alone for the room to the packing-room, occupies about

Before entering the cutting-room, let us parts of each which could not be used for Scarcely could one find more perfect outer soles at all. As a general rule, the deed, there is need of these, for the shoe, heads do for insoles, while the bellies go

EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN SHOE.



THE STITCHING-ROOM, REGAL SHOE FACTORY.

A STITCHING-ROOM UPPER.

of a last. Then they are hoisted to the cially around the hindquarters. bottoming-room, where we will follow them presently.

THE SKILL OF THE CUTTERS.

But first we will take a look at the cutting-room, where half a hundred men, with knives and patterns, are busy at the benches. Whatever wonders may be accomplished by machines in other parts of the factory, there is no chance for leather, but in knowing its good points kinds when used for other purposes, are and bad points, a knowledge that takes tanned with the "flesh" side out. years to acquire. Although the heads of It is interesting to watch the long line

First, the hides are stamped the factory pride themselves on buying into strips a foot or so in width, which, in only the best grades of leather in the their turn, are "died" into outer soles market, still it remains true that nearly or insoles. The other parts are put aside every hide, however perfect, contains for heels or lifts, for shanks or fillings. some spot or portion that is not as good Nothing is wasted, not even the skivings as the rest. In calfskins, for instance, that are taken off in the process of "even- there are apt to be "soft spots" at the ing up." These remnants, which from the ends of the thighbone, and as these soft whole factory amount to only a few bas- spots never occur in just the same places ketfuls a day, are sold to manufacturers of in any two hides, they must be carefully other articles, who make them up into in- sought for, and discovered by the "feel," ferior grades of imitation leather. After so that the workman may avoid them. being cut out in the dies, the outer soles Then there are "slaughter cuts" to be are soaked in tanks of water and left in looked out for and special defects to which racks with the water dripping out until each kind of hide is liable, such as a tenthey have reached the right "temper;" dency to weakness down the backbone. that is, have just enough dampness in In general, the best leather in a hide is them to shape themselves well to the form found back of the foreshoulder, and espe-

All these things the cutter must know. and also the particular adaptability of this or that kind of hide to this or that part of the shoe, that goatskins and skins of the gray kangaroo will go for toppings, that the best waxed calf is necessary for tips and vamps, that certain inferior grades will do for lace stays and tongues, etc. A person of inquiring mind will pick up in an hour in this room more knowledge about leather than he had ever dreamed of. He machines here, where everything depends will learn that large quantities of the soupon skill of the hand and eye. The chief called "French patent calf" is made in reason why no machine could ever do the Germany, and most of the "Russia cutter's work, is that no machine could leather," which is only calfskin tanned in furnish the intelligence to decide how any a particular way, is made in America. He given hide could be used to the best ad- will learn that certain kinds of leather are vantage. For the cutter's skill is shown tanned with the "grain" or hair side out. not so much in the mere cutting of the and that other kinds, or even the same

A VISIT TO THE REGAL SHOE FACTORY.

of cutters stretching around the three there remains the original tag, which goes sides of the room as they bend over their with the shoes into the packing-room. work. For each pair of shoes a score of Each tag contains, furthermore, precise inseparate pieces must be cut: the top in two structions from the office, telling the head pieces for each shoe, the vamp or part just cutter what stock he is to lay out, what above the sole, the tip, the two lace stays, styles to follow, etc., and giving all other the tongue; and the linings, sometimes of heads of departments such information cloth, sometimes of calfskin. In cutting about that particular case of shoes as they these parts the men use steel-bound patterns ranged by the hundred in racks along kept, so that at any time the men in the ofthe walls. The work goes from man to man, fice, by turning up the number of any given each cutting his own part.

Up and down the centre of the room run three lengths of tables on which the stock is laid out and the finished cuttings ranged together in piles by the foreman the stitching-room, which is also on the and his assistant, preparatory to being

sent to the stitching-room. Here is great need of order, lest in all these thousands of pieces some go astray or be joined to others for which they were not intended. To prevent such confusion, the foreman sees that every separate piece of all those that have been enumerated bears its label and number,

showing clearly with which other pieces it is to go.

> THE COUPON TAG.

As showing the perfection of system that prevails in the Regal factory may be mentioned the coupon tag, which is at-

tached to the tops of each pair of shoes number and before they leave the cutting-room. This ations here tag not only has marked upon it the de- idea of the tailed description of that particular pair, must be going the size, style, etc., but contains a long factory. There are girls who do nothing series of printed slips, some scores of but prepare the linings for the tops, or paste them, attached together like coupons. on the eyelet stays, or stitch the facing and so that none of them go astray, and thus uppers. the company have an admirable means of keeping check upon the amount of work done in every department of the factory.

will need. And a record of these tags is pair of shoes, can see when it was made, when shipped, when sold, and all about it.

Now let us follow the pieces for the uppers, as we have seen them cut, into

> top floor of the factory, and occupies an entire wing one hundred and fifty feet in length. A bright, clean room is this, all the moreattractive for the rows of girls busy at the long lines of machines around

> > the windows or at the three rows of tables stretching up and down the centre. This room alone employs one hundred and twenty-five hands, and the variety of operwill give some operations that on in the entire



OVER THE LASTS.

THE REGAL SHOE AS IT COMES FROM THE LASTING-

MACHINE.

Each one of these slips bears the name of tongues, or stitch on the back stays. Other some step in the process of manufacture; girls stitch together the leather for the tops, and in the journey of the shoes through which is in two pieces, fold over the eyelet the factory, as soon as each successive step edges of the leather for a smooth finish, and is taken the operator tears off his coupon then stitch the leather and the facings tofrom the tag and keeps it carefully, to be gether. Then the vampers—these are usuturned in along with many others when ally men, for the work is difficult-take the pay-day comes around. Each one of these tops and vamps and sew them together with coupons is an order for just so much cash, many rows of stitches, thus completing the

WITH THE MODEL-MAKER..

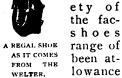
Having passed from bench to bench When all the coupons have been torn off through all the processes of the stitching-

EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN SHOE.

over the lasts and then put through a suc- to overcome these defects. spends hours every day evolving lasts for cially so to the wearers of them. the new styles. It should be borne in in the making of a bronze casting. For of the foot—the ball, the instep, the waist,

years far too little attention was paid by shoe manufacturers to the lasts used in their factories, the consequence being that factory-made shoes were neither stylish in appearance nor correct in fit. Realizing all this, the Regal Company set out at the very start to find a last that would properly represent the shape of the

human foot and be proportioned on fashionable lines. It was decided, in the first place, that, to suit the great varifeet in the world, tory must turn out with a far greater sizes than had ever tempted. Every almust be made for



feet and long feet, for wide feet and narrow feet, and the model room provided the factory with lasts for men's shoes, varytwenty different sizes of men's feet.

PERFECTING THE SCIENTIFIC LAST.

Nor was that enough; for it was found, in a study of many pairs of shoes more or less worn, that there were certain points of

room, the completed uppers are sent down last, a form which is still used in some to the floor below, where they are stretched factories, and a resolute effort was made Little by cession of heavy machines that put on little, working with draw-knife and file, the bottoms. As the excellence of the the model-maker wrought out from the Regal shoe is due in great measure to block of wood what he regarded as the the perfection of the lasts used, it may be scientific, the ideal, the regal model; and well to pause for a moment here and see this was sent to the last-makers, and from what is going on in a quiet room on the it a last was made that was a revelation to top floor, where the head model-maker the makers of factory shoes, and espe-

Of course, the factory turns out shoes in mind that the shape and artistic finish of a great variety of styles and finish, in all a shoe depend mainly upon the form of one hundred and forty-one for the year the last, which is almost as important in 1897, but the differences in all these shoes the construction of a shoe as the mould is do not concern the essential measurements

> etc. These never change when once the last is right; and, of course, if the shoe fits here, it matters little, as far as comfort goes, how the toes are shaped or how the leathers and trimmings are blended and finished. From a single model several thousand pairs of lasts will be ordered at the last factory, sometimes. as many as ten thousand pairs; for each individual shoe must have its own last.



THE GOODYEAR WELTER, WHICH SEWS THE WELTS ON TO THE SHOE.

DETAILS OF FIT AND STYLE.

Experiments in the model-room have range of demonstrated another surprising thing, been at- namely, that a last made from a perfect lowance cast of a man's foot would have no value s h o r t whatever in fitting that man with a shoe he would want to wear. Strange as it may seem, such a shoe would not fit at all; for one reason, because the foot spreads seving from size Four to size Twelve, and eral sizes when the person's weight comes from width AAA to width EE, making on it. And there are other reasons, which provision in all for one hundred and it would require a scientific treatise to explain.

> One other important step taken in this factory was the introduction of the Tyler hinged last, which can be taken out of the shoe without injuring the shape, as was not possible with the old style of lasts.

So much for fit and comfort, which, it pressure in a man's foot, critical points as must be admitted, have been admirably they might be called, that were not suffi- insured by these precautions. But more ciently provided for by merely changing than these are needed in a shoe: there must the length or width. Certain radical de- be wearing qualities as well, and there must fects were discovered in the old form of be style. In securing the comfort of the

A VISIT TO THE REGAL SHOE FACTORY.



THE GOODYBAR STITCHER, WHICH SEWS FAST THE OUTER SOLE OF THE REGAL SHOE.

THE REGAL SHOE AS IT COMES FROM THE

foot the heads of this factory may well claim, as we have seen, to be pioneers; but in regard to the changing fashions, which are matters of caprice, they are content to follow the lead of the best custom shoemakers in London and New York.

tating them. Fashion at the best is only inside. imitation.

their new models, shoes are purchased re- from now until the time of shipment each gardless of expense from the most fashionable custom makers in this country or abroad. These shoes are brought to the room to another on racks, each one holdmodel-room of the factory and ruthlessly torn apart, cut up, so that any secrets of factories the lasts are taken out of the changing vogue that they contain may be shoes much earlier in the process of manurevealed. Thus the Regal shoe is not only a comfortable shoe, scientific in construction, but it is a thoroughly stylish and up-to-date shoe.

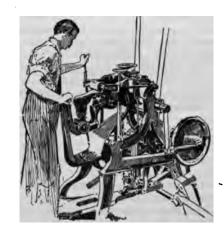
THE LASTING-MACHINES.

Let us now return to the bottoming department, where the chief processes in shoe manufacture are to be seen, where these famous Goodyear machines, with their parrot beaks, work tirelessly with a great turning of cams and champing of steel. This department covers the whole of the third floor and is divided into two great rooms, each occupying an entire wing of the building, the one being known as the lasting-room the other as the sole-fastening room. In the former are thousands THE LEVELLING-MACHINE, WHICH PINISHES OFF THE OUTER and thousands of lasts ranged in boxes

that run up and down the length of the room. Parallel to this line of boxes is a row of pillars surrounded with circular shelves divided into compartments for holding the uppers as received from the stitching-room. Around the windows are twenty-five or thirty lasting-machines, strange contrivances with four pairs of iron hands on either side that clutch the uppers and stretch them over the lasts. while a pair of iron jaws at either end draw the leather tight lengthways. No shoemaker stretching his leather by hand could get it tighter over the lasts than these machines do, especially as the workmen give the uppers a preliminary stretching by hand before the iron jaws and hands get hold of them.

After being thus tightly stretched around the lasts, and while still in the grip of the machine, the workmen make fast the edges of the uppers to the insoles, which are laid to the bottom of the last, by tacking them securely with a quantity of little tacks which are driven with amazing swiftness from a sort of wholesale tacking contrivance that does its work with admirable dispatch. This leaves the uppers What they make is what the best people fastened firmly to the insoles, and both wear, and there can be no mistake in imi- insoles and uppers tacked fast to the last

Now for the first time the form of the So every season, as they are preparing shoe appears, since the last is inside, and pair of lasts stays inside its pair of shoes. From this time on the shoes go from one ing twenty-four pairs of shoes. In most



SOLE, LEAVING IT READY FOR THE HEEL.

EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN SHOE.

to disfigure them.

"channel" of leather which has been previously cut in the insole, and which allows

this strip of leather to be made securely fast both to the insole and to the overlapping upper. And the needle which does this sewing works from underneath the sole in a very awkward position, which would never be possible if the needle were straight. Of course, before the welt can be thus sewed on, the tacks used for temporarily securing the uppers to the in-

soles must be drawn

out, and there is a very ingenious piece of apparatus for doing this quickly. When the welt is finally sewed put down on like an ordiing on a wide er. This flange to it the heavy presently be



THE REGAL SHOE AS IT COMES FROM THE HEELEK.

sewed fast.

"FILLING IN" THE SOLES.

Before the outer sole can be put on, however, the shoe must go through several operations. First, the edges of the uppers must be trimmed off close along the seam

facture, but this is a disadvantage, since ball of the foot. This hollow space has at the subsequent handling of the shoes is apt different times been filled up with various things—with pieces of upper leather, with Now we enter the sole-fastening room tarred felt, and with skivings of sole and witness the first operation of sewing on leather. All these had one disadvantage the welts, and we see why the Goodyear or another: the felt was not waterproof, machines which do this sewing must have and the leather squeaked. Finally a mixcurved needles; for the welts, which are ture of ground cork and rubber cement was strong strips of leather, about an inch tried, and was found to give excellent rewide, fed out of the machine by the yard, sults, so much so that the Regal shoe, with are not attached by sewing directly through the inner sole thus "filled," is provided the insole, but by sewing through a ridge or with a sure anti-squeak and a cork sole as well.

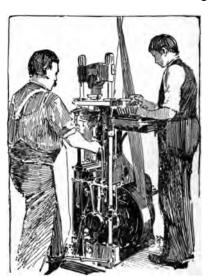
The remaining operations of the sole-fas-

tening room, which are performed by a score or so of separate machines, result in putting on the outer soles and the heels, and in trimming and smoothing these to the proper shape. After passing through the hands of the welters, the seam-trimmers, the weltbeaters, and the bottom fillers, the shoes come to the sole-layers, who daub the bottoms over with a sticky cement, and on this the outer soles are presently pressed fast in the solelaying machines. Then the shoes are passed on to noisy little machines which trim the soles to the shape of the

fast, the shoe lasts, cutting off a quarter of an inch or so a bench looks of the edges. These machines also cut nary shoe rest- "channels" around the bottoms of the flange of leath- outer soles; that is, lift up a fringe of is the welt, and leather about half an inch deep around outer sole will the edges, which will be later pressed back to cover the stitches. 'It is this "channelling" of the bottoms that gives the smooth finish to the sole of the modern shoe, with no trace of stitching.

STITCHING THE OUTER SOLES.

Now the shoes are ready for sewing, and that holds on the welt. Then a slip of again they go through Goodyear machines, steel must be laid along the insole where these heavier than the ones for sewing the hollow of the foot comes, and a piece the welt and with the same parrot-like of leather board laid over this to give the arrangement of barbed needle and awl, necessary stiffness to the shank and pre- and with greater complications in the vent the shoe from doubling up. Then shuttle. The stitches are made through comes the filling in of the sole, or the welt and outer sole, from a hundred and "levelling it up," for the application of fifty to two hundred of them in each shoe the welt has left a hollow space along the and every one of them lock-stitches with



THE LIGHTNING HEEL-ATTACHER, WORKED BY A MAN AND A BOY.

A VISIT TO THE REGAL SHOE FACTORY.



THE BOTTOMING - ROOM, REGAL SHOE FACTORY.

thirteen - cord linen thread, so that there is no possibility of the seams giving way. Now the "chan-

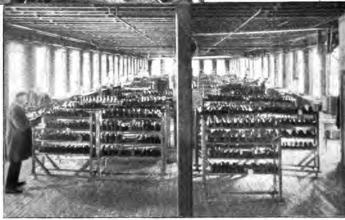
nel" or fringe of leather is cemented down smooth over the seam, and the shoes go into a queer levelling-machine, a surface of steel running over the soles back and forth and from side to side, doing the work that the shoe-

the iron back of the last. There is no danger of that heel coming off.

Now we have a shoe that is a shoe to all intents and purposes; all that it needs is some trimming and smoothing down, some attention. It must be trued in the rotary rand and rolled and shaved and "drested," welt must be "pricked up," the edges which are as admirable and unusual as are must be planed into shape, and pressed the processes of the factory.

with hot irons, after the black or russet coloring has been put on. And, finally, the bottoms must be smoothed and finished with wheels of sandpaper and whirling brushes, so that they are ready for the black enamel or whatever coloring is desired.

These polishing and enamelling processes take place on the floor below. in the finishing and dress-



THE FINISHING-ROOM, REGAL SHOE FACTORY.

maker used to do on his lap with hammer ing rooms, where the leather and soles and stone, but doing it better and more are cleaned and made spick span, and the quickly. Then comes the lightning heel- last attentions given to the shoes-the attacher, worked by a man and a boy. The hooks and laces put in, the sock linings boy feeds nails into a little iron pepper- laid in the heels, and the goods made box arrangement, making his fingers fly. ready for the cartons. Last of all comes As soon as fifteen nails are there, an arm of the work of the packing and shipping the machine swings round, and-thump- room, where the tags are put on for the the fifteen nails are driven through heel retail stores, each tag showing the exact and sole and insole and clinched against date when the shoes left the factory. There remains the packing of the shoes in wooden boxes, and the sliding of these down the chute on to the cars, standing below on the tracks.

And now it may be asked, if this Regal finishing and beautifying touches to make shoe is made with all the pains that have it please the eye. The heel especially needs been described, if it contains, as it does, the best leather to be bought in this country or abroad, if it has the wearing qualiand slugged with brass slugs made of wire ties, the style, and the fit of the customthat is fed by the yard into the slugging- made shoe, how is it possible to sell it for machine; then the soles need some trim- three dollars and a half? To understand ming up with "heelshave" and welt trim- this, we must take account of the methods mer, the stitches that show around the adopted for the sale of this shoe, methods

EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN SHOE.

sold three times, first by the factory to the they sell is always the latest style. jobber, second by the jobber to the refor less than five dollars.

ready a great demand for factory-made that otherwise would be impossible! shoes of high grade at five dollars, how has finally been realized. The Regal shoe in the chief cities of the United States.

tre of direction for all the branch houses. receipt, from the receiving teller of the that of two years before. local bank where his money is deposited. how the sales of each are going; in a word, under the eye of one superintendent.

tags of shoes on the shelves, note the of America and to foreign countries, some factory date, and if he sees any that have going as far as Honolulu and China.

By the system that once prevailed among been there too long, mark them for immeshoe manufacturers, and that still prevails diate sale. It is against the policy of the to a large extent, each pair of shoes was company to keep old shoes in stock: what

Another strong point in the financial tailer, and finally by the retailer to the policy of the Regal Company is their princustomer. Thus the customer had to pay ciple, never departed from, of doing a not only the factory price, but the jobber's strictly cash business. Paying cash they profit and the retailer's profit, so that, discount all their bills, and thus save a assuming that the factory could afford to handsome margin; for the man who has sell a pair of shoes for three dollars and a cash in his hands can always get the best half, the customer would hardly get them in the market at a lower rate than the man who buys "on time." What wonder that, But the makers of the Regal shoe were with all the thousands of dollars saved men of foresight and wide ambition, every month in these various ways, they They said to themselves: "If there is al- are able to sell the Regal shoe at a price

This enlightened business policy and this much greater will that demand be if the perfect organization have accomplished same shoes can be furnished at factory the result that might have been expected. prices; in other words, if we can enable Indeed, for the past six months the pubthe customer to buy his shoes directly lic demand for Regal shoes has been from us without paying any extra profit to so far ahead of the supply as to cause jobber or retailer." And that conception much disappointment among customers. Thousands of pairs of Regal shoes could is to-day sold directly from the factory to have been sold beyond what were sold the public through the company's stores if the factory could have produced them. While the manufacturers regret this dif-The Boston store is the headquarters of ficulty, they also take just pride in it, this great business, a storehouse from since it is the most sincere tribute the which all the shoes are distributed, a cen- public could pay to the excellence of their shoes, and they take pleasure in announc-Every night the manager of every branch ing that this difficulty of inadequate supply store forwards to the Boston store the tags has been finally provided against by intaken from every pair of shoes sold during creasing the capacity of the factory for that day, together with a detailed report the year 1897 threefold over its capacity of the day's sales and expenditures. He in 1896. And the capacity of 1896 had also forwards a duplicate deposit slip, or a already shown a threefold increase over

One feature of the business which de-Thus it is literally true that the firm in serves special mention, since it has con-Boston know every day, to a single pair tributed largely to the rapid increase of and a particular size, how many shoes are sales, is the mailing department, with its on the shelves of each branch house and system of sales on written specifications. what shoes these are, and know to a cent While it is no doubt better for a customer how much money each branch house has to have his shoes fitted at one of the retail in the bank or in its money drawer, and stores, it is still possible, by following the directions furnished for taking the measare in as close touch with each of the branch urements of one's foot, to obtain shoes stores as if all were in one large building by mail that will give excellent satisfaction. And in cases where customers have been And, indeed, they are under such a fitted once at any one of the Regal stores; watchful eye, for a general manager de- it is possible for them in the future to get votes all his time to travelling from city to their shoes by mail without the least danger city, from store to store. One thing that of misfit. Every day Regal shoes are he never fails to do is to look over the shipped by hundreds of pairs to all parts

Note.—These articles on Great Business Enterprises are prepared under the supervision of the editor of the Magazine, by a member of its regular staff, and with the same literary and artistic care as articles designed for the body of the Magazine. The cost of them is borne, however, by the several firms whose industries they describe.









four regal styles.

"141" Patent Button.

This new last has all the fitting qualities of our famous English custom shoe, with a trifle narrower toe and a little more dressy in appearance, Correct for dress occasions and evening wear. Kangarootop with French patent calf vamps. Same style in lace, suitable for any occasion - for street ordresswear.



English Enamel

Has never been surpassed for style, fit, comfort, and wear.

Made of the very best quality imported Enamel.

Soled with the famous Flint Oak Stock, made on our English custom last that combines broad tread and plenty of toe room, giving a slender custom-shoe appearance that heretofore could only be obtained from best custom shoemakers.

English Oxford.

In Russia Calf and Dressy Pat-

ent will be "society leaders" this season.

Oxford shoes for summer are not only correct but comfortable and stylish.

Like all our shoes, made in widths double A to E, sizes 5 to 12.



Canvas Oxford.

Made from best quality White Duck, especially woven for the purpose, with best quality rubber soles.

Made also in bals for those wishing a high shoe.

Delivered to any address in U. S.

upon receipt of

\$3.75.

L. C. BLISS & CO., 109 Summer Street, BOSTON, Mass-115 and 117 Nassau St., 291 Broadway, 1347 Broadway. Brooklyn, 357 Fulton St. Philadelphia, 732 Chestnut St. Baltimore, 219 E. Baltimore St. Washington, 1003 Pennsylvania Ave. Pittsburg, 309 Fifth Ave. Chicago, 103 Dearborn St., 196 La Salle St., 237 State St. Detroit, 4 Monroe St. Cleveland, 195 Superior St. Denver, 413 16th St.

The show herein only a few of our leading styles.



With light and durable cloth top. This is a favorite where a light shoe is desired. For dress occasions, dancing, and suitable as a light street shoe.



Shoes with narrow toes will never go out of style. The Tabasco last is made on custom lines and gives entire satisfaction. An extremely sharp-pointed toe, yet with plenty of room for the toes. Made in Calf, Russia Calf, and Patent Calf.

CUSTOM BOOT TREES. Regal Shoes.



ity, and the whole shoe con-forms to shape of last. This method will be found of especial value to people with tender feet or that have a ten-dency to run shoes over

dencyto run shoes over on the side or heel.

We can now furnish boot trees to fit any pair of Regal shoes. These can be slipped in and out of a in and out of a in and out of a shoe very eas-ilv. They are made of white-wood, highly polished, and shellaced. Boot trees

sold by custom dealers for \$5 per pair.

...MAIL ORDERS ...

Our Mail Order Department is now so complorganized that persons living at a distance from large fashion on by the aid of this advertisement, may purchase the leading so inducer style by mail with perfect satisfaction.

All mail orders receive the most careful and prompt attention, accurate record is kept of all correspondence for fureference.

how to Order.

Definition of widths. AA, extra narrow; A, narrow; B, medium narrow; C, medium; D, wide; E, extra wide; EE, widest made.

Your address. Be particular to write your full name, to county, and State plannly. We sometimes receive orders has addresses partly, or not planny written, which causes delay in floorders. Some express companies will not receive packages for W orn pants without name of county statehed.

In ordering write plaintly the name of the shoe you desire, size, and width you are accustomed to wearing. (It you do not know, seed us your old shoe, we can learn almost as much from that as perhaps you can tell us)

Note an tell us.)

How to Send Money. Bank Draft, Fostal Order, Express Order, Postal Note, or Registered Letter, payable to L. C. Bless & Co. C. O. D. by express only, out we require a depost of fifty cents for each pair of shoes, to guarantee charges, and will then allow privilege of examining at express office, it desired, before paying for goods. Shoes sent C O. D. cost purchaser from \$4.50 to \$4.20. Having special rates with express companies we can send prepaid upon receipt of \$3.75. Shoes sent by mail at purchaser's risk.

Return of Goods. If goods are not satisfactory, we elfully exchange or retund money. All packages returned muss prepaid, and goods unsoiled, and in good order. In trying on use a clean cloth or paper on floor.

on use a ciean cloth or paper on floor.

Many of our patrons have not been able to discriminate between Patent Calf and Enamel. Each has its purpose. Our Enamel Shoes are made from finest imported English Stock, resembling Patent Leather, in glossy Juster, but with a pebbled surface of an erange neel nature. Enamel stock is less apt to crack and split than Patent Leather, hence is more durable, more suitable for general wear and exposure. A damp cloth will readily clean Enamel shoes, and an occasional application of Patent Leather Dressing will restore the luster. Like Patent Calf, however, this stock cannot be absolutely guaranteed.

Reval Shoes are made of best Black Wared Cale Surface.

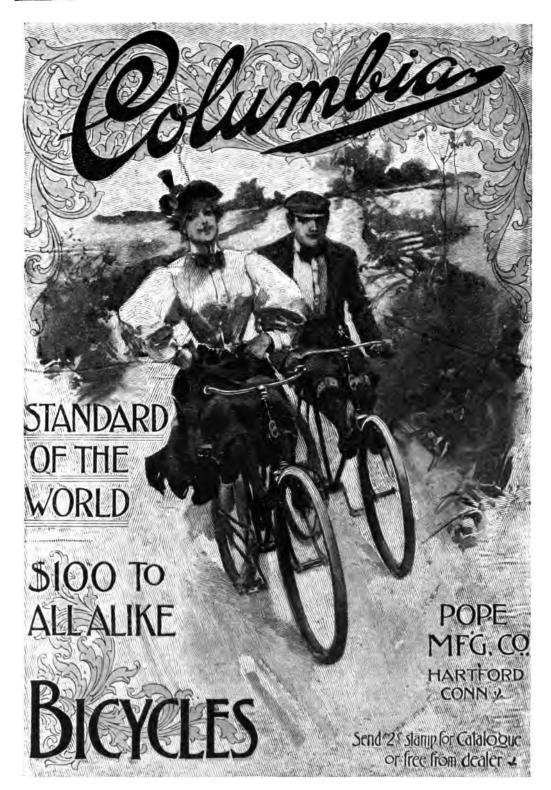
Hegal Shoes are made of best Black Waxed Calf, Imported Patent Calt, English Enamel, Russia Calf, and Kangaroo. Fast-colorned greies and hooks are used exclusively in all our shoes. Three rows of sticking on russets is a new improvement, adding strength (to parts which you have doubtless found in other shoes had a tendency to rip.)

Kindly report the inattention of any employe to the General Masger, 109 Summer St., Boston, where all mail orders should be address

L. C. Bligg & Co. 109 Summer Street, Boston, Mass. STORES-Providence, 1347 Broadway. Broadkay, 357 Fulton St. Philadelphia, 732 Chestnut St. Baltimore, 219 E. Baltimore St. Washington, 200 Pennsylvania Ave. Pittsburg, 309 Fifth Ave. Chicago, 103 Dearborn St., 196 La Salle St., 237 State St. Detroit, 4 Monroe St. Cleveland, 195 Superior St. Denver, 413 16th St.

Price,

75c.



Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



Don't bear

the burden of the wash-board any longer. Hasn'tit caused enough damage and trouble and weariness? Do you realize the amount of wear and tear that it brings to your clothes in a single year? Get Pearline—get rid of the wash-board and that eternal rubbing. Be a free woman. You ought to see for yourself that Pearline's easy way of washing—soaking, boiling, rinsing—is better for I the clothes and better for you. 518

earline

Skin Diseases, 🖈 Impure Blood.

Pimples, Eczema, Tetter,Acne Are permanently cured

Sulphume

Price \$1, express prepaid

SULPHUME is pure sulphur in liquid form.—a new chemical discovery. Sulphur heretofore was considered insoluble. Sulphume when taken internally, and applied as a lotion, will cure any skin disease mankind is heir to.

SULPHUR BATHS can be taken at home, having all the advantages (and more) of the most famous Sulphur Springs. One bottle of Sulphume makes 12 strong sulphur baths.



in a glass of water makes a delightful and healthful drink of Sulphur water. Nature's Great drink of Sulphur water Nat Blood Purifier.

WeakKidneys Rheumatism. Gout. Vesical and Renal Stones

are quickly relieved and absolutely cured by SULPHUME-SPECIAL

Price \$2.00, express prepaid

SULPHUME SOAP is the only soap in the world made with liquefied sulphur. That is why it is the only genesiae Sulphur Seap. It has no equal for the totlet and the bath. Price per box, (3 cakes) 75 cts., express prepaid. One cake for trial, mailed on receipt of sycts.

ALL intelligent people know what valuable remedial properties sulphur possesses, but FEW realize what wonderful cures are effected by liquid sulphur, Sulphume. Gargling once will cure an ordinary sore throat.

OUR SULPHUME BOOK is a treatise on sulphur, and tells all about Sulphume, SENT FREE.

Shall we send you this book?

Your druggist can procure Sulphume preparations from his jobber, without extra charge to you. SULPHUME COMPANY, III Marine Building, CHICAGO.

Lyman, Sons & Co., Mentreal, Canadian Dence

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.







MADE ON HONOR.



FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE AND GUARANTEE OF GREATEST COMPANY IN THE WORLD BACK OF EVERY

SINGER SEWING MACHINE.
ALWAYS SOLD DIRECT THROUGH COMPANY'S

The SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.



Established five years ago with a paid-up capital of

ONE MILLION DOLLARS,

conducting its business along legitimate commercial lines, loaning money in moderate amounts to reputable business houses for mercantile uses only, the

NATIONAL BANK of the REPUBLIC

of Chicago, continues to offer its services to the business public, expecting a fair share of patronage.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

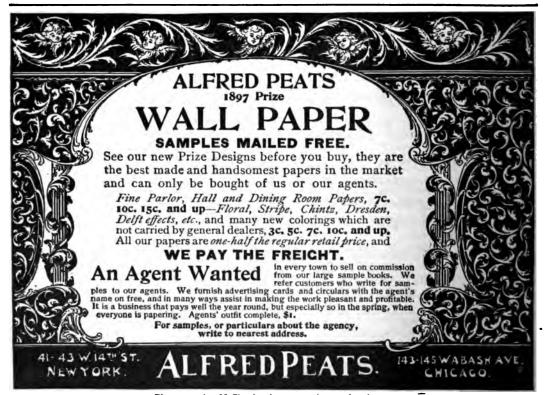
LOUIS F. SWIFT, of Swift & Co., Packers. JOHN A. LYNCH, of Thomas Lynch & Sons, Capitalists. H. S. DURAND, of the Home Insurance Co. ALEXANDER MACKAY, President Globe Stone Company. FRANK O. LOWDEN, Attorney-at-Law.

A. M. ROTHSCHILD, A. M., Rothschild & Co., Dry Goods. HENRY SIEGEL, of Siegel, Cooper & Co.
J. B. GREENHUT, Peorla, 111. E. B. STRONG, of the late firm of Foss, Strong & Co. W. T. FENTON.

OFFICERS.

JOHN A. LYNCH, President A. M. ROTHSCHILD, Vice-President W. T. FENTON, 2d Vice-Prest and Cashier.

J. H. CAMERON, Assistant Cashiers. H. R. KENT, R. M. McKINNEY, 2d Assistant Cashier.



A watch movement is a machine whose value depends upon the perfection of each of its parts and the mechanical skill with which those parts are put together. The American Waltham Watch Company not only makes every part of a WALTHAM movement, but it makes the machinery by which those parts are There is the least possible chance made. for inaccuracy. The "RIVERSIDE" and "ROYAL" movements are as accurate time-keepers as human ingenuity has yet made possible.

For sale by all retail jewelers.





SSORTED STYLES BOX

POST-PAID { 50 CTS.

PAPERS AND ENVELOPES

POST-PAID

This is a handsome box, containing 36 sheets, no two alike, and 36 envelopes to match, of our best papers, in delicate tints and fashionable sizes. It is actually a pleasure to look at them, and a privilege to write on them. Every different size in use in good society. If you are a lover of fine Stationery, this box will be the very best aid in enabling you to decide just what papers you wish to adopt for your correspondence. Rates by mail or express on papers are quite inexpensive. If you cannot find our goods at your stationers, may we send you a box and return your meney if unsatisfactory? If not, will you send us four cents to pay pastage for our sample book? We want

BUNKER HILL

SAMUEL WARD COMPANY, Paper Merchants, 49 Franklin Street

Correspondence with the Trade solicited,

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

THE PRUDENTIAL

Issues Life Insurance Policies for CHILDREN, WOMEN, and MEN.

Ages, 1 to 70 — \$15 to \$50,000

Under

PROFIT-SHARING POLICIES

Premiums payable Weekly, Quarterly, Half-yearly, Yearly.

...HAS...

Life

Insurance

in force

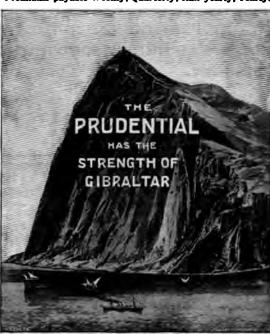
\$320,453,483

under

nearly

2,500,000

policies



..HAS..

Assets,

\$18,541,827

Income.

\$14,158,445

Surplus,

\$4,834,116

Claims Paid,

OVET

\$26,000,000

FIVE YEARS' STEADY SWEEP ONWARD.

							_	_		Increase in			
Assets	•	•	•	•	•		•		•		Dec. 31—1891. \$6,889,674	Dec. 31—1898. \$19,541,827	5 Years. \$12,652,153
Surplus	•	•	٠	•			•	٠	•	•	1.449.057	4,034,116	2,585,059
Income	•	•	•		•						6.703.631	14,158,445	7 ,454,8 13
Insurance in force											157,560,342	320,453,483	162,893,141
Interest	E	250	in	72	Ċ		Ī	Ī	Ť	•	290.348	825.801	535,452

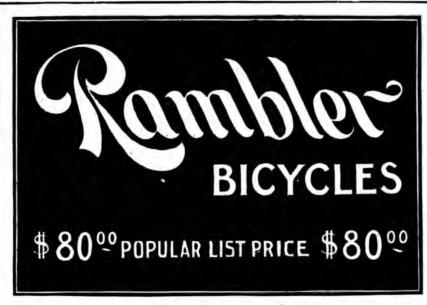
\$1,260 of Assets for Every \$1,000 of Liabilities.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Home Office: Newark, N. J.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



"WHAT 3 PEOPLE SAID!"

No. 1 SAID:

"From all I hear your early and honest announcement of a **proper** and **popular** list price **--\$80.--** is highly appreciated by intelligent people in all classes. The '97 Rambler is better than ever."

No. 2 SAID:

"With a **better** Rambler than you have ever turned out before, and a **fair** list price --the same to everybody--selling Ramblers is a 'cinch'! People **trust** your 18 years' 'experience.'"

No. 8 SAID:

"They must have cheapened their goods to make an \$80. list price, or else they intend to continue selling Ramblers to everybody at the same price that I will have to ask of a few."

THE KEY:

No. 1. IS A RIDER AND KNOWS RAMBLERS!

No. 2. IS AN AGENT AND HAS KNOWN RAMBLERS FOR YEARS!

No. 3. IS A COMPETITOR WHO PRETENDS NOT TO KNOW RAMBLERS----BUT DOES!

WHICH DO YOU BELIEVE?

Ask any Rambler agent for the Unique Rambler Booklet.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

CHICAGO, 85 Madison St. Boston, 174 Columbus Ave. Washington, 1325 14th St., N.W. New York, 945 8th Ave. Brooklyn, 342 Flatbush Ave. Detroit, 201 Woodward Ave. Cincinnati, 516 Main St. Buffalo, 509 Main St. Coventry and London, England.





Monarch Cycle Mfg. Co.

CHICAGO + NEW YORK + LONDON





NONE TO COMPARE

LITTLE CHAPPY—"I say, me Lord, I always ride the Monarch."

LORD FITZ HUGH—"Ah, indeed; are there any others?"

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



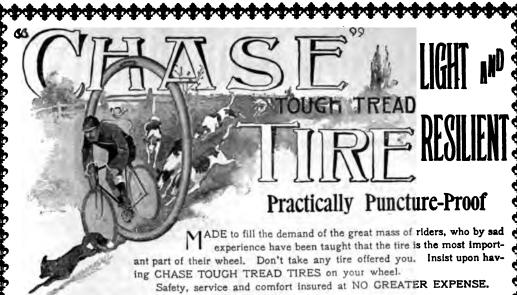








Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



Made by L. C. Chase & Co.

70 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

FREE Send us your address and name of this magazine and we will mail you, free the popular sketch book "Mr. Van Cycle's Experience," illustrated.

NEW YORK CHICAGO Van Buren St PHILA. 917 Arch St.

These are the only



Tools you'll need

To repair permanently any kind of hole, big or little, in the

Detachable

Dunlop Tires are DURABLE. The fabric is not vulcanized with the rubber, and retains the strength usually lost in this process, making the tire hard to puncture and exceptionally resilient. The Free Catalogue tells other interesting things about them. Address

AMERICAN DUNLOP TIRE CO., 504 W. 14th St., New York City

Branches: +0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+

TORONTO



Please mention McClure's when you write to adverts

"Crimson Rim Quality"

enters into the construction of every SYRACUSE BICYCLE leaving our factory. This quality, world-wide and renowned for its correctness, makes the CRIMSON RIM SYRACUSE Bicycle, eagerly sought after by the successful and wise buyer

The Long Trail of the Crimson

Leads to Success

SEND FOR **1897 CATALOGUE** Liberal Options, latest wrinkles of up-to-date cycle building, strength and beauty—all enter into the construction of the CRIMSON RIM SYRACUSE

Makers: Syracuse Cycle Company, syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.







Take a Minute

and a postal and write for our art catalogue of



Acme Bicycles

Then you will understand how to buy dire

GET THE DEALER'S PROFITS

and a high grade wheel at manufacturer's price. ACME CYCLE CO., P. O. Box A,





The greatest advance in bicycle making since pneumatic tires were invented, is the

Cushion Frame Bicycle

It does away with jolts and jars. Write and learn about it.

Richmond Bicycle Co.,

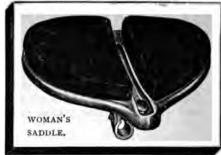
chmond, Ind.

EASTERN BRANCH: § 97 Chambers Street, New York.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

The Christy Anatomical Saddle

FOR WOMEN





The new Christy Anatomical Saddle is recommended by physicians for all women riders, and is the only safe saddle on the market. Has cushions to receive the pelvis bones, and positively

Prevents Saddle Injury of any description

Booklet "Bicycle Saddies, from a Physician's Standpoint," free.

In ordering your bicycle insist that it comes furnished with the Christy Anatomical Saddle, high-grade manufacturers are offering the Christy Saddles this year without additional charge. If you ride the Christy you are sure to obtain satisfaction. There will be no stiffness, soreness or chafing after a long ride. Made in men's, women's, girls' and boys' models with flat and spiral springs.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS., Selling Agents for the United States.

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Washington.





Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers

THE PRUDENTIAL

Issues Life Insurance Policies for CHILDREN, WOMEN, and MEN

Ages, 1 to 70 - \$15 to \$50,000

Under

PROFIT-SHARING POLICIES

Premiums payable Weekly, Quarterly, Half-yearly, Yearly.

...HAS...

Life

Insurance

in force

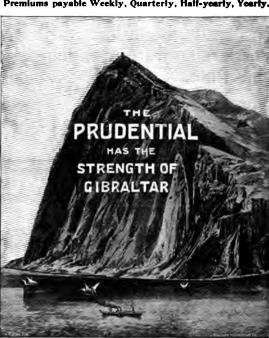
\$320,458,488

under

nearly

2,500,000

policies



...HAS...

Assets,

\$19,541,827

Income.

\$14,158,445

Surplus,

\$4,084,110

Claims Paid.

OVET

\$28,000,000

FIVE YEARS' STEADY SWEEP ONWARD,

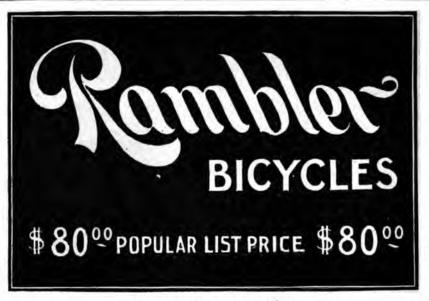
Assets	•	•	•	•	•	Dec. 31—1891. \$6,889,674 1.449.057	Dec. 31—1895. \$19,541,827 4.034.116	years. \$12,652,153 2,585,059
Income	•	:	:	•	:	6.703.631	14.158.445	7,454,813
Insurance in force						157,560,342	320,453,483	162,893,141
Interest Earnings	•	•		•	•	290,348	825,801	535,452

\$1,260 of Assets for Every \$1,000 of Liabilities.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Home Office: Newack, N. J.



"WHAT 3 PEOPLE SAID!"

No. 1 SAID:

"From all I hear your early and honest announcement of a **proper** and **popular** list price --\$80.-- is highly appreciated by intelligent people in all classes. The '97 Rambler is better than ever."

No. 2 SAID:

"With a better Rambler than you have ever turned out before, and a fair list price --the same to everybody--selling Ramblers is a 'cinch'! People trust your 18 years' 'experience.'"

No. 8 SAID:

"They must have cheapened the.r goods to make an \$80. list price, or else they intend to continue selling Ramblers to everybody at the same price that I will have to ask of a few."

THE KEY:

No. 1. IS A RIDER AND KNOWS RAMBLERS!

No. 2. IS AN AGENT AND HAS KNOWN RAMBLERS FOR YEARS!

No. 3. IS A COMPETITOR WHO PRETENDS NOT TO KNOW RAMBLERS----BUT DOES!

WHICH DO YOU BELIEVE?

Ask any Rambler agent for the Unique Rambler Booklet.

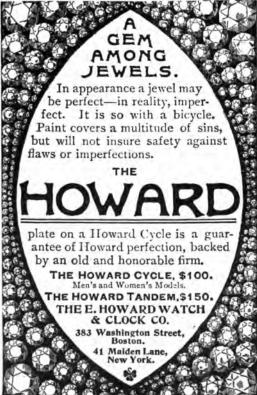
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

CHICAGO, 85 Madison St. Boston, 174 Columbus Ave. Washington, 1325 14th St., N.W. New York, 945 8th Ave. Brooklyn, 342 Flatbush Ave. Detroit, 201 Woodward Ave. Cincinnati, 516 Main St. Buffalo, 509 Main St. Coventry and London, England.



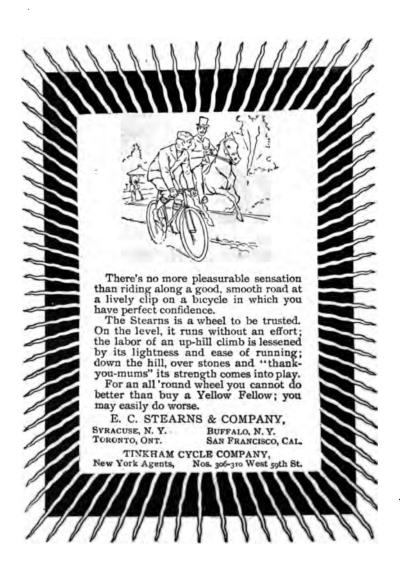














PHŒNIX®

Stands the Racket.

STOVER BICYCLE MFG. CO., FREEPORT, ILL.

WINTON BICYCLES

Winton Bicycles are planned to please. No ungainly lines, no clumsiness, no weak points and yet no excessive weight. No tinkering required to keep them in order—we build them right to start with. The Winton is

YOURS FOR \$100

The quality corresponds with the price. Catalogue V explains

THE WINTON BICYCLE CO., No. 130 PERKINS AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO

New York Office, 123 Chambers St. Philadelphia Office, 17 N. Tenth St.

الدوال والدوال والدوال

An Invincible Triumvirate



HAVE

Self-Oiling Bearings
Eccentric Chain Adjustment
Spring Tempered Frames

Catalogue goes into details. Padeate peres

Our handsome collapsible drinking cup will be mailed on receipt of six 2-cent stamps.

R. H. WOLFF & CO., L'tel



Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.











Agents Wanted. 352 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.





Gladiator, - \$85 The Best Wheel at any Price.

Spartacus, A Good, Durable, Honest Bicycle.

Commodore(Youth's) \$40



ELEGANT CATALOGUE IN 6 COLORS. FREE.

Discriminating

Riders

and Responsible Dealers (agest-should write to

The Mechanical Perfection of '96 will be maintained v: real (not imaginary) improvemen

Gladiator Cycle Works -

Chicago





VIM SPECIAL

For Fast Riders

While classed as a "single-tube" tire HAS TWO TUBES, hence is an improvement on other single-body tires.

The following exaggerated diagram illustrates this point.

A—is a seamless rubber tube.

B—is a seamless B loose-woven fabric.



C—is another seamless rubber tube.

D—is another seamless loose-woven fabric.

A and B together make a complete tire; C and D make a complete tire. When put together and a rubber tread put over all and vulcanized into one body they make the **VIM SPECIAL**, the most perfect tire made.

- J. There are two separate tubes if one should become porous the other will hold air, so a porous Vim Special is an impossibility.
- 2. The plies of fabric being SEAMLESS are stronger than when made the old way.
- The tires are faster because the fabric can with safety be reduced in weight and more rubber used. This means more resilience.
- The plies of fabric are separated by a rubber cushion (tube C), so are more pliable and resilient.

THE FASTEST TIRE MADE.

- 5. It has great constricting features, so mends easily.
- 6.— Has for repair kit, Vimoid, the plastic plug which a child can successfully use.

 THE MOST EASILY REPAIRED TIRE MADE.

7.—Has the "PEBBLE TREAD," which Prevents SLIPPING.

Boston Woven Hose and Rubber Co.

275 Devonshire Street, BOSTON.
89 Chambers Street, NEW YORK.
102 Superior Street, CLEVELAND.
205 Lake Street, CHICAGO.
39 S. Second Street, PHILADELPHIA.

709 N. Fourth Street, ST. LOUIS.
1730 Arapahoe Street, DENVER.
14 Fremont Street, SAN FRANCISCO.
117 Young Street, TORONTO, ONT.
ELPHIA. 18 and 19 Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, ENG.

See March Issue of this Magazine for Our Catalogue.

LEAGUEKIT

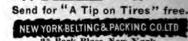
The compact Leaguekit contains solid and plastic plugs, tire tape, cutter, and hollow needle. Price, 50 cts., free with each pair of League Tires. Specify h Insist upon having

LEAGUE TIRES

ON YOUR '97 WHEEL

They "Get There And Get Bac"

* SERECE CERCE CONTRACT TO THE PROPERTY OF THE



25 Park Place, New York.
BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Agencies at Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Toledo.





Lens, Oil-well or Springs cannot be lost. Springs extra strong, can be instantly removed and replaced without use of solder or rects. Can be lit in highest wind, without opening lamp, Oil-well enlarged. Burns twelve hours. The NEW ALADDIN has more tit, will forward by mail on receipt of price. Send for illustrated circular.

Aladdin Lamp Company
515 Broad Street, Newark, N. J., and
107 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK CITY



MINIMATER STREET, NEW TORK CITY

Foods Cooked by the "New Process" Blue Flame Oil Stove Are Delicious!

The "New Process" Blue Flame Oil Stove represents the sum of excellence for summer cooking.

to run a burner. The most economical stove made, Absolutely safe. Any one can operate it. Ready for use as soon as lighted. NO SMOKE, SOOT, OR ODORS TO TAINT FOOD. Produces an intense Blue Flame, which cooks and bakes quickly and perfectly. Don't swelter over an old style stove, but use the "New Process" and be comfortable. Be sure' you get the "New Process," the original Blue Flame Oil Stove, and the best. Accept no other. Write to-day for details.

THE STANDARD LIGHTING COMPANY
240 Perkins Ave., Cleveland, O.

Marlin Repeater

22 CALIBRE



5 shots at 12 yards without removing rifle from shoulder.

10 shots at 12 yards without removing rifle from shoulder.



Made by Lt.-Col. Wm. C. Eldon Serjeant, 5th Ride Bright, H.M.S., with a 22 Calibre Marlin Repeater.
Cuts exact size of targets.

So much for QUALITY.
How about QUANTITY??





All three in one ritie without adjustment.

L .2210NG RIFLE

Write for complete catalogue.

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.

New Haven, Coon.

Send 15 cents in stamps and we will mail you a pack of bights quality playing cards, special designs.



THE SIMS **SADDLE**

EDGE AUTOMATIC



SOFT WHERE IT OUGHT TO BE

See where the thumbs press into the saddle in the picture. This part of the saddle is pneumatic, your weight rests on a soft felt pad, giving a firm seat, yet the entire front edge is always soft and yielding. No hard Pommel to Injure you.



Special Offer

Every Month a CRESCENT Month

PNEUMATIC

On receipt of \$3.50 and the names of ten of your cycling friends, we will send saddle prepaid in U. S. Send for catalogue. Free on your new wheel if you insist.

Sims Saddle Co. Canton, N. Y.

NEW YORK AGENTS: Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 B'way; Hartly & Graham, 313 B'way; Hall & Downing, 82 West B'way.

うずんりだりだりだりだりだりだりだりだりだりだけ WHYNew Brunswick TIRES Should be the BEST

100

This is an inquiring age. Why? Why? Why? everybody asks. "WHY should your Tires be the best?" you ask us. We are glad to answer-

For these four most excellent reasons: We are the oldest company manufacturing tires in America; we have the largest single-tube tire factory in the world; we have the most experienced workmen in the business, and we can buy the best crude rubber lower than any other tire makers.

Aren't those good solid reasons? And our tires cost no more than others.

We make both rough tread and smooth tread tires. Obtainable from any dealer and on any wheel. We will mail you our new illus-trated catalogue free. For a two-cent stamp we will mail you six handsome photograph cards, nearly cabinet size.

New Brunswick Rubber Co. NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

90 Reade Street, New York. 207 Congress Street, Boston. Garden City Block, Chicago. **みだりだりだりだりだりだりだりだりだりだ**







McClure's Magazine is printed with Ault & Wiborg's Inks







The State State State State State State

Direct To Consumers

The '97 Models Are Beauties. \$100.00 grade \$55.00 \$85.00 grade \$42.00 Express prepaid to any press Office in the U.S.

Art Catalogue Pree if ye mention McClure's and senames of 5 intending purchases.



600 SECOND HAND BICYCLE All makes. 85 to 815. New High Grafully guaranteed, \$17 to \$65. Specifully guaranteed, \$17 to \$65. Specifully guaranteed, \$17 to \$65. Specifully guaranteed and supported by helping advantage reward. D. P. MEAD & PRENTISS, Ch

BOICE SPRING SA

The only Spring Saddle with flexible pomme which cannot bound and injure the rider. especially recommended for ladies.

Price #1.18

Mfgrs. of Boice Puncture Proof Tire Guaranteed to resist wire, glass, &c.

WILL FIT ANY RIM. BOICE MFG. CO., 18 & 23rd St., Toledo, Ohio.

This feature makes it best. The watch-case dust cap over all bearings adds 50 per cent. to the life of a bicycle & No others have it 🥦



The Best Bicycle

Chas. H. Sieg Mfg. Co. Kenosha, Wis., U.S.A.

Send for the most unique bicycle catalogue ever published

If we have no agent in your town write for prices



made by the burner and \$ the double body, which also keeps it cold.

In form, quality and construction we challenge comparison-assured of a visible superiority.

SURPLESS, DUNN & CO., Sole Agts., 15 Murray St., N.Y. Made by the HITCHCOCK LAMP CO., Watertown, N.Y.

other. Stays lit. Has head and fork bracket,

finely ground lens and rever-

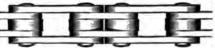
sible oil tank.

Nickeled Brass,

riveted through-out. Catalogue free.

ON YOUR WHEEL

It's easily done.



ROLLERS ON EVERY PIN. REGULAR PITCH LINE ONE INCH.

No wear of chain or sprockets; saves 20 per cent friction; lightens labor; increases speed on incline or level; makes hill climbing easy; guaranteed all tool steel, thoroughly hardened.

No Experience Required to Adjust Perfectly to any Wheel.

When ordering specify if wanted for re or 4 inch sprocket and for regular or cycloidal sprocket.

Brown & Wales



Don't be "A Button Presser,"

for he is a poor specimen of a photographer who is content to press the button, let others "do the rest," and then claim the results as his own. To become a successful Photographer, you must read

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC TIMES,

60 and 62 East 11th St., New York City.

Send 35 cents for a sample number, containing a beautiful photogravure frontispiece and from 50 to 100 illustrations, including reproductions of the works of the principal ansateur and professional photographers of the world.

\$100.00 **BICYCLE** DIRECT **FROM FACTORY** \$42.50

A few '96 Models at \$35 while they last.



We sell to the rider direct at turers prices saving you the profit. EUREKA BICYCL high grade in fact as well as it embodying in their construction best material, best workman best material, obst wor small latest improvements, and as guaranteed. Shipped on rec-draft or money order, or sant (with privilege of examination, money back if not satisfactory, postal for cuts and description.

Eureka Cycle M'f'g Co. Grand Rapids, Mich

The Baby hawk-Eye of New Design for Season of



Send for Catalog, giving descrip-tions and prices of Cameras,

18 now ready. Simple to operate. Loads by daylight, and makes a photo of equal sharpness to that of a larger camera. The Baby is now furnished with a Square finder, Registering Cally that shows at a glance the number of exposures made, and Circu and Instantaneous Shutter with different speeds. The lens is achromatic and very rapid, which accounts for the good results obtained even in dull weather.

Dimensions, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ in. Photo, $2 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ in. Weight, 7 oz.

Orice, loaded for 12 exposures, \$6.00

The Blair Camera Co., 22 Randolph St., Boston, Mass. 32525252525252525**333**



OTHER \$5.00 AMERA

Size, 41 x 5 x 71 outside, 12 Glass Plates or 36 Cut Films.

All 1807 Vives will be equipped with the Vive new three time combined pneumatic and Finger Release Shutter, for "Snap Shot" quick and long time exposures, in addition to several other valu-

able improvements.

They will also comprise six styles of Cameras for three sizes styles of Cameras for three sizes of plates: two for 4½ x4, two for 4 x 5, and two for 5 x7, ranging from our well-known and popular \$5,00 Vive to the VIVE Special Folding 5 x7 instrument.

Every Camera Guaranteed to take as good Photos as "sample pictures" mailed.

EXAMINATION ALLOWED AT EXPRESS OFFICE

Before buying any other send 2-cent stamp for Catalogue containing sample pictures; or 3 cents extra for finely embossed mounted photograph.

Vive Camera Company

HOME OFFICE

153 La Salle St., Chicago, III. FASTERN OFFICE

621 Broadway, New York City

The MARLBOROUGH The "QUAD 99 is still Queen of all Cameras



REVERSIBLE SWING BACK RISING AND SWING FRONT

5 x 7, fitted with Rapid Rectilinear Lens, E. & I. Shutter, and two Double Holders, \$60.	Send for Free
	. Illustrated Booklet.
5 x 7, Send for Free Pamphlet of \$5 and \$8	Cameras.

Catalogue of all kinds of cameras and all requisites. Free We recommend to amateurs CLIMAX DRY PLATES They are quick and reliable.

The INTERNATIONAL ANNUAL, Vol. IX., 100 illustrations, 80 practical articles on photography, now ready. Price, 75 cents; postage, 15 cents.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO. 591 Broadway, New York.



And it is complete for that price. Don't be humbugged by misleading advertisements advertisements that claim to give you a cam-era for \$5 that will hold al-most any num-ber of plates, for when you receive your purchase, you will find that you get only you get only oneplateholder and a notice to send \$2 or \$3 more for plateholders to make your camera complete.

The "QUAD" holds four plateholders and YOU GET THEM ALL FOR \$5.00

Makes a picture nearly as large as a half page of this magazine

Don't purchase a camera until you receive the "Quad" booklet and sample picture, guaranteed to be made with the "Quad" and not taken out of the center of an 8 x 10 negative. Send two cents in stamps to

EDWARD G. CONE (Successor to CLOSE & CONE), 810 Champlain Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

ALL KINDS OF AMATEUR SUPPLIES.

Western Branch, 927 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. F. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, New York, Eastern Trade Agents for the "Quad."



Size, 3½x3½ inches.

MADE WITH THE RAY.

Don't

buy a Camera until you have seen

"1897 MODELS"..... RAY.

For simplicity, finish and practical results they stand unexcelled by any.

THE RAY JR., \$2.50

makes a picture 2½x2½ inches and is fitted with fine achromatic lense, shutter for time and instantaneous exposures and holds six plates.

THE RAY, \$5.00

makes a picture 3½x3½ inches, has revolving set of stops, square finder and our improved rotary shutter for instantaneous or time exposures, and is handsomely covcovered with leather.

Both Cameras use our NEW PATENT PLATE HOLDER, the best and cheapest on earth.

Ask your dealer to show you the

RAY.

Description circular FREE. Sample Photo, 4 cents in stamps.

MUTSCHLER, ROBERTSON & CO., 179 W. Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Delivered, CARRIAGE free, anywhere in the U.S. for \$1.25

Best and cheapest Bicycle light on the market.

The I. C.

The Lamp That Stays Lighted

Simplest in Construction

We have had this lamp ready for delivery only a few days and our sales have been enormous. Burns kerosene. It is a winner. Send for one.

Bristol Brass and Clock Co.

46 West Broadway, New York City

The KOZY CAMERA, "Built like a Book."

Unique in size and shape. Complete in modern improvements. We furnish a booklet and sample photo for a two-cent stamp which tells you about it.

TWELVE EXPOSURES. Picture, 31 X 31.

7<u>.00.</u>

Illustrated

Its compact form commends itself at once to tourists and wheelmen. When closed, but 2 inches thick; weight loaded, 18 ounces.

KOZY CAMERA CO.,

Delivered to any address in United States upon receipt of price.

44 Bedford St., Boston





Cartridge Kodaks.

The adaptation of our Film Cartridge System, by which the camera

LOADS IN DAYLIGHT,

to a Folding Kodak of the highest type marks the latest achievement in camera construction.

The Cartridge Kodak embodies in an instrument only $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches in thickness, every feature which the skilled amateur desires in his camera. It uses either Film Cartridges or glass plates and is the only camera capable of making 4×5 pictures which is

ADAPTED TO USE AWHEEL.



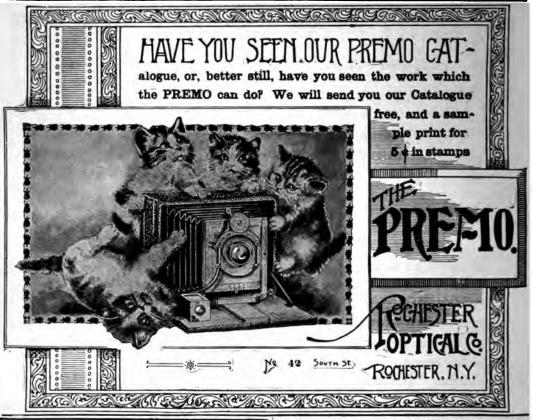
Can be carried in a bicycle case which clamps within the frame or to the head.

Price No. 4 Cartridge Kodak for 4 x 5 pictures, with Rapid Rectilinear lens and								
pneumatic shutter having iris diaphragm stops (not loaded)			•		•		-	\$25.00
Film Cartridge, 12 exposures, 4 x 5,		-		-		-		.90
Bicycle Carrying Case to attach inside frame or to head,	-		-		-		-	2.50
Washers to hold case in front of brake rod, when seed on head.		-		_		_		.5

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

BICYCLE KODAKS, \$5.00, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$25.00, Free bookiet tells all about them,

Rochester, N. Y.





O give a widespread introduction and make known the great improvements in our 1897 Model Cameras we will send our new



"The Wide Angle WIZARD" fitted with a Recte-linear and a Wide Angle Lens. Front bed drops to an angle of about 135° for the use of the Wide Angle Lens,

MANHATTAN OPTICAL CO. OF NEW YORK 1209 Broadway, near 29th St., New York. works, CRESSKILL, N. J.



For Home and Public Entertainment

THERE is no limit to the versatility of the GRAPHOPHONE. Any sound made by man or instrument, musical or otherwise, can be faithfully recorded and reproduced indefinitely by this marvellous machine. The music rendered by celebrated orchestras and bands, vocal and instrumental music, recitations, speeches, etc., constitute the limitless repertoire of the GRAPHOPHONE. It is simple, compact and easily operated, and its rendition of the most difficult selections equals the originals in the minutest detail. The volume of sound can be regulated to please a drawing-room audience or to be heard throughout a large hall. The COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE, fitted with clock-work motor of new design, costs only.

The same machine with electric motor for \$50. Write to-day for our new catalogue.

Columbia Phonograph Co., Dept. C., 1155, 1157 and 1159 Broadway, New York. 919 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. 110 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. 720-722 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

A BIG BOOK ABOUT BAND INSTRUMENTS.

If you are interested in a band instrument of any kind, or would like to join a band or drum corps, you can obtain full information upon the subject from the big book of 136 pages that Lyon & Healy, Chicago, send free upon application. It contains upwards of 1,000 illustrations, and gives the lowest prices ever quoted upon band instruments.

A CHARMING BOOK ABOUT OLD VIOLINS.

Violinists everywhere will hail with delight the beautifully printed and authoritively written book about Old Violins, just published by Lyon & Healy.

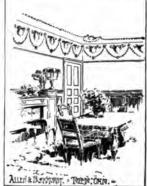
Either of the above books sent free upon application to Dept. M, Lyon & Healy, 199 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

The greatest novelty in Cycle Lamps In Cycle Lamp One piece of highly polished nickel, with no reflector, lens or oil well to get out of order. A front light and danger signal in one, showing white front light, green sides and red back. Burns ten hours; can't blow out, and is an ornament to any wheel. Lightest lamp on the market. Costs but \$2.00. If dealer does not have it, we will send it, charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

on receipt of price.

Send for Circular.

CYCLE DANGER SIGNAL CO., 107 Chambers St., New York



A Decorative Room in Modeled Relief for .

RELIEF MATERIAL for a room 12x16 feet like sketch. We also send scale drawings and ARTISTIC COLOR SCHEME with each order. Easily appliedyour local workman can do it. Any decorative style same price. Cultured and refined ideas; no impossibilities; no charge for boxing. Or for fifty cents will send an individual and artistic scheme for any room, in inexpensive and modern treatment. Color Samples, Wall Papers, Canvas for Wainscots, Mouldings, Plate Rail, Etc.; Full Directions. Cash with all orders; stamp for inquiries and illustated catalogue. Send size and general idea of room.

S. Street. ALLEN & PARKHURST, Toledo, Ohio. 21 Years



CROWN PIANOS

A CENT SENT BENT Viz: Your Address on a Postal, will obtain full information about them.

By means of the wonderful Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier in the "CROWN" Piano, you can imitate perfectly sixteen different instruments, either independently, or as an accompaniment that blends harmoniously with the clear tone of the piano itself, produc-

ing the most beautiful effects—effects that are not possible on any other plano!

No other piano gives so much additional value without additional cost. The "CROWN" Pianos are always one quality—the very highest. No seconds in "CROWN" Pianos.

The annoyance of noise to others while you are practicing is eliminated by the "CROWN" Practice Clavier. It is most interesting and fascinating to read of these great improvements to the piano, and to learn of the marvelous imitative powers of the Orchestral Attachment.

Por Purity and Sweetness of Tone, Elasticity of Touch, Workmanship and Finish, the "Crews" Plane has no superior. Each Plane Warranted Ten Years.

Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue, with Music, PREE.

"Crown" Church and Parlor Organs are also made by Bent. Send for Catalogue.

GEO. P. BENT, Manufacturer, Bent Block, Chicago, U. S. A.

on it Thirty



and if you are not completely satisfied—if it is not the equal of a \$50.00 hair mattress in cleanliness, durability and comfort, return it and your money will be immediately refunded. We pay express charges anywhere, and offer

The (stermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress \$15.00

314 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., February 7, 1894.

314 (linton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., February 7, 1894.

Dear Sirs:—I have used your Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses in my house for over twenty years, and have seen them for that length of time in use in St. Mary's Hospital, and I do not hesitate to state that they are equal, and in many respects superior, to those made from the best quality of curled horse hair. For cleanliness and durability, I doubt if the Patent Elastic Felt has any equal.

Very respectfully.

10HN RVRNE M. D.

Patent Elastic Felt consists of airy, interlacing, fibrous heets, of snowy whiteness and great elasticity; closed in the tick by hand, and never mats, loses shape, or gets lumpy. Is perfectly dry, non-absorbent, and is guaranteed absolutely vermin proof. Tick may be removed for washing without trouble. Softer and purer than hair can be; no repicking or restuffing necessary.

How to Order. State exact size mattress desired (size 6 ft. 2 in. x 4 ft. 6 in. will be sent unless otherwise specified) and give address plainly. Remit by check, money order, express order, or New York draft, and mattress will be shipped same day. NOT FOR SALE AT STORES.

If you are akeptical, or don't need one new, send for our handsome pamphlet, "The Test of Time," mailed free for the asking. It gives full particulars and prices. Also write for book, "Church Cushions." We refer to 35,600 Churches we have furnished. References: Bradstreet or Dun's Commercial Agencies.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 112 Elizabeth Street, NEW YORK. `&^^^^^^^

New Successes for McClure's Magazine

Readers of this magazine will be interested to know of the great progress being made all along the line. The subscriptions received during the past winter make a total of nearly 100,000 regular subscribers alone. The January and February numbers have been put back to press to supply new readers. The first edition of the March number was sold out entirely on the day of publication, and a second edition printed.

A year ago, on account of the favor with which the magazine was received, it gained in circulation 150,000 over the year before. This enormous increase was held this year and 50,000 added to it, making a gain of 200,000 in the past two years.

It is proposed to make McClure's Magazine as beautiful in pictures, in typography, and in decoration as any magazine published anywhere at any price.

A Superb May Number will Open the New Volume

Among other Striking Features it will contain:

A STUDY OF MR. CLEVELAND BY CARL SCHURZ

THE FIRST COMPLETE ACCOUNT YET PUBLISHED OF THE PURSUIT AND KILLING OF BOOTH, THE ASSASSIN OF LINCOLN Based on Private Information from the Men who conducted the Pursuit.

STORIES BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, RUDYARD KIPLING. CONAN DOYLE, CY WARMAN, and Others

A SERIES OF LIFE PORTRAITS OF DANIEL WEBSTER

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, POST-PAID

THE S. S. McCLURE CO., 144-155 East 25th Street, New York

Masterpieces of Literature 瀿淼淼淼淼淼淼淼淼淼淼淼淼淼淼淼淼淼

ESPITE the remarkably varied contents of Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature," the accuracy and perfection required, and the wide division of labor involved, two more of the superb volumes have promptly come to hand, and these more than bear out the high opinion we had already formed of the work. These volumes impress us again with the felicity of the idea and the excellence of the general aim and plan.

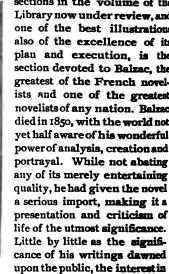
It is the crowning virtue of Mr. Warner's Library that it delivers the masterpieces of literature, in a most convenient and available form, into the hands of the people to whom they properly belong-the masterpieces, too, not simply of this country or that country, this time or that time, but of all countries and of all times that in literature have produced masterpieces. It is a great idea; and we rejoice to see it coming to us so admirably fulfilled under the execution of Mr. Warner, Mr. Mabie, and their learned associates.

As above stated, the two volumes just issued repeat the excellence of the earlier volumes. True, Mr. Warner's Library is not avowedly de-

voted to any special field of knowledge such as science or history; it is more; it comprehends all departments of intellectual activity. A good Library of Literature must, in the very nature of the case, comprise the most agreeable and anthoritative record of whatever has been learned or thought in the world, whether it falls in the domain of history, science, fancy or speculation. Hence, with only these thirty volumes, one will possess an all-round, general working library.

As showing the comprehensiveness of the two volumes now before us, it may be said that they range from Bion, the Greek poet who lived some 275 years before Christ and wrote the noble "Threnody," to James M. Barrie, whom only the other day in New York, publishers and editors were jostling each other, to banquet and placate, in the hope of securing the right to publish his next novel. Along with an interesting sketch of Mr. Barrie's life and a remarkably intelligent and sympathetic study of his genius, is given the best of his "Auld Licht Idylls" and of the stories in "A Window in Thrums," and even a fine episode from "Sentimental Tommy," that wonderful novel of his which is only just now published. This for a work of the magnitude and enduring quality of the Library, is keeping up to date with an emphasis.

One of the most interesting sections in the volume of the Library now under review, and one of the best illustrations also of the excellence of its plan and execution, is the section devoted to Balzac, the greatest of the French novelists and one of the greatest novelists of any nation. Balzac died in 1850, with the world not yet half aware of his wonderful power of analysis, creation and portrayal. While not abating any of its merely entertaining quality, he had given the novel a serious import, making it a presentation and criticism of life of the utmost significance. Little by little as the significance of his writings dawned upon the public, the interest in him and his work quickened,



until now the name one hears on every hand, not only in literary, but also in ethical and acientific discussion, is Balzac. Complete editions of his works are issued at great cost in many countries; and scholars and critics of the finest quality devote themselves to the special study and exposition of them. For a person of general culture not to know something of his life and writings is what it would be for English readers not to know something of Shakespeare.

But with the Balzac literature grown to such bulk, the question arises, can the task of getting out of it what the general reader ought to have, be so simplified as to be made possible for him? In the Balzac section of Mr. Warner's Library this task is really so simplified as to become not only possible—easily possible—but extremely pleasant. Professor W. P. Trent, of the University of the



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.



South, one of the few men who have read for themselves every line that Balzac published, gives within a space of twenty pages an account of Balzac's life, the scope and character of his work, and his place in literature, that only specialists can desire more and which even they will find very helpful. "One might," Professor Trent says, "write a hundred essays on Balzac and not exhaust him;" but of the several hundred that have already been written, the essential parts are all in this one of Professor Trent. Then, in sixty-four pages more, we have in many wisely chosen parts from Balzac's voluminous

works such a presentation of his writings that the reading of them in connection with the introductory essay will be found a most delightful pastime. Nobody need approach it with heavy-hearted dutifulness as a task; but they can plunge into it whole-heartedly as pure pleasure, just as they would go to the play. There is given also a portrait of Balzac that is much the best we have ever seen; it reveals the strange, strong genius of the man as does no other with which we are acquainted.

The frontispiece of one of the new volumes is an excellent portrait of Henry Ward Beecher. Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Beecher's successor as

pastor of Plymouth Church, furnishes an interesting sketch of his life and a description of his qualities and power as a writer and preacher. "The greatness of Henry Ward Beecher," says Dr. Abbott, "consisted not so much in a predominance of any one quality as in a remarkable combination of many." So true is this that unlike many orators, Mr. Beecher has left something more than traditions of his greatness. While not often named as a man of letters, he has left no small body of writings, many of which will be interesting and inspiring to men for many a day to come. One is convinced of this in the Library where are reproduced one of the famous "Star Papers," one of the great sermons, chapters from the novel "Norwood," and other writings, showing Mr. Beecher on all of his many sides and at his best.

"Masterpieces every one," may truly be said of the varied and interesting contents of the Library, and this characterization applies with equal truth to the special articles on great authors

prepared by over three hundred literary celebrities of this country and Europe. And not only individual authors but entire fields of literature are covered in these exhaustive reviews, and their perusal gives the reader a connected, comprehensive and impressive idea of the whole world of letters. In a word, the masterpieces afford the equivalent of uncondensed thousands of books, and the essays furnish a guide to them all and to much other good reading. These purely literary portions in connection with the Dictionary of Authors, the Synopsis of all Notable Works, and the exhaustive General Indexes make it

possible to easily gain a knowledge of all that is best in books, and to quickly ascertain any desired literary fact.

No one with any aspirations to literary culture or taste literary education.

The first edition is, of course, the most desirable.

can afford to be without this monumental compendium. In a word, if one reads at all, it is invaluable. With the aid of this great library, one may acquire in a season's easy reading a wider grasp of literature than could otherwise be obtained by the industrious study of a lifetime. Although this proposition may seem startling at first, these thirty volumes really contain a well-rounded

because printed from the new, fresh plates. Usually a higher price is charged, but the publishers of the Library have actually reduced the price, and are making a special offer, so as to place a few sets in each community for inspection. At the figure put upon these special sets, the buyer saves nearly half the list-price, besides having the privilege of easy monthly payments. But it is possible to take advantage of this price through the Harper's Weekly Club only, which offers a limited number of sets, to introduce and advertise the work. The Club now forming closes in April, when the price will be

In order that McClure readers, who so desire, may make sure of the work at the introductory price, we have again reserved fifty of these special sets, which will go to the first who apply, mentioning this Magazine. Prompt application for sample pages (and special prices) should therefore be made to Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York.



HAMILTON W. MABIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

「LESS T

DO NOT NECLECT THIS RARE OPPORTUNIT

For more than two years the best energies of our special educational staff of over 200 well-known scientific writers have been concern the preparation of the most important American publication of modern times—one that even now is recognized throughout the education as a fitting culmination of nineteenth century science and literary progress. We are now able to announce the early completion of the production, acknowledged to be the most complete, reliable and thoroughly up-to-date of all reference libraries, which has been appropriate

made by Americans for Americans. It combines all the essential features of a complete general Eucyclopædia, a pronounce Dictionary, a Library of Biography, and a Gazetteer of the World, all based upon the latest reports and statistics available up to March 1897. Our plan involves the treatment in condensed encyclopædic form, of the whole range of human knowledge, with special attendance new subjects that have been developed during this last decade of marvelous scientific progress and research. This great new work absolutely alone in its treatment of the live subjects of our wonderful to-day. Space forbids even a partial enumeration of practical, ben'in-developing features of this matchless work, which may be truly pronounced an absolute necessity to every man, wound child who covets knowledge. We can simply guarantee its vast superiority over every other reference work in print. It is an ideal, apic-combination of

ENCYCLOPÆDIA, LIBRARY OF BIOGRAPHY, DICTIONARY AND GAZETTEER.

FOUR MASSIVE QUARTO **VOLUMES**

10,000 Columns of Matter 150,000 Vocabulary Words and Subjects 65,000 Encyclopaedic Articles 15,000 Biographical Sketches 75,000 Geographical Names and Places Over 8,000.000 Words Nearly 4,000 Illustrations 16 Full Pages of Plates in 17 Colors 48 Full Page Plates in Monotone

COST \$250,000

Yours Just Now For

About Half Cost of Making.



PARTIAL LIST OF EDITORS AND SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Prof. Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D., late Pres, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.
Prof. Marcus Benjumin, Ph.D., F.C.S., of Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.
Prof. Mansfield Merriman, C.E., Ph.D., of Lehigh University (Bridge Bullding).
Rev. A. E. Dunning, D.D., Editor of The Congregationallst, Boston, Mass.
Prof. Harrison Allen, M.D., of Philadelphia.
Rev. Wm. X. Ninde, D.D., Ll.D., Bishop of the M. E. Church and Pre-ident of the Epworth League.
Prof. Henry C. Vedder, of Crozer Theological Seminary.
Prof. Lewis Swift, M.N.A.S., of Mt. Echo Observatory, California. California.

John Willis Buer, Esq., General Secretary Christian Endeavor Prof. E. E. Montgomery, M.D., of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

Prof. Simon Newcomb, LL.D., M.N.A.S., U.S. Nass
Observatory, Georgetown, D.C.
Prof. Amos Emerson Dolbear, Ph.D., Tuft's Collega
Miss. (Bicetrical Subjects).
Rev. John F. Hurst, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the M. E.
Church and Chancellor of the American University.
Prof. J. Mark Baldwin, College of New Jersey, Princeles
(Psychological Subjects).
Rev. Henry C. McCook, D.D., of Philadelphia.
Henry G. Bryant, Esq., the well-known Explorer, conduct
of the Peary Relief Expedition (Arctic Explorations).
Prof. Frederic A. Lucas, Curator, Department of Comparatic
Anatomy, U.S. National Museum.
How. Henry Skilmer, State Entomologist of Pennsylvania.
Rev. Geo. T. Purves, D.D., LL.D., Frinceton Theologic
Seminary, Seminary,
Prof. Charles S. Dolley, A.M., M.D., late Prof.
Blology, University of Pennsylvania (Bacteriology).

READ OUR CREAT SPECIAL OFFER.

THE AMERICAN EDUCATOR will be completed about June 1st—perhaps sooner; the finishing touches are now being applied by an army of experts and artists. There will be only two styles of binding—Cloth, at \$36.00 a set, and Half-Russia, at \$65.00 a set. In parameter of our original and well-known methods of neitvertisting, we propose to secure immediate and wide spread publicity for our new work to distributing the first cellifon at about one-fifth regular prices, namely, \$7.20 for the cloth style (4 vois.) and \$9.00 for the half Bansia, to being fittle more than half i the actual cost of making. By so doing we shall secure at once the inevitable verified of universely of the confidence of th

· berining HOW TO ORDER.

Send \$7.50, if cloth style is desired, or \$9.00, if Half-Russia. You will recein full at our special ndwnnce price, and the complete set of four volumes will special book-case, as shown above, will be furnished for \$1.00 additional. Books guaranteed as represented. I unded if set is returned within ten days. We refer to any Commercial Agency, or to any bank or newspaper. in the payer BOOK OF SAMPLE PAGES AND ILLUSTRATIONS FREE ON RECEIPT OF 20. STAMP.

SYNDICATE PUBLISHING CO., 224 South Eighth Street, PHILADELPHIA.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

Are unsurpassed in

Tone, Beauty, and Durability.

Y our new system of payments every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine Piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. Write for catalogue and full explanations.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.,

174 Tremont Street,

....Boston, Mass

A new departure in Music Boxes. Wonderfully sweet and brilliant in tone. Play over 1,000 tunes. Do not get out of order. Handsomely cased in all modern woods. Run from 20 to 30 minutes with each winding, and keep excellent time throughout. Cost from \$14.00 to \$70.00. THE ORCHESTRAL THE LARGEST MUSIC BOX MADE. Has the same scope as a seven-octave piano. Wonderfully brilliant, plays each selection complete. Just the thing to make a hotel attractive. A money-making instrument

for public places. Can be arranged with money-drop and in this way pays for itself within a short time. Sure to attract trade if used in a store, Illustrated catalogue,

showing all styles of Reginas, sent free upon application.

Regina Music Box Co. RAHWAY, N. J.

WEBER PIANOS

The distinguishing characteristic of the Weber Piano is its

Sympathetic Tone;

that is because it is constructed from the Musician's Standpoint.

WAREROOMS:

Fifth Ave., cor. 16th Street, New-York. 258-260 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Church Organs



A Specialty Instruments for churches of small and medium size. Our large output of similar instruments secures economy and perfection of manufacture.

On Approval If desired we send portable styles on approval. Write for particulars of our approval order plan.

Catalogs mailed to any address without charge.

THE MASON & RISCH VOCALION CO., Ltd. g Summer Street, Wercester, Mass.

1,500.00 IN GOLD GIVEN

THIS IS A BONA FIDE OFFER, READ CAREFULLY, IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN

THREE CRAND CONTESTS IN ONE

HERE ARE OUR PROPOSITIONS: -\$500.00 in Gold to the persons who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in the word FANHION. \$500.00 in Gold to the persons that can make the greatest number of words from the letters in the word FIXINGS. \$500.00 in Gold to the persons that can make the greatest number of words from the letters in the word MONTHLY. You can enter one or all three contests.

OFFER No. 1

\$500.00 IN GOLD to the persons forming the greatest number of words from the letters in the word FASHION, as follows: \$200.00 in Gold will be given to the person sending the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word FASHION; \$100.00 to the person sending the next largest list; \$20.00 to the person sending the third largest list; \$20.00 to the person sending the third largest list; \$20.00 to each of the next term and \$100 to each of the next twenty-five. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word FASHION, use no language except English. Words spelled alike but with different meaning can be used but once. Use any dictionary, any word found therein will be allowed except as follows: no plurals, prefixes, suffixes or abbreviations will be allowed. Work it out in this manner, as, ash, on, has, fan, etc. The above rewards are given free to attract attention to our handsome woman's magazine, a pages, 102 long columns, finely illustrated, containing the very latest fashions, and all the next terms of the stories by the best authors; prace, 500 per year. TO ENTER THE CONTEST No. 1 IT IS NECESSARY FOR YOU TO SEND 25 TWO-CENT STAMPS OR MONEY ORDER for one year's subscription with your list of words. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded.

OFFER No. 2

OFFER No. 3

\$500.00 IN COLD to the persons sending the largest lists of words formed from the letters in the word MONTHLY, as follows: \$50.00 each to the four persons sending the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word MONTHLY, as follows: \$50.00 each to the four persons sending the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word MONTHLY; \$55.00 each for the next four largest lists; \$10.00 each for the next four largest lists of words for one year's subscription to words for one year's subscription to our magazine you can enter any one of these contests; by sending 40 two-cent stamps for an eighteen month's subscription you can enter any two of these contests; by sending 50 two-cent stamps for a two year's subscription you can enter all three contests; You will be almost sure to receive one or more of the 158 cash prizes.

GRAND COMBINATION OFFER

Every person entering all three competitions and sending 50 two-cent stamps will receive by return mail a very handsome Gold Plated Combination Shirt Waist Set, consisting of a Collar Button, 3 Shirt Studs, a pair of Link Sleeve Buttons, and a Skirt Holder that will fit any belt. These Jewelry Sets are something entirely new and are set with very handsome colored Parisian enamel. They are worth more than the price of the three subscriptions, and will be sure to please every one.

The March number of FASHION AND FIXINGS contains the names and addresses of the people who received cash prizes from our last contest. Send your last at once or not later than May join, at which time contest closes, The names of all successful contestants will be published in the July number of FASHION AND FIXINGS. We refer you to any mercantile agency as to our responsibility. Address

Contestants residing in Foreign Countries must send double these amounts for extra postage.

& KELLE Department 43, 156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

FOR AN ENTIRE

FLOWER GARDEN

10000000

10000





It supplies oxygen to the blood. It is condensed vigor that can be imparted to the patient by self-treatment. It cures disease and pain under Nature's own laws. It is applied as in illustration. Large book of information and latest price-list mailed free.

ORIGINAL IMPROVED OXYDONOR COMPLETE, \$15.00 OXYDONOR No. 2, LATEST IMPROVED,

11 EAST VAN ANDEN STREET, AUBURN, N. Y. DR. H. SANCHE: My Dear Sir—No word is adequate in praise of your renowned and much-valued instrument, the Oxydonor "Victory." We have used one since June a year ago My sister was paralyzed at that time, and in five treatments recovered the use of her arm, being able to perform her usual household duties—never complaining of any ill effects from the malady since.

I have successfully treated other cases, and cannot say too much in favor of such a boon to humanity. May success attend your every effort in this Christian work is my heartiest wish. Believe me

Very sincerely yours, Mrs. Dr. J. C. Petrrison.

DR. H. SANCHE, Discoverer and Inventor

261 Fifth Avenue, New York City

61 Fifth St., cor. Fort, Detroit, Mich.

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1897

The Leading American Seed Catalogue mailed FREE to any address.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Philadelphia.

or Morphine Habit Cured at Home. Trial Free. No Pain. Comp'd Ozygen Ass'n, Ft. Wayne, Ind.



on the side of your foot;
—get rid of the corn.
It's easy if you have
A-Corn Salve 15c. box.
Your druggist or by mail.
Glant Chemical Co.,
805 Cherry St., Phila.



EUROPEAN TOURS Full descriptrated programmes free. A. DE POTTER, 1466 Broadway, N. Y.

OLD EYES MADE NEW—Away with glasses. By mail, to cents. Dr. FOOTE, Box 788, New York.

BEST ART TOOL

AIR BRUSH MFG. CO. 1025, ROCKFORD, ILL.

PERFECT BEAUTY.

DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS and FOULD'S ARSENIC SOAP are the most wonderful preparations in the world for the complexion. They remove Pimples, Freckies, Blackheads, Moth, Sallowness, Tan, Redness, Oillness, and all other facial and bodily blemishes. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedy on earth can. Wafers per box, \$1; 6 large boxes, \$5; Soap, \$6c. Address all orders to H. B. FOULD, at 6th ave. New York.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.



ESTABLISHED 1836 CAPITAL, \$1,000,000

are sold in vast quantities by the aid of our large illustrated CATALOGUE, mailed FREE. We quote prices delivered at your depot, if desired. We make and sell

FURNITURE

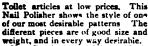
If you need any write for FREE CATALOGUE.

ROBERT MITCHELL FURNITURE COMPANY

No. 9 West Fourth Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Sterling Silver..

..AII. POLISHER
\$ 1.75



weight, and in every way desirable.

Hair Brush, \$4.50; Mirror, \$8.75;
Comb. \$1.25; Military Brush, \$4.00;
Bonnet Brush, \$2.00; Nail Brush,
\$1.00. Other pieces to natch at
equally low prices. Send for

CATALOGUE "J."

Free to any address, 100 pages of beautiful illustrations of everything in Sterling Silver for the Toilet, Desk and Table, at lowest prices.



Any article sent sages ...

DANIEL LOW & CO.

225 ESSEX STREET Silve

Silversmiths

& & SALEM, MAS

PRENTISS Calendar Clocks



The most Complete and Perfect Clock ever produced.

8-Day, \$12.80 60-Day, \$19.20

10-inch Dial and 2-inch Dates.

In Light or Antique Oak, Walnut or Mahogany.

SPLENDID TIME KEEPERS
PERPETUAL CALENDAR

Send for Illustrated Catalogue No. 2397.

The Prentiss Clock Improvement Co.,
Dept. T. 49 Dey Street, New York City.

Summer Homes

in the Lake Regions of

Wisconsin, Northern Michigan,

Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota

along the line of



THERE are hundreds of charming localities where the best of fishing may be had and ranging in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal.

Send a two-cent stamp for a copy of "Vacatise Days," giving description of the principal resorts, and a Summer Guide for 1897, with list of hotels and boarding houses and rates for accommodation.

GEO. H. HEAFFORD.

General Passenger Agent, Chicago



TRADE-MARK.

Sterling Silverware

All the Silver Productions of the

R. Wallace & Sons M'f'g Co.

are Sterling (see fine), and their trade-mark: Stag's Head and letters R. W. & S. Sterling.

The wares of this Co. are characterized by originality of design, finished workmanship and SALEABILITY, and are to be found in the stocks of all the reputable jewellers throughout the country.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

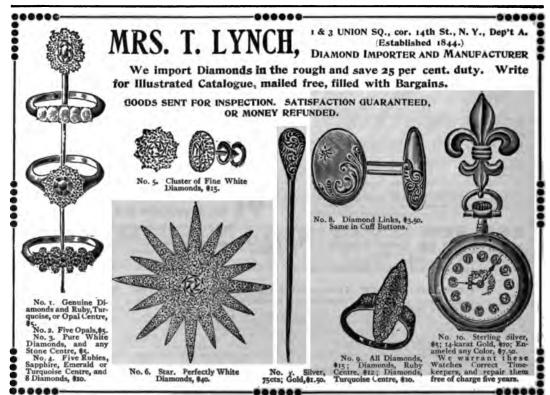
NEW YORK:
see Fifth Avenue.
CHICAGO:
109-111 Walnuth Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO:
120 Sutter St.
Manufactory

and Principal Offices WALLINGFORD, CONN.



For 50 Years Genuine "1847 Rogers Bros." Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc. have been in use and given entire satisfaction. This proves that they are the best. The prefix 1847 on any knife, fork or spoon, wherever bought, guarantees its high quality. Meriden Britannia Company MERIDEN, Conn. 208 Fifth Avenue (Madison Square West), New York City. Manufacturers of "Silver Plate that Wears" articles our trade-mark is: Sold by leading dealers.





وعرب والمراب والمرابط والمرابط

Seven of the volumes are on the press and the eighth and last will be ready April 1. By special arrangement with the publishers, a limited number of sets will be distributed through The New York Newspaper Syndicate to introduce and advertise the work Those ordering now will secure the Library at about on-half the regular subscription price, which is from \$485 to \$48 a set according to binding. On receipt of only One Dollar the first seven volumes will be delivered at one, and the eighth immediately after March 15. The balance is payable at the rate of only 10 cents a day. The Syndicate allows a whole week in which to examine the work, when it may be returned if not entirely eatisfactory and money will be promptly refunded.



or great, she be a His of the W whichiso prehens authen ably writ fully i trated. a above a **down-**1 date. one sin

work which at last completely fills all these requirements is that inc parable record of human development and progress, the

LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL HISTOR

8 Splendid Volumes; Nearly 4000 pages; Over 600 Illustrations; Nearly 100 Colored 1

FOUNDATION
The material for the Library has been laboriously secured from the such as the Great Libraries and Museums of the world, and Government Archives. The data thus collected has been arranged and carefully written, under special commission, by ISAAC SMITH CLARY, the well-known historian, and has been reviewed and verified by the Professors of History in four leading American Universities. The text is preceded by an elaborate Essay on the Study of History by Moses Colt Tyler, Professor of American History in Cornell University.

ILLUSTRATIONS The Library contains over 1000 illustrations from the foremost artists of Europe and America, embracing facsimiles of carved inscriptions recently discovered, battle scenes from famous paintings, interesting scenic representations, and authentic portraits and busts of ancient and modern celebrities from Herodotus the father of History to William McKinley and his Cabinet.

and his Cabinet.

MAPS The geographical and physical features of the Library are carefully described and illustrated by a large number of new single and double-page colored maps, besides numerous charts and diagrams. Among the former are eleven separate maps of Europe alone, exhibiting the political and geographical changes from the fall of the Roman Empire to the present day. The maps cover a wide range, from the representation of the World according to Strabo and Ptolemy to charts showing the scenes of the late Armenian Massacres, and Dr. Nansen's route in the polar regions.

STYLE The old dry style of simply detailing ever chronological order has been discarded, are brought out so as to interest the reader not only narration but the Philosophy of History. The pages are vened with historic stories of olden time and authentic his ings of to-day. Each nation is held up to view as a pi and the whole work, with its lavish illustrations and imaps, affords an inspiring panorama of the moving one events in history from the dawn of time to the present;

The very full Table of Contents and E haustive General Index make the Library valuable for the purpose of following for period to period the historical study of special topics, such as Education, Religion Finance, Diplomacy, Literature, etc.

The Library is printed in large clear type man pressly for the work,

down and 10 cents a day (pay monthly) secures the entire w **I** for immediato use **and enlay**s

SEE HOW The Library presents a complete record of events throughout the world up to the time of the lication of the last volume. For instance, it contains the only authentic history of "The LATE IT IS menian Massacres," "The Venezuelan Boundary Dispute," "The New Arbitan Treaty," "The Cuban Revolution," "The Revolt in Crete," together with the history of every important nation, all illustrated and explained with a large number of new portraits, maps and diagrams, word, THE LIBRARY is the MOST RECENT HISTORY OF THE WORLD BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

HOW TO ORDER THIS SUPERB HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Bring or send \$1 to THE NEW YORK NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE, 98 fifth Avenue, New York, and the first volumes of THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY, in cloth binding, will be forwarded to you at cose. The balance able at the rate of only 10 costs a day for five months. We farmled free a little Savings Bank. You can have the Half-More and the little of the savings Bank. You can have the Half-More and the little of the savings Bank. You can have the Half-More and the little of the savings Bank. You can have the Half-More and the savings Bank. You can have the Half-More and the savings Bank. You can have the Half-More and the savings Bank. You can have the Half-More and the savings Bank. You can have the Half-More and the savings Bank. You can have the Half-More and the savings Bank. You can have the Half-More and the savings Bank. You can have the Half-More and the savings Bank. You can have the Half-More and the savings Bank. You can have the Half-More and the savings Bank. You can have the Half-More and the savings Bank. You can have the Half-More and the savings Bank. You can have the Savings Bank. You can

Address: NEW YORK NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE, - 93 Fifth Avenue, New Y



onnecticut Three pence, worth \$150.

1,000 OLD COIN.

If you ever should be so fortunate as to find any rare American or foreign coins or stamps issued before 1878 save them and send us your address your address oday. Wepay high prices for hundreds of dates & kinds.

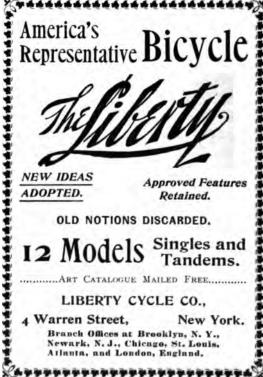
hundreds of dates & kinds.

Among those 1873, and those from 1879 to 1800; quarter-dollars, especially the tar haif-dollars to 1873, and those from 1879 to 1800; quarter-dollars, especially the tar ones of 1853, and Isabella quarters of 1853; twenty-cent pieces before each reference of 1853, and Isabella quarters of 1854; twenty-cent pieces before each reference of 1854, as precially those from 1854 the last issue of the three-cent allers and the two-cent copper coins; the first issue of the flying eagle cents; the rare large control coloration coins with MINT MARKS O. S. C. D or Coloration of the control of the c



THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO., VIRELAND, N. J., and WATEIRS, N. Y.







Gilt Wall Paper Five Cents a Roll.

Other wall papers equally cheap. Let us know the rooms you want to paper and the colors you prefer, and we will send you samples of latest designs and book of information free. We want one agent in each town to take orders for our papers from large sample books, on liberal commissions. Outfit by express, \$1 deposit required. United States Wall Paper Co.,

411 Race Street,

HAIR ON THE FACE,



NECK OR ARMS quickly dissolved and removed with our new

FRENCH DEPILATORY,

and the growth destroyed without the slightand the growth destroyed without the slightest injury or discoloration of the most delicate skin. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple that any one can use it; it acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes, and the hair disappears immediately. Any one troubled with superfluous hair on the face, neck or arms can have it removed without the slighest injury when applied, or ever afterwards. Absolutely guaranteed, and will be sent prepaid for the superfluous to the superfluous that the superfluor that is the superfluor that the superfluor is the superfluor that the superfluor is the superfluor that the superfluor is the superfluor in the superfluor in the superfluor is the superfluor in the superfluor in the superfluor is the superfluor in the superfluor is the superfluor in the superfluor in the superfluor in the superfluor is the superfluor in the superfluor

Our Fifty Page Illustrated Catalogue will interest TOU. Safe, Light, Handsome, Compact, In-EXTENDED AOME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O. expensive.





at much lower prices

than any other firm in the world is expour Art Catalogue, Send for it!

The above cut illustrates one of our populars priced Phaeton, with beauty, grace and streng ltted (if desired) with ball-bearing axles and

Columbus Phæton Co., Columb

GAS AND GASOLINE



The simplest gas and gasoline engine on the market. Has no equal for absolute, steady speed and durability. It is a dwarf in size, but a Samson in strength. Catalogue sent on appli-cation. Manufactured by

J. J. NORMAN CO. 59 South Clinton Street CHICAGO, ILL.

"R. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC CURE

DEN SPECIFIC CO., 439 Race St., Cincle —— Write for our literature, on the Painles of the Opium and Morphine "Enbits."



THE SANITARI

massage, and other curative semployed. Write for circular, Dr. Franklin D. Pierce, 8

AT IMPORTERS' PRICES

Best Oolong, Ceylon, Japan and English Brea Delivered free. C. E. RICHMOND, Taunton, Man



Send your name for Souvenir of the Works of Eugene Field FLO**WERS** یی

The Engene Field Monument Souvenir.

The most beautiful Art Production of the century. "A small be the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of the Field's Farm of Love." Contains a selection of the most beautiful poems of Eugene Field. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-five of world's greatest artists as their contribution to the Monument. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book contains the production of the contribution of the Monument. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book contains the contribution of the contribution of the contains the contains the contribution of the contains the contain EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, 180 Monroe St. Ch.

CLEAN Every lady buys a Stove Polishing Mitten at sight. Polishes the stove better and quicker than a brush. Sample HANDS by mail. 30c. a set; 4 sets, \$1. New Eng. Novelty Mrg. Co., 24 Portland St., Dept. 39, Boston, Mass. Agents can make \$3 per day.



You have a Whole Year to Pay the Balance in Monthly Amounts, so small you will not feel the outlay. The learning, the wisdom, the knowledge of centuries, of hundreds of volumes by the brightest minds, is condensed in the

STANDARD AMERICAN ENCYCLOPEDIA

for your convenience, ready at a moment's notice to tell you anything you want to know. The results of our special offer have been satisfactory in selling many additional sets by our agents at regular prices that we have decided to continue it A LITTLE WHI LONGER. To be sure of a set at these special terms, you should, however, apply at once.

We deliver the complete set on the first payment of \$1.00. Further: you have the right to examine the work for ten days; if not entirely natisfactory in every respect you may return it, and your money will be promptly refunded. No other book publisher makes such an offer.

Regular Price

a set, according to style of binding

The latest and best of all reference works

ACT NOW

Treats over 60,000 topics, including the Arts, Sciences, Philosophy, History, Biography, Geography, Astronomy, Geology, Meteorology, Navigation, Exploration, Discovery, Agriculture, Horticulture, Commerce, Finance, Ethnology, Zoology, Botany, Chemistry, Physiology, Mineralogy, Electricity, Theology, Law, Medicine, Political Economy, Statistics, etc., etc.



Our Price for a little while longer

Of one of these superb

Balance payable \$1 monthly for one year

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Six Great Reference Works in One

- 1. It is the latest and best encyclopedia.
- 2. It is the best selected and most complete biographical tionary.
- 3. It is the best mapped atlas of the world.
- 4. It is the latest and most reliable gazetteer of the United States.
- It has the largest dic tionary of technical terms.
- 6. It is the most popular library of household information.

AN INEXHAUSTIBLE TREASURY OF INFORMATIO FOR ANY HOUSEHOLD. YOURS IF YOU WRITE NO

MAGNIFICENTLY ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT With over 3,500 engravings of superb quality and wonderful variety, including numerous engraved portraits of distinguished Poets, Authors, Physicians, Chemists, Philosophers, and Scientists, and with over 300 new maps and charts from the VERY LATEST EXPLORATIONS and SURVEYS.

THREE GREAT AUTHORITIES SAY: "There is no work in the world that can compare with it."—New York Herald.

"The Standard American Encyclopedia is especially suited to private families. Its tables, maps of countries and cities, Summaries of Useful Knowledge, etc., make it a most valuable book of reference. I cordially commend it to the public."

—EDWARD BROOKS, Superintendent of Schools, Philadelphia.

BEND \$1 to THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PUBLISHING CO., ris Fifth Avenue, New York City, and a full set of clark to the public."

BEND \$1 to THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PUBLISHING CO., ris Fifth Avenue, New York City, and a full set of clark to the public."

BEND \$1 to THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PUBLISHING CO., ris Fifth Avenue, New York City, and a full set of clark to the public."

BEND \$1 to THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PUBLISHING CO., ris Fifth Avenue, New York City, and a full set of clark to the public. The public public

Send two-cent stamp for postage on 22-page illustrated pamphlet with sample pages, colored map, and portraits of famous inventors. We refer you to the publishers of this magazine. Please mention it when writing. Address

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PUBLISHI G COMPANY, 156 1 TH AVENU

4 45252575757575757575555



Its taste is that of the milder and more expensive grades of Java.

It is an absolutely pure product of the cereals intended by nature for man's sustenance, and selected by the highest scientific knowledge of the food elements required by the human body.

About 70 per cent is from the gluten, albumens and phosphates of wheat which go directly to make the gray matter in the nerve cells. (Well-fed nerve centers mean health, strength and success in life.)

About 20 per cent is the starchy particles of grain which go to make the fat globules of the body, and about 10 per cent is saccharine matter, (sugar) prepared from cereals.

That is why the famous saying "It makes red blood" is true when common coffee does exactly the other thing.

The alkaloids in coffee are well enough known to Physicians and Chemists as identical with those of morphine, whiskey and tobacco, but less in degree. A strong constitution can stand daily doses. Many good constitutions feel even small doses of coffee.

In the race for success, throw off the impediments and take advantage of the health and strength to be found in scientifically prepared Food Coffee. You can turn sturdy good health and strength into gold and fame.

That's sense, plain common sense.

Postum Cereal Food Coffee can be found in all the better fancy groceries.

Warning. Don't "drip"
Postum. Boil 15 minutes and
see that you have enough in to
make it black and rich and
"there you are" a friend
forever.

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE IT.
GROCERS SELL IT.
GOOD COOKS SERVE IT
BLACK AND RICH AS MOCHA

SAMPLES SENT FREE

Postum Cereal Co., Lim., Battle Creek, Mich.



LITHIA WATER

Disintegrates, Breaks Down and Eliminates Stone of the Kidneys or Bladder, Both Uric Acid and Phosphatic Formations. Its Value in Bright's Disease, the Gouty Diathesis, etc.

ANALYSIS AND REPORT OF

DR. R. OGDEN DOREMUS

Professor of Chemistry in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3d, 1896.

E. C. LAIRD, M.D., Resident Physician, Buffalo Lithia

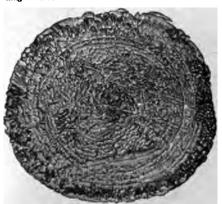
Springs, Va.

DEAR DOCTOR:—I have received the five collections of Disintegrated Calcull, each collection containing a number of fragments, and also the three boxes, each containing a single calculus, mentioned in your letter as discharged by different patients under treatment by the

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER Spring No. 2

I have analyzed and photographed parts of each specimen, and designated them alphabetically.

One of the Calculi from the collection marked "A," was 3-16 of an inch in diameter, of an orange color, and on section exhibited a nucleus, surrounded by nine concentric layers of a crystalline structure, as shown in the accompanying photograph marked "A," magnified 12 diameters.



(Calculi "A" magnified 12 diameters.)

On chemical analysis it was found to consist of Urio Acid

(colored by organic substances from the urine), with traces of Ammonium Urate and Calcium Oxalate.

A fragment of a broken down calculus from the same collection was found to consist of Uric Acid.

(Report as to six specimens of Calculi omitted to economize space.)

The contents of the boxes marked "C" consisted chiefly of

whitish crystalline materials.

On microscopic examination they exhibited well defined primatic crystals characteristic of "Triple Phosphates," as shown in the accompanying photograph "C," magnified so diameters.

diameters.

On chemical analysis they were found to consist of Magnesium and Ammonium Phosphate (Triple Phosphate), Calcium Phosphate, Calcium Carbonate a trace; Sodium and Potassium Salts in traces, Uric Acid and Urates none. Calcium Ozalate none, Organic debris in considerable quantity, and matters foreign to Calculum Ozalate none.



(Collection "C" magnified so diameters.) Yours respectfully,
R. OGDEN DOREMUS.

According to distinguished Medical authority Uric Acid Poisoning shows itself in Gout, Rhoun tism, Lithemia, Stone of the Kidney and Bladder, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Herpetiform Neuralgie Affections, Nervous Prestration, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Asthma, Hervous Headache, cases of Mental Depression and in certain forms of Dyspepsia and Ecsema

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER disselves and washes out of the system Uric Acid Deposit, and is Mature's own specific for these and all troubles of Uric Acid origin. Taken as a common beverage or table water it acts as a preventive of Uric Acid deposit and of the distressing maladies caused by such deposit.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally. Pamphlets on app PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VA. Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

MRS. BTERLING 48 LBS. OF FAT! MRS. STERLING

Cured by Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills, Salt and

Writing from her home in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Jean Sterling, the famous wome orator who was so prominent in the late Presidential campaign, and who has long beam with the Treasury Department, says: "I cannot refinal from writing you wast Dr. Obesity Filis and Fruit Sait have done for me. In an enverse stey have reduced as and cured me of paiglication of the heart and shortness of breath. I shall recommended to the process of the proce

Only Obesity Remedies Admitted at the World's Pair

Don't waste time and health with other treatments until you know just what Dr. EDISONS'S OBESITY TREATMENT IS.

PRICES.—Obesity Pills, \$1.50 a bottle; three bottles for \$4 (enough for treatment); Obesity Fruit Salt, \$1.00 a bottle. If either Pills or Salt be both, best effects are gained by taking the Pills, Dr. Edison's common Of Band is \$2.50 up to 36 inches in length, and to cents extra for each additional inch. His improved bands are a little more expensive. Measure as per figures on cut.

Dr. Edison's Obesity and Supporting Bands should be used by fleshy men and women; his Supporting Band by all women in a weak condition.

MEDICAL 'DEPARTMENT. — Address our Chicago
Medical Department about your obesity or about any medical
question. You will be answered carefully and practically and without
We send free "How to Cure Obesity." We forward goods promptly.
on our envelopes. Mention Department. Use only the nearest address.

LORING & CO., Dept. 127, 42 W. 22d St., N.Y. City. 3 Hamilton Place, Beets Remember Dr. Edison's Treatment is Better and Cheaper than any other. We have three large stores, the office-you can't find them personally.





An institution for the scientific treatment of

Cancer,

Tumors, and all forms of Malignant Growths.

WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE

We have never failed to effect a permanent cure where we have had a reasonable opportunity for treatment. Book and Circulars giving a description of our Sant-torium and Treatment, with terms and references, free.

Address DRS. W. E. BROWN & i



MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM



TOILET

Approved by Highest Medical Authorities for the use of infants and adults.

"MENNEN'S"

is the original, others are imitations and liable to do harm.

Positive relief for all affections of the skin. Delightful after shaving. Take no substitute. Sold by druggists or mailed for 25 cents. FREE Name this paper. Samples FREE GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

DON'T WEAR GLASSES Eye Food Nourishes eyes, doing away with glasses. Thousands of Testimonials, Glasses not discarded money returned. Treatment and Instrument mailed for \$1.00. EYE POOD CO., Box 107, Cincinnati, O.



Hair Blemishes

On Face, Neck and Arms Removed Instantly and ferever, at the first touch of

PADONA

hair vanishes like mist before the rising sum.

Roots of the hair wither and die, making a new growth impossible; leaving the skin soft, white and beautiful. Easily applied, certain to cure, and harmless as dew. \$100 For Felt up for n ny came of falls are or where there is slightest trace of injury. Used by thousands of persons of refinement. Padona is sent by sail, postpaid, in safety maling cases, securely sealed, on receipt of 82 per box. Safe delivery of your letter insured by registering it at Post-office. All correspondence regarded strictly confidential. Mention McClure's. Live agents wanted everywhere.

THE PADONA COMPANY, CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A.

Description of McClure's Magazine may have

Dr. Scott's

Electric

Hair Brush



ON TRIAL.

We want you to try this brush; you need it but have felt doubtful about sending for it; we want to convince you that you can't do without it, and for that reason make this exceptional offer:

ABSOLUTELY FREE TRIAL

for six months; when, If it does not do all we claim for it, send it back, and your money will be cheerfully refunded without a word. What can be fairer?

We refer you to the publishers of this magazine, to the Commercial Agencies, the Bank of the Metropolis, New York, or to any druggist as to our responsibility.

WILL POSITIVELY CURE

Mervous Headache in 5 minutes! Bilious Headache in 5 minutes! Meuralgia in 5 minutes! Falling Hair and Baldness! Dandruff and Diseases of the Scalp!

Promptly Arrests Premature Grayness. Makes the Hair Grow Long and Glossy. Immediately Soothes the Weary Brain.

PRICES:— No. 1 Hair Brush, \$1.00.
No. 2 Hair Brush, \$1.50.
No. 3 Hair Brush, \$2.00.
No. 5 Hair Brush, \$3.00.

Quality the same in all; the price differs only according to size and power.

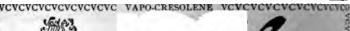
For Sale at Druggists and Dry Goods Stores.

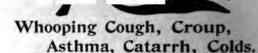
Ask for Dr. Scott's; take no other; see that name is on the box. At your store, or we will send on approval, postpaid, on receipt of price and ten cents for postage, and if you are not well satisfied with your bargain, write us and we will return the money.

GEO. A. SCOTT, Room 5, 846 Broadway, New York.

Dr. Roott's Electric Corsets, 31, 31.25, 31.20, 32 and 33; Electric Belts, 33, 35, 30; Electric Safety Razor, 32; Electric Flesh Brushes, 32; Electric Insoles, 30 cents; Electric Porous Plaster, 20 cents; Electric Pourler, 50 cents, AGENTS WANTED, Quick sales. Liberat pay. satisfaction guaranteed. 'The Doctor's Story.'' a volumble book, giving description of all our goods, seat on request.







the safest and most effectual means of treating the throat and bronchial tubes. Its efficiency in Whooping Cough and Croup is wonderful. Its antiseptic virtues render it invaluable in contagious diseases, as Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, etc. Descriptive booklet with testimontals free. Sold by all druggists,

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 69 Wall Street, New York

(Notice this to-day. This ad. may not appear again.)

Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in RELIABILITY? You can make twenty or more words, we feel sure, and if you do you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. Use no language except English. Words spelled alike, but with different meaning, can be used but once. Use any dictionary. Pronouns, nouns, verbs, adverbs, prefixes, suffixes, adjectives, proper nouns allowed. Anything that is a legitimate word will be allowed. Work it out in this manner: Rat, let, lye, lie, liable, bit, bite, bet, bat, etc. Use these words in your list. The publishers of WOMAN'S WORLD AND JENNESS MILLER MONTHLY will pay \$20.00 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word RELIABILITY; \$10.00 for the second; \$5.00 for the thirty, pext largest lists. The above rewards are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome woman's magazine, thirty-six pages, 144 long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price, \$1.00 per year. To enter the contest, it is necessary for you to send 25 cents in stamps or silver for a three months' trial subscription with your list of words, and every person sending the 25 cents and a list of twenty words or more is guaranteed an extra present, by return mail (in addition to the magazine), of a 788-page book, "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson, a fascinating story of love and thrilling adventure. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or money refunded. Lists should be sacinating story of love and thrilling adventure. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or money refunded. Lists should be sacinating story of love and thrilling adventure. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than May 15. The names and addresses of successful contestants will be printed in June issue, published in May. Our publication has been established ten



How many words do you think you can spell correctly with the letten is the word "METROPOLITAN," using each letter as desired, but not more times than it appears in "METROPOLITAN," using each letter as desired, but not more times than it appears in "METROPOLITAN," Verbs, proceeding the property of the letter as desired, but not more times than it appears in "METROPOLITAN," Verbs, proceeding the letter as desired, but not some word. Use any standard the letter as desired, and foreign words do not count. Verbre more, profess ruffixes, obsided and foreign words do not count. Work it out as follows that, the property of the largest list, \$50 for the letter and foreign words do not count. Work it out as follows and for each of the largest list, \$50 for the letter and for each for the near less and for each for the near less and for each for the propose.—The above rewards for mental effort are given for the purpose.—The above rewards for mental effort are given for the purpose, and the forty-three TRY IT.

Our Purpose,—The above rewards for mental effort are given for the words without consideration for the purpose of attracting attentions to MODES, by May Manton, the most popular up-to-date Fashion Magazine in the words without consideration for the purpose of attracting attentions to MODES, by May Manton, reader it invaluable as an absolutely reliable Fashion Guide.

Our Conditions.—You must send with your list of words 25 cents (stamps or silver) for a Three Months' Trial Subscription to MODES.

Our Extra Inducement.—Every person sending 25 cents and a list of 15 words or m.me, will, in addition to three worths' subscription, record in any size from 30 to 44 in.

Our Alm.—The present monthly circulation of MODES exceeds may be published in July issue of MODES, malsed June 2th, but SEND IS MODES. How our responsibility we refer you to any Mercatile Agency. Address:

Dept. 580, 130 WHITE STREET, New YORK

Drunkenness Can Be Cured

WITHOUT THE INEBRIATE'S KNOWLEDGE.

A CREAT CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS HAS BEEN DISCOVERED, CALLED

This comes in the form of small pellets which dissolve immediately when dropped in a liquid such as a cup of can be given absolutely without the inebriate's knowledge.

ANTI JAG acts directly on the stomach in such a way that liquor becomes distasteful, causing the patient to stop drinking without has ing why. They also tone and build up the system, quieting the nerves, restoring the disordered stomach, and remove all traces of disalpaths. Order through your druggist, or box mailed in plain wrapper on receipt of \$1, by

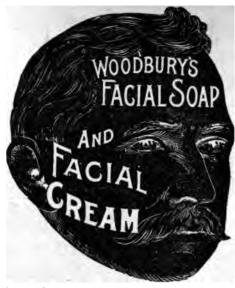
RENOVA CHEMICAL

64 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.
ANTI-DOPE CURES OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABITS, \$1.00.

FULL INFORMATION GLADLY MAILED FREE.

****************** Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers,





Made by Dermatologist John H. Woodbury who has had 26 years' experience, treating the skin, scalp and complexion. Sold

Superfluous Hair, Pimples, Freckles, Moles, Warts, Skin Diseases, and all Facial Blemishes permanently removed at the

John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute, New York, 127 W. 42d St.; Boston, 11 Winter St.

Philadelphia, 1306 Walnut St.; Chicago, 155 State St. Send roc, for a sample of either Woodbury's Facial Soap or Facial Cream, with illustrated book on Beauty and treatment of the skin.



The following testimonials are taken at random from among hundreds of others equally as strong:

Julius Cahn, Mgr. Bocking Department, Frohman's Theatres, Broadway and 40th St., N. Y., writes: "The benefits I have derived from the use of your Baim are surprising as well as pleasing, and I sincerely trust that suffering humanity will use it to same advantage as I have done."

Stops Earache Instantly.

C. C. Drake, of Lufkin Rule Co., Saginaw, Mich, writes: "Gives instant relief and certain cure." D. B. Thomas, Antiquarian, Sunman, Ind., writes: "It cured me of catarrb with which I was afflicted for twenty years and for which I spent much money." E. L. Allem, Waterville, Maine, writes: "Since using your remedy I have lost all traces of this loathsome disease."

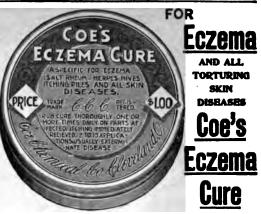
Mrs. S. E. Hopper, 98 Starr St., Brooklyn, writes:
"Was treated in several hospitals, given tablets, washes
and spray—all did no good. Was told of your Balm and
after using it some time, am perfectly cured."

Only 2 Cents for Sample.

For a two-cent stamp for postage, we will send you a sample—or for 50 cents. a full size package—of this won-derful remedy, which will certainly and effectually cure all kinds of nasal catarrh, colds in the head, catarrhal sore throat and deafness. It acts like magic with children, and is perfectly safe under all conditions and circumstances.

A most welcome exception to everything which has ever been effered to the public.

M. PRETZINGER & BRO., Chemists, - Dayton, Q.



HAS NO EQUAL

Physicians use it to cure themselves and recommend it to their patients. Hundreds cured. ACNE, ivy poisoning, itching piles, dandruff, quickly yield to this wonderful preparation.

A VOLUNTARY LETTER.

"CORPUS CHRISTI, Tex, August 32, 1896.
"COE CHEMICAL CO.—Your remedy is the best I ever saw for the present of eczema. (Signed) KING R. CUTLER, M.D."

For any skin trouble one box of Con's ECZEMA CURE is better than a long trip to any sanitarium or mineral springs in the world. Our Cure Cures; the trip may not.

> By Mail, \$1.00. Trial Box, 10 cents.

If your druggist does not have it, apply directly to us; take no substitute.

COE CHEMICAL CO., 215 EUCLID AVENUE, CLEVELAND, Q.

Vigor belongs to health.

Health to well-fed bodies. It's easy to feed some people, but proper nourishment for the invalid, the convalescent and the dyspeptic is hard to obtain.

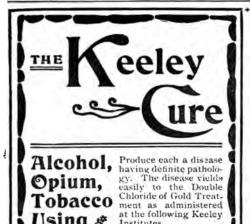
omatose

A Perfect Food, Tonic and Restorative.

for the pale, thin anæmic, dyspeptic and overworked, and those needing improved nourishment; strengthens and nourishes the system; restores the appetite; increases the weight.

Sometose is a powder and is for sale by all druggists in 2-ex., ½, ½, and 1-lb. tine.

Pamphists reporting "Sematone" mailed free by Schieft New York, sele agents in the United States for The Jarks verm, Priodz. Beyor & Oo., Elberhild.



ADDRESS THE KEELEY INSTITUTE at either

Using *

Toronto, Canada, 583 Sherbourne St, West Haven, Conn. Dwight, Ill. Kansas City, Kansas, Portsmouth Eldg, Crab Orehard, Ky.

Institutes.

New Orleans, La-Lexington, Mass. Decring, Maine, Kansas City, Mo., 1815 Independence Av., Kirkwood, Mo.

The United St Government

has adopted the Keeley treatment in the Soldien' Homes and in an institution for exclusive use of the Regular Army. Seven States have legislated to the application of this treatment to worthy indigent inebriates.

It is a fact, known generally by well-informed persons the inebriety, morphine and other drug addictions are discuss as simply habits, and to be cured they must receive model treatment

treatment. The method of treatment originated by Dr. Leslie B. Kelby, and administered only at institutes authorized by Jun, cure these diseases. This statement is easily substantiated by first. Three hundred thousand cured men and women are gad to testify to its truth.

The treatment at these institutes is pleasant. The patient is subject to no restraint. It is like taking a wacation of four weeks. He only knows that he is cured.

Detailed information of this treatment, and proofs of its maccess, sent free on application to any of the following institutes:

Newark, N. J., 15 Central Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., 358 Niagara Street, White Plains, N. Y., Fargo, N. D.

Cleveland, Ohio. Barrisburg, Pa., North & Capital Sts. Providence, R. I., 303-308 Washington St., Columbia, S. C.

Address the Institute nearest you. Keeley Catethin sent on applicate

IMPROVED BREATHING TUBE. Best device ever invented to prevent Consumption, Asthma Throat diseases, Invaluable for speakers and singers for improving Send stamp for description and testimonia.



Turkish Baths

at home—just as delicious and healthful dry steam, vapor oxygen and perfumed baths as you can get anywhere. Use the Improved Turko-Russian Folding Bath Cabinet. Wonderfully benedicial to circulation. complexion and general health. Send for descriptive circular. free. Mayor, Lane & Co., 144 White St. NewYork.

Send for 100 pp. illus. book and learn how.

SEELEY'S TRUSS ESTAB., 25 S. 11th St., Phila. Pa.



NEW MAMMODIA

Poultry Cuide for 1897, Some thing entirely new almost 100 pages; contains lithograph plate of Fowls in natural colors; plans for poultry houses, remedies and recipes for all diseases how to take Poultry and Gardening pay; only fecents. John Bauscher, Jr., Box 78 Freeport, Ill.

26th Edirion-Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)
THE HUMAN HAIR,
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., Lundon.
W. S. LONG & CO., 103 Arch St., Philada, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—Athenaum.

An editor writes: TOKOLOGY should be in the hands of every woman. It is unequaled in its practical scientific advice to women.

тоотн SOAP

rs imitate—None Equal. Harmingstat, or by mail 25c. C. H. STRONG & CO., CHICAG

HEARTS' AROMATIC COMPLEXION GRANULES

DON'T YOU WANT A PRETTY FACE?

make the linest and purest. Mest Face Wash and Aromatic Toilet Wash and Aromatic Court of the Aromatic Court of th

Dollar, or trial package for ten cents. Bookiet free. Address HEARTS' LABORATORY, Lock Box 754-D, CINCINNATI.

DON'T BE POOR \$2 200 A VEAR EAS

Folding Vapor Bath Cabinet, 20,000 sold. Everybod, 15

or well, buys. Business Men, Families, Physicism Ta

kish, Russian, Sulphur. Medicated Vapor

Baths at home. No Bath Tubs or Dr. bills. 10

ovates system, prevents disease, Octable. 10

sism, LaGrippe, Neuralgia, Malaria, Ex

ma, Caturth, Bright's Diseases, Headaches, Blos
Skin, Nerve and Kidney Diseases; Reautif,
Complexion; Guaranteed, Made of best Arniseen

Rubber Cloth; coppered frame. W. 5 ths. Pri

No. 10

Nolessale to Agents. Hook Free.

Rubber Cloth; coppered frame. Wt. 5 lbs. Price blesale to Agents. Rook Free. W. WORLD MFG. CO., COLUMBUS, 0.



RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY TROUBLE OLD AGE, Etc.

are caused by the less in the water we drink

Buy a Still

of F. E. Browne, Los Angeles, Cal.,

distil your own drinking water and save doctors b Send for Circular. Price. \$2.65 Delivered anywhere.

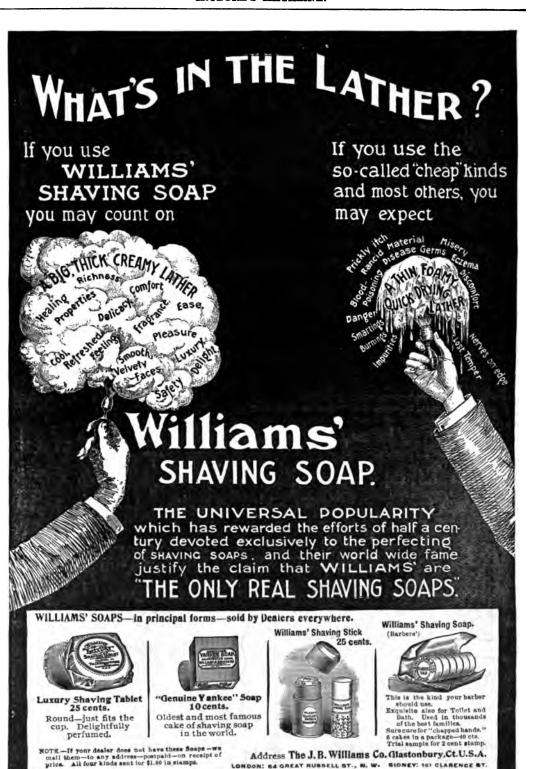
Mrs. L. N. A. writes: "If I knew I was to be the mother of innumerable children it would have no terrors for me, so great is my confidence in the science of TOKOLOGY."

A complete health guide by ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M. D., in practice over twenty-five years.

Best Terms to Agents. ample pages free.

.75. CLQ. \$2.25. ., Chicago.

ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., 277 Madison



THE IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR.



NO MATTER HOW GRAY YOUR HAIR, OR BLEACHED, ORDYED, IT MAKES IT BEAU-TIFUL, GLOSSY.

GRAY HAIR to its Original Color.

Regenerates BLEACHED HAIR.

By the use of the RE-GENERATOR once in every few months, the hair is always glossy, beautiful and natural.

No. 1. Black No. 2. Dark Brown.
No. 3. Medium Brown.
No. 4. Chestnut.
No. 5. Light Chestnut.
No. 6. Gold Blond.
No. 7. Ash Blond.

PRICE, \$1.50

We make applications a specialty and assure privacy.

IMPERIAL CHEM. MFG. CO.

Bet. 30th and 31st Sts.

Samples of hair colored free, For sale by Druggists and Hairdressers.



RED ROUGH

Itching, scaly, bleeding palms, shapeless nails, and painful finger ends, pimples, blackheads, oily, mothy skin, dry, thin, and falling hair, itching, scaly, crusted scalps, all yield quickly to warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure.

TCHING HUMORS CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Are 10,000 Men Mistaken?

Unless about 10,000 men, mainly professional men—lawyers, doctors, editors, preachers, and all other classes, including the writer, are very much mistaken, the Electropoise effects cures and gives relief where all other known remedies have failed. Especially is it efficacions in the case of feeble women and children. I have used one for the past two years, and find it invaluable as a curative agent.—Ruy. Zeptaniah Mirk, D.D., Editor of Central Methodies, Catletteburg, Ky.



WRITE for illustrated descriptive booklet telling all about this new, self-applied Oxygen treatment that cures disease without medicine. Sufferers from

Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Insomnia, Rheumatism and Neuralgia

will be gratified to learn that, as others have been, they can be cured by so simple a remedy.

Book, by mail, without charge if you write.

ELECTROLIBRATION CO., 1122 Broadway, N.Y.

www

Chew BEEMAN'S



Original

PEPSIN GUM

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness

All others are imitations

BLINDNESS PREVENTED

THE ABSORPTION TREATMENT A SUCCESS

"There should be no waiting to be blind"

The New York Observer says: "In the absorption treatment we find the most successful and humane method of treating diseased eyes or weakened vision ever devised. It is a boon to suffering humanity, hundreds having been successfully treated at the Bemis Sanitarium, for diseases of the eyes often said to be incurable, without the knife or risk; and as the treatment assists nature to do its own work without the use of drugs, the patients feel that a new lease of life as well as evesight has been given them. Among the grateful patients we find the Rev. B. N. Palmer, D.D., of New Orleans, La., well known to our Dr. Palmer some two years ago noticed his eyesight failing, and consulted Dr. Knapp of New York, and Dr. Pope of New Orleans, who diagnosed the case as atrophy. After being under treatment one year they pronounced his case hopeiess, and further treatment was abandoned. On July 24, 1896, one eye being nearly sightless and the other failing, he consulted E. H. Bemis, Eye Specialist of the Glens Falls (N. Y.) Sanitarium, remarking that he had 'nothing to lose and a great deal to gain,' as cataracts were forming which would make blindness sure, and the little sight left was only available with the aid of a strong magnifying glass. On September 7th, six weeks after commencing the absorption treatment, the strong lens had been laid aside, and the glasses discarded years ago now enable him to read again, to the great surprise of himself and friends.

"In order to bring before the public the advantages of the absorption treatment, which does away with all risk in treating the eyes, and furnishes a home treatment which can be safely used at the patient's home when it is impossible to visit the Sanitarium, we would state that a valuable pamphlet will be forwarded to any address free, and should be read in every family, as it gives the cause of failing eyesight and diseased eyes, how prevented and cured. The rapid increase in the number of persons who are becoming blind and relying upon artificial aids to see, demands a treatment which will reach the cause."

A. B. COLVIN, Treasurer of the State of New York, and a resident of Glens Falls, writes:

"... The history of this institution and its advance by marvelous strides is well known to all of us. It has been one of the most remarkable and successful projects ever essayed in Glens Falls. The entire credit belongs to Edward H. Bemis, the eye specialist, whose remarkable ability in his field of labor and wonderful energy have brought about the results so familiar, not only to residents of Glens Falls, but to hundreds, perhaps, better, thousands, of afflicted ones all over the United States and in many foreign lands. The success of Mr. Bemis has been well-nigh miraculous. May the work which is benefiting not only himself but all of us continue, and God speed him. . . . "



"McGregor's book on Grow-ing Flowers," 100 pages, postpaid 25c. This is not a catalogue.

finest Tea Roses 25 The Gem Rose Gollection.

This grand set of 8 Everblooming Tea Roses are large strong plants that will bloom this smer. Sent postpaid for 25c. Safe arrival guaranteed. The following are the varieties in the Gem Collection:

The Gem or the Fair Unknown—The finest yellow, sweetest and hest. The Bride—The purest white, large and full, always in bloom; none like it. The Bridesmaid—Lovellest pink, the best of all pink roses; sty it. Queen of Crimsons—Deepest and richest velvety crimson; truly a gem. Yellow Hermoss—A charming yellow, always in flower; a wonderful rose. Princess Sagan—Rich, glowing color, called the Yelvet Rose. White Hermoss—Pure white, producing hundreds of flowers all summer. Viscountess Wattler—Rich bright pink; a favorite rose; always in bloom.

OUR NEW SPECIAL BARGAINS IN FLOWER COLLECTIONS

Coleun. Gladiolun. for 1897 free to all. Send for it. McGREGOR BROS., Springfield, Ohio.

OUR NEW 1897 FLOWER SEED OFFER.

A Magnificent FLOW Collection of FLOW

An Unparalleled Offer by an OldBatablished and Relinble Publishing House? I The LADIES' WORLD
is a large, 24-page, 96-column illustrated
Magazine for ladies and the family circle,
with elegant cover printed in colors. It is devoted to Stories, Poenis, Ladies' Fancy Work,
Home Decoration, Housekeeping, Fashions, Hyriene, Juvenile Reading, Floriculture, etc. To
introduce this charming ladies' magazine into
make the following classification of the color of the col

BUY DIRECT

and pay but one profit. Our assortment is one of the best and most complete in

FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, PLANTS, ROSES, VINES, BULBS, SEEDS.

Barest new, choicest eld.
Send for our catalogue today; it tells it all; an elegant book, 168 pages, magazine size, profusely illustrated, free.
Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Small Trees, etc., by mail postpaid, safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Larger by express or freight.
43d Year. 32 Greenhouses. 1,000 Acres.

STORRS & HARRISON CO., Painceville, O. Box306

Evergreens, Hardy Shrubs, Asseleas, finest Rhododendrons, James Maples, Roses, Vines and Cheke Fruits. Low Prices. Cat'lys on request. FRED. W. KELAST, 146 BROADWAY, RW 1985

Blair's Pills
Great English Romody for

GOUT and RHEUMATISM. SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE, Druggists, or 224 William St., New Yor



An Elegant C the best named va-We will send one-quarter

address, postpaid, for TEN CENTS in Hillside Nurseries, Semen



FOR MANY YEARS Well-Posted Buyers have made our Nurseries

New and Rare Trees, Shrubs, Evergreens, Rhododendrons, New Fruit, and Hardy Perennial Plants,

And in consequence, few if any nurseries equal ours for variety, quality, and extent. All buyers can ge from us plans for arrangement of their grounds. Write for our beautiful catalogue and information.

SHADY HILL NURSERY CO., 102 State St.,

The Good Things

©000000000000000000000000000000

of this world are for those who will use them.

Try Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen and you will find it § good enough to keep and use.

Your money back if you don't.

Ask your stationer, or

L. E. Waterman Co.

155 and 157 Broadway, New-York.

(4, '97.)

Mention McClure's.



We want to introduce our TEAS, SPICES and BAKING POWDER. Yes can help us as did the young lady in the picture.

UST go among your friends and sell a mixed order amounting in total to 25 lbs. for an Autoharp of wonderful sweetness of tone, or sell ro lbs. for a Harmonette upon which a child will produce beautiful music; 175 lbs. for a Ladies' High-Grade Bicycle; 75 lbs. for a Boy's Bicycle; 100 lbs. for a Girl's Bicycle; 200 lbs. for a Gentlemen's High-Grade Bicycle; 30 lbs. for a Fairy Tricycle; so lbs. for a Waltham Gold Watch and Chain or a Decorated Dinner Set; 25 lbs. for a Solid Silver Watch and Chain; 10 lbs. for a Solid Gold Ring.

We pay the express or freight if cash is sens with order. Write your full address on postal for Catalogue, Order-sheet and particulars.

W. G. BAKER (Dept. M), Springfield, Mass.





(PATENT APPLIED FOR.)

a price.
Every desk user must have some place for letters, etc. This desk has 8 complete letter files, dust proof and under ock and key.

EASY CHAIR NO.

\$26.50 buys this luxurious leather covered Turkish Rocker (direct from maker to user). Freight Prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Genuine hair cushions.
Your choice of olive green, russet or maroon colored leather.

THE FRED MACEY CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. Write for catalogue of Office and Library Furniture.

ADIES' DESKS. We make some very pretty ladies desks. Ask for catalogue.







how to write Business Seeking Letters

Write one and copy the rest on an

Edison Mineograph

Invented by Thomas H. Edison

It produces any number of copies from a hand or typewritten original at the rate of one thousand per hour. Any one can operate it.

Endorsed by over 200.000 Users

Simple-compact-cleanly cheap. Send for samples of work and price list.

A. B. DICK COMPANY, 152-154 Lake St., Chicago; 47 Nassau St., New York

and Colorado has enough for the whole & & world. Yours for the finding:

shall we tell you where to look? Please send six cents to cover postage on an elaborate book called & "COLORADO'S GOLD." 128 pages, with 80 new half-tone engravings.

ADDRESS B. L. WINCHELL

G. P. A. UN. PAC., DENVER & GULF RY. DENVER, COLO.

When arranging your next

TOUR TO EUROPE

either independent travel or with escorted party

REMEMBER

that the best advantages and most reliable information are obtained from

HOS. COOK & SON, 261 and 1225 Broadway, New-York.

828 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 332 Washington Street, Boston.

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until patent is obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

Thos. P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until patent obtained. WRITE FOR INVENTORS GUIDE.



Make money printing for others. Our \$18 Press prints a newspaper. Type setting easy, printed rules. Send stamp for catalogue, pres and supplies, to the factory.

KELSEY & CO.

Meriden, Conn.

too all dif., Venezuela, Bolivia, etc., and POCKET ALBUM, only 10c.; 200 all dif., Hayti, Hawaii, etc., only 50c. Agts, wanted at 50f. com. List FREE! O. A. Stegunam, 504 Cote Brilliant Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

EUROPEAN BICYCLE TOUR

70 Days, \$420. STARTS IN JUNE.

C. H. SMITH, 224 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.



BRAZILIAN METEORIC DIAMONDS Not imitations but GENUINE METEORIC DIAMONDS.

A new discovery. They defy experts and severest to Beautiful, Brilliant. The price puts them within the re of overy body Unmounted or mounted to order, We have no agents Descriptions Really Succession. of overybody Unmounted or mounted to order,
we have no accuse Descriptive Rockiet Free.
THE HILL BROS. COMPANY, COLUMBUS, O.
American Agents Bracilian Mining Co.

YOU CAN THE SOURCE, IN THE W. slet St., Now Y

of the Civil Service Question-Book will

REDUCTION IN PRICE

be hailed with satisfaction by thousands of those preparing to enter the Civil Service Examinations. More than 100,000 places are now filled by these examinations, and this book is the only OF THE taining questions and full answers in the adequate preparation ever published, con-History, Civil Government, and Book-Keeping. The price in Cloth is \$1.50, but may now also be had in manilla

CIVIL SERVICE **OUESTION-BOOK**

Circular free with specimen pages and directions.

C. W. BARDEEN, Publisher, Syracuse, N. Y.

GILLOTT'S JOSEPH

THE STANDARD PENS OF THE WORLD,

Numbers 303, 404, 604 E. F., 332, 601 E. F., 1044, and stubs 1008, 1043, and others. Highest Awards, Paris Exposition, 1878 and 1889, and Chicago, 1893.

The Right Writer The WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER



The only perfected machine that writes in plain sight and prints direct can be seen at

- 972 Rroadway, N. V. 152 La Salle St., Chicago,
- 147 Washington St., Beston.
- 508 Clay St., San Francisco. 16 K. Pryor St., Atlanta. 104 Newgate St., London.
- 28 Ruelld Ave., Cloveland. 268 Main St., Dullas. 321 Sixteenth St., Denver. 1019 Market Street, Philadelphia. 200 Mountain St., Montreal,

206 N. Third St., St. Louis.

Illustrated Catalogue, with complete description of the '97 MODELS No. 2 and No. 3, from the

WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER CO.

283 Broadway, New York

SAVED

TYPEWRITERS

SOLD, RENTED, EXCHANGED. Write us before buying. Send for illustrated catalog of new and old machines

NATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, 214 La Sano Stroot,

DYSPEPSIA A quick, permanent cure mailed FREE. Has cured thousands. Never fails. No sufferer should be without it. Distress after stomachs. PROF. WM. M. RAWSON, Box 2893, Boston, Mass.

UNMOUNTED PHOTOGRAPHS



of Ancient and Modern Works of Art, reproductions of famous paintings, sculpture, and architecture, with views from all parts of the world. Send 15 cents for catalogue of 18,000 subjects.

Lantern Slides to order from any of our Subjects. Glass Panels. Photograph mounting in Albums or on Cards a specialty. Albums Supplied. Yacht and Squadron Photo's, New England Coast, White Mountains, Berkshire Hills, Niagara Falls, Hudson River, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington Views,

Soule Photograph Co., 326 Washington St.,

In Improvements-The Leader. In Construction-Mechanically Correct. In Operation-Simple and Satisfactory. SEND FOR PREMIER NEW PICTORIAL CATALOGUE. The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A. Branch Offices in 42 Principal Cities in the United States and England. **\$1000.00 IN CASH**



to the 184 contestants sending largest list of words formed from letters contained in the words "Barler's Ideal." Send 28. stamp now for conditions and rules governing contest.

Barler's Ideal Blue Flame Oil Stove

The handsomest and best of all "Blue Flame" stoves, will do all the cooking for a large family. Burns ordinary kerosene (coal oil) with an intensely hot blue flame like a gas stove. One gallon runs one burner 18 hours. No smoke, no danger as with gasoline stoves. Circulars free.

The new 10c. Wonder Puzzle mailed for 6c.

A. C. Barler Mfg. Co., 104 Lake St., Chicago

SAFETY DOCUMENT FILE

For Important Documents and all Private Papers. Handsome enam-eled metal case; lock and two steel keys; removable pockets.

No. 10 (8x5;x11 in.), \$1.50 No. 20 (4;x5;x11 in.), \$1.75

Express Paid.

A. C. Barler Mig. (

108 Lake St., Chicago



EX-PRESIDENT BENJ. HARRISON'S COTTAGE IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

STAINED WITH H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO.'S SHINGLE STAIN.

It was PRESIDENT HARRISON who so "A cheap cost makes a cl

The above remark applies as well to paints and stains as to wearing apparel. A suburban house artistically painted or stained presents a far more pleasing effect than one treated without regard to color or surroundings. We make a study of the arrangement of artistic combinations of colors for exterior painting. Architects and owners are invited to send us their plans or photographs of buildings and we will arrange combinations in harmony with their surroundings.

Full particulars, catalogue, sample sheet of colors, tab-

let of shingle stains, free for the asking.

LIQUID PAINTS, SHINGLE STAINS, ETC. Roofing, Building Felt, Steam Packing, Boiler Covering, Fire-proof Paint, Asbestos Non-Conducting and Electrical Insulating Materials.

H. W. JOHNS MANUFACTURING CO. (Chicago.) 87 Maiden Lane, New-York. Philadelphia.

ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY SYSTEM.

Protected by copyrights, and injunctions of U. S. Courts. The last, most complete and perfect edition. MIND-WANDERING CURED. SPEAKING WITHOUT NOTES.

Indispensable in preparing for examinations.

Any book learned in one reading.

Any book learned in one reading.

Cloth bound, with portrait and autograph. Price net \$2.50
American, 10s. 6d. English. Post free. Prospectus with
opinions of Educators, Scientific, Professional and
Business Men all over the world FREE. Address,
A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, New York,
Not sold elsewhere. or 200 Regent Street, London.

PLANS: Before you build send for "Flegel's Modern Homes," latest book on house planning, just issued, contains 53 handsome Ferspective views, floor plans, discription, estimates, information, etc., of beautiful low and high cost homes, and how to build them. Price, \$1.00.

A. L. FLEGEL, Racine, Wis.

"DO NOT STAMMER"



The method employed for the Permanent Cure of Stammering and Stuttering is the fruit of a long personal effort of Mr. Johnston to overcome a severe impediment from which he has suffered forty years.

The system is endorsed by

Dr. S. WEIR MITCHELL

Prof. Horatio C. Wood, and HARRISON ALLEN, of the University of Pennsylvania.

Send for 60-page book to

PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTE 1033 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa. EDWIN S. JOHNSTON, Principal and Founder.



Foot power ar ★ Screw cutting Automatic athes Cross feed

9 and 11-inch Swing. New and Original Features. Send for Catalogue B. Seneca Falls Meg. Compa Water St., Seneca Falls, N.Y. For the Latest Information as to the Relief and Cure of

Write to DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.

Special Offer to Readers of McClure's Magazine.

Send this "ad," and not is stamps and we will mail you have been any select. The best may select. The best

of this "ad." and \$2.00. All Charges Paid
THE GREAT AMERICAN T
31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS OF AMERICA lend me your ears.
B. F. JOHNSON, No. 1 South 11th St., Richment

Sample Free. Ask dealers or writ FARWELL, & RHINES,



WILSON EAR DRUM CO.
Offices (108 Trust Building, Louisville, K.
1122 Broadway, (Room 124) New Y

104 Chambers St., Makes Half Tones Engraving Co., New York City, For all the LEADING MAGAZINES.

Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The latest, surest and best. Sample sent free on mention of this Magazine. THE DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO., South Bend, Ind.



The Yost

TYPEWRITER

for it hasn't any.

Information about positive advantages gladly furnished.

Yost Writing Machine Co. 61 Chambers Street, N. Y. 50 Holborn Viaduct, London, Eng



Caligraph

is easily victor in every test to which typewriters may be put.

"It Outlasts Chem All."

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET AND CATALOGUE OF TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES.

American Writing Machine Co., 237 Broadway, New York.

You Would Use a Typewriter If you could buy it right. We can sell you any of the standard makes at a saving of from 40 to 60%. Fully guaranteed. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write us for catalogue.

FOUR STORES { 1% Barclay St., New York; 156 Adams St., Chicago; 38 Court Sq., Boston; 818 Wyandotte St., Kansas City.



LEHIGH DICYCLES AND Universal Grandall Cypewriters No.:

Agents Wanted Everywhere Send for Catalogs.

CRANDALL MACHINE CO., GROTON, N. U.

AND LA BASIC CO., COMMO.



DON'I YOU BELIEVE I'I

A "Blind" Machine will not give as much satisfaction. Accept no substitute for Visible Writing. There's but one that has it Absolutely All the Time.

THE

"Daugherty-Visible" Typewriter

Can be tried before buying.

APPLY TO



THE DAUGHERTY TYPEWRITER CO.



SOLID VESTIBULED TRAIN

PULLMAN SLEEPERS. DINING CAR AND BUFFET SMOKING CAR

LEAVES CHICAGO **6P.M.WEDNESDAYS**

AND SATURDAYS, CONNECTING WITH FAST TRAINS FROM NEW YORK, BOSTON AND OTHER EASTERN CITIES. REACHES LOS ANGELES IN 72 HOURS AND SAN DIEGO IN 76 HOURS. RETURNS MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS. CONNECTING TRAIN FOR SAN FRANCISCO VIA MOJAVE.

ALSO DAILY TRROUGH EXPRESS TO AND FROM CALIFORNIA, CARRYING STANDARD AND TOURIST SLEEPERS.

W.J. Black. Gen'l Pass. Agt., A.T. & S.F.Ry.., TOPEKA, Kansas. CAHiggins, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agt., CHICAGO.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE.





ailor-Made Suits, \$5

S THERE a secret in being well-gowned? If there is, it is in the little details of graceful hanging skirts, smart jackets and dainty effects that go so far toward making a woman appear fashionable and well dressed. In our new Spring Catalogue of styles we illustrate the suits which the best gowned New York women are wearing. We will mail it, free, together with samples of the latest suitings to any lady who will write for it. We make all of our gowns to order, giving that touch of individuality and exclusiveness so dear to the feminine heart.

Our catalogue illustrates:

Tailor-Made Suits, \$5 up. Misses' Suits and Dresses (10 to 16 yrs.) \$4 up. Separate Skirts, \$4 up. Black Silk and Satin Skirts, \$8 up. Crash and Duck Suits, \$4 up. Capes, \$3 up. Jackets, \$4 up. Bicycle Suits, \$6 up; Riding Habits, \$10 up.

We pay express charges everywhere. Write to-day; you will get catalogue and samples by return mail.



THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO., 119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.



The combination of a pleasure boat, life-preserver, outing and sporting boat are all contained in our Pneumatic Row Boat; absolutely safe, non-capsizable and unsinkable even if filled with water. They are light, strong and durable; deflate and pack into a small compass. Also Pneumatic Corsets, Bathing Vests, Swimming Jackets, Head Rests, Pneumatic Mattresses, etc. Stamp for catalogue.

Pneumatic Row Boat Co., 8 W. 14th St., New York.

THE WASHBURN BOOK ABOUT MANDOLINS AND **GUITARS.**

Any one interested in the subject of mandolins and guitars can obtain a beautiful book about them free by writing to Lyon & Healy, Chicago. It contains portraits of over 100 leading artists, together with frank expressions of their opinion of the new 1897 Descriptions model Washburn Instruments. and prices of all grades of Washburns, from the cheapest (\$15.00) upwards, are given, together with a succinct account of the points of excellence which every music lover should see that his mandolin or guitar possesses. Address, Dept. M, Lyon & HEALY, 199 Wabash Avenue.

Heffelfinger Bloyclo Comfort-Style-Fit



Made by Heffelfingers in our new factory—the finest equipped and most complete in America. The name Heffelfinger guarantees highest athletic and shoe making quality. Prices vary according to material, style and workmanship and every shoe gives the

best of wear.

Descriptive Catalogue Free. Shoe dealers sell them. If yours will not, take no other that he will try to sell you for his profit. but write us. We will have your order filled.

In different colors.

THE

Shoes

North Star Shoe Company. Manufacturers.

\$2.00 \$3.00 \$4.00 \$5.00 Our \$5.00 Shoe is the best money can produce.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Ladies' Shoes

Unique Conceptions in Style and Finish

\$3.00



Book on Outing Clothing—1897 Styles

Beautifully illustrated. Shows all the new styles for 1807. Only catalogue published on Outing Clothing exclusively. Sent for postage, e-cent stamp. Send for Outing Book D.

WHITE DUCK TROUSERS will be in style as usual this season; they will be worn at tennis, and will be THE THING at mountain and seaside. By mail, postage prepaid, \$1.50. Send leg and waist measure, allow for e-inch roll at bottom.

Description Our trousers are made of best quality duck in best manner; side, watch and hip pockets, taped and save retailers by profits.

Colleges, Athletic Clubs. Our goods are preferred by Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Ann Arbor, Mich., and all leading colleges and clubs.

Yachting. This book contains complete catalogue of all Yachting Clothing.

H. S. LOMBARD, Outfitter, 22, 24 and 26 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.





TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., Drawer D, St. Joseph, Michigan

This beats Wind, Steam, or Horse Po We offer the WEBSTER 21/2 actual horse po GAS ENGINE

or \$150, less 10% discount for cash. Bab on interchangeable plan. Built of best saterial. Made in lots of 100, therefore we can make the price. Boxed for shipment, weight 800 pounds. Made for Gas or Gasoline.

WEBSTERE MFG. 00.

1081 West 15th Street, CHICAGO



MALLORY STEAMSHIP LINES
DELIGHTFUL WINTER VOYAGES TO
THE PURTS OF TEXAS, GEORGIA, FLORIDA.
Tickets to all Winter Resorts in Texas, Colorado,
Mexico, California, Fioridia, &c. Special rates to Hot
Springs, Ark. Tourists' ten-thousand-mile tickets a
specialty. Our 46-page Guide Book mailed free.
C. H. BALLORY & CO., Pler 20, E. R., N.Y.

SUCH IS FAME

That Millions Sin One

For Bicycles, Guns, Typewriters, Etc. Cleans. Lubricates. Prevents Rust.

Ask your dealer for it. Sample bottle free. Send 2c. stamp for postage.

G. W. COLE & CO., (ROOM N) 111 8' WAY, N. Y.



Buggies, Carriages, Wagons and Harness at prices one-third to one-half below regular prices. All goods guaranteed. 8th year in business. Highest references. Freight paid. Illustrated Buyers' Guide FREE.

MIAMI MFG. CO., 104 West 4th Street, CHECKHATI, &





NO INSPECTION, BOILER, FIRE, HEAT-SMOKE OR OM ONITOR WAPOR ENGINE AND POWER COMONITOR OF STATES AND POWER COMONITOR OF STATES



.ATHE8

For Electrical and Experimental Work. For Gunsmiths and Tool Makers. For General Machine Shop Work. For Bicycle Re-

pairing,

Send for Catalogue
and Prices.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO. 200 Ruby St., -

NO INCUBATOR and pay for it before giving it a trial. The firm who is afraid to let you try their incu-bator before buying it, has no faith in their machine. We will sell you ours ON TRIAL NOT A CENT until tried, and a child can run it with 5 minutes' FIRST PRIZE WORLD'S FAIR FIRST PRIZE WORLD'S FAIR and will win you for a steady customer if you will only buy ours on trial. Our large catalogue will cost you 5 cents and give you \$100 worth of practical information on poultry and incubators and the money there is in the business. Plans for Brooders, Houses, ct., 20c. N.B. Send us the names of three personal interested in poultry and 25 cents and we will send you "The Bicycle: Its Care and Repair." a book of 180 subjects and 80 illustrations, worth \$5 to any bicycle rider. YON CULIN INCUBATOR CO., Box C, Delaware City, Del.



but have sold direct to the

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO., W. B. PHATT, See'y, ELKHART, IND.





65 Cents

Is a Very Low Price

for the little dress described below, but we have many others equally desirable, from 50c. to the finest and most elaborate.

Made of fine nai sook. Yoke of all over embroiders. Wide over shoulders. Wide skirt (2 yards around). Sieves and neck finished with tine embroidered edge. Sizes, six 65G.

By mail, postage paid, 5c, extra.



OUR CATALOGUE

(sent free for four cents postage) brings all the advantages of clothing children at the "Chi'dren's Store" within the reach of every home in the U.S.

60-62 WEST 23d ST., NEW YORK.

GOING TO PAINT P "FERINITE" COTTAGE COLORS.

Save 25 per cent, on cost of Painting and get a better and more economical result. For al exterior and interior Painting they are unpar alleled for beauty and durability. Send for card of beautiful shades to THE TAYLOR PAINT & OIL CO., 38 Burling Slip, N. Y it will pay you.



The Very Best Garment Made.

Waste money on cheap waists because

Why P they are sold at a cheap price. It don't
pay. Pay a fair price and buy the
Double Ve Waist-1's apports underwear from the shoulders.

wear from the shoulders.

Sold by leading dealers. The C.N. Chadwick Co., Bklyn, N.Y.



It's Perfect

Easy to put on. Never wears through or frays. . . . Always clean. A beautiful finish to the smartest gown.

"FEDER'S BRUSH SKIRT PROTECTOR"



is not a "cord," "braid,"
"rubber" or "velveteen"
binding, and hence does
not disappoint. Always
soft and pliable. Wet and
dirt do not harden it.

It Cleans Easily—
A shake and the dust is off.

A rub and it's clean. A brush and it's new.

AT ALL DRY GOODS STORES, OR WRITE

J. W. GODDARD & SONS,

98-100 Bleecker Street, NEW YORK.



Che Kenwood ----- Steamer Rug



is indispensable to the ocean traveller. It is light, warm, attractive, and a complete, thorough protection against cold breezes and moisture. The sale was more than quadrupled last year, and is increasing very rapidly. It is a perfect holdall, excellent for extra bed covering; while for driving, camping and invalids it is the acme of comfort.
Many well-known and experienced travellers have courteously written us of their appre-

ciation—that the Kenwood Rugs are far superior to all ethers, and mentioning many good points that will interest you. Pamphlet free.

FREE samples of material, and illustrated circular of our new and improved Camping Bags, Baby Bags, and Goff, Travelling and Steamer Capes.

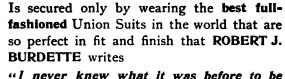
The KENWOOD MILLS, Albany, N. Y.







SUMMER UNDERWEAR COMFORT



"I never knew what it was before to be dressed without knowing I had anything on."

Lewis Union Suits

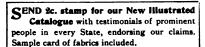
Are Cheaper than Two-piece Suits of the same quality and finish, and are the acme of Spring and Summer underwear comfort

For Men, Women and Children

ASK YOUR DEALER for the Lewis Union Suits. Don't accept

any substitute said to be as good, they are mot, but write us, and we will fill your order or refer you to a dealer. Our patented improvements are not found in any other make.

LEWIS KNITTING CO., 200 Union Street. Janes ville, Wis.





Even these Boys Appreciate It!

Treiber's Patent Seat and Head Rest is a luxury for all bath tub users. Prevents the hair becoming wet—easily adjusted and fits any tub—light, convenient, inexpensive. The cut to the right shows manner of attaching it to tub. PRICE, \$1.50. For sale by all first-class plumbers, or sent prepaid by the makers, THE LEHNER, JOHNSON, HOYER MFG. CO., 68-72 West Monroe Street, CHICAGO.



BEAUTIFUL MOOSE - HIDE MOCCASINS, CHANGIS TARRED: PRICES: Men's, States 0-11, Ladies' and Boys', States 1-1-, 51-75 Children's, States 1-1-, 51-75 Children's, States 1-1-, 51-75 Sent prepaid on receipt of price METZ & SCHLOERB, OSHKOSH, WIS,

We also have these Moccasius in Slippers, handsome goods, in sizes and at prices as quoted here. Either kind is not only elegant but negatile and conductable house footwar for young as sell as ald. Specially desirable for tender and well-offer. More refunded if not artificiative Up to Date
A Perfectly Equipped Bath
with plenty of Hot Water. All appointments complete for city or country. No bath room necessary. With
and without heater. Moderate cost,
20 styles. Send 2 cents for catalogue
of Tubs, Heaters, etc.
Mosely Folding Bath Tub Co.
338 "D," Dearborn St.,

"If you were April's Lady,"

Along your garment's hem, In sunny days or shady, You'd wear S. H. & M.



LOOK ON THE BACK for the letters

S. H. & M.

It's the Only Way to tell the Genuine.

IF YOUR DEALER WILL NOT SUPPLY YOU WE WILL

Samples showing Labels and Materials sent free.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

— HAVE Y

Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis. Throat or Lung Trouble?

By All-Night Inhalation

Pillow-Inhaler

Cures While You Sleep



T is charged every night, and put under the head to be used as a pillow. By means of it you breathe all night, whilst sleeping as usual, a thoroughly disinfected, pure and curative air. The air-passages are reached and the inflammation healed. It cures without loss of time and without trouble. It is safe as sunshine. The stomach is not dosed with medicines.

For a short time—to advertise it more extensively—we are making a special offer of a PILLOW-INHALER complete at a reduced price. Write for free descriptive pampflet, testimonials and particulars of special offer. Kindly be sure to mention McClure's Magazine.

PILLOW INHALER CO.,

www

1407 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CHILDREN TEETHING.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN
WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It
SOOTHES the CHILD. SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS
all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Best Toilet Luxury as a Dentifrice in the World.

To Cleanse and Whiten the Teeth.

To Remove Tartar from the Teeth.

To Sweeten the Breath and Preserve the Teeth,

To Make the Gums Hard and Healthy,

Use Brown's Camphorated

Saponaceous Dentifrice.

Price, Twenty-five Cents a Jar. For Sale Everywhere.



MRS. HELEN WEBER
Marietta, O., says: "It is an ex-cellent flesh reducer and has im-proved my health wonderfully."

Mr. C. E. Perdue,
Springfield, Ill
Mrs. M. M. Cummins,
Ottowa, Ill
Miss M. Hoisington,
Lake View, Mich.
Mrs. I. Spaulding,
Morrisville, Vt. Miss M. Nobles, Racine, Wis.

Mrs M. Cheek, Valley Mills, Texas.
Miss Amy I. Dodd, Brocton, Ill.
Mrs J. B. Hyde, Mowqua, Ill.
H. Rassette, Ono, Calif.
Ellen Ridgeway, Vandalia Iowa
Miss K. Sheely, 6co N. Main St., Marion, O...
We will give S 100 IN GOLD to any one who of our testimonials are not genuine.

DON'T do anything or take anything until you have something important to tell y

MAKE REMEDY AT HOME at a triffic valuable information. To any reader of McCLURE will write to us at once, we will send full particular.

in a plain sealed package upon receipt of 4 cents packing, etc. Correspondence strictly confidential. HALL & CO., E.M. Drawer 404, St. Louis, Mo.



SAVED HAMMAR PAINT is made of the best known Paint Pigments, such as all good painters use, and is ground THICK.

for \$1.10 per

Makes 1 gal, of Pure Linseed Oil Paint, ready for use for \$1,10 \ Per Gal.

HAMMAR PAINT and Pure Linsed Oil make the best paint, for all work, inside or out, that it is possible to make at any price. They cost 30 per cent, less than Mixed Paint or white lead and are guaranteed satisfactory for 5 years. It is little trouble to mix them.

It is only a practical, common sense principal. Our book, "The Truth about Paints," gives full details. Send for it now! It is free! Ask your relaier for HAMMAR PAINT: If he dows not keep il, don't let him sell you my other paint for his own benefit; he can't sell any paint that is better, and he will charge you more for what he sells, but sexp us your order; we will have is filled. Any order delivered; freight prepaid, at yourdepot. F. HAMMAR PAINT CO., 1212 Spruce St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

the merits of the "Improved"

Hartshorn **Shade Rollers**

and you will find that they have every meritorious feature that can be put into a roller.

There is no way to make them better. They make the shade go up easily and come down easily. They do what you want them to do.

Ask your dealer to show you the Improved with holder, requiring no tacks and having end fittings that insure an exact centre, and see that Stewart Hartshorn autograph is on the label.

WOOD ROLLERS.

TIN ROLLERS.



HALF A MILLION ROSES GROWN FOR THIS SEASON.

\$1.50 per gallon.

All will bloom abundantly this summer.

For only \$5 cents (silver or stamps) we will send the "Queen" Set of Six Everblooming Roses, as follows: The White Queen, The Yellow Queen, The Crimson Queen, The Carmine Queen, The Salmon Queen and the lovely Queen of Pinks. For 50 cents we will send the "Queen Set" and seven more choice roses of our selection, all strong one-year-old plants on their own roots.

8 Prize-winningChrysanthemums25c 8 Geraniums—single or double 25c 5 Flowering Begonias, choicest 25c 6 Fragrant Carnation Pinks 25c 8 Oriental Coleus 25c

6 Mammoth Hibiscus 6 Hardy Scotch Pinks 6 Lovely Fuchsias 10 Pkts Sweet Peas, 10 kinds 15 Pkts Choice Flower Seeds

These are samples of our stock, and you may be sure we will not send inferior plants or seeds.

13 We pay all postage, and guarantee the plants delivered safely into your hands, all plainly and correctly labeled.

Ask for free catalogue.

INNISFALLEN CREENHOUSES, Established 1877

THE GEO. H. MELLEN CO., Box M, Springfield, O.



DECORATIVE, DURABLE, AND BEST for all classes of Buildings

Send for catalogue, and give diagram and description of room for estimate. H. S. NORTHROP, 26 Cherry St., New York BOSTON OFFICE: 4 Liberty Square, cor. Water St.

Is the name of the fastest and finest train in the west. It runs on time every day in the week, via the Union Pacific to Utah and

Through Sleepers and Diners; Buffet Smoking and Library Cars. Send for Western Resort Book.

E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb.



If not for sale by local dealer, write
THE JOHN CHURCH CO., CINCINNATI or CHICAGO. Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

Picturesque Country Cottages

to harmonize with nature and fit into the landscape, should be stained with the soft, rich tones of

Cabot's Creosote Shingle Stains

The "glare" of paint is not in tune with nature. Our Stains look better, wear better, and are 50% cheaper than paint.

Stained wood samples and color studies sent free on request.

Cabot's Sheathing "Quilt"

-warms the whole family.

SAMUEL CABOT, Sole Mfr., 68 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass. Agents at all Central Points.

> and KEEPING HARDWOOD FLOORS IN GOOD ORDER.



DESIGNED BY MRS. KISSEL.

"INTERIOR" FOR POLISHING Ready for use Weighted Brushes.

Circular free, The Interior Hardwood Co.,



Let us tell you what we can furnish in this line at from 10e to 25c. per foot,

PHELPS BROS. & CO. wellington, ohio



Sensible Low Cost Houses" (entirely new for 1897) containing latest practical, artistic ideas for complete, comfortable, convenient, modern homes. Designed with everything a housekeeper wants, and at low cost. Shows perspectives and floor plans, and gives complete descriptions and correct estimates. Price, \$\frac{1}{2}\$.co by mail.

COLONIAL HOUSES FOR MODERN HOMES," containing colonial designs, from

"ARTISTIC ONE STORY HOUSES," showing Summer Houses costing from \$400

"LOW COST BARNS AND STABLES." Price, 50 cents by mail. Special plans and sketches furnished,

Child & de Goll, Architects, 62 New Street

WHAT USERS SAY:

"The Doric Boiler that was put into my house in October is a perfect success." — JAMES H. HAYNES, Bangor, Me.
"I would advise any one who intends to put a heater in their house to select the Gurney Hot Water Heater." — WM. B. HALSTER, Rye, N.Y.

"I have the best steam-heating boiler on earth." — WALLACE WHEELER, Fairmount, Neb.
"The Gurney Boiler and Radiators give me the best service I could possibly expect, and with very little care." — MBS. L. A. CRANK, Brooklyn, N.Y.
"Your boiler has given the very best of satisfaction from start to finish." — W. J. EMERSON, Brookline, Mass.
Send for handsame namphite "How Rest to Heat Our Homes."

Send for handsome pamphlet "How Rest to Heat Our Homes." GURNEY HEATER MFG. CO.,

163 Franklin St., Cor. Congress, Boston, Mas N.Y. Branch; 48 Centre St., New York, N.Y.



consider the compatitor in its feet many and carried seedings. In the contract of the contract

g from \$300 to \$2500. It gives correct estimates and careful description in the state of the strength of the s

8 cts. to 50 cts. a roll. 8 cts. for 100 fine samples. will buy handsome paper border for a large room. P Hangers' large, complete sample books, \$1.00. THOS. J. MYERS, 1206 Market St., Phila., Pa.

AND AUTOR CONTRACTOR OF THE WALLES OF THE WALLES OF THE WALLES OF THE WALLES

Need

When You

If you are Planning to Build

our Books of Designs and Plans will help you. They are filled with up-to-date Designs and home building ideas.

Our Little (1897) Rook "Artistic Home Designs" shows many BE AUTIFUL HOMES, also designs for laying out, beautifying grounds, etc. Sent for 10 cents, if you ing out, beautifying grounds, etc. Sent for 10 cents, if you name price of house you will build.

GEO. F. BARBER & CO., 22 Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn.



IN A HOUSE WITH OUR



...SPECIALTY ...

SCREENING HOUSES TO ORDER

WE PAY FREIGHT

The superiority of our work brings us new customers wherever we screen a house.



LARGEST FACTORIES IN THE WORLD

WE HAVE SCREENED 100,000 HOUSES IN THE UNITED STATES. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO.,

PORTLAND, MAINE





persons show what effects can be obtained with good ma-

persons show what effects can be obtained with good materials tastefully arranged. Sometimes plain and simple but never too severe—sometimes elaborate but never gaudy, and yet always pleasing. Our FIREPLACE MANTELS made of Ornamental Brick produce the same relative effects. No other kind can equal them. Cur Sketch Book tells all about 52 designs of various colors costing from \$12 up. Send for it if you are building or remodelling. Any good brickmason can set our mantels.

PHILA. & BOSTON FACE BRICK CO. 12 Liberty Square, Boston, Mass.

THE ARTISTIC AMERICAN HOUSE IS STAINED WITH 🚜 🧀 🙏



DEXTER BROTHERS ENGLISH SHINGLE STAIN

either Moss Green, Dull Red, Brown, or Silver Gray. We study the harmony of colors. Send to us for sample boards and color plates showing

DEXTER BROTHERS, 63 Broad Street, Box

The following Firms act as our Agents:

The following styms are as one segumes.

II. M. Hooker Co. 57 W. Randolph St. Chicago, III.

PRATT & LAMBERT, New York City, N. Y.

W. W. LAWRENCE & CO. Pittsburgh, Pa.

SMITH & YOUNG, SAR FUNCISC, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE LLOWER & RICHARDO, Sontile, Washer

BAKER & RICHARDO, Sontile, Washer

GERALD LOMER. Month

CURES FOR COLD HOUSES

Your old worn-out or inefficient FURNACE can be quickly supplanted by an

Economy Combination Heater

Some of the registers can be utilized, and by placing radiators (either steam or water) in the exposed rooms and apartments difficult to heat, perfect distribution of heat can be secured. These Heaters are also very successful where steam and water heaters have failed.

The cost of such amended plants is usually less than for ordinary direct steam or water plants, while the service they furnish is superior.

> Over 27,500 of our Heaters now in use. We invite correspondence.

J. F. PEASE FURNACE CO.

Chicago (86 Lake St.); and Syracuse, N. Y.



A Cozy Home

does not exist unless it has an open grate. Beauty, heat, and ventilation are added to that part of the house, and this room becomes

the center of cheer and happiness.

THE JACKSON VENTILATING GRATE

does more than other open fires. It has a heatsaving chamber, so that, using the same fuel as in other grates, four times the heat is realized.

This heat will warm two or more rooms on one or different floors in midwinter; and in Spring and Fall the single Ventilating Grate will heat the entire residence.

Mr. Andrew Langdon, President Empire State Savings Bank, Buffalo, N. Y, wrote March 7, 'o6: "The five grates I bought from you thirteen years ago have been constantly in use, burning equally well natural gas, hard or soft coal, and wood. On the coldest day of this winter my furnace gave out, and for 28 hours we were entirely dependent upon the grates. Have never spent one dollar for repairs on grates."

Catalogue No. 5, shows construction of Ventilating Grates, and will be forwarded free on application. Also catalogue of wood mantels, andirons, tiles, etc., if desired.

EDWIN A. JACKSON & BRO.,

50 Beekman Street, New York.



Send for Illustrated Descriptive Circular.

Building Fires at Midnight! Cold, Clammy, Painful Poultices! Wringing out wet cloths! Disturbing or chilling a sick pers in renewing hot applications!

THE GEYSER HOT APPLIANCE automatically THE GEYSER HOT APPLIANCE automatically splies heat to any degree, uniform or gradually increasito any part of the body, producing results never bet attained. Gives immediate relief in the following case where the common hot water bags are utterly useless; where all former methods have failed, viz.: Pneumon Neuralgia, Rheumarism, all inflammatory diseases, or where the control of the control of

Coil weighs but a few ounces (which is very important).
Can be started in a moment. Will keep as HOT as you want it. As LONG as you want it. No Bother to any one.

Adopted by the leading hospitals and sanita endorsed by all the medical profession.

"Frozen Dainties"

3

FREE.

We have made a handsome little book that is a veritable encyclopedia about all frozen delicacies. It tells just how to make the most delicious Frozen Creams, Sherbets, Ices, Fruits, etc. It is written by Mrs. D. A. Lincoln (Author, "Boston Cook Book"), and every recipe is tried and true, practical, perfect, and easy.

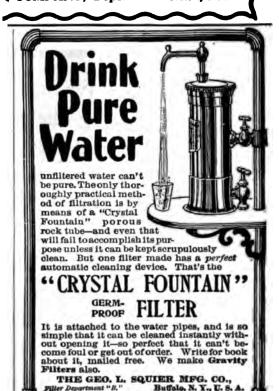
Because this book says a few words about the world-renowned White Mountain Procesers, we send it absolutely free, by postpaid mail. A postal card request will bring you see if you seed to-day, and mention this magazine in writing. Address

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREI [1] & COMPANY, Dept. D. Nashua, N. H.

Porcelain-Lined Refrigerators

WHITE, everlasting porcelain moulded into one piece lines every food compartment. The whiteness makes every corner light as day, so you can see anything spilled there. The glaze enables you to wipe it up with a cloth. That's about all the cleaning ever necessary. Healthful because they are never uncleanly. Durable because the porcelain never breaks; nothing can craze, crack, chip nor peel it. The whole construction is so skillful that ice lasts till you wonder at it. They save their cost over and over in the ice that other refrigerators waste. The first cost is more than of some kinds but it goes into making them economical. We save you the dealer's profit by selling direct, freight prepaid. Nobody who could see one of these refrigerators would want the food of a lifetime kept in a poorer kind. We therefore sell on approval. Our new catalogue, with pictures in colors, shows how dainty they are; write at it.

> MONROE REFRIGERATOR CO., Box H, Lockland, Ohio.



\$1,000.00 in 147 Prizes 1 of \$100, 2 of \$50, 4 of \$25, 140 of \$5 each,



will be given July 1st, for recipes we accept for using our Pork and Beans, alone or in combination with other food products. A trade mark cut from label of can must accompany every recipe. Competition closes May 31. Our cook book, "Bean Cookery, 'free to all who answer this ad.

P d with Tomato

Is a delicious, satisfying dish for an occasions. A meal in an interesting process, or send 6c for sample can or p card for free booklet.

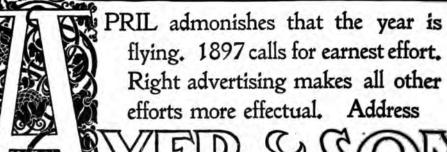
VAN CAMP PACKING CO., 308 Kentucky Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.



O business man can fail to see how Newspaper Advertising has helped others; the great difficulty is to get him to realize that these others are men like himself—plus good Newspaper Advertising. . . .



E have unequaled facilities for bringing the influence of Newspaper and Magazine Advertising to bear on business. In fact this has been our sole work and study for twenty-eight years.



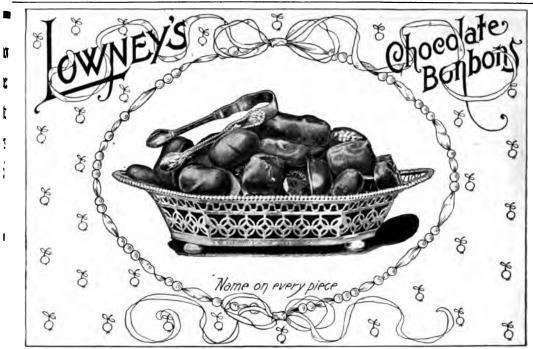
YER&SON



NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

REAL AGENTS

REAL AGE



Chocolate Bonbons. "Name on Every Piece." If you haven't tried them here is your opportunity. OUR SAMPLE OFFER—We send for 10 cents a sample package of our finest assortment. When not to be had of dealers, we will send on receipt of retail price: 1-lb, box, 60 cts. 2-lb, box, \$1.20; 3-lb, box, \$1.80; 5-lb, box, \$3.00 Delivered free in United States.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., 103 PEARL STREET, BOSTON

THE WORLD'S STANDARD FOR PURITY FOR 29 YEARS. E. R. DURKEE & CO. WERE AWARDED THE WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL FOR SUPERIORITY TO ALL OTHERS FOR ALL THEIR CONDIMENTS



Always Ready



Always Good

An unequaled mayonnaise for salads, cold meat, raw tomatoes, pickled salmon, etc. Always alike.

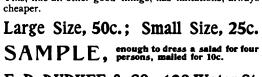
> 2c. per plate of Salad Costing only

PREPARED WITH EXTREME CARE FROM THE FRESHEST, PUREST, AND CHOICEST CONDIMENTS.

Warranted to Keep Good for Years.

For sale by all dealers in fine groceries. If your grocer does not keep it don't let him sell you any other for his own profit; insist on his getting you the genuine. This, like all other good things, has imitations, always

SAMPLE, enough to dress a salad for four persons, mailed for 10c.





Booklet, "Salads: How to Make and Dress E. R. DURKEE & CO., 138 Water St., New York



MADAM BERNHARDT'S GRACEFUL TRIBUTE

Messrs, Finley Acker & Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

GENTLEMEN:—"A charmingly sweet poem" is the delightful impression your very lovely present. Nowhere have I tasted anything more delicous Haudiste Bon Bons, or received a more artistic package. Your confectioner accepted to combine such delightful flavors with such dainty forms.

Hereafter Philadelphia will have for me a sweet memory, because of bardyour unequalable products.

Believe me, very cordially yours.

(Signed) SARAH BEIST

"BERNHARDT ACKER'S \$1

The above box contains one and a half pounds of the purest and r

Chocolates and Bon Bons that can be made.

The inside box is pure white, and this is enclosed in an outside wer insures its perfect delivery to any part of the United States or Europe.

DELIVERED FREE TO ANY UNITED STATES ADDRESS FOR SE

Money returnable if not as represented.

FINLEY ACKER & CO., 121-123 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia. P.



OOT

Carbonated.

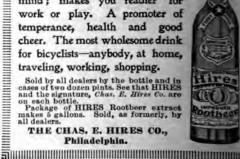
Corked-up health-ready for your uncorking. Sparkling, snappy, thirst-allaying HIRES Rootbeer, ready bottled. Nothing in it but roots, barks, berries, distilled water and healthful enjoyment. Quenches your thirst,

gives you an appetite. A draught of it refreshes you-body and mind; makes you readier for work or play. A promoter of temperance, health and good cheer. The most wholesome drink for bicyclists-anybody, at home, traveling, working, shopping.

Sold by all dealers by the bottle and in cases of two dozen pints. See that HIRES and the signature, Chas. E. Hires Co. are on each bottle.

Package of HIRES Rootbeer extract makes 5 gallons. Sold, as formerly, by all dealers.

THE CHAS. E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia.









GALLUP & SHERIN'S Perfume Tablets

(Patent Applied for.) FOR MY LADY'S TOILET

Nature's Method for Imparting Fragrance

Nature offers her matchless bouquet of perfume not in liquid forms but in solids. Ours is the Natural Method—pure oils diffused into a suitable soil. If you love the fragrance of fresh flowers you will delight in the natural fragrance of our Perfume Tablets.

The newest fashionable fad is usually based on some sound reason, Our PERFUME TABLETS are no longer a fad but a necessity.

The tablet is to-day indispensable in the science of medicine—we are

making it indispensable in the ART OF PERFUMERY.

Our perfumes are rapidly coming into extensive use throughout the United States and Canada, and are being sold in nearly every country in the world. Our package contains as much as two bottles of ordinary perfume.

What Yvette Violette says:

PERFUME TABLET CO., New York.

NEW YORK, January 15, 1897. GENTLEMEN: -Kindly send me another vial of Gulisten Attar of Rose and also a vial of Mossy Stone Violet, as the last I had were so delightful I could not keep my friends from using them. I would not consider my toilet complete without your dainty perfunic tablets.

Very sancerely, YVETTE VIOLETE.

We manufacture the following perfumes in tablet forms:

Gulisten Attar of Rose, 50c. a vial. Hymetus Lilac, 50c. a vial. Mossy Stone Violet, 50c. a vial. Sweet Lavender, 25c. a vial.

MCKESSON & ROBBINS, New York, SOLE AGENTS FOR

Ask your dealer for them, if he has'nt them order direct by mail post-paid. If you will enclose us \$1.00 we will send you any two 50c, vials, and we will send you FREE a vial of Sweet Lavender.

PERFUME TABLET CO., 1206-9 AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY BUILDING, NEW YORK



This Suit



all wool Scotch Cheviot,

in neat, dark plaids, with extra pair of pants and cap, patches and extra buttons, delivered free to any Express or Money Order address in the United States,

\$4.00

Also, a navy blue Twilled Cassimere Suit, extra pants and cap to match, patches and extra buttons, for . . .

Patent extension waist band on all pants. Suits in sizes 3 to 8 years have sailor collars neatly braided.

All sizes and ages. Send for free samples of cloths and direc-tions for measurement. These suits cannot be matched in quality of material, style, make and trim at these prices in the United

We confidently expect to sell fifty thousand of them, and believe they will introduce us to fifty thousand families who will order all the clothing for their boys from us.

OUR GUARANTEE. - Money returned to any dissatisfied

PURITAN CLOTHING CO.

113 Bleecker Street,

NEW YORK

divided into sixty-one prime, is largest lists of words as above, to the person making the is list: \$50 for the second largest each for the next three largest each for the next three largest and it is for this reason we offer these promiums. We make that charge for the privilege of entering this word-building test, but it is necessary to send us 25 cents, silver or stamp which we will send you our handsome illustrated 28 page mag for six months, and the very day we receive your remittan will mail you free the following ten popular novels, by well-le authors: "A Bird of Passage," by Beatrice Harraden; "The Friend," by Virginia F. Townsend; "What the Storm Brous by Rett Winwood; "A Heart Unspotted," by John Strange Wi "Her Lost Kingdom," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox; "In I Weeks," by Walter Besant; "Where the Chain Galls," by Flo Marryat; "A Bachelor's Yow," by George L. Aiken, "The tive Bride." by Rett Winwood; "How Mabel Was Saved. Marietta Holley. This offer is the greatest you have ever had to you. Send your list at once. If you win one of the prize name will be published in our June issue. Address Tux Ames WOMAN, 179 and 121 Nassau street, New York City, N. Y. Her you write to advertisers.

Are you a smart spaller? \$500 away in prizes to them make the largest list of we the word FASCINATES.
make at least twenty, we and if you can you will get \$500.00 there are the rules to folloonly words in the English I Do not use any lecture is more times than it appears CINATES. Words spalled be used only ones. Use be used only once, tionary, and we allo proper nouns, pro-suffixes, any legitim is the way: Fascine use way: Fascinates, ace, as, ate, eat, neat, i Use these words. The: The American Woman away, on May 15, the se divided into sixty-one pri largest lists of words as a



THE
ENGINEERING MAGAZINE has been aptly described as "The Century of the industrial world and the Review of Reviews to engineering literature—the two in one." Its leading articles treat the subjects uppermost in importance in industrial affairs. Its contributors include the foremost men of our times. It gives each month an exhaustive Review and Index to the world-wide range of technical literature—American, English, French, and German. It is founded upon the idea of meeting the requirements of the busy and brainy men who manage, think, and plan for the engineering, architectural, electrical, railroad, mining, and mechanical industries. It has a larger bona-fide circulation among such men than has ever been attained by an engineering journal in all the history of industrial literature. It is priceless to the active man who needs to keep in touch with current developments. Its every page carries a living interest for intelligent readers who are in any way concerned with modern industrial enterprises. Its subscribers are its warmest advocates and the magazine itself is its best solicitor. Sample copy free.

30 Cents a Number; \$3.00 a Year.

THE ENGINEERING MAGAZINE,

120-122 Liberty St., New-York, U. S. A.



"Britannia,"

The Prince of Wales' Yacht,

is Upholstered entirely in

PANTASOT

BETTER THAN LEATHER, because leathe stretches, shrinks, absorbs grease and dampnes -molds-is injured by water-is expensive.

Pantasote doesn't rot, peel, crack or fade. It con tains no rubber, no celluloid, and is non-inflammable Unequalled for upholstering furniture, carriages and

Milar uses.

A piece 17 x 17 (plain or figured) enough 25c for a chair seat or footstool, sent for . .

SAMPLE FREE: enough to make a fine Sewing Cass for 2-cent stamp and the names of Upholsterers and Furna ture dealers in your vicinity who don't keep it.

PANTASOTE CO., 31 Leonard St., N. Y. City



More than TWO HUNDRED PROFESSORS in Medical Colleges indors

Londonderry Lithia___

over their own signatures!

Every standard medical book gives it first place among waters to be used fo Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dyspepsia, and all diseases caused by an excess o Uric Acid in the blood. In January McClure's "An American Idea" gives man scientific and historical facts about this great water. Our pamphlets tell the whole story

.....SOLD EVERYWHERE.....

LONDONDERRY LITHIA SPRING WATER CO., Nashua, N. H

